

Canadian Pacific Railway

EN ROUTE

Friday morning
Nov 4/38

My dear Lois

We have been out on the platform at Chapleau and are now running along again smoothly past lakes and rivers. Rocky shores with sand every now and then makes me long to get out and play in my usual 3 year old fashion.

Nothing fascinates me like water in its original out-of-door setting.

I don't know why, but a man's interest is always aroused by

something hidden or partially hidden with which he can play, either mentally or physically, a sort of entrancing game of hide and seek. — a woman's form — birds or beasts in the forest or fish under the screen of the waters — they are all fascinating and fill the need of our gambling, hunting, mate-seeking instincts. The hunt is the thing but when the goal is reached the fun is over — until next time.

How sad it is I must ultimately reach Vancouver. I am so happy

here spinning a web of lazy
 fancies with nothing to do and
 no one to disturb me. Too soon
 the end of all things comes and
 the jittery preparations for a
 new race must take the place
 of our present ease and comfort.

All things have their compensating
 features. As we become older and
 perhaps a little wiser the race,
 the hunt, the gamble may not
 carry so much ecstatic thrill,
 but at the end we can contemplate
 the jittery time of change-over with
 greater tolerance and comfort,
 leaving it to the younger competitors
 to fret and fume. What must be
 must be!

So there's an end to it.

The Waiter says "Second call for Dinner". So I shall leave you for the present and "Come on the air again" a little later in the day.

Best love to all of you

Affectly

Your loving spouse
Edward