

Cobalt

Sunday 23rd April
1911

My dearest Lois

The tie you bought me is just right. I don't like anything but the plain one colour kind. And this one is as nice as it can be.

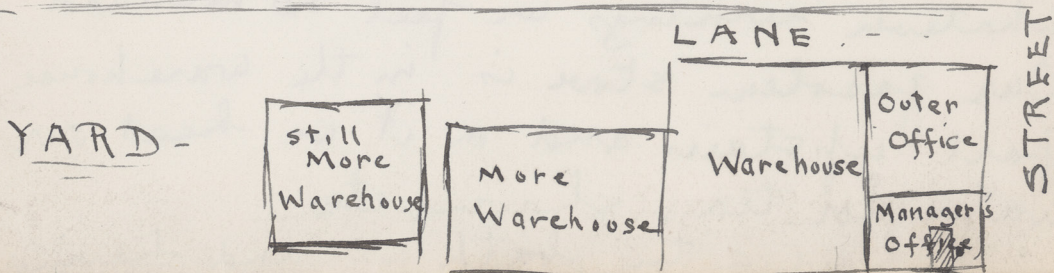
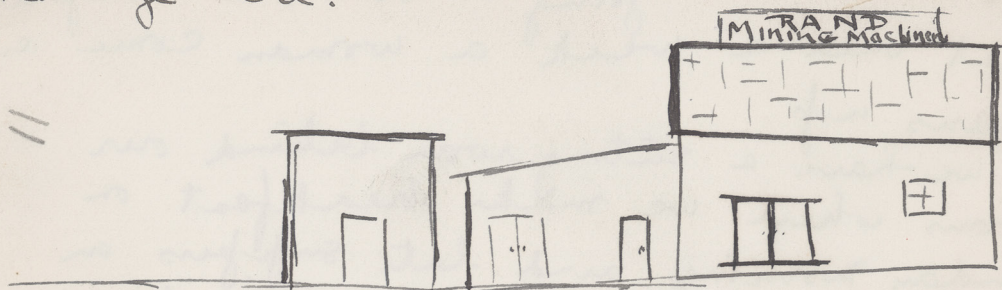
My letters to you lately have been crude. We worked till about a quarter to two last night and now things are very nearly all straightened out.

I'm glad Will thinks I look like a cherub. I don't feel quite like one. I feel rather like a rebel. I have my meals every day with two engaged couples, who are having the time of their lives and you can imagine how it makes yours truly swear at his luck.

I see a pile of questions in your letter. Probably it will be better to begin at the beginning and tell you exactly how we

manage here.

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We have a great big two-story metal sheeted building in the front part of which we have our offices and above the offices 3 equal sized rooms. (I've got the one above my own office)

Behind the office on the first floor we have a ware-house, - up stairs more ware-house and behind the main building two smaller sheds for more warehouse still.

We sweep our own rooms and office and ware-houses, make our own beds and keep

our own stove going³ - with the exception
that once a week a woman come and
cleans up.

We have a sitting room behind our
rooms where we make breakfast on
Sunday morning and late suppers on
whatever evenings we feel ~~so~~ inclined.
Our gasolene stove is in the warehouse
part upstairs and on it we heat our
water for tea, shaving etc.

We have a tin bath - and having
no blinds we pull this into a secluded
corner when we want to be especially
fashionable.

We dress for every day just as we feel
like - generally with a soft collar and
a slouch hat and in this weather long
boots. There is no law however about
looking respectable whenever anyone
takes ~~an~~ a notion.

We get our meals about a block away

at a private boarding house which the lady is pleased to call "The Club". It is quite decent.

As for how long we work - we hardly ever get started before 9 o'clock and as there is nothing else to do we have been working pretty regularly right on till bed-time. Sometimes we play pool in the evening, but we skipped it last week as we were very anxious to get caught up with our work.

I find it slow and awkward without a stenographer after having had one as a matter of course for ~~two~~ ^a year and a half.

Now I think I have said enough about myself - probably too much. My work is to get our little organization - which has grown accustomed to working under the rich regime of the boom days - into a more business like and efficient