

Banff, Alberta.

Wednesday, ~~August~~

Sept. 2, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We are still having poor weather except for Monday morning it has been overcast and rainy and cold too, this morning there was snow on the green spot, the sun tried to come out this morning but didn't get far. Anyway its nice to be in town if the weather is going to be bad. Pete is still busy over at the drill hall helping the Sergeant and to-morrow they hope to finish, and I know that we will be glad when the job is done.

Yesterday I accomplished quite a bit for me, I cleaned all the cupboards over the sink where I keep the glasses and dishes and washed them too. I haven't cleaned it for a disgracefully long time, but I didn't mind doing it for I got the glasses well polished and at the same time listened to all sorts of radio programs, mostly news, both short wave and long. Then after finishing up in the afternoon I had my hair washed over town, and managed to do shopping too, so altogether it wasn't too bad. To-day I cleaned all the flat silver this morning, and think I will put some away so as to have it clean when I want to use it. There is a lot more to be done and if it doesn't clear up this afternoon may tackle that.

A nice letter came from you yesterday about Margie visiting you, I wondered after your sending Margarets letter whether she would get to Concord, it all sounded so complicated, but it was nice that she could. When I wrote that I didn't know Middledred was to visit you, I mean't that you didn't say anything about her coming before she arrived, for of course you mentioned the showing of the slides, the wedding etc. while she was there. We had rain during the eclipse of the moon which didn't really eclipse entirely from here,

I hear that you are to be rationed on heating oil. It must be hard for many people and the houses are comparatively large in Concord. You know if people used double windows they would save a tremendous amount of heat and also weather stripping saves a lot. Couldn't Mrs Motte shut off a few rooms for the cold months, or if she has to live with her sisters why not pick the cold spells. In Canada they are forcing the big buildings to switch to coal, but they hope to have enough for householders. I don't know that there are so very many who use ~~fuel~~ oil. Also you are to have meat rationing but I don't think we will though our ration books have tickets for several other things if necessary. they are just lettered tickets.

I am sending you a few want ads from the Calgary paper last night, its the first time that I have noticed girls above military age listed! I know Mrs Walker lost her girl as a cook to the Air Force I think for a hospital, one of the small ones at the ~~the/Station/~~ Training school. She was awfully nice and I knew her at First Aid. One reason is that no one here pays very much and certainly the Army navy or Air Force offers a lot more, besides pay.

Jean didn't say anything special about the new girl to us, only that she didn't know how you would like her. Is Russell getting leave? and will he be in Concord for it?

The end of the page, loads of love,

Catherine.

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

At last we are ready to go out for a weeks painting. and the weather is perfect. Pete finished up on Thursday, four army trucks coming up early that morning and loading all the stores in and so now the unit here is finished, though the men haven't actually been discharged as yet. there were only about eight left who hadn't gone active or were let out because of not being fit enough.

Yesterday we were awfully busy getting bills paid and things cleared up about the store, Sam has some friends coming so is to take a few days off to go over to the Windermere. He can't leave us without a weeks notice and we can't fire him without the same or rather without getting permission to do so. We still have work to be done but will try to get some sketching first. The trees haven't turned yet though it has been down to 33 several times, and they had five inches of snow the other morning at Temple.

Your letter has just come that Russell is to be in Concord on leave and what a wonderful time you will all be having you won't need a letter from me and I don't think you are apt to get one for nearly a week, as I haven't time now to write and we are going up to the Columbia Ice Fields for a couple of nights, when they will close up and then we hope to stay at Bow Lakes for a few days unless they too close.

Yesterday afternoon the James came down to tea with Gen. MacDonald and Mrs Mac. Dr. James is very young to be the President of McGill, but just as nice and easy as can be, so was his wife and they seemed to enjoy the mountains. and everything. Last evening we were up at Ferns as she had just returned from the Ice Fields and we wanted to ask her about the places still open etc.

All I can write now.

Loads of love,

Catherine

P.S. Thank Jean ever so much for the wonderful bed socks. I shall write & thank her myself soon. It was a real surprise & I needed them badly. in fact was looking for socks the other night forgetting she had taken them with her.

Columbia Icefields.
Jasper Park, Alta.
Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

✓ We have been up here three days now and have
✓ had fine weather most of the time, and we are enjoying it all.
Friday evening we found out from Fern that the Jack Brewsters
would be up here until after Labor Day, which would give us
a day or two here at least. So Saturday afternoon noon, about
one thirty we left Banff. It took us all morning to get packed
up and several matters attended to. Sam & Cis were going to
Kiddington over in the Windermere with friends. so we told them
we would be away too & not to hurry back. which suited them.
and we started with no feeling that we should hurry
back for something, which has so often been the case. Col.
Moore told Pete there was nothing for him to do so altogether
we could leave with a free mind.

It was the most beautiful day you ever saw
clear and blue with just enough clouds. The trees are only
barely starting to turn, a few yellow leaves here & there. We
came right on thru for we were afraid being the Labor Day
weekend they might be full up. However so far we have
been the only people staying over night. and its just the
kind of thing that suits us. They didn't open the Icefields
Club this year, as it was a place that worked with the burgers
though they did take over night people too. but being a good
half way point between Jasper and Lake Louise they served
lunches. as many as 300 a day. There is a filling station
near by. rather larger than most, with half of it a garage
where they could fix cars. over head were staff quarters for
the big Club. Six bedrooms & bathroom with shower. all
very nice. Jack Brewster, (a brother of Pearl Moore's) who
is one of the best outfitters & hunters in the country & usually
has several hunting parties a year which he takes out
from Jasper Park. ~~is running~~ made the filling station
over. put a nice board floor over the garage floor &

partitioned it off into a dining room & kitchen. The office of the filling station has two large plate glass windows and makes a lovely place to sit with the most beautiful view. It is quite a wonderful panorama showing a tongue of the Columbia Icefields several miles long & on one side Mt Athabasca with its glaciers and on the right the edge of the Columbia Icefields on what is called the Snow Dome. Mrs Brewster does the cooking with the help of a young Scotch girl from Glasgow. At here only four years & quite an adept. She says she has never cooked this way before but as hardly any stay more than a night she doesn't have to make much variety - and of course the nearest place to get provisions is Jasper 66 miles away. She makes wonderful pies & cakes and its real home cooking & we are both eating much too much. Its just the sort of place we enjoy most. They don't care when we eat and we get up when we ~~wake~~ wake, and come in when we are hungry at noon & night. In the evening we sit & watch the sun set on the mountains. The effects are lovely. Then we watch the stars come out.

X The first evening from a cloudless sky the clouds began coming over the mountains and we had thunder storms quite bad ones. But they were fascinating to watch. The lightnings making a lovely pink light on the glaciers when it flashed. In the night there was a terrific wind too. Next day it was quite clear and we painted both mornings and afternoon. The first evening before the first thunder storm we climbed up a slope at the back of the place & got a lovely view, and the following evening we drove three miles towards Jasper for another special view.

There weren't very many for a Labor Day weekend. We did try & paint the edge of the big glacier that comes down into the valley. But there was always at least one group taking each others picture standing in front of the ice blocks. So we got back a way so as not to be bothered by people asking questions & being curious. It got awfully cold with an icy blast blowing off the ice.

Monday there was a terrific wind, so we painted in a sheltered spot. as otherwise we couldn't have kept

the point for blowing over. In the afternoon we climbed up on a small sort of mountain or shoulder where we could look right down onto a glacier & right into the crevasses ~~on~~ the ice. There was a fine view & we took quite a few photographs though the light wasn't too good. Those little wispy clouds making the light flat. It took us ~~up~~ about an hour and three quarters to go up. & we were in ~~just~~ fresh snow on the top.

To-day started out looking as if it was going to storm. There was a big cloud bank in the east & the mountains in the distance were enveloped in clouds. However a wind from the west came up & gradually blew the clouds back & it was the most beautiful day we have had yet. and lovely clouds this afternoon. Pete made a sketch this morning after it cleared while I took Kodachromes. I really should have made a sketch but am slower than Pete & didn't think I'd have time before lunch. But this afternoon we went down to the edge of the glacier again & this time had it all to ourselves. When we first got there two young bush pilots & their wife came down on their two motor cycles, & without a doubt one was the most enthusiastic and keen person I ever saw. He was thrilled with everything & so interested in it all. said they came from the wheat country in Saskatchewan, but had flown north a great deal I guess. now they are teaching at flying schools. We took pictures of them for them & Pete loaned them filters. so we had quite a time. After they left for Bauff we took more pictures with all the combinations of filters. film & cameras, and then each made a sketch of the ice blocks, which looked fairly simple. but proved very difficult, as the ice seemed to change color. a stream from another glacier has under mined the edge of the ice and it breaks off in great chunks. and when it breaks its lovely and green in color. a turquoise color.

They were supposed to close today but have to wait for some trucks to come up from Bauff to take back the blankets & linen etc from the big chalet which has been closed this summer & they now are sure it will be next year too. So they said we could stay on until

they left, which makes it nice for us. We probably
will stay another day if the weather stays good & the
trucks don't come. They were supposed to be here to-day.
I don't know when this will get mailed, probably
not until we go in ourselves.

I have been writing this & at the same time
trying to listen to the conversation going on. Jack Brewster
has too many interesting stories to tell of hunting &
experiences in the mountains.

It's getting too dark to write now now.

Lots of love.

Catharine.

P.S. It's now Wednesday and is colder from the east than it was
40°

[ca. 1942]

This is a Real Photograph. Hand Coloured.
Canadian Nat. Rlys. Photo.

[Sept.]

Published by The Camera Products Co., 1731, Dunbar Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

Made in England

POSTCARD

The Address only to be
written here

Dear Mother. Have been too
busy to write. We came back
Wednesday night and the Leukers
from Chicago were here all
yesterday. Will tell you about
it later! This is a picture
of the Icefields Chalet which
was closed this year. We
stayed in the place a little
way beyond, out of sight
behind the hill. The
edge of the glacier on the
top of the mountain is 500
feet thick. It's really the
edge of the Columbian ice
field. The coloring is
awful, but only cards
they had.



THE TONGUE OF ATHABASCA GLACIER AND SNOW DOME MTN. AND GLACIER
WITH "THE ICEFIELD CHALET," COLUMBIA ICEFIELD, ALBERTA.

Banff-Jasper Series No. 38

This is a Real Photograph. Hand Coloured.
Canadian Nat. Rlys. Photo.
Published by The Camera Products Co., 1731, Dunbar Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

Made in England

POST CARD

This is the view of Mt
Athabasca that we could
see from the house. This
view is from a lookout on
the road to Jasper. The
blue in foreground is
really a river bed &
the blue to north beyond
part of the tongue
the glacier.

The Address only to be
written here



MT. ATHABASCA, COLUMBIA ICEFIELD FROM THE JASPER-BANFF HIGHWAY

Jasper-Banff Series No. 5

This is what we looked
at on. 9 to 20. 3 miles
up the tongue of the glacier.
a little lake in the moraine
in foreground.

The Address only to be
written here

POST CARD

Made in England

Found several letters
here when we returned &
yesterday two from you &
Jean written Sep. 30th -
by U.S. Censors. & so
perhaps delayed. For this
morning had one mailed
Sept 8th from you. Came
very fast. You all must
be very occupied with your
work. Love
Catherine.

This is a Real Photograph. Hand Coloured.
Canadian Nat. Rlys. Photo.
Published by The Camera Products Co., 1731, Dunbar Street,
Vancouver, B.C.



MT. ATHABASCA AND TONGUE OF ATHABASCA GLACIER,
COLUMBIA ICEFIELD, ALBERTA.

Banff-Jasper Series No. 32

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We have had a very busy time ever since we got back from our short painting trip. for the few days we were out we did quite a bit. Pete made ~~five~~ sketches and I four and we got some good photographs and we hope the Kodachromes turn out well too.

Wednesday morning the light was very poor and we knew that the Links (our friends from the Univ. of Chicago who come to Lake O'Hara every year) were to arrive in Banff on their way home Thursday morning early and so we decided that we better come back down. We left the Icefield about eleven I think it was and went rather slowly so as to look at everything, we had the top down until we reached Bow Summit (where we had that picnic lunch with you and Mildred) by the time we got to Bow it was pouring hard, but it was just a shower for we ran in and out of them the rest of the way home. We stopped in to see the Simpsons the first time we have been there this year. They have had a busy summer and I guess about all the business they could handle with the help they had. though naturally it wasn't as good as last year. but quite a few long staying people.

We got home to find a lot of mail, including a letter from the Sergeant, who was here packing up the stores, asking Pete to send the four foot broom they had left behind. So Pete had that to do and it was just as well we came in so he could. Then next morning a letter came from the other Sergeant telling him that he had passed the two weeks course that he took at camp in July. He was afraid he hadn't as they told them very few would pass. so that was rather nice. Then the next day he found out that he was Acting C.Q.M.S. for D company. so that was rather nice too. "Acting" means that you haven't taken the necessary examinations for the position but have the rank or something like that. anyway it is one stripe higher than a Sergeant. However if Pete went on Active Service only the experience would count. It isn't as easy in the Canadian Army to get stripes as it is in the American, you have to work hard for them, unless you are a Doctor or Dentist or a Specialist in some line like that.

Thursday was very hectic. The Links came around about eleven and stayed until Pete came back at one. He had been delayed at the store. We arranged for me to pick the Links up at the Hotel about three and if it didn't storm take them for a short drive perhaps. We had our lunch and then did lots of odd errands, mail, bank and such, also picking up steaks for supper, I dropped in to the Red Cross to say I wouldn't be there and found them busy making children's pajamas. Fern wanted to ask Pete about having her furnace installed and in the end we asked her to supper with the Links and then had another steak to get. I was a bit late going to the hotel and they were a little late coming down, when they did they asked me if I would take them out to see Sid Graves who runs O'Hara camp when it is open. She lives out on the way to Minnewanka where the dairy used to be. We had hardly gotten down the steps when there was Sid coming to take them out, I was so surprised for had we not all been late we would have just missed each other, as it was I went out too for tea, and then brought the Links back in about five thirty, I still had the vegetables to get at the store and had to work fairly fast when I got home to get dressed and have supper ready by six-thirty. However it was a very simple supper, Baked sweet potatoes

(first time this fall) cawliflower which cooks while the steaks are being done thanks to your pressure cooker. Pete did the steaks and then we had blueberries and cake for desert. Fern had to leave at seven thirty as a carpenter was coming to see her about something, George is at the coast. We showed the Links some slides which they seemed to enjoy and then left about eleven. It was quite a day though for we never stopped.

Yesterday we had planned to go back up to Lake Louise painting but as we want to see Willard Neilson who is coming to see if he can do Fern's furnace we waited and finally got him on the phone about one, and he came up this afternoon, also we got a card from Gray and Eleanor Campbell, who are on their leave and also were due to-day, so we decided to wait over and if it is nice, which it doesn't look how, we will make an early start in the morning for Lake Louise and stay for a few nights at Deer Lodge. It was perfect yesterday and this morning but the clouds came up this afternoon and it doesn't look very promising. We noticed that the Larch were starting to turn on the slopes near Lake Louise when we came by Wednesday.

Sam and Cis are in the "throes" of moving, and yesterday we interrupted them, Sam was painting a bedstead and Cis was working in the garden thinning out lilacs, it was one of those lovely clear fall days when you love to sit in the sun and it was easy for them to stop and talk, they don't know where to start moving and the people are still still in the cottage that they had rented and which they intend to move into, The man is waiting for his call and the Wards are technically required to give three months notice, so it is all rather uncertain.

Last evening we went down and called on Col Moore. Pearl had to go to Canmore having just returned from the Icefields that afternoon.

To-day I cleaned the house for the first time in two weeks, I always try to vacuum every Saturday morning and in that way the house stays fairly dustless, for I never do anything but the kitchen floor other days. Then we got organized again for a sketching trip, to be sure we had the right amount of paint and canvas etc. As I was writing this about three-thirty or four Fern came down to see if Willard had come, then Gray and Eleanor arrived and then Willard, so Fern, and Pete disappeared with him, Pete coming back soon. Gray has been transferred to Swift Current so this may be their last leave up here for a while. They are a grand couple. They left for Bow lakes and then we saw Willard for a few minutes before he left. He will be back a week from Monday. So it was quite a busy afternoon. We had thought of going to Louise this evening, but it seemed foolish to pay for an extra night, and we talked of getting up at 6.30 in the morning, come morning it may not be so easy to get an early start. But seeing that it is dull and cloudy this evening it may not be nice enough to go in any case.

I haven't answered any of your nice letters that have come lately but if it rains to-morrow I will.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Sunday morning,

Well we haven't gone after all, The clouds were down in the valley when we woke up after its having rained all night, It was clear above and the sun out for a while and we had hopes that it would clear, We are all ready to go but now at eleven it looks worse than ever so I am pretty sure we won't leave to-day. It was funny but yesterday noon it was so clear it looked as if it never would rain, but I guess thats one thing none of us can do anything about, the weather.

I shall try and answer some of your letters, for there are a lot of fine ones, all about Russells being there and I can just

imagine how busy you have all been, how he must love the fresh vegetables for there is no doubt but that they taste 100% better just newly picked.

Quite a bit of Jewelry stealing, but weren't both Kitty and Cal lucky to get their things back. I should think that Nantucket would be a poor place to try it for you could search people leaving the island.

You haven't told us how Gale and Robin play the piano, so do write us about it. We were glad to hear a bit more about John Edwards farm, is Eileen's mother still living with them? Yes I did notice the bit in the journal about Sandra's son, he must be doing well.

I think you have a hard time saving gas and with Russell there I am sure a lot would have gone, do you get so much a year of a week, with Mrs we have so much a year, at first divided into four periods, but now the coupons are good any time.

I expect you will have another busy time with the wedding of George Watkins, maybe that will be when Helen comes east too.

It was funny but the day your letter asking if I would like to read "Paul Revere" the Links asked the same question, and they gave us their copy which they had enjoyed and finished reading. so now we have it and only need to find the time. I can't think of any other books right now but will let you know later.

That was one of the nicest letters from Olive Newbury and how nice that she has a little boy.

It was nice that you saw Florence Fitzpatrick, how long was she with Aunt Julie? Maybe just a night.

This is a very disjointed letter, but I am reading over a lot of yours and answering questions etc, and I go along. We noticed that Henry Aldrich's voice had changed a bit but thought it probably was natural, I see he is in the army and it is the one who played Willie Marshall who is now Henry. I can't see any real difference. it is a good program, we missed it last Thursday as the Links were here for supper.

About the apartments over the store, from July 1st. we rented the whole building to Jackie for so much a month, then he sublets the store to the store business, and Mr Craig in the grocery and the offices and apartments upstairs, we pay the insurance and ground rent to the Gov't and the Taxes, but he does all the rest, it makes it very nice for us. Pete still has a few improvements to finish but otherwise it is all done. Barbara looked after the rooms on two apartments this summer after their girl left.

Tony and a friend from the R.A.F. came to see us this morning and now it is after lunch and is still rainy looking so it will not be to-day we go to Lake Louise, just as well we didn't go yesterday and get stuck up there.

Lots of love and hope you aren't too tired with all the planning and entertaining you have been doing.

More love,

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1942

Dearest Mother,

The weather is what you might call "discouraging". This is the third morning in a row that we have woken up to blue sky with a few clouds, which by noon or before have shut in and ruined the day, from a painting point of view. We were all ready to go to Lake Louise early Sunday morning, but it drizzled all day and we were so glad that we hadn't gotten all settled at Deer Lodge, whereas at least we could enjoy our own fireside.

Then yesterday it looked quite promising when we got up only to shut in soon after breakfast. This morning was even better, fresh snow on the mountain tops and a wind, quite a lot of blue sky, but by eleven it was as bad as yesterday, so I guess it just hasn't cleared yet and we will just have to wait that's all, for there is no use trying to paint fall color without sunshine, for that is what makes the color brilliant.

It's an awful unsettled feeling to be half packed up. The painting stuff doesn't matter, but after putting into a suitcase each morning the night cloths etc. only to take them out later, and other things too, now I can't remember what is in the bag and what isn't. The weather has been grand for mushrooms though and last night we got about a pail full.

Yesterday I spent all day nearly straightening out the books to do with the apartments and other things, so that is something done, Pete felt so sorry for Sam trying to move his workshop that he spent two hours helping. The man in the cottage that they are to go into got word that he will be called Oct 31st. and in the meantime they are going on a short vacation, but naturally don't want to give up their house for ~~just~~ the last month they are in Banff. The people are supposed to move into the Wards house Sept. 30th. and what the Wards will do in the meantime I don't know, for they can't move their furniture into the house next door and all the new peoples stuff will be coming soon. In the meantime the coal dealers have talked the people in to getting plenty of coal, more than the Wards use in two years and the coal dealers insist on putting it in, though it takes up that much more room in the basement. Well I am glad that we don't have to move. Pete helped Sam move his things to a store place under the steps of the new house. they had to stoop to get in, you know the sort of place.

Yesterday some book circulars came and I am enclosing the one of the two books we would love for Christmas. They are similar to the one you sent for my birthday a year ago, photographs and etchings of France, I think it one of the loveliest books we own and would love to have the one of England and now the new one of America. I have drawn in ink around the two titles. You could send for it with the "Order Blank" so it wouldn't be too much trouble.

By the way, don't you think that this Christmas we might dispense with presents? It seems too bad with a world at war to use the mails just to give us the pleasure of sending something to the other. Maybe if we just sent each other a book to two it would be better, and those we could send real early, but I think I won't send anything to the rest of the family as we did last year. What do you think? We loved the candy and all you sent last year, but after all we can get along without it and it will be all the more of a treat when we have it again.

For the next seven weeks we are asked in Canada to do without, pork, ham, and bacon, so that they will have enough to send to Britain. I wonder how people will respond, they all seem to want to do something to win the war but when it comes to giving up something that they like and are accustomed too it isn't as easy. However I think we can do without and will be glad to.

I couldn't help thinking when you wrote of the time people in the east are having getting girls, that it really would be more to the point if married people with familys took courses in "cooking" or "shortcuts to household tasks " instead of spending their time on first Aid and aeroplane watching and whatnot, and let the young girls do the war work. After all it is far more important to be able to look after and out for your own children and leave the other jobs for those without family's. It must be awfully hard in Concord where the houses are often so large and the girl's aren't brought up to do their own work easily. and the life and all is so different, including so many things to go to, of course with gas rationing that must cut down on a lot of munning about. I often think of a family of Hawaiians who lived on the Island of Kawai. The father had an important Gov 't job and the mother taught school, yet they had four or five children, some quite small, and they all had their own particular tasks to do, each child had to look after his or her own bedroom, one washed the dishes, another dried them, one had all the sweeping to do, another the dusting and one boy looked after feeding the chickens and the dogs every day, but by each one doing something they didn't have to spend much time doing it and yet it got done in a very short time. The oldest girl was at boarding school when we were there, but from the time she was twelve she did all the cooking, and the mother even managed a trip to Canada one summer, feeling the family were capable of looking after them selves. Of course they were unusual, but I believe children's energy could be used to help. Davy has learn't to start the Jacket heater for Barbara and it saves her a lot of time, to have him do it when she needs hot water, he also knows how to start the furnace. Little Clifford who is twelve just turning thirteen, has learn't to drive the Tractor for Cliff, and when the truck gets stuck in the mud going to Temple, little Clifford drives the Tractor and pulls Cliff out in the truck. He drove the Tractor up from Lake Louise all alone the other day for the first time which I think is pretty good. After all its a cater pillar tractor, not the simple kind you have.

Pete is late for lunch, he just came as I wrote that, now we are through lunch and He is planning to put a little air tight stove up in the studio so he can work up there, for the weather is worse than ever yet it is hardly worth starting the furnace. This is quite a letter. A nice one from you yesterday, you certainly fed a houseful while Russell was home, hope Kitty's cold isn't too bad and she is all over it now.

Loads of love,

Catherine .

Banff, Alberta.

Thursday, Sept 17th.

1942.

Dearest Mother,

We are still having bad weather, this morning it was even snowing when we woke up, but not enough to stay on the ground. The snow is way down on the mountains though, the sun tried to come out but gave up and it looks as if it wouldn't clear to-day. There is not much we can do about it but wait, and we are glad that we didn't get started out, for we would barely ~~would~~ have arrived when the weather changed, at least we did have a good weekend when we did go.

Tell Jean that the bed socks that she made me are the best ones I have ever had, they are loose enough to kick off easily and yet long enough to stay on and they do feel comfy. She was awfully good to make them.

I didn't realize that it is Watertown, Connecticut, where George Watkins is to be married, so after all it won't mean a lot of things going on for you, as it would had it been in Watertown Mass. The joke was that when Margaret spoke in her letter of hoping you would have enough gas to go, I thought "probably she doesn't realize that Watertown is this side of Boston" it just shows how little people realize what gas rationing means unless they have it themselves. Do they have gas rationing in Washington? I expect that Margaret will make you a visit afterwards, but the children will be gone by then and there won't be quite so many in the house. How you will miss them when they go back. but I expect you will be needing a little quiet and rest from planning for so many.

We heard on the radio that a bomb had gone off in Boston at the British War Relief Office, it sounded like the Irish to me, the way they ~~comat~~ trouble in England and Ireland. Was it the one uptown? I was interested in the clipping you sent about the various houses being used in Boston for War things, even the ballroom at the Somerset, I remember some of the houses mentioned, for when we rehearsed for the Vincent Club show one year we went to several of the private ballrooms. *There is a painting of O'Hara by Millard in the Farm, & one picture.* I was glad to hear that they have heard recently that D'arcy Baker-Carr is alive and well, I expect someone from the lot that arrived recently may have brought word, I know that a wire or ("Cable" I was told) came here for K, for the Telegraph office was trying to find her present address from Mrs Worcester, but of course one can't find out a message for someone else, except that they intimated it was good news, so that was probably it. Too bad that Gid deForrest has T.B. again, but if it brings them to-gether again it will be alright.

You write that you won't be seeing the children for a year, or rather Russell. Does that mean that they won't be coming up for Christmas, or why don't you go to Washington once this winter or is travel to be restricted. We are to be more rationed on gas but I believe one can still travel for legitimate reasons, not just for pleasure, there are to be no more cheap rates. You didn't send Margaret Watkins last letter, or maybe you were referring to her letter of some time ago, but I guess the Newburys will be in Concord by now, I am so glad that they could go before there is any restriction of travelling, and what fun it will be for them to see the newest baby and the house

where Ebbs lives now and Frances apartment etc. It is a nice time of year to be in Concord and they will see the fall coloring which is so different because of the red than what we have out here, so give them my love.

That was a nice letter from Miss Jewell about the milk seperator, what a good idea to give it to her when you don't use it any more.

You asked once if the slide of the waterfall was the one Pete painted. yes it is and Gardner Box has the original sketch. or at least the first one Pete made, he also has a large one started.

It is now after lunch and trying hard to clear the sun shines at times but the wind is wrong so I doubt if it will really do much.

All for now, so lots of love,

Catherine.

Banff, Alberta,

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

It is actually clear to-day and the sun shinning, though rather weakly, for there are those thin wispy clouds that kill the light. We are hoping this time that it may be nice and we can go out for a day or two. It seemed funny to be eating the best corn on the cob we have had all summer and outside spitting snow, I never did that before. In the paper it was 17 above in some parts though here I don't think it got as low, it was 30 above when we got up.

We have been busy, Pete has been trying to lay in a couple of sketches in the studio and we had a fire up there to warm it enough for several days and each time something happened to prevent it, usually something to do with the store building, but soon most everything will be done, one day it was a stove for Mildred, she found that she could borrow one for the winter from the Hunters who are going away, but they were leaving that afternoon, so Pete got Sam and to-gether they moved it over and Cliff being away there was little they could do but fix it, the pipes and all, another day it was a cloths line for her, but now that is done it should be allright.

Then we had the bright idea that Sam and Cis could move into the apartment over the grocery side, as they have to be out of their house by the end of September and can't move next door until the end of October, as you have to give people 3 months notice to leave, by building a chimney up from the basement with several openings for different contingencies, they could have a coal stove in the kitchen, a heater borrowed from Cyril Paris (who closes his place for the winter, and won't be using the one in the tea room, you can't buy them anymore) but a heater and a kitchen stove would heat the apartment quite comfortably as the floor is warm from below and two walls are inside ones and warm. We couldn't let just any one go in there with such an arrangement but with Sam and Cis it would be allright, however if we can arrange it we would put a heating system in the basement and heat both that and Mildred's apartment. both steam, by enlarging the old system, and hot air now that you can't get the metal for the ducts, are out, but we haven't really found out about hot water yet, that still might be possible. It all takes a lot of planning and considering and talking as you can imagine, yesterday they were working on a way of taking the gas that backs up in the furnace out of the cellar. There is only one coal that works perfectly in the stocker, and of course one can't get that anymore, it comes from too far away for War time delivery. The man who is to build a new chimney at Temple was up in Banff yesterday but because of the weather can't get the material to work with at the hill so Pete has been figuring with Sam where the chimney will go at the store and he will do it first if he can, which is lucky for us. Now Monday or Tuesday the man, to check over our furnace where a bit of the crack filler has pulled away, is coming up from Calgary, and he will do Fern's furnace and ours at the same time, so I guess we will have to be here. We rather thought we would have all the painting high up we would want this last week but one or two days now would be something. *It has been bad weather for a week now.*

Our gasoline ration is to be cut the first of October and we will get new ration books, for the next six months we will get about three gallons a week but in the east they will get less than two, They urge people to store their cars for the winter and we think that we will put ours up. We also are asked to do without pork (except for pork tenderloin, pork sausage, and pigs feet and knuckles) ham or bacon, for

for the next seven weeks, in order that Canada can send enough to Britain and the armed forces, we also are asked to go easy on beef, but are urged to eat chickens and turkeys and such, it seems little enough to do, and yet there are always people who seem to want to use anything that is scarce, the minute they are told to go easy they have an urge to buy more, as much as they can get, its a funny way to feel.

We went up to the Wards for Steak and Kidney pie the other evening, it is steamed for three hours or more and has a sort of dumpling crust, its very good for the meat is in a delicious gravy inside.

Its time for lunnh now, so loads of love,

Catherine

Banff, Alberta.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Seems to me I always start out with the weather, This morning the clouds were way down but now at eleven they have lifted and it seems to be a glorious day, I wish it would stay one way or another so we could plan a little better but we must be thankful it is nice at all.

Saturday it was rather nice in the morning only very flat light, by afternoon it was lovely and beautiful clouds but they soon became a little too beautiful and it looked like another bit of bad weather coming by night. Grey and his wife Eleenor came back from Bow Lakes having had a wonderful vacation at the Simpsons, Grey said he hadn't eaten as much since he was sixteen and they didn't realize the weather had been poor, I expect it wouldn't matter as much if you weren't taking photographs or trying to paint. (The light is the whole thing when we go out, and makes the most difference with painting and the photos next) They are now planning to come up in December for skiing at Temple, that is Grey's next week's leave. Sir Norman Watson is now running Temple and Cliff is working for him for a wage, which is far better for them. Before, Cliff got what was over after the bills were paid and usually there wasn't much left over, now he is at least sure of so much a month, summer and winter. They are planning to concentrate on a place for the Air force to enjoy their leaves, giving them special rates, It really is a wonderful thing for the various instructors and also the men from Norway, Free French, Poles etc. to have a place to spend their last leave before after finishing a course. It is very homelike and good food and it seems so far away from the war, they get exercise and fresh air and plenty of sleep and it must do them a lot of good so that they can go back to flying with renewed vim and vigor.

Yesterday being Sunday we had planned to go up to Lake Louise if it was a lovely day, getting up at seven o'clock, We had to be here this morning as the furnace man was due in Banff. It really was funny, the alarm went off and Pete got up first to look out, being on summer time it is darker earlier than it ordinarily would be, so it didn't look very promising, he came back to bed and we waited about 20 minutes and had another look, it was worse and more clouds, so we stayed in bed a bit longer but were so wide awake by then we decided we might as well get up anyway, which we did. The clouds were thick in the west with only a few spots of blue, so we didn't hurry with breakfast, then it looked as if it might clear so we decided to go up to the corner of the valley and see what it was like to-wards Lake Louise, for we could tell from there. We left about ten with a sort of luncheon we could make if we stayed out. It turned out to be quite a nice day on the whole with occasional bright sunshine and rain, We had our luncheon near the gate on the way to Temple, and that was the worst weather we had all day, it seemed to be shutting in all around and snowing hard on the mountains, though in one place low down near the great divide near Rireld (or rather on the way to Bow lakes) was a beautiful rainbow. There didn't seem to be much use staying around with the light so poor for pictures so we started back, We had the top down and when we got about two miles down the road towards Banff we noticed a tremendous patch of blue sky and the clouds were blowing off the mountain tops, so we turned around and ended up by going to Moraine

Lake for the first time this year, and strange as it was we were in sunshine most of the time, We saw five goats and three moose out there and it was lovely to look at though still hardly enough light for pictures. We had rain and sun all the way home and it turned out to be a nice trip even if we didn't do as we had originally planned. An east wind came up last night and it was very stormy by evening, though by ten the moon was out. This morning the clouds were down again only to burn off later. It is the most uncertain weather I have seen and so difficult to know what to do, If we were actually out in the mountains at any place we would just take advantage of the sun and stay in during the bad spells, but being in Banff and not wanting to use any more gas than we can help, it is hard to know when to go out, We were hoping that the furnace man would do our work to-day or to-morrow, but when he came this morning he has still another job in Banff and said it might be Wednesday or Thursday before he could come here. There used to always be one good week of hot days and cool nights when the color is at its best and we are hoping to be able to get a week like that, but it is so hard to judge when it is starting. However the trees aren't fully turned yet, and even the Larches aren't all turned.

A nice letter from you this morning about going to the British War Relief tea and the Bartlets being there for bridge. and all the callers you had Sunday.

It is lunch time so I will have to stop. Loads of love,

Catherine.

P.S. - Would you like to pay our Membership dues for the Art Association? I hate to send money out of Canada when they need it so badly here. Also could you mail the postcard for me.

Banff, Alberta.

Wednesday Sept. 23, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We actually have had a perfect day out in the mountains which was yesterday. and we even hope to have another. Monday was clear but those thin wispy clouds that spoil the light for photographs or painting, though by afternoon it cleared so the sky was awfully blue. We expected the furnace man to come and he did arrive soon after breakfast and then we had to wait until he had lined up his work. In the afternoon we went up to Fern's where he was working and found that he would be here until Thursday or Friday and we pinned him down to come Thursday night which we figured would give us three days and two nights at Lake Louise if the weather stayed good.

X Tuesday morning we were up at seven and got all packed up, most things were together but we have packed and unpacked so much lately that it was hard to know what was in and what wasn't, for instance I decided to take a skirt as most people at Deer Lodge are not dressed in hiking clothes, but I almost forgot the underwear to go with it, as I had taken those out several days ago to wear leaving the skirt in, after all long woolen underwear doesn't go very well with a skirt! We got out lunch made and all but the bed made and were off before nine, for it was ten to ten when we reached Lake Louise, it was a bit flat as to light but we started up towards Saddle Back which we haven't been up for ten years. It took us nearly two hours to get there, for it is a long steady pull, and we had heavier packs than usual, with the paints and camera stuff. It was lovely up there and the larches at their best, it was noon so we had lunch first, then took a lot of pictures, then made a sketch each, took some more photos in color as the light had grown better and better until it was perfect by the end of the afternoon. It was really a perfect day, and so warm in the sun as fall days are. While we were painting three planes came over and one dove right over Temple Temple which was directly across the valley, and it was so low that it was way below us too. they were fun to watch.

X It was after five when we got back to Lake Louise and so lovely that we decided to drive over to the Yoho but not up the valley, the first time this year. and then as it still looked nice we decided to spend the night at Lake Louise. We had a late supper, but a very good one and then ~~sent the~~ spent the rest of the evening at the Swiss Guides. Rudolph and his wife were there and Edward Feuz. It was awfully hot at Deer Lodge and nearly suffocating in our bed room, but though we didn't seem to sleep much we had a good rest. It was full moon and when we went into the Swiss Guides they said it would be fine to-morrow, but when we left the few clouds had now grown to many and covered the sky and they weren't so sure. This morning when we woke up it was all overcast, just a few patches of blue, fog in the valley. We hoped it would get better and it did look a bit more hopeful so we had them make us a lunch, but no sooner than that was ready than the clouds got thick again, we waited until eleven and then thought it was no use so started back to Banff, and of course now it is three and lovely and clear out. That seems to be the way with the weather. We have decided not to try going for several days but to be ready with our paints and camera things to go any morning the weather is fine, and in that was we may do better. The trees in the valley had

turned ~~xxx~~ in the time we had been gone, I imagine the heat of yesterday. so if we don't get up to the Larches we can do the aspens in the valley.

Pete is going to the post office so will have him mail this,
Loadsof love,

Catherine.

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Banff, Alberta.

Friday, Sept. 25, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We are having fair weather, by that I mean part of the time it is sunny and then those darn milky clouds come over from no where and it kills the light and takes all the sparkle out of the color. Yesterday morning the man came and fixed our furnace in no time at all, putting new cement inside where the old stuff had cracked and come away. Then just as we were finishing lunch Mrs MacDonald came to see if we would help her decide how to put shingles on her roof so that they would look like shakes, Fern Clarkson also came in but didn't stay long as she was going to the Red Cross, I have missed a couple of weeks but went so regularly before that I don't mind missing once or twice at this season. We spent quite a little time over the shingles but as it was overcast we didn't mind. Mrs Mack gave us a duck she had shot recently somewhere on the praries and we had it for supper, It was big to look at but pretty small by the time the feathers were off, but it was perfectly delicious and not too gamey, I cooked it according to Fanny Farmer and it said to put apples inside instead of stuffing and it would absorb some of the gameiness which it did and ~~they~~ was really good. We suddenly decided to go to the movies to see " Captains of the Clouds " a movie about Canadian bush pilots and the R.C.A.F. It was a really good movie in spite of Jimmy Cagney being in it, for I don't like him at all, but I don't believe it is a picture you would enjoy as much as we did. Its the first time we have been to the movies for a long time.

To-day was clear except for a fog that came in low clouds from the east, and clung to the tops of the mountains, however it looked promising for sketching and pictures, so while Pete went over to the store I put up a lunch and we left soon after ten, It was perfect by then and beautiful up the west road as the trees are turning fast now, one of the loveliest times of year. We went up about eight miles and as it was so nice and the fog had all burned off, we decided to climb up a knoll just beyond the "hole in the wall" which you may remember. We found it a lovely spot with a wonderful view west towards Castle mountain, the river very green as it wound through the valley and the patterns of the yellow trees in the patches of spruce, However by the time we had gotten up a thin cloud had appeared across the sky and we decided it would have blown across the sun by the time we finished lunch, More and more cloud seemed to form and I suppose it was something to do with the cold wind from the east, for before long most of the sky was covered with it, and it just killed the color. So we just had to come back down thinking that if it did disappear we would stop on the way home for a sketch, however it got worse rather than better so here we are back home again, however we did get some exercise climbing up the slope and its a place we have never been before so we now know how nice it would be to paint from.

I had a nice letter from Cousin Jane Barry and she spoke of going over to Concord soon, so if you think of it you might thank her for writing. I have several nice long letters from you to answer. You spoke of listening to the War bond program, when that sort is well done it is real good. We heard a short program from Portland "aine the other morning, I think it was a salute to its War Heros and was being re-broadcast short wave, I was quite surprised how strong the Maine accents were, especially the two women who spoke, and one man sent greetings to Portland men and one was to Larry Eastman.

Yes, Sam is still working for Pete, he doesn't work all the time, for he is busy doing things up ~~and~~ the house before moving, but we still have a few things to be done, This week a new chimney had to go in which means holes to cut etc. and then they worked several days putting in five radiators into the apartments and another day or two on the stoker, there are still storm windows to be built and a shed roof and such. Now one has to give 7 days notice before firing an employee, or before an employee can quit, and to get another job one has to apply for permission through the Unemployment insurance to look for work or to hire a new employee, except for a days work. so it is wise to hang on ~~the~~ Sam until the work at the store is completed. Pete said ^{that} they have decided to move into the last apartment built, and it will have to be the first of next week, as they are to be out of the house by the end of the month. Cis is anxious to go to the coast I think that she would like to stay all winter, but Sam has so much he could do here all winter and he is not a really young man any more, he is over fifty. and it isn't easy to try and keep up with younger men though no one can do better work than Sam, they probably could knock off war work much quicker and steadily, I imagine that is the reason it is hard for George to get work as a machanic, they can train young people to do the work they want done so much easier than an older man.

Supper time and our last corn on the cob (so they say) so I shan't write more, Gale and Robin must be fun to hear playing the piano as you wrote they do.

Loads of love and our love to the Newburys if they are there, I wish we could be there too.

more love,

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Sunday, Sept. 27, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We have had real Indian summer the last three days, though a little more milky stuff in the sky than usual. The other day when we went out only to have the light turn bad we found that in some parts of Alberta, they had snow that morning, no wonder the wind felt cold, but perhaps the storm cleared the weather. It snowed even in Calgary but didn't stay on the ground long, someone who drove up that morning said that they had to use the windshield wiper twice between Calgary and Banff.

That evening after we got back Allen & Father came in to see if we would like to go up as far as the boat would go to the end of Lake Minnewanka. He said it would be the last trip as they put the boat up in a day or two, and he didn't want to take anyone who wanted to get back quickly for he wanted to have some time at the other end. We were quite keen on going, so hoped it would be a good day. It turned out to be the best day yet. We were to leave at one from the pier, so we spent the morning doing things we should have done, like paying the man who built the chimney etc. Sam coming down for a while. We were late getting up having spent the evening up at Fern's helping her start her stoker for the first time, I didn't do much but Pete helped.

The day was perfect and the trip down the lake was really perfect in every way. You remember Lake Minnewanka don't you? It is about 15 miles to the gap in the mountains where one reaches the prairies and are out of the mountains, and now that the dam has raised the water 58 feet, it all looks quite different, as Allen says you can see more in some directions, especially at either end of the lake, than you could before, as you are 58 feet higher up than before and so can look over the low hills that one couldn't see over before. The mountains were at their best with the aspens and balsam of gileads yellow where the water courses come into the lake, against the dark green of the spruce it was very lovely. The lake was oily calm going down and most of the way back, though an east wind did spring up as we were coming home, but not enough to bother much.

It was fun as we got down to the unfamiliar end. We had been nine miles before, but this time we went twelve which is quite a way. Besides Allen, we had Grace's brother, Norman and his young wife, both tickled to pieces with everything, and then Mr McLeod who has one of the Transport companies and was awfully interested in it all having known the lake well before even the first dam was built. and Pete and I, the boat is much like the one Mildred and I went up the river on, only it burns "purple gas" and they used it last winter to tow logs. The water came up much higher than they expected this year due to the abnormal rainfall, and so all along the edge of the lake the trees are in the water about ten feet or more. When we got down to the end of the main lake there were trees right across, but beyond is an old smaller lake, in fact there are two small lakes, (I imagine hundreds of years ago it was all one big lake right to the gap in the mountains) Allen knew there had been a road between the two lakes having driven through in a car in winter, and he found the opening through the trees. He expected there would be so much drift wood that we would have to take the row boat with an out board motor to get through, but there was only about ten feet of drift wood across the channel where the road had been, so Allen just headed the boat in and shut the motor off, then with a long boat hook

(Grace is Allen's wife. where we go for Christmas dinner)

lying
and three oars, everyone helped shove the logs ~~lying~~ in the water to one side, It really did seem funny looking down and seeing tree tops way under water and beside the boat little Christmas trees, that were really the tops of Spruce trees sticking out of the water. It was like rescuing people in a flood. Last winter they cut trees all round the lake up as far as they expected the water to come, but it fooled them and is way above that, Pete thinks 20 feet or maybe more. After we got through the channel we crossed the first little lake, but we could go through no channel beyond, so when we got to the other end, Allen pulled up beside the top of a big spruce and putting his foot on one of the branches, tied the boat up to the tree, You have no idea how funny it looked, Thenc we all went ashore in the tender we brought along with us, We walked across a bit of land and could get a glimpse of the second lake through the trees, which were also deep in water. It was such a beautiful day and so warm and sunny we enjoyed it all thoroughly. When we got back to the boat Allen had some bottles of beer in a bucket of cold water and it did taste awfully good.

It was quite late when we got back for it took a good two hours one way, and we spent quite a time both ways pushing the drift wood out to the side, and then when we got back to the pier Allen had to take the boat around to a cove and anchor it for the night in the spruce trees. When we got to town we stopped in to get some film and found that George Noble had arranged for us to go to Larch Valley to-day, with a Dr. Riley. We had offered to take George with us to the Little Beehive to-day, but he couldn't go, so when these other friends also asked him, he thought it would be nice for us to go with them. However we explained that if we didn't go on our own we would get no painting, and so then we had to go around leaving messages for the man that we wouldn't go.

To-day was again clear though by afternoon it had all clouded over with milky stuff, but this evening it is clear again. We were a little late getting up this morning as yesterday we looked so hard and the sun makes one sleepy I guess, however we were off by ten and went up to Massive, about twelve miles up the west road, The clouds were starting, so we took photographs first, had lunch and then made a sketch. We were off the road luckily for there seemed to be more traffic than at any time all summer, perhaps because it is the last Sunday before the new rationing, last for fishing and also a beautiful day and wonderful fall coloring. Anyway there seemed to be a steady stream of cars. We had to stop when the light changed so we were back by 3.30. When I say a "steady stream of cars went by" I mean for here. The last few Sundays you could drive to Lake Louise and maybe meet five cars in 40 miles.

We have had supper and I have defrosted the refrigerator while listening to Mr Clement Atlee and how it will soon be time to go to bed and read.

So lots of love to you all, that is the Newburys and Jean etc.
More love,

Catharine.

Canj. Alberta.
Wednesday, Sept 30, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I didn't realize that Mrs Wayman's book was to be published so soon and I don't wonder you are anxious to see it. Though I believe sometimes the Reviews are out a long time before the book appears. I hope you won't have to wait until Christmas to send us one. for we are excited and eager to read it. Wouldn't it make an excellent Christmas present for people like Aunt Frankie and Uncle Marshall?

✓ We are having wonderful weather and doing a bit of sketching. Monday was a perfect day, like Saturday, very blue & cloudless. We took our lunch & went to Massive where I finished my Sunday sketch & Pete made a new one. We really should have gone to Lake Louise but it's so hard to tell which day will be best for they all start out about the same. Yesterday we got up real early & went to Lake Louise, reaching there about 9.30. It would have been very clear but for some forest fire smoke that came in from a long way away and it killed the light for colored pictures. It sort of deadens the color. However we walked up to Lake Agnes, where you went that time & from there up to the Big Bee Hive. The first time I had ever been up as usually we go to the Little Beehive. It took us until 11.30 to get up and we had lunch first hoping the smoke

X would blow away. However it didn't get any better. The Larches have begun to turn too, a rather dirty color now & the brilliancy has gone. We found the smoke haze on the mountains rather nice so we each made a sketch & made the Larches brighter than they are now. so it wasn't too bad a day.

It was quarter of six when we got back and just time enough to get fresh meat for supper. We noticed Sam & a truck load of furniture at the back of the store. So as soon as we had supper & washed up we went over to see how they were getting on. They were just in the process of moving. The men having been hauling coal all day. So we all helped carry the small things up. There were two men with the truck and a little boy about six years old who managed to carry a lot, for he made lots of trips. Mildred helped & Edna. (the girl Barbara had when Jean was here) and even one of the tenants in the big apartment. There were clothes & plants & cooking utensils & books and all sorts of things, lamps & rugs. Just dishes & seeds in boxes. Then when Sam went back for another load with the men, Pete & I tried to make the apartment look better. We arranged the furniture as best we could & made the bed. & Pete cleaned the bathroom and it was rather amusing. When ever I found a loose vase or ornament, I'd stick it on some book case or whatnot. We put the radio on a little table, & magazines & a knitting bag on the table & soon it looked quite settled. even & potted plants.

They moved the last few things today. We helped after lunch. It is very windy today & the leaves are blowing off the trees. It looks a

bit like rain too. So I guess fall is really here.
We probably won't be going far now. for one thing
gas rationing changes to monco. our coupons will
then be worth 4 gallons & we get 64 gallons between
now & April. However we have 60 gallons we could
have used but didn't, so that was a little saving.

Guess I'd better call this a letter. OK about
a painting for Harding New man - what kind & size
of one did you want & who's & what subject?
We haven't any just ready. but could make
one - let us know.

Loads of love
Catherine.

Banff, Alberta.

Friday, Oct. 4, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Our good weather has gone and it looks like rain, even yesterday it was cloudy and the leaves are blowing off the trees, however in the end we got quite a few sketches and so we can't complain. Pete started the skoker yesterday afternoon and it was just as well for now the house is nice and warm.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs Mac dropped in with some friends from Vancouver, Mrs Blodell who was here last winter and a Mrs Burns, It is becoming quite a place here for friends of Mrs Mac's to come for a rest from their cares at home, Frances Hiam came for a week without the children last year and I guess they find it a complete change and very restful. They had evidently had busy summers, and we were talking about the kind people used to have at summer houses where all the relations came to spend a few weeks with the family, it was the thing to do, and Mrs Burns said she knew two families that never thought of having a weekend in the summer without 24 at the table, a roast at either end, but she said that there were twelve in the family to begin with, this was in the old days, and Mrs Blodell broke in and said that that was the kind of summer they still had in her family. They are both awfully nice and stayed for tea in the end though Mrs Mac wanted me to go up there for tea, but it seemed complicated for Mrs Blodell had to meet someone down town, so I urged them to stay here.

Last night we asked Sam and Cis for supper, as they aren't really settled yet, We had fresh sole and they seemed to enjoy it. and it was nearly eleven when they left. Sam's watch was slow so instead of getting here at 6.30 it was after seven when they came. It didn't matter for enough of the boiled potatoes were good and I broiled the sole after they arrived, and we had stewed tomatoes and cut up peaches. I was just as glad they were late for we heard all of Henry Aldrich. which we wouldn't have heard other wise.

Pete has gone to find out about salvage for we had found some things, He is just coming back now. It seems too bad to have to give up the old iron chest in Concord, (for I judge that was what Russell referred to in his letter) but it was the kind of thing that you never knew where to put, and didn't it get rusty too? After all some one might have stolen it and then it would have been gone in any case, and it should be worth a good deal as scrap. I should think that it would pay more to dig up some of the old dumps around the country and not use really good things, or antiques.

You have had a houseful and I expect Margaret will be there now, and you will have a chance to hear all about the family and relations in Detroit.

I know there was something to tell you but I can't think what it was and it is time now to mail this as we want to mail our gas ration book in for otherwise we don't get a new one, We used only half the ration we were entitled to which was pretty good and we wouldn't have used that if it hadn't been for four trips to Canmore when Pete had to go on army business.

Will try to do better next time,
Loads of love,

Catherine.

Banff, Alberta.

Sunday afternoon,

October 4, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Well, isn't it exciting about Russells new promotion? I never realized he could be promoted so soon. He certainly must be doing a good job in Washington. It does seem funny to have him a Lt. Col. when he is really the first member of the family to be in the army. I know how proud and pleased you must be and so are we.

This is a real fall day, a cold raw wind and not 50° above, the sun is weak too. The leaves have nearly all blown off the trees and it may be an early winter. We are glad that we put the stoker on as the house is nice and warm all over.

Friday as I was writing you, Mrs Mac. came down to see if we would look at the shingles being put on her roof as she was afraid they were maybe too "arty". She was trying to have them put on in an irregular manner so as to look more like shakes. So up we went, the men were just finishing and we thought they had done real well, and she seemed relieved to have our opinion. She wanted to celebrate the occasion having been quite worked up over getting the things right, for she has had only a temporary roof on for such a long time, and so asked us to stay for a little something before supper, however she had to buy it first and was going to have dinner at the hotel, so in order to save trips with the car we asked her to come here. It was nearing seven when we had supper.

Then yesterday we had a very hard rain all morning but somehow it cleared beautifully in the afternoon, Pete helped Sam move their piano next door in the afternoon and + cooked a chicken last evening, besides writing several business letters etc. There are always so many little things to do. Then last evening we were reading when Mr Phillips (the wood block artist) and a Mr Glyde, also an artist in Calgary, came to see us. They were up to sketch over the weekend as they teach school during the week. We had an interesting evening, though I was sure Pete would go to sleep before they left at 11.30.

I shall answer some of your letters. We haven't received The Horn Book yet, but it may arrive any day. We have gotten a lot of "New Yorkers" and "Six Rev. of Lit." and we do enjoy them all and will pass them on afterwards.

What was interesting about the bees, did you get any honey from the man?

I haven't seen Mrs Simpson but once this summer and don't know what Mary is doing or where she is to be this winter, but will ask when she comes in to Banff.

The last couple of letters you didn't mention your foot so I hope it is better. It must have been a painful thing to have.

I guess I was partly wrong about the bacon and pork, for yesterday they reported that it was proving helpful asking people to give it up. I think the majority are good about such things but it does make one provoked that everybody won't be helpful.

Wasn't that funny about Miss Metcalf and the planes over the library. A lot of people just don't seem to realize that there is a war on. I think that is one good thing about restrictions and rationing

it makes a lot of people stop and think a little about whether they are being wasteful or helpful with things as well as their time, I wish that there was more we could do here in Banff, but we shall have to go to a city to really do useful work, the best part about Banff is that one can save money to be loaned the Government. Lila's girls are still in school, though this is Marion's last year.

Thank you for paying the dues, I forget what we gave the Art Center last year, but anything you think best, just to keep us showing an interest in it.

Will call this a letter and do a bit of reading, Pete has a stiff neck and I have a sore thumb so we are being lazy.

Loads of love,

Catherine .

Banff, Alberta.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

A nice long letter from you yesterday, You too have had killing frosts, The leaves here have almost all come off and it does make such a difference in our house, I think this year having so much rain there were more leaves than usual on the balm of gileads and when they turned they were lovely, but now they are gone the sun pours into the kitchen all morning. We are thinking of putting a small window in the front room sometime, in the corner by the desk. It is nice in the evening without a window there, but it would mean that there would be sun all morning in that part of the room if we put even a small window in. When we first built the house that being the studio we didn't want any morning sun but it would make it nicer now.

Did Uncle ~~John~~ have a nice visit with John and family? and has Aunt Julie gotten a maid yet? Its too bad that you couldn't all live together these days, but it isn't easy on any one doing that. They are warning us in Canada that it may come to the point of having people billeted with one, I expect in the cities and towns where housing is scarce. It seems funny there is such a shortage of houses everywhere here, but I suppose a lot of it is because girls who lived at home are now married and naturally want to be near their husbands who are in the army, navy, or airforce, Then there are the familys of some of the British instructors, and also a lot of people are earning more than they did before and maybe can afford more rooms. Then too there are all the people from China and Singapore who are living in Canada temporarily and from the British Isles too.

I am sorry to hear that Mr Webster has been ill with shingles, it would be nice if you could go over and see him, for it means a lot these days to have someone take not only time but gas.

Strange about the DeForrests, I am sorry about it. and especially with the children, It really is hard to understand.

We are very anxious to see Grandpas book, perhaps being a little shorter more people will feel like reading it, some books can be too long, though I imagine it was hard to figure what to eliminate.

Another late night last evening, about 8.30 Sir Norman Watson came over and talked until eleven thirty about Skiing in the mountains and what they are planning to do at Temple. It wouldn't have been so bad but Pete has Siatica in his hip and it is awfully painful, He was at the Hot Springs yeaterday and had a massage but it was pretty bad and with two late nights it hasn't helped. Mr Paris came over this morning and gave him a limbering up and I think it is a bit better.

Must go over town now,

Loads of love,

Catherine.

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

This must be just a hurried letter, I should have written you the other night but once I let that chance go by I have not found another for several days. I have been busy.

Grand- Pa's book came the last day I wrote you and of course I had to start reading it, pretended I was tired that afternoon and read quite a little, Elizabeth Rummel in that evening so I haven't made such good progress but find it awfully interesting and I like it much better than the manuscript, I wonder if it is because I am more used to things in book form, or whether it is changed a bit. Will write more as I read more, and now at the part about Grandma Moree, and the Civil war. Will write Mrs Wayman and send cousin Emma's letter.

About the painting for Harding Newman, I am afraid that we are going to have to disappoint you. It is awfully good of you to think of it as a wedding present, though there is always the question whether a painting isn't a rather dangerous thing to give for they might not like the one you gave at all. I know that no two people agree about any of the sketches we show them, some like one, some another. But the real difficulty is that we really haven't any paintings painted. We have the sketches the size of the Balinese boy and girl you have, 11 x 14 inches, and Pete can make larger ones. What we usually do is to make one from the sketch that a person picks, but we never sell an original sketch if we can help it, and especially now when it is not possible to replace them. There wouldn't be time to paint one before the wedding, for it is not so easy to just turn one out as you would a cake or something, and you can't hurry a thing like that successfully. So perhaps it would be safer to give him something else unless you want to wait for a month or two, or something of that sort. We are awfully sorry that we haven't something that would do, all finished, but that is what we are really hoping to get at soon if nothing prevents, I know that Pete has several started that he wants to finish, but right now he has had a stiff neck as well as a sore hip, but luckily they are both getting better each day and to-day for the first time in a week he is out and helping Sam patch the roof of the shed, it is the most perfect warm day and I too am anxious to get out, so I will write more later, but knew that you were anxious about the picture.

Thursday was the Red Cross and yesterday I spent morning and afternoon at the Moores helping pack Christmas packages for the Banff, boys overseas, but more of that later, Must go now as I have to get food for the weekend and Monday as our Thanksgiving.

Will try to write to-morrow.

Loads of love,

Catherine

P.S. That list you sent of the people to whom you sent Grandpa's biography. Did you mean to leave out the Agges and Josephine & Cousin Harriet?

Banff, Alberta.

Sunday, Oct. 11, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

My letter was so hurried, the one I wrote yesterday, that I am sure I hit most of the wrong letters, but we have been pretty busy with one thing or another lately.

In Banff they have a citizens Committee that sends parcels from time to time to all the Banff boys who are overseas. and just now it is the Christmas parcels they are sending off. The first year they made home made candy and cakes, but with over a hundred packages to send this year they have bought everything. They get contributions from people in town and put on a big party the other night which netted the m \$139.00 so they have quite a bit to do with. Pearl Moore is one of the "leading spirits" and the parcels are packed at her house, this is the 4th year, the first year they sent to everyone on active service but now the person has to be overseas, as it was more than they could do. People knit socks and mitts, one of which goes in each parcel. Then Mr Hollingshead, the Baker, made a delicious Christmas cake, I expect for less than cost if he didn't give it to them, for he is very good hearted. and Friday morning I went down to the Moores with Fern to help wrap it in wax paper, Col. Moore cut the tremendous trays of it, and each boy will get a piece about 2 inches high and thick and 8 long. Then in each box they put a pad of writing paper and envelopes, a big bar of chocolate, several packages of dry powdered chocolate for hot chocolate, razor blades, either a shaving stick or tooth powder, chewing gum and life savers, and salted nuts. also a "Crag and Canyon" the local newspaper, and a cotton handkerchief as well as the pair of socks or mitts. It makes a real nice package and I am sure that the boys appreciate getting it from the Banff Citizens, a card goes in it saying ~~As/which~~ who it is from, at least it says from the Banff Citizens Committee. I went back down in the afternoon when most of the ladies went, in the morning there were just a few of us. and they really got a lot packed. It is quite a job. Boxes have to be made the right size if they can't be found, then some put the things in, others tie the string around the box, then others wrap the box with paper, then it is addressed, then it must be sewn in cloth which is one of the hardest jobs. Then have the customs declaration, and a shipping tag and the cloth itself all addressed, and another string around that. We were busy until after four. Pearl had told me that they would pack them the 15th, but they made it a week earlier so I had to hustle to finish the socks I was making.

Yesterday I was kept busy, cleaning the house, finishing the socks and then Fern came down and we asked her to lunch and it being a lovely day Sam and Jack Ashley came to do the roof on the shed that needed patching badly with rubberoid. It was just lucky that they did it for to-day it is all overcast and did rain in the night. I hoped to get the storm windows on, but never had a chance, Mr Teare was also here for a while to help Pete figure out his income tax, and then we gave Sam and Jack tea, so the afternoon flew by.

Now I must write Russell and should write a few more. and there is a lot of reading to do haven't done more than glance at the papers for a week and I do want to read more in the Biography, I am at the part where he goes to Japan.

Nice letters from you, sounds as if you were having a nice visit from Margaret, and the tea must have been lots of fun,

I notice in the Journal that you have new Taxi Regulations, we have had similar ones since last year,

The dam at Minnewaka was built to store more water for the power dams between here and Calgary, There was an old dam which supplied the electric power for Banff, but this is a far bigger one, raising the Lake 60 feet, and the water is used for power before it enters the Bow River, theny it goes through the Seebe Dam and the Ghost River Dam and I believe another before it reaches Calgary. So they can use the water several times . The town site is way under water and it will be after the war now before any new places are built.

Pete is busy making frames this morning, it seems to be so hard to do things these days , and we have such a lot to be finished. I was sorry to have to disappoint you about the painting, but I am quite sure it would be at least a month before we could get one done, and Pete has promised quite a number that he hasn't had time to lay in. I was interested in GrandPas diary how hard he found it to work when he had anything on his mind or other problems, especially when he was so anxious to get into the Civil War. These days are unsettling for anyone, and there have been other things to work out too.

Must get lunch,

Loads of love

Catharine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday October 14,
1942.

Dearest Mother,

After writing you on Sunday it just poured hard all afternoon, and we read most of the day. but Monday which was Thanksgiving with us it cleared and was bright and sunny, but I guess a lot of people who had come up for the weekend were discouraged Sunday and went home that night. Yesterday was perfect too, 24 above in the morning and a heavy frost, today it looks like snow, all the leaves are off the trees now, though last night when we were at the Wards, Cis showed me some lovely sweet peas that had come from Mr Nobles garden just the day before, but he must have had them protected, also colengilas and some asters. but it seemed very unusual to have sweet peas at this time of year, and there has been snow on the ground and frosts. I am to go over and get them this morning, for Sam and Cis have gone to Calgary for a funeral and they will be gone by the time they get home, Thursday.

I have finished Grand-Pa's book ~~imensely~~ and enjoyed it immensely, I shall try and write Mrs Wayman this afternoon, I really think she did awfully well, for it must have been hard to put so many unrelated activities together in such an interesting manner. One funny thing happened, a coincidence that Grand-pa would have appreciated (I shall write Mrs Wayman about it) I was reading the part near the end, page 405 about Adolf A. Berle Jr. (" prominent in the State Department during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt ") who as a child in Salem with his three brothers and sisters formed a children's Zoological Club which GrandPa helped them with, and Mrs Wayman quotes a letter from him. Well I had hardly finished reading this when it was eleven o'clock and time for our Canadian news, so I listened, and in the news cast it told of "under secretary Berle" saying this or that about the Italians in the U.S. I was so surprised that I really didn't take it in very clearly, except his name, it must be the same man, but wasn't that funny? ^{I never heard of him before -} Yesterday morning we paid bills and such like and then in the afternoon, ~~at 4:15~~ A call from Chuck Miller, who used to work for Erling Strom as guide and packer, and for us last winter when he was rather down and out. He joined the Ordnance Corps in the active Army and is a different man, he always thought that he had heart trouble and wasn't awfully well, having never walked but always ridden horseback, he got so he could even go on 15 mile route marches. It was nice to see him looking so well and hear that he is getting on well too, he has just finished a clerk's course and is to take another course having stood second in his ~~course~~ class.

It was a lovely sunny day and we sat on the back doorstep for a while, first the squirrel came along and climbed all over Pete looking for peanuts, he is so tame and awfully cunning, sits on Pete's knee to eat the nuts, However I had to laugh when he got a little nervous and forget himself, also on Pete's knee ! A little later there was a sudden fluttering of wings and the little chic-a-dee came down onto Pete's shoulder, first time he has been here for sometime. I was around the corner at the time but Pete called, and when I came to look and Pete was speaking to me, the little bird swooped low towards me and landed on a

spruce branch right beside me, as much as to say, " Hello, I am back for the winter " They are so cunning and feed out of our hands anytime, Have you ever tried feeding yours that way? You just talk to them a little and hold your hand out with the peanuts, Cis says they don't like bread or cake crumbs.

After we washed the downstairs windows and put on all the storm windows, which was a good job done. We still have to move a wood pile one day but it is nice to have that to do some sunny day.

Last evening Sam came to see if we would come over for the evening and it was 11 when we got back.

Haven't finished my letter to Russ so will end this.

Loads of love,

Catharine -

Banff, Alberta.

October 16, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

The time does fly so here and I don't seem to get much done, I am sorry that it took so long for word from me to reach you that I had received Grand-pa's biography. I finished it and really enjoyed it. Also I got the Horn book yesterday but haven't had a chance to do more than glance at it. It looks interesting, I read her "Gods Pocket" I think it was Bubby Shaw who told me about it. Did you ever read it? (By "her" I meant Rachel Field)

Wednesday we took the picture frame that Pete has been working on for Carl Rungius up to him, it is for a painting he has made for Edmee Moore as a wedding present. Yesterday was the Red Cross, we made childrens sleepers, rather tricky to do the first one, looks as if we would be making big bulky, but very warm, bed jackets or coats for men, as there is a big bolt of stuff on hand, Pearl has made one and says they are easy but bulky to sew on.

Last evening we went over to light a fire in Sam and Cises apartment, as it was rather chilly after being left for two days and a night, We thought they might be home but they weren't so we lit the fire and read their papers for an hour and then came home having gotten the place quite warm, they evidently came in about 15 minutes later, and were very pleased to find it warm.

I haven't finished my letter to Russell or Mrs Wayman so mustn't write too much to you. Tell Jean I hope to get a letter off to her soon too. I have gotten two nice wash dresses size thirty-eight to send to Anna for Christmas, one is dark blue with a design in red of little fishes and the other is real pretty flowered material, a lovely soft green background, and white colors and cuffs. I think they will be quite nice, and are real good for such cheap dresses, but one can't sent much, I also have two sensible pairs of woolen stockings and will include a silk pair that I have as one can't buy good ones right now at the store and I don't know when we will get to Calgary. where they might have more variety. I got the things as they are asking us to send any overseas packages before the end of the month. There are so many Canadian soldiers overseas now that the shipping of parcels is tremendous.

Haven't time now to answer your nice letters and am hitting all the wrong keys as well.

Loads of love,

Catherine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Sunday,
October 18, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

It has been a lovely clear day to-day, and in the sun very warm. We were tempted to take a short drive this afternoon but felt we really shouldn't. We have had our gas ration right across Canada cut again, two gallons a week until the first of April and they may cut our category again, 48 gallons for six months, so it's not quite two a week. Pete's neck is much better, he had one of those ray or radio lamps (or something up at the hospital where they look after the Workmen's Compensation men) and it helped a lot, so he hopes it will be allright soon. It was a funny sort of thing, a tenseness in the muscles, sort of a cold in them or something, and it is hard to shake once it gets a hold. but it is so much better now that he thinks it will soon be o.k.

We sat in the sun nearly all afternoon and it was so hot I had to take my sweater off and had just a silk blouse on. However it was cool in the shade. We had a busy afternoon feeding our livestock. There are three or four little chick-a-dees and they flutter down and take peanuts out of our hands, they sit for a minute and cock their heads to one side and are so cunning, one landed on Pete's head twice and on mine once. I was knitting and had the peanuts on my lap and still they came, then the Squirrel appeared and he ran around under our feet. The children were playing and came down, and the birds ate out of their hands too, much to their delight. We were so busy chirping to the birds that we never noticed a lovely fawn come around the corner and she seemed to like the peanuts as much as the birds. We also have a big buck sleeping under a tree at the back of the house he has eaten all our bread but enough for our breakfast to-morrow. We then went hunting mushrooms and found enough for supper. It was a very pleasant afternoon and quiet, very few cars going by.

Carl Rungius has given us some Moose steak and we had Pete's mother down for supper last night and ate more this noon, we still have enough for another meal, it is awfully good.

I finally wrote to Russ and hope to get a letter off to Mrs Wayman soon. I don't blame you for being provoked about Cousin Harriet not wanting to see Mrs Wayman, You know Cousin Harriet is really much to blame for not having more friends, because she sort of drives them off. Isn't it a pity.

I am glad that you can wait for the painting, and we will see what we can do about it. You can explain that if he doesn't care for the one sent he can always change it for one he likes better, because we want people to like the sketch they have. We hope to do some soon, if nothing happens.

Quite a flood they are having in Washington, rather hard not to be able to say much about it, as they would if it weren't war time.

Monday, another nice letter from you, so Ann has left, I guess you will all be relieved. I forgot to mention that in the journal I saw that Mike Battles had died, I didn't realize that he was still alive, also I noticed that Ebbs has joined company D. Is that a sort of militia or home guard?

Will try now to write Mrs Wayman.

Loads of love,
Catherine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Your letter saying that you wanted one of my sketches for Harding came to-day and I will do my best to comply. Its very nice of you and as I have one to do for Mr Phillips I can use the paint and do Hardings too, I won't promise it too soon, but I hope in time for Christmas. Pete has several promised so he should be busy too, I just hope we can be undisturbed for a little and get them done but there are so many problems all the time. just little things.

Yesterday Sam was down in the morning, Jack Ashley who has worked for us off and on, was working over at the apartment (when Jean was here, (she will remember him I think as one of the men,) has had trouble with his back and wasn't feeling too well when he and Sam patched our roof a week ago Saturday. His wife went to Calgary with Sam and Cis when they went down last week for two days, and when they got back found Jack in bed with a bad cold. Jack had started to cement his basement and so they were in the midst of that and Sam felt, he should do the work while Jack was sick, for it was all open to the weather and forms had to be made for the cement. So Sam worked there a couple of days and Jack got worse, until day before yesterday he had pneumonia, Sam seemed to be the one to do things, getting doctors and nurses, Dr Mackenzie gave him the new suppha drug and it evidently is doing the trick for he is better to-day. Sam was even borrowing hospital beds etc. for Jack was too sick to move. He was all through the last war in the thick of it and yet came out of it Al, but he has had lots of trouble since. Well it is just one of these unexpected things that crops up. However in spite of Sam being so occupied he managed to come down for an hour yesterday afternoon when it was clear and warm and they finished the Garage roof that had to be patched. Pete helped, and he said that the chick-a-dees were fluttering around their heads all the time, I was pruning the tops off our little spruce trees and two birds insisted on sitting on the pruner.

To-day it is rainy and though warm, this morning it is dropping and was 45 a little while ago, it may turn to snow and be winter. It is possible.

I never seem to start a letter to Mrs Wayman but I am interrupted. Agnes Hammond called on us this afternoon and we haven't seen her for ages, so were glad to have her drop in, then Mr Hanson came to get our dollar for the Bible Society. I think its to put Gideons in Hotels, well not just that, I am wrong I looked at the pamphlet he left, it gives testaments to the prisoners of war and any who want them in the armed forces and through ut the world. I have finished a poor sort of letter to Mrs Wayman and sent the enclosures in it, Cousin Emma's letter and the clipping.

I meant to mount slides but haven't had much time this afternoon, and now it is time to cook spare ribs and apple sauce for supper. the time goes flying by so fast it seems as if we were always eating the same thing, though we never have anything more than once a wee I notice that you are out of coffee. We have been rationed since August and no difficulty here getting our ration. Its half a pound a week for us, we now add a substitute made of grain, it makes the coffee taste

stronger without taking much away from the flavor, you get used to it and it still tastes like coffee. We only have tea when someone comes in, for we can't get both coffee and tea on the ration. We have other coupons in the book so that if anything else has to be rationed they can start it with out any trouble.

Lots of love,

Catharine.

P.S. It only snowed a couple of inches in the night & looks now as if it would clear off & be fine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Saturday, October 24, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Before I forget, could you some time tell me on what days of the week you get my letters. Does a letter I write on Monday reach you Friday? etc. If I knew then I might be able to write so that you don't get two to-gether, and it would be better from this end.

It is a lovely clear and cold day to-day, about 20 this morning. We really have had quite nice weather lately and that snow we thought might come didn't. People are always glad here when the snow doesn't come too early as it makes such a long winter otherwise.

Yesterday I was quite gay, Dorothy Weldon, (a great friend of Pearl's who lived here last winter, is here again this year. She is from Edmonton) invited Fern and me to tea. Fern came down with the message in the morning and took me up in her car. Dorothy is living in the Childs house and I had never been in it before. Its a very nice house on the road by the river near the cemetery. It really was funny for my first remark was that it was the first time I had ever been in the house and Fern said she had never been upstairs, Dorothy was busy making the most delicious cheese biscuits in the kitchen so we saw that, and then she suggested we go upstairs and have a look at the three bedrooms. So up Fern and I went and had a good look. We had hardly sat down in the living room when Agnes Hammond arrived, and she said, "you know I have never been in this house before" and Pearl said she had never been upstairs so they all had a look too. Mrs Hayes came last and I don't think she did more than examine the kitchen. But we all made a great joke out of it. The people who own the house are away this winter and have rented it, but they aren't the kind you can sort of joke with and I am sure they never would let you see the kitchen and upstairs.

Now this afternoon Pearl has asked us down there to tea, just why so many teas I don't know, for it looks as if we would be the same people again. but anyway by four o'clock it is rather late to do much ~~anything~~.

That was a nice letter from you and Cousin Jane, I hope Russell can write you about the trip, but maybe he can't.

We saw "Dumbo" in the movies the other evening, but were a little disappointed, did you see it? Walt Disney's picture. Parts of it were awfully good, especially the circus train in the beginning and the old lady elephants, but it didn't seem as good as some of his, it looked as if too many had a hand in it somehow. We also saw "Mrs Mineva" and thought it fine, one of the best movies we've seen for ages.

Pete was painting yesterday, but now this morning there is the question of watertanks for the store. We find the people take lots of baths in full tubs and we will need another tank for hot water. It is not very easy getting such things now-a-days, but I think we can get this kind though one has to get permission. There isn't much more to be done however.

This is my cleaning day, so all for now,
Loads of love,

Catherine

Banff, Alberta.

Monday Oct. 26, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Our Sundays seem to be very quiet and a good chance to do lots of little things, yesterday I managed to sort out all the LIFE Magazines and pile them in order, putting a piece of paper sticking out of each month, with the month and year on it. Now if we want to look at a certain date we can get it quite easily. We had been invited to the MacDonalds for tea but in the end didn't go, I have been to too many teas lately. Saturday Fern and I went to Pearl Moores for tea, quite a few were there, and then Fern came here for supper as we were having chicken, I got it ready before leaving and Pete turned the heat on at four thirty, When I got back at six there was half an hour to make mashed potatoes in your cooker and warmed up carrots with canned peas, we even made gravy so it was quite a meal. Then we spent the evening trying to help Fern adjust her Furnace controls.

In an August SAT. REVIEW of LIT. you marked an article about a travel book written by an Englishwoman who came to the States in 1884, and you had it marked, it is to be reprinted by Harpers this fall. Its title, "Retrospect of Western Travel" by Harriet Martineau. It sounds as if it would be awfully good and interesting, so I thought you might like to keep it in mind and be on the lookout for it.

It is too bad that you had to miss the Book Fair, though the speakers didn't sound as good this year as some years, maybe because there were none I was specially interested in. If I had known about it earlier I would have suggested that you go in and spend a night at the Hotel Manger right at the station and then you could have gone as you felt like it. Why don't you do that this winter, when you can combine a Symphony or Tuesday concert with a good play and a new hat, stay for a night or two in town and take it easy, don't try to do too much though.

Rather a joke, you with a ladies bike for the men and I with a man's bike for me. I hope to be able to change mine sometime, for its a nuisance to have to change clothes to go out on it.

I have the new Gouge book that Jean brought with her, but haven't found time to read it yet.

It was too bad that they changed the name of the Female Charitable Society for though it may have seemed funny now, it had a real meaning, but now it won't mean so much.

We were sorry to hear about Bob Langdon being so ill, where is he now, still out west?

It is funny how some people that come to the house and notice everything and others don't even see a picture. We always say that we enjoy the ones who appreciated things but it is tiresome having others who don't seem to care at all.

This isn't much of a letter but will send it along, I think I have a clipping to enclose. Will look for it.

Loads of love

Catherine

Banff, Alberta.

Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Your letter that came yesterday contained a big surprise, and I don't know quite how I deserve it, Probably I don't, but never-the-less, thank you ever and ever so much. The last time Mr Elweal wrote from the office ~~he~~ (it was about paying the first installment on my income tax) he wrote in the last paragraph " Either Mr. Orr or I will write you next week in more detail, and I think that there will be a remittance to you in some amount at about that time." this letter was dated Oct. 9th. I thought he must mean that I had some more income or something due, and it never occurred to me I was to get a wonderful present from you. In answering his letter, I wrote that if some amount was to be sent I hoped it would arrive in time for me to buy a victory bond before the drive closed in November. So far I have heard no more from either of them, but a letter "in more detail" may arrive any day. In the meantime I have mis-placed your letter that came with the check, (I know I have it somewhere) but in it I remember you said something about the cost of living going up for us. I hope that isn't the real reason that you sent the present at this time, for actually the cost of living hasn't gone up at all for us in Canada, that is since last fall, you see they froze all wages and prices (except for a few things like fresh vegetables and fruit) as of last September 1941, that was last Nov. I think, even rents and hotel accomadation etc. Things that have to be imported from the states where the prices have risen are subsidized by the Canadian Gov't. that is the difference or increase is paid by them, so that some articles I guess are sold to the consumer for less here than in the states, and then a lot of things are just not brought in any more, However it has been a wonderful thing and I believe that the United States is trying to put the same idea into affect. It really doesn't cost us very much to live in Banff, but we have been putting most everything into the store building. so this check will help a lot. but I do hope you haven't deprived yourself of anything by sending it to us. Of course there is one thing you can always remember that if anything ever happened, down east, you could always come out here and live, and we could look after you . Thank you ever so much again.

It snowed all day yesterday though being just over 32 it didn't pile up on the ground but the trees have quite a bit on their branches, It is lovely this morning though it looks now as if it might snow some more, about four inches now. We always plan to do quite a bit each day, at least I do, and then seldom do it , yesterday the insurance man was up from Calgary and came around to discuss the amount to carry on the store property, that took a while and as he had never seen the house before ~~he~~ took a bit longer, then we went to the station to say good-bye to Carl Rungius who goes back to New York every winter.

X The afternoon before Sir Norman Watson came down to ask Pete to make a drawing for him for Temple, one they can use on a folder or card. and he stayed to tea, he is the kind that likes to talk and discuss things, so that kept us busy, I have been mounting the slides we took this summer and even last spring, it takes an afternoon to do one roll of twenty, so it keeps me busy and whenever I start I run out of glass, binding or ~~mount~~ mounts, or so it seems and things aren't as easy to get as they used to be.

be.

By the way, I notice that you are to be rationed on coffee, one pound for five weeks, we get a pound every four weeks, but that includes tea too, so much tea or so much coffee but not both.

I just found your letter, (moved a magazine it was under) I enjoy writing you, so don't think I begrudge the time, in fact I have to make myself stop for I could go on chatting in a letter to you for all morning or all afternoon. My chief trouble is that when I have a lot of letters to write I think, "Now I will write Mother first" and then I get going and first thing I know there is no time left for other letters, so they get put off until next day. However I was thinking that if I write you say, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, or Mon. Thurs. and Sat. you would not get two letters at once and then several days in between others. I usually try to write every other day, and then I find if I miss one day I am apt to unavoidable miss several. If you knew how long it often takes to find a pencil you wouldn't suggest I make notes, then I never could find the notes!

I don't see how you got so much in the attic, it must be hard finding things, and seems to me for someone who is going to go slowly you do an awful lot.

Oh, I nearly forgot. The two books arrived, and they are lovely, I do think it is an awfully effective sort of way to depict any country and the combination of etchings, photographs and pencil etc. makes the book very interesting. Thank you ever so much, now we have our Christmas present, one for each!

I have been thinking over what you wrote about sending the check and think now I understand why it was sent, Thank you again.

Must get after the slides, lots of love,

Catharine.

P.S. Adolf Berle's picture is in
"Life" page 106 (Oct 26th copy with
Dancer on cover, guess it's a dancer)
This is the one who knew Grand-pa.
Look in index in book & then you
can see where Mrs. Bayman
mentions him.

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Oct. 31, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I haven't written you since Wednesday, Have been quite busy with one thing or another. Thursday was Red Cross, we are on Surgeons coats now, Fern basted for me, and we worked on one I hadn't quite finished the time before and a new one, and finished both, you can do quite a bit that way for while she basted on one I stitched on the other,

It looks very much like winter now, the snow has stayed on the ground and we have an occasional flurry, in fact to-day it looked as if it would storm all day but now the sun is shining brightly. It is Halloween to-night so I expect the kids will appear in their costumes for Halloween apples. In Calgary they are trying to get the kids to collect for some cause like Milk for Britain, one group announced that they were going to do that, and it seemed such a good idea that they are going to try and get others to do it, too. They also are having a Children's parade with war certificates for prizes to try and keep them from damaging property, Keep them busy in other words.

Banff passed its objective by 100% in the sale of War Bonds, so they were very pleased. Instead of 50 thousand dollars they have now gotten 100 thousand.

Yesterday Fern came down in the morning to ask me to tea in the afternoon, so as it was snowy I went up and we had a very pleasant time.

Sam has been down a couple of times to talk things over, once, I guess it was Thursday morning, he and Pete planned out the porch at the back of the grocery side of the store in the back, and were going to start that afternoon, he went down to Unwins to pick up his tools, (He had been doing a job that Jack Ashley had taken on and then couldn't do when he had pneumonia) and a telephone call came for him to go right down to Jack's as the man had arrived with the cement mixer to pour the rest of the cement, so that afternoon was gone and the same thing yesterday. That is the way things go and with men so hard to get, you can't really do much about it. If Jack Ashley hadn't been sick Sam wouldn't have had to bother at all. but we hope that this week Sam can finish up the store things.

Now the people have moved out of the little house of Sam and Cis's that is next door and where they had hoped to move into, and the place they will call home. so now Cis is anxious to move back in there and get settled, I think Sam would rather stay where they are above the store for the time being, but Cis is so anxious to get settled in the other place and as Sam said yesterday, Cis puts bread out for the birds on the window sill and they won't come near the store for it ! We are sure that the people who bought their old house are going to be an awful nuisance, as even now they keep calling on Sam to help them out with this or that. We have a lot for Sam to do here if we can get him to do it without his being bothered with all the other things. Things that we didn't finish when we built the addition.

I have a chicken to cook and a few errands and so won't write more now.

Loads of love,

Catherine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Monday, Nov. 2, 1942

Dearest Mother,

It really looks as if we had started winter, a leaden sky this morning with the sun trying to shine through it. It was ten above when we got up and at noon, now, only 20 above. the ground still covered with a few inches of snow as hardly any has melted. It doesn't look as if it would be warm again this fall, but we might get a "chinook" yet.

Two nice letters this morning and as you don't get ~~them~~ in mine in twos I will continue to write about as before, about three times a week. We were surprised to hear that Sam is to be married, but as he has spoken of the Scotch girl so often and for so long, she must be very devoted. His typewritten letters sound so formal but I have an idea that it tires him to write long hand. Olive Newbury seems to be wrapped up in her baby, and I am sure when next you see her she will have plenty to talk about, "young Francis." I thought that Russell Newbury sounded real nice in his letter.

We had quite a busy Halloween, I had lolly pops and apples for the children when they came around but it is always hard to know how many will turn up. It was a cold night and quite a snow flurry in the midst of the evening. The first to arrive were the little McBride children, the two youngest and a friend. They stayed quite a while not knowing how to leave. one is so serious and when Pete remarked on the veil she wore she said, "Its really just a curtain." They all wear costumes. she also said that last year one of the little deer that they often feed, followed them around from house to house. Soon after they left when it was getting quite dark, Harold appeared in a Cowboy costume, all alone. He had already been over to Mildreds at the store and to Lila's, Davy had gone over to Susan's, across the river at the boat house, so Harold not wanting to go that far had decided to go alone I guess. He said he wasn't afraid of the dark, but decided to go home after coming here. I thought that was pretty good for four years old. with bears and elk about at this time of year, but Harold has lots of courage. Davy appeared much later when it was pitch dark and snowing, he had stayed at Susans half an hour he said. Bubby came as he was leaving and so they went away together. We also had Peter and a friend and David and Beverly Baxters boy, Clive. Peter was dressed as a squaw and his friend an Indian.

Yesterday was dull all day with only occasional sunshine. Cam was up on 48 hours leave, and he and Lila came for a few minutes in the afternoon. He is now a Flying Officer now having been in the service 6 months. That is equivalent to a first lieutenant I think. So he was very pleased, he is still at Moleod, down on the prairies, not far from the Montana border doing administrative work.

We had rather an amusing evening. We usually listen to a whole string of Sunday programs, Charlie MacArthur (which we think much better this year without Abbot and Costello who I can't stand) and Fred Allen. Just before six we were preparing to make a concoction for supper, and I had the things gathered from the refrigerator, when we saw Sir Norman approaching, Pete is to make a drawing for a folder and Christmas card for Temple, so we knew that was what he had come to see about. He said

love a cup of tea, so I made that and toast and marmalede, and foolishly, I didn't make a real high tea with meat and cheese and perhaps soup, for naturally we didn't want tea ourselves. Well anyway he and Pete discussed the drawing and we all talked about many things, having a very pleasant chat, my stomach rumbled a couple of times but other wise I didn't feel so awfully hungry, actually we didn't realize what time it was, but when he left it was 8.30. only two and a half hours after we had started our supper to cook. I had turned off the heat when he came and we really hadn't started to cook anything special, only to warm up potatoes. If we hadn't had the cold chicken at noon I would have suggested he stay to supper, but there were only two wings left, and no white meat, and then he couldn't have had it right on top of tea. We didn't expect he would stay over an hour anyway. and the trouble was I didn't have an awful lot in the house as we just have a picked up supper as a rule Sundays. Had it been a roast of beef it would have been different. Well next time we will know better, however I think he did better by waiting for when he went to Barbara's where he stays usually, she cooked him a steak and we couldn't possible have done that. We had soup ourselves not wanting to eat a lot so late.

When Pete came home for lunch the little chik-a-dees were fluttering around his head, one resting on the lamp by the door, looking for peanuts. They may not come to you unless there is no other food around at the time, but if you put your hand out the window where the shelf is they might come to it.

Loads of love,

Catharine .

Banff, Alberta.

Thursday, Nov. 5, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Pete just brought the wonderful letter from Russell about his trip and it certainly is heartening to read, and how he must have enjoyed it all too. Everyone up here used to say, "if the U.S. gets into the war, then things will happen for they can do so much and so quickly, especially with their organizing ability!" and it is a real tonic to read of all they are doing, makes me mad to think of those who continually criticize from the sidelines, and give the impression nothing is being done, well maybe it will help to have the Germans and the Japs think so too. and what a surprise they will get one day! It was nice to have it typewritten, and I also got a lovely letter from Frances with it.

We felt pretty good after yesterday afternoon, but ~~aren't~~ hoping for too much good news in Egypt. but it certainly made one feel good to have the Axis on the run at last, and this morning they said that the German's were out in front in the running, the poor Italians doing the rear guard action. It sounds too good to be true at present.

Yesterday I went to the quilting with Pete's mother, I haven't been for some time and Mrs Lonsdale has asked me so often. It was rather good fun though not as many there as usual, when I got back Pete was all full of the good news from Egypt. To-day is the Red Cross again. It keeps one busy if you go out many afternoons in succession.

We are having a real spell of winter and it looks as if it were here to stay, 5° above this morning and 10° above the last two, and never above freezing in the day time, 10 inches of snow at Lake Louise Station now and about four or five here. but the sun is trying to shine so perhaps it will warm up a bit. The mountains are so pretty with the fresh snow, it will make a fine base for skiing.

Do you have any difficulty getting certain foods? I don't do much baking so don't notice it so much, but they say eggs will be very difficult to get, Alberta's quota to Britain is 300 thousand cases I think and besides that they have helped some of the other provinces with their quotas, there are several new factories for drying them, and they are sent in that form to save shipping space. We haven't been able to get dates for ages and now raisins are scarce and the bakeries are being told not to make raisin bread. Walnuts are out too, and the only fruit juice is apple, and that will last only as long as the present stock in tins, after that I expect we will get it in glass, or perhaps powdered. However we got along quite well before there was any kind of tin juice so I expect we can again. It's interesting to me how they gradually restrict things and you don't feel it at all.

Sam and Cis moved up to their little house the other day, Saturday. I think that Cis wanted to get into her own place and settled, and she is anxious to go to the coast for the winter, not feeling warm enough here. but Sam finds the damp hard for his work outdoors there, and much prefers it here, also at his age it is not easy to work under strangers. He wants her to go for a trip, but I don't quite know what he will do. Maybe Pete's mother will think of using the apartment this winter, it remains to be seen.

Time for lunch so must stop. Heaps of love,

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I don't seem to have had much time to write to-day, with one thing or another. It is a perfect day too and skiing already up at Norquay. The snow hasn't melted a bit and it is zero each morning, regular winter but a wonderful sun to-day. The bears are still about each night upsetting our garbage. so maybe we will have a thaw yet before winter really sets in for good.

Thursday was the Red Cross, we did quite a bit for 7 of us. three pairs of pajamas and finished two Surgeons coats. by having someone pin and baste where necessary, I ~~can~~ now finish a pair of pajamas in an afternoon. Fern came back for supper with us, and the evening.

Yesterday was Friday, and I luckily did the weekly clean up in the morning for I never would have had time to do it to-day. Then there was a bit of shopping to be done, and we saw General MacDonald who is just here for the weekend and wanted to see us, so we went up there ~~at~~ noon. They are thinking of putting in a larger heating plant in their house. Then Sir Norman wanted to see Pete about the sketch he is doing for Temple, and I was so afraid that he would come at six again. However Barbara and Johnny appeared instead. I haven't seen Barbara for a long time. and she said that they expected him for supper and hoped he wouldn't be too late so I promised to send him over in time, ~~never~~ However he didn't come until evening. I had to go to a Home Nursing meeting at the Mount Royal hotel at eight, and as we had borrowed George Noble's projector (as our bulb has burn't out) to see the slides I have mounted. We had an early supper and looked at them before it was time for me to go. and Pete said later that he was just getting quietly settled for the evening when Sir Norman appeared. and he stayed until midnight.

As I walked over town I met the Air Force Cadets going to their drill, they are high school age and can join the cadets, they get the elementary drill etc. and then when they are 18 they can join the Air Force if they like and have quite a bit already learned. I think it was one of their first parades with uniforms and they looked awfully well, though when they ran they had to hold their caps on. *they were so new.*

The meeting was very short and so at the end Fern and Marguerite said they were going to have a beer and would I join them, so I did and Earl too, and of course it dragged out into a much longer affair than I had thought it would. Fern came down to hear the news at ten and then was going home, but we found Watson already here, so none of us heard the ten or eleven o'clock news. He is a great talker and the same thing so many times over, it is a bit tiring and yet he is very likable in a way. Pete and I were quite tired when we got to bed, I haven't read last night's paper yet!

Yesterday they were going to turn the water off, while they fixed a broken main in front of the house, (wall the next lot to us) and an old Irishman came up to tell us how soon it would be, I went to the door and couldn't help laughing, for he was trying to tell me and a chick-a-dee lit on his cap and he did look funny with the thing sitting there. a bit surprised he was too.

I must go and mail this if it is to go to-day. A nice long letter from you yesterday. You are good to write so much and you don't

make mistakes that I notice.

. Loads of love, .

Catherine .

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Red Cross this afternoon and our first First Aid meeting of the season to-night. Dr Worthington who gives the lectures is here now but as he was away so much last winter sort of pinch hitting for other places without Doctors. they decided to start while he was still here. I suppose I had better take the first Aid because though it is a repetition of what we had last year, one is supposed to learn twice as much. but I may let the Home Nursing go.

A letter just came from you, four days late, mailed Nov. 4th. and censored by U.S. censors. We were quite interested for it shows that the censors are on the job. I believe they held it up on purpose for to anyone not knowing the people involved it would sound like some code or something, of course maybe it was delayed because it takes time to censor things. First you mentioned Charlie's sister telephoning Brazil, then it was about Port's arrival in Washington and the telegram that Russ sent, signed "Port" and not reaching you until the wee small hours of the morning, how would they know Port was a dog. Maybe that was the reason that the wire was so long in coming too. For it did sound suspiciously like a message, and probably was sent from the Railroad station and couldn't be traced. By holding it up as they did, it wouldn't do much good if it were a message. After all the wire wouldn't make much sense unless it was about a dog. I wondered why I had had quite a wait between letters and this explains it. Pete said to tell you to remember that any wire from us here, will be telephoned from Lowell for it will be Postal Telegraph and not Western Union.

There wasn't much yesterday, ^{any} except a service at the Auditorium, a small parade to the cenotaph or monument, and a short service there. Last year Pete had to march in the Reserve Unit, but as he said it would have looked rather funny with Col. Moore, and Pete the only soldier behind! They are the only two left in the thing here, the others all having been discharged. and Pete hasn't a uniform as they all had to be turned in. They had a few soldiers of the Veterans Guard from the Internament Camp and the Air Cadets marched for the first time, and the veterans of the last war and the Gladies of the I.O.D.E. It was a lovely day and the wind turned warm so the snow melted quite a bit, but it hasn't started melting this morning.

I saw Jimmy Simpson for a few minutes yesterday and asked about Mary, she is terribly busy and hasn't had time to write more than postcards to them, for she is in charge of the production of "Ice Capades" at least that is the way Jimmy spoke of it. I believe all the costumes and cast and routines and ~~the~~ probably the training of the various numbers. Anyway it must be quite a job. She is in Pittsburgh now I think, and has been in several large cities with the show. So Maybe you will see it if it comes to Boston.

Pete said that Cliff is down from Temple buying stove pipe. that doesn't sound very funny to you, but it does to us, for Sir Norman has had a wonderful fireplace built at Temple, and they took the stove down and during the mild weather it naturally kept the room quite warm

enough, but we all were sure they would have to put the big stove up again for winter. They had intended to seal in the basement and put a heater down there, but the snow and cold weather came before they could get the men to do it. Then they have a far larger electric system, lots of batteries etc (they got a second hand from a filling station at Lake Louise that is closed for the duration.) Sir Norman thought a wonderful idea was to have a few electric heaters in the bedroom, as they have far more power than they need. with those and the fire place he was sure they would have a good system. However we were all skeptical knowing how cold it really is sometimes. He evidently has found out with this last cold spell, and the buying of stove pipes looks as if they were going to erect the stove in the big room again. He also left his electric heater burning all night in his room and it took all day to charge the batteries up again ! And if he did it, how many guests might not?

Must go now.

Loads of love,

Catharine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1942

Dearest Mother,

A nice letter from you just now with a lot of letters about the book from various people to whom you gave the biography. and I will return them all, also you spoke of the letters from Russell, did you mean the last one that Frances copied? as I presume you have the original. and how far back, for I have them all saved. I could enclose them one at a time in my letters to you.

We are having a mild spell, and the snow has melted fast. The "chinook" as I have told you before, is a strong wind from the west, a warm wind and it seems to lick up the snow, as it sort of evaporates. It often comes up in the evening and at night you hear the drip drip of the snow melting, last night it snowed six inches at Temple but only rained a little here. however it looks as if it might snow here before the weekend is over.

Thursday we worked hard at the Red Cross and did quite a bit, the room is not well ventilated and it is rather tiring after three or more hours, even if we do have a spot of tea and sandwiches to give one a lift. We take turns bringing the sandwiches, then in the evening I went to the first First Aid, Pete's mother and Mildred also went and after a meeting to elect officers we had the first lecture. They are starting at 7.30 this year which is a far better hour for we can get home by ten, but before, starting at eight, it used to drag on so. One reason they started late was to give some of the girls working for people a chance to wash up the supper dishes etc. It was funny trying to get people to be officers. Here it isn't the Red Cross but the St. John's Ambulance which sponsors the First Aid and Home Nursing, it is a British Order and very old, but one has to have a president and vice-presidents etc. The lady who has been Secretary has been awfully good and has done it for some five years I think it is and is now going away for the winter, so we had to find a new secretary, everyone nominated had a good reason why they couldn't do it, the uncertainty of plans etc. They finally got a girl elected over her protest's and she agreed to do it in the end.

You asked if we would like your bound "Magazines of Art." we would indeed, and have one or two volumes already, but would love the others, we often look through the Studios. About the Pepper books, I thought that Bubby would like them, but I wonder if it would be wiser before sending them all to try one or two and see how she likes them first for they may seem too oldfashioned. The "Five little Peppers" I believe is a good one to start with. I have sort of forgotten, but perhaps some weekend that Cousin Jane is with you she could tell which one should be read first.

That was a nice letter from Dorothy Brown and how interesting that she has taken up weaving, and her own wool too. I wonder what she makes. Too bad that Aunt Frankies memory has gone so,

I am reading a book now that I think you will like and hope to finish in time to send you for your birthday, then after you read it and lend it to Mrs Wayman, you can send it back to us, for knowing the author we would rather like to keep it, but knowing how many too many books you have now it won't burden you with any more. Do you think that is a good idea?

I think you are awfully good to have Miss Barret and Everett to Sunday dinner and afternoon, when they are rather tiring people to have, at least Miss Barret is. Jean calls them "two poor souls" and I think that describes them,

We have plenty of coal here, all we want if we got a truck or even our car and went out to the mine and shovelled it from the slack pile. I don't know how well it would burn, for it ~~was~~ ^{wasn't} thrown away, but there are mines right near. Our difficulty is getting the right coal for the stoker, some doesn't clinker properly and some is too dirty etc. But there is no danger of our being cold, we can keep our house warm with the Salamander and wood, as we used to do several years ago.

I can't seem to write letters at night either, I might be able to to you but not hard ones.

It is time to cook the roast for the weekend, we always have ours Saturday night, and then there is plenty of cold meet for Sunday. I guess I should mail this first though.

Loads of love,

Catharine

P.S. Jean sent the news paper picture of Sam Manierre's girl, and doesn't she remind you of Cousin Kellie? I thought it was Cousin K. when I first glanced at it.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Monday, Nov. 16, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Well yesterday was sort of miserable though it didn't actually snow, it was more raw. The furnace man just came in and said it was miserable in Calgary with an east wind and a strong one, so we may get it here soon. Saturday Pete met Fern over town and asked her to supper as I had put a couple of extra potatoes in the oven with the roast, as sometimes we have Mom down for supper Saturday nights. Fern was going up to the Dyells for the evening, (he is the manager of the Banff Springs and they live in an apartment over the power house) so it worked very well as she didn't leave until eight. George is away (that is her husband) and so she is living alone and its not much fun cooking for yourself, she says she never feels hungry eating alone, but I think I have too good an appetite to not eat. Anyway we love to have her for she is good company and we have things just as usual when she comes down.

✓ Yesterday we woke early and I got a wonderful start on letter writing, wrote two and a half letters before lunch and was just finishing the third ~~but~~ after lunch and reaching my stride when Watson appeared. That was the end of the afternoon, This time I asked if he had had lunch, which he had, but by four o'clock he was ready for tea. He started to go several times but it was about 5.30 when he finally went. Its funny, but after a call from him we both feel so weary. He is quite interesting and does most of the talking, but is awfully tiring to listen to. Pete gets tired ~~er~~ than I do. We tried to figure it out and for one thing he repeats himself a lot, and for another he is very critical of certain people and certain things, most of the people happen to be friends of ours and of course he doesn't seem to realize what a new country this is and why it can't be run like Switzerland, and you can't seem to contradict him very well, he has a lot of good ideas but lots of impractical ones, and he won't really listen to anyone else's ideas, it sort of makes one's head ache. We went up to bed at eight fifteen to play safe for the evening, I thought once of saying to Pete, "hadn't we better be going up to the Wards now" but forgot later to try it, and afterwards Pete said that he had thought of the same idea. So next time he comes I am going to excuse myself to go up and change my clothes, (after he has been here about half an hour) and then we can say that we have been invited out for tea, or for the evening, or maybe it will have to be for lunch!

✓ Now to answer some of the letters. We don't mind the New Yorker being late, and we read most of the things. I like the "Reporter at Large" some are awfully good. I never cared so much for Thurber's things, but Pete read about him in the last TIME and did you realize that he is practically blind, or was for a while. I'll send you the clipping. Did I ask you if you have ever read "Hotel Splendide" by Ludwig Bemelman's? He has a new one out "I Love you, I love you, I love you." *sounded like the Hotel Algonquin type of book.*

Berle is the man who Grandpa knew when Berle was a child. you look him up in the back of the Biography, Cousin Jane would find it for you, Aae might be interested.

Harding Newman is my age, maybe a year older. *not 46 yet!*

I am glad that you didn't give the iron chest away, It doesn't seem right to put interesting and valuable things like that in the Salvage until all other sources of supply are used up. and that should be more valuable than ever for iron chests in England are apt to have been used for the iron already!

Please thank Cousin Jane for the note she wrote in one of your letters about what Kitty wrote in her letter to you. It was awfully good of her to take the time to write. I was also interested in all you wrote about Elizabeth Parsons and her dog training.

Maybe I should send you the Gouge book that you sent out with Jean but never read yourself, I haven't had time either, though all the family including Lila's girls have enjoyed it.

We don't take the Reader's Digest, as it is we haven't time to read all we want to. I think it better for you to keep sending the Art Museum Bulletins to Sam, I never found them so very interesting.

That was interesting about Van Horn's grand-daughter writing to Mrs Wayman, I think Miss Van Horn died a few years ago, but am not sure.

About the books, there are some of Aunt Nela's I might like but don't know just which ones Uncle Marshall sent you, so perhaps you could wait until some time I go east again before giving books away. or maybe you could tell me the titles of any you are thinking of disposing of. We would love the bound Federation of Art Magazines.

That was a real nice letter from Uncle Marshall and sounded as if he felt quite good.

The reason they sew the boxes (to the boys overseas) in cotton is to make the package stronger and if it gets soaked in water it won't come apart I guess, for sometimes they are delivered after going through quite a bit. Every one they sent last year was acknowledged, some didn't catch up to the boy until this fall and perhaps followed them round the world or nearly,

Guess I better send this along now,

Loads of love,

Catharine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday Nov. 18, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

It is a beautiful day today, though yesterday it sort of snowed all day, a very fine snow, more like frost. for it didn't pile up at all. In Edmonton they had a real blizzard, below zero and 19½ inches of snow. We just have a couple of inches on the ground here.

The furnace man is due this afternoon, he went to finish something at Ferns and when I went to warn her he was coming after lunch - found she was going to have a tea party, but we expect that he will be here at four to put a damper in our cold air return duct under the kitchen, so that when it is cold the system won't be drawing in cold air from under the front rooms.

I am boiling a mopp clean and it smells pretty awful. I don't know if I shall be able to think, it smells so, says on the directions to boil an hour, that's half an hour to go.

They are getting on over at the store, Sam has nearly finished a back shed for the Grocery side, but the cold weather has held it up a few days. They also are busy installing a new hot water tank, an extra one as so much water was used by the tenants. There isn't a great deal more to be done, a few storm windows and such, but it all takes time. We are losing one tenant to-morrow, Br and Mrs Morris, she has been ill with some glandular trouble and as one can't get a nurse or even help they have decided to move to the hospital where she can also have treatments, so as yet we haven't found any one to take it. One lady with two children, not her own, a niece and nephew, and two dogs which her last land lady said were not very clean, wanted to take it, but luckily the rent seemed too high.

The man who looks after the furnace has moved into one of the rooms in the apartment the Wards had, he will keep a fire on so the bathroom water needn't be turned off, and also can keep his eye on things. His daughter is a dental assistant in the army and his wife is dead so it should work well all around, as he also looks after several other furnaces near by and does janitor work at the store, and is very clean.

Your letter came telling about your calls on Miss Hurd and later on Miss Teagate, too bad that Aunt Lil is getting so deaf, is Mrs Bowker still alive and living in Concord. and do you ever hear from Mrs Blake. It is lucky you can still get taxis in Concord, to help out with the gas. In Canada the taxis are limited to 2000 miles a month or 70 miles a day, which evidently isn't much for a busy taxi. and I hear your ration has been cut again, to three gallons instead of four.

Red Cross this afternoon, at four seven hundred
Box and her three children are coming down to hear Peter
Box from London. (their father) over our short wave. I only
hope it will work this afternoon - but one can't be too
sure. I'll write you about it in my next.
Heaps of love. Catherine. (over)

The gunner man found it was a much easier job
than he anticipated & was finished in 1 1/2 hours.
I went to Terns to Sea.

Banff, Alberta.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

How the weeks fly by and not much gets accomplished, though we do keep going all the time. Thursday was rather hectic, We went to the Red Cross for nearly two hours and then Fern and I rushed home at three thirty just as Gwen and Agnes Hammond drove in the yard and the two little girls who were to listen to their father from England over the radio. It was very disappointing for it seemed to be impossible to hear clearly, but it will be rebroadcast Sunday over the regular station.

It was rather lively, Pete retired upstairs when they came or soon after. The children are about two and four or five and then Elizabeth (a daughter by Peter Bax first marriage) about ten or no twelve I guess. They were very good to begin with, Dell Brewster had brought sandwiches to the Red Cross and gave us a lot to bring here and I had bought a cake on the way home, so we had tea and the children apple juice and of course just as we were all eating it was four and the station we were sure was London, turned out to be South America, so Agnes and I did a lot of twisting of dials on the radio but could only get a faint womens voice that Agnes was sure was the lady announcer there was a funny shrill noise after that, which I tried to tune out, but which Agnes said " Listen Priscilla " (she is the five year old) " Isn't that 'Pop goes the weasel ' ? Well it turned out that then Priscilla was a baby he used to whistle that to her, and last year when he broadcast over the radio he had whistled it, so we decided that that must have been him, for none of the rest of the voices sounded familiar to them and none of it was intelligible in any case. It was too bad but it couldn't be helped and I just hope they hear him to-morrow.

After it was over the children got quite lively, not the eldest but the two little ones, they are full of it and I of course expected some thing to happen, especially when Gwen suggested that they stay in the front room and keep quiet and she shut the door, luckily there were no pictures on the floor and they didn't seem to be the kind to touch everything, but more apt to just knock things over. Fern and I decided afterwards that every house should have a small room built for the children of callers ! full of toys to amuse them. However not damage was done, only a few nicks out of the bench and when that happened I have no idea.

As the littlest one was going she asked Agnes " Where did my Daddy go ? " She evidently thought Pete was her father, for she was told they were coming to hear him speak to them, and he is a Peter too, so I don't wonder she was confused. However it didn't seem to matter that he had paid little attention to them when they came in, she was a tiny baby when she left England and Isn't used to the idea of a father I guess.

They left about five and then Fern went home to exercise Hammish (the dog) and came back here for fresh Salmon supper at six and then we two went to the First Aid meeting.

Your letters written before and the day of the Tuesday Club were both good, don't ever worry about there being stupid, for they never are to me, and the more mistakes you make the more amusing some

parts can be, After all you never make as many mistakes as I do on the typewriter.

That was such a fine letter from Russell and interesting to hear all about the various old friends he runs into. I had forgotten all about Vivian Thompson, but vaguely remember ~~his~~ losing his thumbs didn't he have a brother Lovel Thompson who married the Lovell girl or was it some other name? I haven't thought of them for such a long time.

Will run over and mail this, have just discovered the mail is collected at three thirty instead of at four, so some of the letters I have put in at five to four in a great rush have most likely missed that days mail.

Loads of love,

Catherine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Monday, Nov. 23, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I didn't realize that Thanksgiving was this week either, and I guess I am too late with this letter to wish you all a happy one. I notice Mildred will be there, and I guess it will be a real small one this year or will Edith and the children come, for naturally being a doctor the gas rationing won't effect them as it would some but on the other hand I expect Cob is terribly busy. Am so glad that the Tuesday Club was a great success, only I wish you had more and better pictures of ours to show. film is rationed to the stores now as most everything is, they have a certain quota and when it is sold the store can get no more until the next quota is due, the fairest way to do it.

So many Sundays seem to be dull and yesterday was no exception, looked like snow all day though it only managed to spit a little, last evening when we went to bed it had grown warm and was raining of all things, and rained all night, this morning it had turned to snow and there was an inch of wet snow on the trees but now after one it is letting up and we can see the mountains, it is very sloppy out with big puddles of water under the snow. If it had only been two degrees colder we might have had a good snowfall.

We read and were quite all day, its a nice time to catch up on things and to write a few letters perhaps. There are also so many good radio programs to listen to and I try to do the mending while listening to them, I am gradually getting caught up on things.

Yes I have read some of Louis Adamic's books, but a long time ago. I like the way he writes too. I have just finished the one I want to send you to read for your birthday, but will explain about it in my birthday letter, so if a package comes for you please save it until the 6th.

I sent Sam and Louisa two of my Rackham books, ones that I had duplicates of, having gotten a first addition after the buying of the first copy and knowing how Sam loved Rackham I thought he might like them, and sending money is out of the question for me here, and any other present might have duty to pay when it reached him. I was interested in his letter and the paragraph about Dorothy Brown, where he said "She has been most unselfish and I hope that her taking care of Cousin Frankie will ultimately be rewarded by her having her own home." I couldn't figure out whether he meant a husband or what, for after all I think the farm is Dorothy's and was from the beginning.

X Guess I won't be able to get a new evening dress or house coat or fur trimmed hat this year! but as I haven't worn an evening dress since I was in Concord in 1940, my old one will still do. They have just issued an order that no more long evening dresses or negligees or house coats or evening coats shall be made in Canada, sounds sensible as they took so much material, ~~yes~~ also all styles are frozen and no new hat blocks, expect by using different materials they will be able to have dresses for different occasions, after all if people have to X walk to parties or ride in street cars long dresses would be useless.

All for to-day,

Loads of love,

Catherine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

The sun drops behind the mountain at two now and won't shine on our house in the afternoons until January 21st. So it seems quite like winter. It is awfully dark in the mornings now with the day light saving, but it stays light until nearly six at least not very dark then, which makes it nice for the children skating after school. There is about four or five inches of snow on the trees and it is so pretty out, Banff looks so pretty in this kind of weather, so above this morning.

To-morrow is my busy day with the Red Cross and First Aid in the evening, Friday I am going to Calgary to have my teeth cleaned. Pete tried the dentist here but said that he wasn't very thorough he is so busy and as I found the one in Calgary very good I thought maybe I had better go on down, I just hope he won't find any to fill or I will have to go again. This kind of weather we don't like to drive so much and also we don't both like to leave the furnace for more than a day, so I will go down on the morning train at ten and come home on the late train at night. I guess I can shop and go to a movie. The night train gets in at one something so it will be quite a day.

I forgot to-morrow is thanksgiving with you, so I hope it is a nice one, it looks more like Christmas here.

Col. Moore came down to return the Biography of Grandpa, He said that he hardly ever read biography but enjoyed this tremendously, and thought it awfully well written, said he read the part about Japan first and then the last of the book and then liked it so much that he began at the beginning and went right through. I thought that was rather nice for it was an impartial criticism. He also said that he thinks he heard Grandpa lecture in Framingham at a Chautauqua, when he was about nine, for he remembers a lecturer drawing with both hands and it was about marine animal life. I think it was quite likely.

Your letter came yesterday with John Es enclosed. and I am so glad you sent him a check instead of any more to me, I would much rather you did that, for I really don't need any more and I am sure they do. he must have a very large farm, for 67 acres is a lot under cultivation. or in use. and what a lot of chickens. It was nice to hear from him.

The dinner down at John and Bunnys sounded real nice and I am sure it wasn't just duty, I bet they enjoyed you and Madie, you know you are real bright and fun to have and I bet more interesting than a lot of the young people they might have asked. and Madie is fun too.

The book about Indians by Oliver LaFarge sounds awfully good, I will look Friday in Calgary at the book store and see if they have it and then let you know if it is one we would like to have. Its hard getting books simply by reviews, sometimes they don't turn out just as you expect, but the Saturday Rev. is a great help.

Loads of love,

Calharine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Banff

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

^ seem to be hitting all the wrong keys to-night. Perhaps because ^ thought if I wrote you in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour ^ could mail this on the way to a movie this evening. We are being very gay, Fern asked us to dinner to-night and the Moores are to be there too, I imagine she doesn't like to go to both our houses too often without returning the compliment. ^hen we are to see the "Pied Piper" at the movies, it is about an old man who takes all sorts of refugees with him when he escapes from France, it was illustrated in LIFE a while ago. I hope it is good, it is supposed to be.

We are all ready for Christmas, have the weather for it and your great big package came this morning in fine shape, you sent it in just the right way for it came through the customs with no trouble at all, as it wasn't worth too much. He knows now the kind of presents you send, so you evidently filled out the declaration correctly.

Pete was crazy to open it knowing how good I am about keeping them until Christmas, but I won't let him.

I didn't go to Calgary After all on Friday but postponed it until Monday, the reason being that the Prison Squad of the R.C.A.F. Women was due to be here. It was a beautiful morning for them, though zero when they arrived at 10 A.M. Fern went down to the station in our car and quite a crowd had gathered, as well as the Airs Cadets in their new uniforms, with a couple of drums. There were about 60 girls and they looked very smart ^ thought in their light blue uniforms, all the skirts the right length and just below the knee, light gray stockings and black overshoes, which looked well, they had overcoats with brass buttons down the front, The hat is not as smart as the army one But they looked very well, They are nice looking girls. They drill very well and have been from coast to coast giving exhibitions and I imagine interesting recruits. It was pretty with their breaths in clouds of steam around their heads as it was cold. The Airs Cadets had to keep moving as they haven't been issued with their overcoats yet. They marched up to the playground near the school and all the children had been let out to watch, as well as quite a few others. Unfortunately they couldn't do their precision drill as there was snow on the ground and they have to hear the sound of their feet to carry it through. They do 20 or 40 ~~com~~ movements with one word of command, or something like that. However they marched around a bit, and the girl giving the commands was very smart and had a voice much like a boys. Then they marched up the street and after that went for a swim at the upper hot springs, lunch with the I.O.D.E. (daughters of the Empire) and the Rotary Club drove them around. All very interesting, but I was surry I hadn't gone to Calgary as they were met by a band and it would have been as interesting.

It was ten below this morning and each day for several now it hasn't gotten above ten above during the day, the sun is lovely but doesn't shine in town for many hours at this time of year, though I notice on the green spot it shines from nine until five, here from ten until two thirty about.

Guess I had better get ready now for it will soon be time to
go,

loads of love,

Catherine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

It seems a long time since I wrote you, it was Sat. to be exact and I mailed it after the movies. We had an awfully good time that evening, the Moores were the other couple at Ferns and I felt as if we were having a real Thanksgiving dinner with the most delicious chicken and an upside down cake for desert. We all ate too much, The movie was the best we have seen for a long time and I think you would find it very entertaining too. It is the " Pied Piper " and I imagine has the same title in the states. About the Englishman who is caught in France when the Germans start the invasion and is inveigled into taking two children back to England with him, en route they run into all sorts of difficulties and he accumulates a few more kids, but it is well done as Mrs Miniver was and awfully funny in spots. I am sure you would love it. perhaps it will be near Concord this Christmas and you and Mildred might see it. Keep an eye out for it. We returned to Ferns after the movie to do the dishes and listen to the ten o'clock news, after which we all went home. Pearl said it was the first time they had been out for an evening since summer, and we all agreed it was a most successful time.

Lady who bought the window pane

Sunday was another miserable sort of day, I worked on accounts most of the day and in the evening Sam and Cis came down, I had told Cis that I would be going to Calgary Monday for the day thinking she might go too and it would be nicer coming back on the late train to have her company. She thought Sunday night it was too cold to go to Calgary but when we got to the train next morning she was there, and also Mrs Longhurst who was going for the night. Cis wanted to stay over night too but I thought I would rather come back not having very much to do in Calgary right now. However on the way down we sat near the wife of the section man in Banff and she said the night train hadn't been on time for two weeks and one night it was four oc'clock in the morning before it came in. That decided it for me for I could picture Pete up all night and going down to the station every half hour to ~~see~~ find it was still later. It is the heavy traffic now a days and the cold too. I wired Pete and Cis and I took a room at the Palliser, had a nice lunch when we got in at one and then I went to the dentist to have my teeth cleaned and checked, I have one tooth to be filled so will have to go back later. I ran into Ted and Tony the two air force lads who used to get up here quite often, but now are stationed too far away. and they were going for a cup of tea and asked me to join them which was very nice but in the end I didn't get as much done as I had expected to. However I had my arms full of bundles including a new nightie for the night. and three dozen dehydrated eggs as we can't get eggs any more for a while, Banff has been out all week and so was the place I went to in Calgary.

Cis and Mrs Longhurst and I had dinner together and then went to see Walter Pidgeon in "White Cargo " (he was the Mr Minever) also Hedy Lamarr who I had never seen before, there was a little too much love in it but the news reel was good and the cartoons. I was up at 7.30 to get the 8.15 train that leaves Calgary about 8.55 ^{AM}, but it was late so I had an hour and a half wait in the station. It being a through train they don't let the people on until about five minutes before it leaves and these days it is hard to find a seat.

There are always so many troops going back and forth on leave. I managed to get a seat in the smoking half of the day coach, but half the way had to sit with my bundles in my lap, the lady opposite had her child in hers, but she only went to Cochrane. We got here just before one, so I began to think that going to Calgary to the dentist was like living in Boston and going to New York for the day. It took as many hours coming back.

Yesterday afternoon I tried to read the book I am sending you for your birthday, it isn't the one I originally was going to send, but I think you will enjoy it, we don't know the lady but have almost met her in Victoria as we know several people who do know her. I thought I could read it on the way up but had no chance to undo the parcel and get it out and so read something else. I will try and get it off to you this afternoon. It would be fun to read aloud with Cousin Jane or Mildred, it is quite bright and amusing.

I was so sleepy yesterday that I had to take a nap, I hadn't slept at the hotel because the room was too stuffy to suit me, then we went down to Pearl Moores as there was a meeting ^{new} to decide whether or not to hold a social for the first Aid Class together with the Home Nursing, we don't think they should these days, but some people love parties. Pearl wasn't going, so I went around to the girl who's house it was to be at and told her I couldn't go farther, and when we got home we found that we had locked ourselves out of the house, I had had my keys in the bottom of my hand bag and so borrowed Petes coming in at noon, then without thinking hung them up on the nail where I always hang mine, he never thought and of course next time he didn't have any with him. It was nearly dark and we had to go and get a long ladder and with the help of Mr Trono who looks after the store furnace, Pete got in the bedroom window.

In case my next letter doesn't reach you in time for your birthday, Many Happy Returns of the Day and ever so much love and I hope you have a lovely birthday.

Lots of love,

Catherine.

75. A parcel for Christmas marked book
came yesterday.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Friday, Dec. 4, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I wonder will this reach you in time for your birthday, I hope so, and again I wish You many Happy returns of the day and hope it is a very happy day. Col. Moore's birthday was yesterday, Fern and Edmee and Charlie (her husband) were invited to supper and then their new maid was sick in bed with flu or something, so Pearl had to leave the Red Cross early to go home and get dinner, for as she said she had already bought all the stuff, chicken with fixings. I guess any one is lucky these days to have a maid even in bed ! Pete's mother's birthday is the 7th so I hope I remember.

Hope the book reaches you on time, I did want to read it first so it was delayed a day in mailing, I enjoyed it especially knowing Victoria B.C. which it is about, I think it would be a good book read aloud, for she expresses things in a bright way, and there isn't much connection or thread to it, just what she remembers of her childhood. I think Mildred and Cousin Jane would both like it. The lady herself is a well known artist and has painted the coast Indians.

By the way a small package from Jean has arrived for Christmas.

Pete has gone to the dentist in Calgary to-day and it seems so funny in the house, for he is seldom away for more than a couple of hours at a time. and this year there isn't even drill for him to go to, I am the gadder, with the Red Cross and First Aid on Thursdays, but one couldn't call that much. He went on the same train I did but it is a week end and his ticket cost only 4.12 whereas mine was 5.90! so Friday is the day to go! He will come back on the late train which is supposed to leave Calgary about 10.30 getting to Banff before one thirty but lately it has sometimes arrived at four in the morning. so I hope it is on time to-night.

We are having winter allright, It got up to ten above to-day but yesterday was nearly 20° above, yet it doesn't seem cold and I rarely wear a hat, it is zero or below each morning, but the sun makes it seem warm and the mountains are lovely and the town looks so clean with a few inches of snow which never melts or gets mushy like chocolate ice cream. It snows a very fine frost like snow most mornings early.

I worked a bit on the painting to-day but I guess it will be awhile yet before it is finished, not in time to mail before Christmas. I am not as good as Pete at doing pictures from sketches, he has a better memory. Yesterday was the Red Cross and the First Aid at night. The day before when I mailed your letter I met Pearl and asked her to tea, she said she was going to Ferns, who was knitting, so I said bring her to, I got the fire in the fireplace going which we don't light very often as it is warmer in the house if we cut it off in winter. and then Pearl arrived saying that Marguerite (book store) and Mildred (Cliff's wife) were up at Ferns so in the end I went up there, and left Pete with the fire, then we went up to the Wards in the eveing the first time we have been to see their new house, it is very cozy and really plenty big enough.

I haven't answered your letters for a long time. I forgot to mention the Boston Fire, We heard about it early Sunday morning on our news and from then on. However I noticed that on the short wave news

from San Francisco, which the troops overseas could pick up, there was no mention of it, I thought that a good idea for some boys might know their brothers and sisters often went there and it would be months before they would hear from their families. and they might worry. What a terrible thing it was, We couldn't think of any one we knew who might go there, I heard about the Holy Cross and Boston football game, as if one team (I forget which one) won they might go to the Rose Bowl as an unbeaten team. and could just imagine that after the game how many would go to a night club, also it spoke of the 15 priests being on hand very quickly to administer last right or whatever it is. I do hope Billy Harlow got through it alright. Was it the night club back of the theater ~~opposite~~ opposite the Metropolitan Theater? Or has it been built since we were in Boston, I remember going with the skiers to a place there one evening and wonder if it could be the same. I can't imagine anything much worse than panic and a fire together. At first I thought of sabotage but I guess it was just a catastrophe. How the ministers will like to use it as an example of what happens to those who frequent such places. At least certain old fashioned ones might use it! I must say I can't imagine anything worse than going to such a place with a thousand others to dance. It must have been a mob. It seems strange to think that more were killed enjoying themselves at a night club than have been killed in the American forces occupying Algiers and Morocco.

Guess I will answer your letters, Sometimes yours are censored but not lately, perhaps it was before the ships left for North Africa and they looked at all letters coming from the eastern states. Your letter written the day after Thanksgiving came this morning but the one written the Sunday after Thanksgiving came yesterday, but neither was censored.

I was awfully interested in the article about Swing in the New Yorker and shall look for the second one. He broadcasts over our network every other week and I don't seem to get him otherwise, but he is consistently good. *And to know I was seeing him and that was it*

We also heard the Thanksgiving service at the White House, most programs like that are on our stations too. Speaking of the Boston Symphony joining the union, did you read the article in Life about Petillo who is the head of the Union. It is terrific to think of the power he has.

It must have been a lovely Thanksgiving for you with all the little children but more fun than just grown ups. the fourth generation aren't they? and I'll bet Edith's Pete (if he marries young enough) will bring his children to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with you, I am sure you will still be going strong though the little figures may be getting a little worn! Its nice to have Cousin Jane do your mending for you, I try to do mine during the 15 minutes we listen to the news, but the result is that it is all over the place most of the time.

Quite a letter, and I am not very good writing at night, its much pleasanter sitting in the front room reading as we do most evenings. taking turns getting a better program on the radio in the kitchen, I usually get some lovely music and have barely gotten into the other room and sat down when it turns into an awful play or something, the music being the theme piece.

Loads of love, will be listening to the opera to-morrow, the speaker ~~next~~ during the 2nd intermission is to be Brokington, a Canadian and usually a very fine speaker, we like him almost the best next to Churchill. He used to live in Calgary.

More love,

Catherine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Sunday, Dec. 6, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

Just a year ago to-day we were all excited about Pearl Harbor, Had we known the real amount of damage the Japs inflicted we might not have been so - - Can't think of the correct word to use, I was going to say "pleased" for to us it meant that the U.S. had entered the war. but with the lives and all, lost, "pleased" is not the right word. Things certainly went well in November but I guess we must expect lots of setbacks before the final win.

Another quite Sunday, I like it this way for no one comes around as a rule and we have the day to ourselves and can do a lot of reading, though it is five o'clock and I haven't done any yet. I worked on the picture this morning and after lunch but these days there isn't much really good light. Its light enough for most things but only between 11 A.M. and 2.30 P.M. is the light good enough to get values right and lunch seems to come in the midst of that. Its getting near the shortest day of the year, I think I shall have to try another sketch, will send you several to choose from if they come out alright.

Pete's train was only half an hour late the other night but I was sound asleep until he got upstairs, and then after hearing all he did and the people he ran into I was wide awake.

Last night Fern came down to help us eat a chicken and then we looked at all the slides we took last summer as most of them were of places that Fern knew well.

Monday--

Another clear cold day, 12 below this morning, but having the sun out bright makes it seem warmer, however we only have it shining on us a short time each day.

A nice letter from you this morning. We were so sorry to hear that Billy Harlow was killed in the fire, how awfull to think of parents being killed and three sons in one family, I was going to ask you to send us a list of those killed in case there were people we knew that you didn't, but thought by this time there wouldn't be any in the papers.

About the books, It will be a good idea to send the one Pepper book for Bobby to try and then I will let you know how she likes it so that you can send the others later, after Christmas.

That was such a nice letter from Russell, I was amused to find him checking up on the way you wrote Lt. Colonel. for as I remember it was one of his letters that told you to adress him now as Lt. Col. for I thought at the time, "now I know what is correct"

This is hardly worth sending but will enclose a batch of clippings you might find interesting, to help make up for no news.

Loads of love,

Catharine.

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Wednesday, Dec 9, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I am writing this so that you will know that I am thinking of you on your birthday, and wishing you all sorts of nice things. I hope the book reached you in time.

My Christmas present to you is very disappointing, I forgot when I was in Calgary that it was so near Christmas and all I thought of was your birthday. So when I decided the other day to send you a book I was looking at in the book store, I wrote right down and thought it would be here yesterday but no sign of it even to-day. Parcels must be mailed by to-morrow so if it doesn't come I shall send you another book by a person we met in Victoria, I haven't read it yet myself but enough to think you would enjoy parts of it, not the political parts but it is in sort of separate chapters, so you could skip some. It may look a bit worn because it has been borrowed by quite a few people!

It is warming up at last, seemed real mild this morning for it was 14 above when we got up, it was 15 below the other morning and has been zero or below for five weeks every morning, quite a stretch, the oldtimers think it is a real old fashioned year. It is healthy though having it cold and dry and so clean, the snow on the trees has stuck for over a month in globs so we haven't had much wind, I think being moist snow when it fell it sort of froze on,

I made a mistake, yesterday the eighth was Mom's birthday, she is 62 and I tell her that is very young. She seems very well this winter and goes out a lot which keeps her feeling in good spirits. Now she is getting ready to curl in a bonspiel between two chapters of the Eastern Star. On her birthday she always has four old friends to tea, they have birthdays about the same time each year, and all drop in on each other. We went up last evening as it was a very good radio night and Pete had promised to fix the push buttons on her radio. He has just recently learned how on ours, but it takes quite a bit of time as you know, for you have to wait sometimes to be sure you have the right station.

Our new radio that we tried to get last June came yesterday. You remember we used the Birthday money you sent me to buy a new radio as our other one the battery that turns it on was almost gone. At the time we couldn't get the small size we wanted but only one they had in the store, an overstuffed model. Floor model they call it, but a great big thing. However the small model (same radio but different body or frame, so that it sits on a table instead of standing on the floor) came yesterday, and we got that, Jackie taking the large one which he prefers for his house and then the one they had which needs to be fixed he is going to sell. This new one is fine and we are awfully pleased to have it, Pete tuned the buttons in so we are all fixed up.

I must go up and mail a package to Russ, I decided it was mean not to send a little something for the children to undo, and managed to get a small book on flying "Canada's Wings" to Russ, a wine cured cheese to Kitty, a china dog to Gale (Royal Dalton china) some lead soldiers to Robin (the last in the store) and even something for Hanna all in a box about as large as a four pound candy box.

Loads of love

Catherine

BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA

Saturday, Dec. 12, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

We are having a mild spell at last, in the paper it said that in Calgary it hadn't gotten above freezing for 18 days and I think it has been an even longer spell here. It is 34 out now at noon and feels warmer, it will be when the sun is up higher. It will give Sam a chance to do some out door work at the store, like getting the storm windows on, in that cold weather it is too hard to do much.

Two packages came to-day from you, a book and a flat square one that says pictures. I sent a package to you which seemed very meager, the book I wanted to send never came and has to be ordered so I sent one that I had thought of sending before, and hope you like it, the author is a great friend of Bobby Hunters at the coast and we met him at supper the last time we were in Victoria. One of the few real newspaper men we have ever met, but he and his wife were both fine, and we were all rather silly at supper, as Pete and Bobby were telling jokes on each other. He is now connected with the Information or some Government thing.

In the parcel is also a tiny thing for Jean and Nanny and something for Mildred which isn't a Christmas Present but something I would have sent her anyway. but they all went in the package and won't take any more handling than the one thing to you. I had intended making you a picture but so far it is not worth sending, so you will have to wait until after Christmas.

Thursday we worked very industriously at the Red Cross making hospital jackets very sick people sleep in, and also rolling bandages for A.R.P. (Air Raid Precautions) I think they are planning to have various places supplied with them. In the evening we went to First Aid, they had a sort of meeting before hand and gave out the certificates we got last year for both First Aid and Home Nursing. and then as there was a showing of slides that same evening down the street Dr Worthington said we would just do practical stuff, (bandaging and putting splints on etc.) so any who wanted to see the pictures wouldn't miss too much. So we put people on stretchers etc. I had hoped that we would finish the course before Christmas but as both Christmas eve and New Years Eve come on Thursdays, it will be into the 1943 before we are through. Dr Worthington told us about his class in Canmore, (the little town we drove to when Mildred was here, a mining town and mostly foreigners) Dr. Worthington was the doctor in Canmore for several years and he said he used to teach the theory and another man the practical part, and they alternated men and women's classes, men taking theory while women did the practical part and visa versa. The miners were very much interested in First Aid for they needed it in mine disasters and put it to good use. They formed a team of four or five of the class and won the championship for all of Canada twice, though he said that some of the boys spoke such broken English that it was hard to understand them, still they knew their first Aid. This was long before the war. So I hope we will be able to put his teachings to good use if the need ever comes. However the more one learns the less one feels one knows. but as Pearl says at least one learns what not to do.

Last evening we were sitting quietly reading the paper when there was a rush and a roar, and Sir Norman came charging in, he sort of bursts in and as we said afterward, I would have had to run pretty fast to have gotten upstairs to pretend we were dressing to go out ! However he didn't stay more than an hour and threequarters as he wanted to see the skating at the rink. After he had been here about fifteen minutes I noticed it seemed a bit chilly and Pete got up and went out, sure enough he had never latched the back door and it was still open. Pete said probably he is used to having some one close the door behind him ! Mrs Baxter does the same thing at the store, sweeps in but never thinks to make sure the door is shut tight.

The Opera will soon start and I expect that you and Jean will be listening, it now is advertised in our papers who will sing etc. which makes it nice.

Lunch time, Did I tell you I am going to Calgary with Fern and Dell Brewster on Monday, they are going to drive down and asked me to go, it will mean we get back at a decent hour and if this weather only keeps up it may not be so cold. I have an appointment to have my tooth filled, and maybe can do some of the things I didn't get done last trip.

Loads of love,

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

It was an awful shock to get your wire about Frances, it came soon after I left for Calgary, and yesterday I went over to see her friend Mrs Beverley Baxter to see if she knew anything about the plans and all. She had telephoned Mrs Blodell (a great friend in Vancouver) who told her it was a ~~xxxxxx~~ haemorrhage of the brain. Frances had evidently felt alright, for she took her car and was going to pick up little Frances who was at a birthday party or something, and had gotten a block or two from her house when she felt sick and went back to the house, she died Saturday evening in the hospital two hours after the hemorrhage I think Mrs Baxter said. It was a sort of shock or stroke I guess. Frances has lots of friends among the young married families, for I know quite a few who come here at Christmas, and several live quite close, almost next door. They are awfully nice people and Mrs Blodell especially is just as nice as she can be. She told Mrs Baxter that the children have been perfectly wonderful, I believe two are with her. Mrs Baxter and I tried to figure out if and when and how Mrs Webster would go out. The eldest boy, Tom, goes to school in the east and he was to come back, so if he comes by train he may go through this morning. We thought maybe Mrs Webster might fly but as the funeral will be Thurs. Fri. or Sat. it looks as if they would be going by train. We will meet the trains going west in case they are on one. There doesn't seem to be much we can do. The Hiams were all coming here next week for Christmas. Isn't it sad to think first the father and then the mother both dieing just before Christmas. I am so sorry for the Websters having so much happen, I guess every family has to have some great sorrow during their lifetime and the Websters did have things go so awfully well, really until Eddy was hurt.

Your letter came telling of the lovely Birthday dinner Ebbs and Anne had for you. I am so glad and Jean will be delighted to think that you were really entertained on your birthday. I am so sorry that the book didn't arrive on time, I thought if it went as quickly as yours came to me it would have lots of time, especially as it goes the longest distance first, but I guess the customs hold things up now-a-days, I hope it gets there before Christmas ! My other package may be late for Christmas too, though it was mailed a day before the deadline for the Eastern States. Mildred was rather naughty and sent us a box of caramels, after my telling her that I wasn't going to send any presents. It is a half size one so perhaps she doesn't think it counts as a present! Actually we are rather pleased, for it took a lot of " denying oneself " to try and ~~encourage~~ discourage her from sending us any this year.

We had a fine day in Calgary, It was dark when we left at nine o'clock, Fern picked me up and then we stopped for Pearl, just the three of us went down in Fern's packard. The last trip by car she will make or any of us for that matter, as it takes too much gas. We are having mild weather for a change, 40 today and it was nice and warm for the Calgary trip too. We got there about 11.30, went to the tea Settle Inn for lunch which took nearly an hour, I had my appointment at

the Dentists at two and was all through at two thirty. I remarked to the dentist that I didn't seem to have as many cavities as I used to, and he said there was a saying that " Only the very young and very old have cavities " so it seems to be true in my case.

I didn't do all the things that I had hoped to for it takes so long to get waited on in most stores, there being fewer clerks than usual, and then the dentist came right in the middle of it. We met again at three thirty for tea and to collect the parcels they had left at the Tea Kettle Inn, and then Fern had one more errand to do with the car, and they stopped at a greenhouse on the way out of Calgary to get some freshly picked flowers that last well, and that took nearly half an hour so it was five thirty when we left and eight by the time we got home. I seem to get tired in the eyes on a day like that, especially the stores with no fresh air are tiresome so I didn't seem to get much done yesterday not even a letter to you written.

I shall answer your letters soon and perhaps I should make this a Christmas letter if the mails are slow this year, I will play safe and wish you all a Merry Christmas in each letter from now on. I must get busy and write all the Christmas notes I planned to write instead of sending cards this year.

Time to go to the train now, it comes in two sections so we shall have to meet the second if ~~xxxxx~~ they aren't on the first. Actually they are two different trains.

Merry Christmas to you and Mildred and Jean and if Mrs Harlow is there give her our best wishes too, and a great deal of love.

Loads of love from us both.

Catherine.

Banff, Alberta.

Friday, Dec. 18, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I think this will have to be my Christmas letter to you and it doesn't look as if I could make it as long a one as I should like to, for the last two days have been rather hectic.

We went to the station Wednesday noon and I saw Mrs Webster for a few minutes. It was the most miserable day we have had all fall, raining quite hard and so gloomy, yet it cleared in the afternoon so I hope they had some sun to make it more cheerful going through the mountains. I didn't know that Mabel was with her, and never recognized her getting off the train, and as I was looking for the eldest boy (Mrs Baxter had said that he was the one at school in the east) I didn't recognize Neddy either. I guess I was so intent on seeing if Mrs Webster was there that I didn't really look at them. Also a Mrs Worcester and her husband (who has just returned from 2½ years overseas) got off the train and were met by the three little children, Mrs Worcester had gone to Calgary to meet her husband. The little boys threw their arms around their fathers neck, but Pete saw the little girl of five or six, who probably couldn't remember her father at all, curtsy and put out her hand.

I could see Mrs Webster in the observation car though at first I wasn't sure it was she as she was sitting back to, however she turned and saw me and came to the door. I got on the train but didn't have time to say much in the corridor. She told me Mabel was with her and Edwin flying, and they had come up through Chicago and the boy had come out on the train that joins at Moose Jaw. You had said that she looked much older and so I wasn't so surprised to see her seem more of an old lady, it must have been a terrible shock to her, but she was quite wonderful about it. I couldn't say much and as it was, nearly got left on the train. I just shook hands with Mabel and Neddy as they got back on the train.

Some friends here seem to think that they will come to Banff in spite of what has happened, but I should think it would be awfully hard for all of them. However if they should we will try to do what we can for them.

The first train that came in we met and who should be on it but Lauren Harris, the man with the white hair we met once at the Copley Plaza having lunch when we stayed there to go to the opera. a good many years ago. He is a famous Canadian Artist. We had a nice chat and when they said "all aboard" he got back on, and the porter came over to Pete and asked who it was, for his face was very familiar. When Pete told him, the porter said " Why I posed for his son in Toronto quite a lot " so Pete told Mr Harris and they had lots of mutual friends they were still talking about when the train pulled out. Wasn't that funny ?

That afternoon being so miserable I decided to write my Christmas letters and a few cards, but Pete had a feeling that he wanted to tidy up the piles of magazines and letters to answer etc. and as this feeling comes seldom I agreed with "alacrity " and we did wonders but I got no notes written, however the other was really more important at the time. Then yesterday morning I started on my cards, (am sending only a dozen) and Sam came, he has been under the weather for a couple of days. We talked a bit and Mrs Mac came in about a box that Pete is helping her to carve, and it was one when she left.

We opened a tin of something for lunch and then I had the Red Cross at two. We worked harder than usual, at least I did, for Mrs Harmon was there and the hospital gowns have no handwork so she and I did two between us, she pinning and I doing all the stitching, alternating gowns. It was five thirty when I got home and all the nice mail from you and Jean, with Russells letter. Thank Jean for reminding me of the glass dish Pete's mother admired, I had forgotten all about it for Christmas and it will be just the thing.

We had supper and listened to Henry Aldrich about the tank toy which was real funny, this while we did the dishes and then it was time to go to First Aid which starts at 7.30 this year. and home at ten.

A group in Calgary has asked us to send each no less than two pictures for an exhibition Jan 4th, and Pete is working on his now and I shall have to get busy soon on mine. I want to finish the Christmas shopping to-day if I can so I mustn't write more now. I hope that the Websters don't come with all the children for it will be so hard for them and there isn't much at this season to do for the older ones.

A Merry Christmas to you all, and tell Jean I am afraid that I won't have time to write her another letter before Christmas, so will send my love and best wishes and Pete's too, in this letter.

Loads of love and I do hope you have a happy day.

Love from Pete too,

Catherine.

P.S. Mrs Mac sent me a letter from a friend in Vancouver who wrote that the cook Frances had, who was married recently and had left, came right back when she heard what had happened, and another maid did the same thing. Evidently Frances had only one maid just here, I suppose until they came back from the mountains. but it must have been a help.

Banff, Alberta.

Sunday, Dec. 20, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I don't know when this will reach you but perhaps the day after Christmas, Boxing Day here. We have a real weekend with the stores and banks etc closed on Saturday. I really don't care much for such long holidays but of course it is nice for others,

It looks like snow but I am afraid it won't do much, wish it would for then we would have a real white Christmas somewhere else than on the radio! We still have snow on the ground, except where the elk have messed it up and slept on the bare ground. but a nice heavy snowfall would add a lot.

Yesterday was a busier day than I expected, at least I was busy but didn't get all the things done I had hoped to. I cleaned a bit, more of a lick and a promise than anything else. and then Harold went over to the store and tried to help me shop for Christmas presents for the children, I got a lot of toys and Harold helped me carry them home. Mrs Mac has asked Pete to help her carve a wooden box top and came down one evening when they did the carving, She evidently came down Friday evening when we had gone to the movies to see Charlie McCarthy (who I had never seen before), rather a poor movie, in fact awfully stupid. only the interior of the hotel it was taken in was interesting. So Saturday we thought after lunch we had better go up and see when she wanted to come, as we knew General MacDonald was coming this week and it is for Christmas. So up we went and she came back with us to the house, also Harold. So after a while Harold and I went over to do a few errands and I rather expected they would be finished when I got back, but they weren't quite. Pete put some color on the tree and it really looks very well, Three black skiers with clouds of white snow against a background of blue sky. the sky having been carved out.

I made some tea and we all got talking and so it was five when Pete took her home, and just time for me to put the roast in for supper. The Mountain School was having its Christmas party, this time at night, from 7 until 9 o'clock, I didn't want to go much but felt I should, and it was rather a rush to get dressed after supper and up there.

I was glad I went in a way for it was fun seeing the children and they are very good, Mrs Greenham is quite wonderful I think with the children, for they are not one bit selfconscious and seem to enjoy the acting and singing, they all had costumes on, sort of fairy tale ones, and were kings and queens and princesses and pages, and all sizes too. One little girl as a queen supposed to be very regal, had her crown fall down over her nose several times while she was trying to speak, she just pushed it up with out any fuss or bother and didn't get a bit upset or forget her lines and every one was laughing a bit in the audience. They sing very well too, and not one bit of music to go by. The little ones are always so cunning too. I came home about nine thirty to find that Pete too had just come in. A short time after I left, Davy came over all by himself to see if Pete would go down and watch him skate. It evidently was all his own idea, we think maybe that Bubby and her little girl friends didn't want to be bothered with little brother, or else Davy was a little scared of the elk going over alone, or maybe as it is getting near Christmas he was sort of paying his respects. Anyway Pete couldn't refuse and so went over and much to Davy's surprise could skate as well

as Davy, so they had quite an eveing. Just now Harold came over also to see if Pete would go with him this afternoon, but as Pete is making a frame he said he would go another time.

This letter is probably very disjointed as I was trying to make some candy and had to jump up every few minutes to see if it had reached the right stage or not. I am sure in testing I have reduced t the amount of candy by a good deal, but that is the fun of making it.

I expect I shall hear whether Mildred is to be with you for her whole vacation or not, I hope she can be there long enough for you to do a few things besides Christmas, I guess you are having quite a time with the restrictions on gas over this weekend.

I must do up presents now so as not to be too far behind for Christmas.

Loads of love, and a Happy New Year to you all !

Catharine.

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Monday, Dec. 20, 1942

Dearest Mother,

I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to start a letter to you in case to-morrow and the next day are awfully busy. I have finished most of my shopping except for a few presents, and they are all done up. There are five of the little Evacues at the Mountain School who we like to give something too, their third Christmas. The hard part is that we don't know them well enough to know what they would like, and there isn't a great deal to choose from, though Jackie gets a good selection of toys.

They are so busy up at Temple this Christmas that there won't be room for Mildred and Donny and Peter, only the two Cliffs who can help. Little Clifford is only 14 and small for his age but can guide people skiing and can also drive the tractor. We are going to ask Mildred and the boys here for Christmas dinner if they have no other plans for I have an idea the boys wish they were at Temple.

Barbara is having the John Knox family. He is an instructor in the R.A.F. and came up to Banff on leave a good deal, then his wife and small son arrived last summer and stayed with Barbara and so she asked them for ~~xxxxx~~ Christmas, the little boy is between Harold and Johnny and one more child seems no more to Barbara. So they will be a houseful. The McDonalds are to have four Australian pupils of Gordons (that is Mary's young husband) All the boys we know are somewhere else now or not coming. Sunday afternoon Ted came with Mr Walker to see us. He had just a day, and is going to try to go to the states for his leave.

I think that Jean was here last summer during Indian Days when an English lad in the Air Force called on Pete, we had gone up to the concert, and he was the king that sits and sits and we had to make the conversation. He came twice to see us only, and the other day we got a three page letter and Christmas card from him telling us all about Debert Nova Scotia where he is now stationed. He told us what he thought of everything and how he hoped to get back to the mountains etc. Why its the longest letter we have gotten from anyone for ages. So I guess he enjoyed his evenings more than we realized.

To-day was fairly busy doing errands and sending the parcels to the Indians that we send every year. I had a letter from one Indian girl who asked if she could "owe me ten dollars" and pay it back after Christmas or make us a buckskin jacket. so I said we would like the jacket, I imagine ten dollars would be as hard to find after Christmas as before. This afternoon Agnes Hammond came down to see about slides, as they are putting on a showing of kodachromes by various people and we have to decide which ones to show etc. It is to be the day after Christmas or rather evening, and Col. Moore will show his old time pictures of Banff, Gladys skiing ones, Agnes of the Ranch, George Noble, of Banff and the Mountains and we of the Indians. It's going to be rather a job picking the slides, which we are to do to-morrow night, when they all come down here. Before Agnes left Mrs Mack came and before she left George Sisenshimel dropped in with a photograph for Cliff. so it was pretty busy. The trains are running very late these days and so it was four when we got the mail. The traffic must be tremendous with all the boys going home on leave, and the extra mail etc.

I think in Canada all the men in Service get either five days at Christmas or five at New Years, then each one going overseas gets two weeks embarkation leave, so you can imagine how they go back and forth, no wonder they ask civilians not to travel.

Tuesday, It snowed a bit last night, a couple of inches and now is blowing hard from the west but it is warm out, about 30 above.

We got rationed on butter over the weekend, they do it suddenly here so that no one knows it is coming, at least no one is supposed to know, though evidently it was caused by some people hoarding it. We get half a pound per person per week, so that is a pound for us. However when they asked us some time ago to voluntarily use only that much I tried it, marking the pound into seven pieces and it did us very well, but using it for cooking is out.

Pete has been working on a special Christmas card for you, but I have a feeling it will be a New Years card in the end. It isn't so elaborate, just a card but its getting at the thing.

I must make some nut bread for I figure with cream cheese instead of butter it will be quite nice to give people for tea.

Heaps of love, and a Happy New Year.

Catherine

P.S. We got the nicest card ~~from~~ Gale and Robin and it looks as if Gale had printed the address and all, It was addressed to "Alberta, Banff " but so well written.

Banff, Alberta.

Dec. 23, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

The Websters did come after all, I am not sure just ~~wh~~ when but I think ~~last~~ last night. Mrs Webster and the children and Eddy, Eddy's wife came on the noon train today and Mabel has gone ~~back~~ back to be with her family and Mr Webster for Christmas. I believe the two oldest boys are to return to their schools in Victoria and Port Hope Ontario, and the ~~three~~ youngest are to return with Mrs Webster. We haven't seen her yet, but saw Eddy and his wife out for a walk and spoke to them a minute. I imagine that they will be busy over Christmas and I know we will be, so I think I will wait unless I happen to see them. They are to be here ~~three~~ weeks Mrs Baxter said.

I had visions of painting this week thinking that there wouldn't be much to do, I was to finish last minute shopping Saturday and I wrote you how that afternoon went. Then I was sure Monday would do it, and that afternoon flew by too, yesterday was a s bad, and then when we heard that Mildred and the two youngest boys were going to be here instead of going to Temple, as they are crowded up there, we asked them to have Christmas dinner with us. Mildred said that Cliff had given them money to go to the Cafe, which they do so ~~often~~ ^{often} it would seem a treat, and she had sort of talked ~~then~~ ^{then} into thinking that was the thing to do, and so thought maybe they had better leave it at that, however I told her to let them decide which they would rather do and it seems they were quite excited at the idea of a real dinner here, so we have asked Pete's mother too and the six of us are to have Turkey and most of the fixings Christmas night. It won't be much to do, for we won't have soup and with masked potatoes in one pressure cooker and turnips in the other, and a mince pie contributed by Mom and perhaps ice cream, we should do quite well. Mom made us a pie and a Christmas cake as a present, it is a very nice one. I have found nuts (the ones left over from last year) raisins, olives, dates and figs in various stores and they are all sort of treats now that one can't get them easily. We weren't going to bother to do much this Christmas, but now we have a tree to put up and decorate. We gave our lights and decorations away but I have some paper things and that drippy silver stuff that is difficult to get, left over from last year. and then we thought it would be fun to have some presents for the boys hung on it, so the more I thought of the more I got and did up in red white and green tissue paper and old Christmas paper from last year. It will help decorate the tree. I even found some crackers with caps and favors in one shop and some holly so we are all set, except to decorate the tree to-morrow night. I have some fool things for Mildred and Mom, like a handkerchief and a pair of stockings and a tin of mushrooms. the most appreciated presents these days is coffee, tea or sugar or butter. I know Mildred is giving us a half pound of coffee and I have saved enough sugar for Mom to make marmalade with. The butter won't be given this year for we will all feel short for a bit, till we know how much we use.

Last night Col. Moore and Agnes Hammond came down to look over slides for the showing we are to give next Wednesday evening for the Boys overseas Comfort fund. It was a job trying to decide but we did quite a bit. and Pearl came later.

I haven't heard from you this week and I expect it is because of mails being delayed. We didn't get LIFE this week and the postmaster said that quite often Christmas week the magazines aren't mailed, to help out.

Thursday - Day before Christmas. It is another lovely day, quite cold again 10° above. A nice letter from you came this morning. You were getting it cold too.

Thanks for sending Kitty's letters. They were full of interest. They certainly are busy & meeting lots of people. They both enjoy the social whirl and lots of entertaining so I imagine it is all great fun.

Love time now,

Loads of Love & a Happy New Year.

Catharine -

Banff, Alberta.

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I really should have written you Christmas Day for there seemed to be little time yesterday. I hope you had a Happy Christmas with Mildred. We had rather a quiet one on the whole, lots of people go calling on Christmas Eve way into Midnight and the next morning but we didn't care to, it seems more a family time to me. X We were busy doing last minute things in the afternoon. I put little spruce branches tied with a red ribbon in the windows, by tying them on the curtain rod you can draw the curtains at night and leave them in front of the curtain. Then Pete fixed the tree. It is a very symetrial one and he put it in a pail and poured coal around it, then I put one sheet of green tissue paper round the pail and it looks so neat and nice as if it were growing in a green pot. When we went up to Lila's later they had a great big tree and it looked just the same and sure enough they had used coal too. Try it some time, it is so much easier than making a stand and you can get the tree so straight and no danger of its tipping over. Pete also used the extra boughs and covered the work bench, thought it was easier than trying to tidy it up and misplacing all the brushes and bottles and tins and what not. I must admit the X result was very attractive!

Somehow I expected the trimming of the tree would take the usual time, but as we had given our trimmings and lights to the Mathers a couple of years ago, I didn't want to buy a lot of new things so it didn't take long to put on two ropes of red and one of white tissue paper. four ornaments and one package of the drippy silver stuff. and the funny part was that it looks very pretty, then we tied the little presents on and put all the packages around the bottom. We undid your parcel and were surprised to find so many things in one box (that pear box is a beauty) and I wish you could have seen how pretty the colored parcels looked. We had a few for each other, Pete gave me a phonograph attachment for the radio, a little thing you just plug in the back. and then with some guava jelly I found in Calgary and pajamas etc. it made quite a pile. I wish someone but us had seen it.

We took our presents to the various familys, as that is the custom, you put the things under their tree. We stayed a little while up at Lilas, as Cam is home on leave. Then we went to Barbaras only to find that Mildred had just gotten a wire from her sister that her mother had had a second stroke and it is only a question of time I guess. Pete went to send a wire and I went up to Moms, and most of the evening was spent back and forth as Pete found on going to the station that Mildred hadn't gotten the wire straight etc.

We went to bed fairly early, and were awake at seven A.M. to hear the Empire broadcast from London. Did you hear it or only the King? I hope you heard it for Sir Harry Lauder spoke and even sang from the Clydebank in Glasgow. We had asked Fern to come down to breakfast if she felt like it, as we knew she was all alone. but it was later when she appeared and we had opened all our parcels by then, and been over to Jackie's too. It was great fun for we opened things as we had our breakfast as the tree was in the kitchen over by the window that isn't a window now. We did very well guessing which of your parcels was for which, as the first one Pete opened was the necktie (which He likes very much) and the first I opened was the apron, which is the prettiest one yet.

The real mystery is where you got the roll of Canadian stamps for the lovely little box? At first I thought it was just a box, but what a wonderful present all those stamps. We have to put a stamp on every check we make out and we use a lot, so it is about the very nicest present you could have given us.

The knitting bag I am tickled to pieces to have and think it much prettier than the original, for the green linen makes it so pretty, I remember when you got it, Wasn't it at the Allied Bazar in Mechanics Hall in Boston. or did Cousin Jane design it? Any way I shall certainly prize it. The mits are just the kind we like, and Pete who opened his first was so pleased with the design and the weight of them too and they both fit perfectly. We used to get similar ones made in Norway and they are now so patched in the thumb that they aren't much use. They are what we like best for Skiing.. Fern made us some lovely ones two years ago, but they are too thin for skiing. and funnily enough I saw Her knitting a pair with the same design the other day, and I suggested that I might be able to make her a new pattern with skiers or something of Banff, so she was very much interested to see these.

The calender is a beauty, We still use the one of Currier and Ives you sent last year and Barbaras children have put their names on the pictures they liked best and then when the month is over we give them the picture. ~~The~~ Sam and Cis came in for a minute Christmas afternoon and I was showing it to Cis and when she looked at June with the picture of a road beyond the woods in the foreground, with a couple of Thatched houses on a corner, and saw the name "East Lulworth Village, Dorset" underneath, she called to Sam who was in the other room, for it seems that he has stayed in the little house which is the postoffice. I think it is a sister and a cousin who lives there. Wasn't that funny?

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✓ The book of China looks awfully good, and we haven't seen it or heard of it as yet. So thanks so much for that. The one of Russia is even more interesting than I thought it would be. with so much to read as well as look at. Margaret Bourke White who wrote it and took the photographs was here in Banff once and told Ike Mills that she knew Pete and wanted to see him, We were away at the time, and Pete didn't remember ever having met her, but as the book is dedicated to her sister Ruth and as Pete remembers a Ruth White, he thinks now he knows who they are. It was agood many years ago they were here.

✓ We got a fine picture of Russ, which was a complete surprise for I thought if it were a photograph it would be of the children. He looks so much younger than his business man picture. and it has a place of honor on the bookcase.

The little package that came seperately I thought was in Jean's handwriting at first, perhaps because it was smaller than yours usually is. All the little things were great fun to open and will be most useful, especially the little stand to ~~tear~~ off the Scotch tape, I use it for slides and have to keep the roll in a pitcher and cut the stuff with scissors.

Will tell you the rest later, I am going over now to see if Mrs Webster and Eddy and his wife would like to come for tea, it is a sort of blizzardy day right now and Sunday is a bad day in a hotel. I called on Mrs Wester yesterday afternoon for about an hour and we had a nice chat. The nurse the children used to have is coming after Christmas and will go east with them, but right now she has the children to sort of look after, The littlest one is six.

Lots of love,

Catharine

Banff, Alberta.

Dec. 28, 1942.

Dearest Mother,

I think I had better start another letter if I am to tell you all about Christmas. For there is quite a bit to tell. After three days of no mail, (for Saturday was a holiday with us) We got three nice letters from you and one from Jean. What cold weather you have had while we have had it quite mild. This is usually our cold time. I am glad that Frances and Gil could be there to liven up your Christmas for it is harder for you in the usual Christmas setting without the immediate family than for us (Russ and I) who are out of the setting and associations, so it doesn't seem much like Christmas as we used to know it. I am glad that you got "the book of Small" but now am afraid that your Christmas book didn't arrive.

Well to go back to Christmas day. Again thank you for all the little parcels. We have enjoyed the nuts, Aren't they good with the sweet coating? and the Salem candy which we haven't begun on yet. and all the sticky stuff, paste, tape etc. and the dusters which are most useful and the memo pad. and the little acorn flowers that are so cleverly made. the thumb tacks too which one can get no longer I believe. And the wonderful little scales for weighing letters in the case. I nearly forgot to mention that and it will be so useful. and the bright red boots too. You really got an awful lot in one box and it made the undoing of parcels great fun. and now I have plenty of paper for next Christmas.

After we had opened our presents Christmas morning we went over to Jackie's for a while where there was great excitement. Little John Knox (son of ~~the~~ John Knox and instructor in the R.A.F) is in age between Johnny and Harold, and they all have great fun together. The floor was covered with toys, paper and children and they were having a grand time. Fern came down for a cup of coffee and then after she left we stuffed the turkey and had an early lunch. We did run over to Allen's to take something to Mary Lee and Susan, and then came back to watch the turkey. It was too big for any pan we had and so hung over and I had little pyrex cups to catch the drips which otherwise would have burnt on the oven. It smelt awfully good all afternoon.

We didn't have many callers, the Wards dropped in and also a boy Pete grew up with in Banff. Kenneth Thompson, who is now a doctor in the navy and brought a message from Bobby Hunter at the coast. Mildred couldn't come to supper as she didn't feel well, but the little boys, Donny and Peter and Mom appeared at six. We had the presents on the tree and Pete and Donny said it was like Christmas all over again. Peter had Clifford's tie on, as Clifford is up at Temple. but when he got one of his own on the tree he was much excited. said he wouldn't need to wear Clifford's any more. They ate a good deal of Turkey and mashed potatoe and gravy and suddenly after the second helping they both sat back and said they had reached their limit and couldn't even eat mince pie and ice cream. In fact we all ate too much turkey to feel like anything else. I guess none of us are used to big meals out here and we get filled up quickly. They left soon after supper to go skating and Pete, Mom and I sat and talked after listening to the rebroadcast of the king's speech. Then Mildred came over feeling better but she didn't want anything to eat and we all went up to Mom's, to see her presents and talk

some more. So it was morning before we tackled the dishes, they were quite a pile by then.

It was fairly quiet Saturday and I wrote you and then as it was dull and blowy I went over to the hotel and called on Mrs Webster for an hour. She seemed to like to have me come, and little Frances was there, she is a dear little girl of six. The nurse hasn't arrived yet but is coming soon so Mrs Webster has the care of the children, though the older ones can look after themselves pretty well, Mrs W. knows Mrs Hall very well.

We also went over to Barbaras for a while and offered to show them some slides. In fact we did that in the morning and it took me the rest of the day to sort them out with Pete helping. I did that before calling on Mrs W. It was Sunday I wrote you. We also went down to see Pearl and Col. Moore about 5.30, he was feeling pretty tough, said it was like swallowing a pack rat that wouldn't come up or go down. They had had an elaborate dinner for these parts Christmas Eve with some new comers, and that had started it. but after we had been there a while and had had a little hot rum he perked right up and when we went Pearl and Pete both remarked how much better he seemed. He was like himself again and telling stories. so I guess it didn't do any harm to call on them.

We went over at eight to show the slides I cleaned them first, but the people Jackie had invited were rather late so it took longer than we thought but they all enjoyed it, especially the R.A.F. boys.

Yesterday was Sunday, after lunch I went over to ask Mrs Webster if they would all like to come to tea, for it was sort of a blizzard day, blowing and snowing a bit and fairly cold. They had gone skiing, all except Mrs W. and Frances, so I waited until the children came back and they all seemed glad to come and then I waited for Eddy and his wife but they didn't appear. so in the end only Mrs W. and the four oldest children came. Pete going over to get them. They seemed to enjoy the Indian things and the pictures and even the tea. I had made a date loaf last week, with nuts, your recipe. and now as we get $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of butter each a week, I used cottage cheese on it and it is a very good combination. Have you tried it? Then I had a Christmas cake and crackers with cheese and shortbread, the children had cider and seemed to like that. Mrs Webster told us stories about their trip to Japan and the children were just as interested and amused as we were, and laughed with us. They seem to hang on every word Mrs W. says, you know how good she is telling stories. So we had a very pleasant time.

It had been a quiet day, except for having the five to tea, so we thought we would invite Mom to have supper with us, cold turkey. I found her out so tried Fern, seeing a light in her house, she was going to Edmees but wanted us to come up for a bit of Scotch (quite a treat these days it is so expensive, so I went back to get Pete and found that Sir Norman had just arrived, so up I went to Ferns to say we couldn't come. In the mean time I had met Lila who asked if they could bring a newly wed couple down that evening to see the house, (the man has a log house near Kamloops) I told her about not finding Mom, at the time not knowing about Sir Norman. So at 6.30 Mom appeared for supper, but as she had to be at church at 7 she didn't stay as I hadn't supper ready.

We three, Pete Watson and I were busy eating cold turkey turnips and left overs, when Lila came to see if they could also bring three R.A.F. students who had just come in. We said of course. We had just started our mince pie when John and Jean Knox called and Mildred. They all had pie and weak tea (luckily) and we had just finished and moved into the other room, when Cam and Lila and the newly weds and

three R.A.F. boys appeared. Mildred had gone home to look at fires and the Knoxes had to go too as they were off somewhere else, but there were still about all we could seat comfortably around our fire. They boys were very interested in the Indian things in the cold part of the room and then Mrs Simpson arrived. So you can see we had a rather busy evening. Sir Norman was very amusing and we all had an interesting time especially when they got talking about the various planes. We gave them Apple cider, which is really juice and cake, it was all we could offer and they all had a couple of glasses so guess they liked it. It was quite an evening and this morning it was eleven when we finished the dishes, tea, supper and glasses !

Guess this is a letter.

Loads of love and a happy New year !

Catharine

No time to read over -

Banff, Alberta.

Thursday, Dec. 31, 1942

Dearest Mother,

I don't know whether or not I told you that we were asked to show our slides one evening partly for the people here for over Christmas. Last year you may remember that we showed them over at the Mount Royal and had quite a crowd, in fact some didn't see very well it was so crowded. We always said that never again would we show ours with others showing theirs for it isn't very satisfactory, they never seem to fit in well. Anyway this time the idea was to have only the very best slides of Agnes Hammonds, Gladys Atkins and Peters. Then it was thought it would be interesting to have some of Col. Moore's old fashioned hand colored ones first. George Noble didn't want to show any or another boy in Banff but we couldn't very well refuse. At first they wanted to mix them all up (the Kodachromes) but we said we didn't think that was a very good idea. After all you put a lot of work into taking the best you can and there is no reason to have people think that someone else took them. We finally decided to have each one show 15 minutes of pictures, and then it seemed best to look them over together which we did the night that Col. Moore and Agnes came down to the house. Mrs Mack couldn't come, though the idea had been hers. and we couldn't get the Auditorium as they have no heat during the school vacation, so the church vestry seemed the best. Gladys was up at Temple and hadn't time enough to look out her best slides so just sent down a couple of boxes and they were more or less the same subject and not extra good, so in the end Agnes had to go up and look out some she thought better. Agnes were all of the ranch and also similar so then they suggested we show more. I don't think any one realizes the time involved getting a group together, for they are hard to sort. Had we shown them all we could have done it in a couple of hours, but this took longer. Col Moore shows one every 30 seconds but we found that 15 seconds was about all we needed. Of course he has a beautiful written talk to go with his and you can look longer while listening to someone talk.

Agnes came down Monday afternoon and we worked on arranging hers and Gladys's and then Wednesday afternoon I spent cleaning them all and getting them the right way up. It went off very well and we made \$17.50 for the fund to send parcels and cigarettes to the boys from Banff who are overseas. There weren't many outsiders there. The Websters came and I hope they enjoyed it, they said they did but maybe they thought they ought to come. However I think its being held in a church put some off a bit and I believe some one at the hotel had a party too. However the Banff people liked them.

Yours and Mildred's letters about Christmas came to-day, and it was nice to hear all about it in detail, what a time she had with her bag but how fortunate she was to be able to find the person who had it. Remember when mine fell out of the car on the way to Worcester when Ebbs graduated? It sounded as if Christmas though quiet was very nice, and probably easier to recover from than the excitement of all the children. I didn't realize it was the first Christmas Russ had been away. We have been in Jamaica, Hawaii and on the freighter, always in warm climates.

It is Red Cross this afternoon and as the stores are to be closed on Saturday as well as to-morrow and Monday, I must get a few groceries. We have an extra turkey, smaller than the Christmas one so

so will cook that to-morrow.

Eddy and his wife came over the other night, Monday I think it was, no guess it was Tuesday. They seemed to like the house and all the things, but I rather think that it is quite a strain for them all here, there are so many things to look after and passports and all the rest for the children and Christmas and New years is a bad season here to do business.

Loads of love to you all and my love and sympathy to Mrs Harlow.

Catherine .

Happy New Year !.