



HÔTEL MAJESTIC,
HARROGATE.

Sunday
July 26th 1919
Six-thirty

My dearest Lois

I arrived here on Friday
Evening to see Mr Treglown, our
London and foreign manager who has
had a breakdown somewhat similar
to Mr Gilman's except that Mr Treglown
is younger and should get completely
well again. This is what is known
in England as a "Hydro" where people
come to drink the waters and to be
given every imaginable treatment inside
and out.

The surroundings are very pleasant
and the hotel exceptionally good.
I am leaving tomorrow for Manchester
near which I am to see coal mines

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cotton spinning and manufacturing plants.

I am afraid you will blame me for not seeing many interesting things but I am probably lazy. I did not see peace officially declared in London by the heralds because I was at Apsley and I did not see the wonderful tennis championships at Wimbledon although I should like to have done so. The French girl Mme Lenglen is considered to be a marvel of energy and technique. She succeeded in just beating the English champion Mrs Chambers yesterday. The men players were supposed to be wonderful too but interest centered on the French girl and the King & Queen attended the match yesterday. I think the score was 10-8, 4-6, 8-6.

I am afraid there is very little chance of my finding you a nurse.

Servants seem to have disappeared in England. Also as for buying things here it is ruinous. I remember you want a table and a grandfather clock but whether I can get them or not is another matter. I wish you were here instead of me. I would rather be in Thetford Mines or Danville. If I had not got that woollen cholera band you gave me I would be absolutely dead. What do you think I saw today? Two young women in the heaviest kind of fur coats playing that putting game of golf on the lawn. And Mrs Treglown ^{lown} used her heavy fur coat for driving in a taxi today - no wind mind you - a landaulets with closed front.



The grate fire is burning

behind me and we have our meals here in their private dining & sitting room because the main dining room is too cold.

We drove out to Mother Shiptons cave this afternoon. I am told the lady lived a long time ago - was born in a cave and is famous for the prophecy which is given on the enclosed post card.

We also drove through Knarborough and saw the ruins of its very ancient castle which is first officially mentioned in AD 1130. Then we went to the "dropping well" which is close beside Mother Shiptons cave. The water from an overhanging bank drops down and will petrify anything it drops on. So they hang stuffed birds & animals and sponges & hats and gloves under the drip and in a few months sell them petrified to visitors.

With love to you all
Yours affec^t Edward