

Winnipeg
Sunday Evening
June 7th - 25

My dearest Lois

I am writing from Jo's house. She is putting the boys away for the night. They are a great handful. Something after the fashion of Cous. I received your three letters this morning. Sorry my letters are not sufficiently detailed. You know you started me off with a lot of cards on which you told me to write just a few lines each day or two to let you know I was alive. I really thought I was doing much better. The fact is that one sees so much on a trip of this kind that it would fill several books to describe everything and I really do not know where to begin or end unless I simply give bare outlines. For example take yesterday - I got up at 4 o'clock in Brandon - loaded my bag on to a two wheeled push cart hauled by a porter of height about 5'-6" but the colour of whose hair and eyes has completely escaped my recollection. However he very successfully pushed his cart to the Prince Edward Hotel which is the Canadian National Hotel in Brandon. Then I attempted to get a room to bath and shave in but found it would cost \$3⁵⁰ and so turned away - on which the clerk pondered deeply and then decided that he could give me a room without bath but with running water

for \$1⁰⁰ providing I would not use the bed. Having committed myself to this I was obliged to rest crosswise at the foot of the bed where any marks I might make on the counterpane would be hidden by the rolled up blanket. By this deep subterfuge I saved \$2⁵⁰. At eight o'clock I called up my old roommate and friend Gordon Buckingham and he came over and had breakfast with me. I do not recall the details of what we had but I think Gordon had a whole orange poached eggs toast coffee and honey while I had a whole orange, smoked "gold-eyes" toast coffee and marmalade.

After breakfast we drove to Gordon's office in his Essex car, and I found a night letter from the Winnipeg office. Then I went back to the hotel and wrote my reports until ten minutes to one leaving Gordon to prepare a case which he has coming up on Monday.

I said a great many things in my reports but as I had not received your letter asking for details, I omitted to make an extra copy for you.

I have forgotten to give you a detailed description of Gordon and of my impression of him. I am very fond of him so he looks a treat to me but will not sound so attractive in any description I can give. In the first place ~~he~~ in appearance and in manner he has changed scarcely at all since the days when I knew him in Stratford. Of medium height rather slight and slightly stooped he has a dark sallow complexion with piercing dark brown or black eyes, thin dark black hair disappearing about the temples and now

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beginning to be a little streaked with grey. He talks with an odd quizzical drawl which is very amusing when he pretends to have done something intentionally which looks to everyone like a wild fluke.

He has a nice but unpretentious wooden house with garden front and back ~~and~~ about double the size of ours. His wife, contrary to my expectations is small and dark about Frances size only ~~smaller~~ thinner and darker. She is quite nice looking but I cannot tell you the colour of her eyes. I think however that they may be brown because I distinctly noticed and remember that her ~~sm~~ eyes are brilliant and a strong brown colour. She had newspapers strewn on the bare polished floor leading from the front door through the living room over to the ~~sm~~ chair in the dining room and she objected slightly to Gordon picking these up in honour of my visit. The ~~sm~~ named Cyril is about half way between Anne & John ten years old I suppose. I tried to remember him but am afraid I would not be able to pick him out and so cannot tell you anything much about him except that he keeps an old white rat which appears to enjoy being handled and crawls about in a slow way that reminded me of a rather enquiring type of worm.

Mr J. has finished putting the children to bed so it would not be polite for me to continue but you have missed the part about a very nice chicken and a lovely caramel

Custard pudding and of how Gynon got me such a splendid left handed mid iron and masher that I played quite a startling game of golf and beat him one up on the twelve holes we played.

I would also like to have told you of the magnificent panorama of large fertile valley and distant hills with Brandon at one end and the sunset at the other and of the many long trains passing and repassing on the C.P.R. tracks on the distant slope where they look like tops of suitable size to fit in with the houses at Point Lewis as one sees it them from the Quebec side.

I am also upset that I cannot take time to describe the very kind and hospitable reception I got from Jo. Of how she got Laura McTavish's car and drove me through Armstrongs Point and all the most beautiful ~~part~~ ^{part} of the residential section. Of how wonderfully green the trees are this year - of the profusion of honeysuckle and lilac and finally of our going down to call on Mrs Oscar Dodd and her husband and romantic looking young Irish brother who has just joined them during the last few weeks. The two boys Hugh + Trevor came with us. They are both looking splendid and are full of life. Jo-Jo is also here and seems just about as young as she used to be. Mrs Dodd was glad to see me and I had to stand off a bit in saying good bye as I feared she might not be able to keep back the tears. She is still very grateful to you

and asked me to take ⁵ you her warmest greetings and
good wishes. They are getting along all right. Her
husband has work but her brother has not been able
yet any up to the present.

With best love and looking forward to seeing you
very soon

Yours affectionately
Edward.