

Vancouver, B.C.

Monday, Aug 2, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

To think that it is August already - the summer will be gone before we know it. An airmail from you this morning with the recipes for Marmalade & Grape Jelly. I expect you mentioned your hands in a letter sent regular mail for I haven't heard the trouble but glad to know they are better.

We had a nice weekend. Saturday we got out to Lynn Valley before three, picked raspberries & Dorothy made pies & cookies & cooked a roast & baked Danish Scones & cooked peas. After supper & the dishes were washed up we just talked & chatted. It's the kind of place one feels very much at home in. Mrs. White rolled off the bed over a week ago & it made her stump ache at a bit. So she hasn't felt as strong, but Dorothy thought she pegged up a good deal over the weekend. I thought she seemed very bright. She certainly did her daily cross word puzzle quite easily. I took her two cross word magazines & she worked on those too. She also enjoys the radio programs, could answer all the questions on one, names of songs being played. She knits those big seaman's socks & does a lot. She is so interested in things & doesn't seem 85 at all.



Yesterday was a beautiful day. not  
humid but hot in the sun. a nice airy  
breeze. Dorothy picked up Loganberries &  
Raspberries. & pint jars. In the afternoon  
we went for a two hour walk. up the road  
to a public picnic ground near a bridge  
over a deep canyon. There were a few  
cars but most people must have come  
by street car. They were very quiet  
people picnicing. The bridge was too  
much for me. Its swinging & jolting  
when people walk across. especially little  
boys who run. It makes one feel a  
bit sea sick. & especially being hundreds  
of feet above the creek.

We walked round a new road. just  
gravel. & only two cars went by. It was  
lovely in the woods. The trees were so  
tall & the under brush pretty. We were on  
the lookout for blue berries & wild black  
berries. We eventually found enough  
black berries for supper. They are delicious  
& very sweet when ripe. but very few  
& far between. However it was fine &  
we seemed miles from anywhere. It  
was a pleasant weekend.

To-day looks rainy. perhaps because  
Dorothy & I are going to the Student Prince  
to-night. at least we plan to go if it doesn't  
storm. It is an open air theater in  
Stanley Park. called "Theater under the  
Stars" They have a Symphony Sunday

Mr  
Mr  
Mr



afternoon & Operettas on week day evenings  
but this is the last. They had said the first  
two nights so this is to make up. She will  
spend the night with me. Pete just  
called up & said he may be in tomorrow  
night instead of Wednesday. so that will  
be nice.

I have eaten up the last left over  
and now must go to the Red Cross. They  
stop at four so people can get home before  
the rush so it gives me about 2 1/2 hours.  
Will write more I hope next letter.

Loads of love

Catharine.

7.5. Georgia St runs across Granville. we  
are 2 blocks west of Granville towards  
Stanley park. That is we are in the 2nd  
block. Lynn Valley is beyond North  
Vancouver.



4041 Denbigh  
Vancouver B.C.  
Wed. Aug. 3 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I'm enclosing a couple of cards to give you a better idea of the city, and with the map you have you can figure it out. Frances & I have lived near Shaanessy. I think in the Crescent. It is on a hill really where the title of the card is & over looks the city, harbor & mountains beyond. It was just off Granville after it crosses False Creek & goes up the hill. Pete is out near the Municipal Airport! Beyond Marpole.

Pete came in last night as he had one day less of Rudy Watch which was nice. They are changing the system among them. He will get tomorrow & the next day off as his 48. But then it will be two weeks from Saturday before he gets his next one. He will have Rudy watch again a week from Sat.

The Student Prince was very good and we enjoyed it. Dorothy spent the night here with me. We had dinner down stairs. took a street car to Stanley Park. The concert or rather opera was out doors. The loveliest setting with beautiful tall trees all around. a sort of bowl or stage similar to the one on the esplanade in Boston. The music is so pretty & they sang well. But it did seem of such another day & age.



We slept until after eight as Dorothy doesn't have to get to work until after nine. Then I washed up & the maids came in so I was a little delayed getting ready to go out when Myrtle Brewster called. She is the wife of Jack Brewster of Jasper Park & they are the ones who ran the place we stayed in at the Columbia Icefields. I made her coffee & we chatted away until first thing I knew Pete had telephoned at 12.30. We had lunch together & then I had my shopping to do when I knew definitely that Pete would be in. It took me all afternoon to do errands so the day slipped by without my getting much done. It was dull out last evening & looks like rain to-day so we didn't go out.

Now this morning it is almost eight and I have washed the dishes, made the bed, straightened the room, & washed out slip, panties, gloves, stockings etc. I like this early rising it makes one feel very smart. I shall go out soon as the stores are mostly closed all day & only a few opened in the morning. This afternoon the Red Cross again. I won't be going again this week.

More nice letters from you yesterday about the Watkins being there & more warm weather. Glad you all had a



nicer rest. I know the children are no trouble & good as gold but it does add to the planning & is confusing some times. Had you had such a good cook sooner it would have been easier.

Thanks for the recipes. My marmalade came out very well & I think I will try it again. Seems easier to me than the several night kind.

Don't get discouraged about the war news. I think the saying <sup>is</sup> the news is never as good or as bad as it sounds at the time of its happening. At very times of the headlines & news commentators they get so excited over a victory & forget its rather local often. The best way I think is to look at your globe & see how far the Allies have to go. Sicily is pretty big & very hilly in part & hard going. & every thing has to be brought in the way of material, ammunition etc. That alone is some job. In the war with Japan you can see how far they have progressed in comparison with the distance they must go. I doubt if they will attempt to beat Japan from Australia, it would take too long. Island by island. I think what the Admiral meant when he said it would take until 1949 to beat Japan. was if they went at the rate they are going from Australia. If they can lift at Japan from China, Russia or North it will be a different story.



Must write a couple of business letters  
- so no more to you now.

Loads of love & we do enjoy your  
letters so much.

Catharine.



Saturday  
Aug. 7, 1943.

Dearest Mother.

This is the day of Dorothy's mother's birthday. She is 85 and I am to go out to Lynn Valley to the birthday party this afternoon. Of course it would rain. But maybe it will clear by afternoon. I hope so for we have quite a bit to carry out and with an umbrella it's not as easy.

Pete's "48" was as short as usual. We didn't do a great deal. Wednesday evening he got home soon after six and as I wait until he comes before preparing supper. I was first fixing radishes & onions when he glanced out & said "There's Nicholas". I told him Florrie Curry (a C.P.R. telegraphist) had said he was coming out, so in a few minutes Pete saw him & his wife come out of the hotel & walk along Georgia. Pete called "Nick" out of the window & they looked up. I recognized me first leaning out of the kitchen window. We ended by having supper together downstairs. (That's the 3rd time I've gotten fresh corn and we have ended by eating somewhere else.) They came up stairs after dinner & we spent the evening together. He is one of the best photographers in Canada. worked ~~on the~~ for the C.P.R. for several years & went on



(25 33 years old)

the Trail Hikes, but the last 3 years has been loaned to the Government & is working now for the National Film Board. He has taken many of the pictures of flying in Alaska. Conways etc. mostly Canada's war effort. His wife also takes pictures. They wanted to see the Kodachromes & the sketches & in the end we spent quite an evening. Coffee at the Georgia about eleven & then up to their room to see his outfit. He has had trunks & cases made to carry all his cameras & lenses. I think he has four or five cameras & she has two. Then he has two enlargers & all the developing tanks trays etc. Everything gets into its place & is planned so he can carry everything about with him. & does his developing & printing as he goes along. It was after midnight when we got to bed. but it was most interesting for Pete with all he has learned in the Air Force. Nick is terribly amusing & doesn't care what he says. so lots of people don't know what to make of him.

Thursday it rained hard all morning but was only cloudy in the afternoon. We went to see the Navy Show at Spenceys store. Its been exhibited across Canada. all sorts of guns, torpedoes. Life rafts etc. Very interesting. Louis Trano. the son



of Mr. Trono (who ~~lost~~ is the painter and general helper at the store now) is a Trombone player in the Navy Band. He's a wonderful band & has been here all week. Parades every day & plays during the show. We spoke to John & he told us of Alie Gump also of Bauff. being there (he was out first then) & Charlie Wicket who used to help Fred Ambuster, works now as a photographer at Spencers. So we did see him.

We went to a movie that evening & saw Henry Aldrich. rather amusing.

Yesterday was lovely and beautiful. Sunday we did shopping & errands in the morning after getting up late. & then just after lunch there were fire engines screaming & they stopped at the Georgia Hotel right next door. We with most other guests being at the windows. When we saw ~~the~~ crowd gathering & looking up at the other side of the building we became pretty interested. I looked out into our hall & as our fire escape is opposite the hallway & fire escape at the Georgia we could see the fire man run down & then a whole lot of women following. I called Pete & we were rather amused. They were evidently in the Georgian Club & the fire man came dashing ~~out~~ & told them all to ~~go~~ leave at once & they understood by the fire escape. It's not easy to walk down but they kept on all the way. Most people in the Georgia leaned out the windows as we did.



Pete told them to take it slowly & he was much amused when one lady looked at her white gloves & said: "My this fire escape is dirty" as if the Georgia Hotel should at least keep it dusted.

We didn't wait longer but went out to the street to see more. It was a bed on fire in one of the rooms. Hurit out the room & filled the whole top floor with smoke. Lots of fire engines gathered & we had quite a social time. Saw one Bauff lady drive by. Spoke to Mrs Worcester who spends the winter in Bauff with her children while her husband is in China. & then saw Mickey Walsh who used to work at the store.

Later we went out to the Air Port & watched a few planes come & go. & I saw where Pete lived & worked. About half a mile from where we were.

Last evening we saw the Monarchs again but late, at 10.30. Midnight again when we got to bed but we are caught up on our sleep which is some thing.

Rain or not I must go shopping. It's just paining. I was so sorry to hear about Hanna being ill. She wrote me from the hospital when she returned the letter. Hope she is better now.

Loads of love  
Catharine.



Hotel Devonshire  
Vancouver, B.C.  
Sunday, Aug 8, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Again we are having nice weather and its beautiful today. I'm doing all sorts of odd things as there are not apt to be many interruptions. This morning we had an hour extra sleep so it was after six when we got up. I made some marmalade my way & it takes just about three hours altogether. This time I used two Oranges & one lemon &  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water. Boiled the fruit whole & then cut it up (after it had boiled 1 hour & cooled  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour) then added  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sugar having an equal amount of fruit. Then I boiled it another hour altogether, but after getting it into 7 glasses it seemed too runny so boiled it an extra 15 minutes & it looks about right. Got only 3 glasses the second time. It doesn't seem possible one whole jar would boil away in 15 minutes.

I also put stuff on my hair & mended some clothes & now I have dozens of letters to write so mustn't write too much to you.



had quite a day yesterday. Spent a while getting a birthday present of 2 cups & saucers for Dorothy's mother. Had coffee with Flossie Cyrie. & then had my lunch at 11:30 & only time afterwards to do the weekend shopping. It was raining off and on all morning to when Dorothy & I went for the car to the ferry it was pouring. The kind of storm that bounces up from the pavement. From the street car to the ferry it was pouring down so (we had the equivalent of 2 blocks to walk). That we got soaked from the knees down. My paper bag to carry things in, broke open & was so damp. But others were more soaked than we were. It was one of those clearing up showers. The clouds began lifting as we crossed the harbour. Suddenly the others coming to tea came on a later boat or they would have gotten soaked too. We had umbrellas but they weren't much help.

Monday. I'm trying to defrost the refrigerator not too successfully. To continue about the birthday party. Dorothy had every thing made for her. a mixture of the fanciest sandwiches you ever saw at the Hudson Bay. rolls & layers. they were delicious. She also had lots of little cakes that were good too. We got every thing set & the others arrived about two or a



little after. We all had to leave before five  
as it takes at least an hour to get back  
here & many had further to go. There  
were about twelve. Three of them, no four  
who I had met that Sunday before &  
all except Flossie & her friend, from the  
Yakon. It was a very nice party &  
they did enjoy the tea.

Pete expects to be here another two weeks,  
and until then when the Flight Sergeant  
returns from his leave, he won't know  
whether he is to stay here longer or go to  
Victoria. I shall expect to move about every  
month or so & try not to collect too many  
things.

Will write a postal to Jean in this  
letter. Hope Hanna is alright. What a  
time she must have had.

Loads of love

Catharine.





## Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.  
CANADA

Tuesday -  
August 10, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Just a note to tell you we are moving to-morrow, back to the Sussex Hotel, Douglas St. Victoria B.C. We hope we can get a room for every thing is jammed.

It was funny for Pete was posted here for "5 weeks temporary duties" then last week he was told the man who's place he was sort of filling would be away another month & it looked as if he would be here until September. However the man appeared unexpectedly the other day and left on leave & told Pete he would be here definitely two weeks.



longer. that was Sunday. yesterday  
Pete was told that he was to report  
back to Pat Bay & then be posted up  
island at what is known as a  
"bush" station. He didn't dare believe  
it after so many things have been  
told him. but leave on the morning  
boat tomorrow. Its a five hour sail  
to Victoria. after he has reported  
to Pat Bay we will know better  
what to expect.

A "bush" station is one that  
is miles from any where but the  
larger ones weves can go along too  
so we are hoping for the best. He  
has been told so many different  
things that it is hard to know  
what to expect. It most likely  
will rain a lot but when the  
sun does shine he should have  
good views of the sunset. Some  
days hate to be away from the  
movies & street lights. but I  
think it would be fun.





## Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.  
CANADA

To night Dorothy Whiffle is going with us to the Russian Ballet. from New York. We were going to. tomorrow but luckily got the tickets changed to better seats I think.

One thing about moving around it means extra time off! Pete got in at four yesterday & doesn't have to report at Port Bay until Thurs.

Will write from Victoria. We are in the throes of packing.

Loads of love

Catharine



Hotel Sussex  
Victoria, B.C.  
Thurs, Aug 12, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

We are back in Victoria, coming over on the day boat yesterday. It's nice to be back and it feels like coming home. Vancouver is a nice city but this is much pleasanter we think more leisurely & has no city feeling about it. There are very few cars on the streets & no one seems in a hurry. The air is much better to. Vancouver is apt to be dirty from soot. To-day is lovely, clear blue sky & fresh air. We are near the open sea in Victoria whereas Vancouver is closer to mountains.

Pete has gone out to Port Bay to report & then will telephone this noon if he knows where he is to go & when. So there isn't much use my starting to do anything this morning. It was rather amusing Pete being sent back so suddenly when they had told him the day before he was to stay at least two weeks more. However I rather like the moving for he gets an extra day or two each time. The day he heard. ~~Two~~ Monday, he finished getting his clearance & was in town two hours earlier than usual. He didn't have to report <sup>here</sup> until Thurs. midnight. Tuesday he went out to Sea Island to get one more piece of baggage & say good-bye to the boys & was back in for lunch when we practically cleaned out the refrigerator. I managed to change the tickets for the Russian Ballet & Dorothy Dwyer went with us. It is a large theater and very



nice one where they also hold concerts. I tried  
to think when I was last at the theater and  
do you know I couldn't remember. It was  
before the war anyway. The last visits east  
have been in the spring & summer. We  
enjoyed it tremendously & the audience was  
very enthusiastic. They gave "Les Sylphides"  
first. I believe it's called a Classical Ballet -  
the one where they are all in white & no plot  
to it, very lovely. Then the "Gala Performance"  
& after that "Helen of Troy" I'll enclose parts of  
the program & you may remember them. Dorothy  
had never seen a real ballet before & thought  
the way the ensemble took certain poses which  
they held while the other danced was almost  
lovelier than the soloists. "Gala Performance" is  
where the three ballerinas each try to out do the  
other, & very amusing. So is "Helen of Troy".  
We had milk shakes afterwards & again it was  
midnight when we got to bed. The night before  
Nick Morant had called us up about 10.30 to  
go have coffee with him. Called me & Pete was  
dressed which he really wasn't for we were  
on our way to bed. But he dressed & out we  
went, again talking until nearly twelve.  
We have never drunk so much coffee. Stayed  
up so late & gotten up so early & felt the  
effects so little. However last night we were  
in bed soon after ten & not up until eight.

Yesterday we managed to get everything  
into our suitcases. I had sent one parcel of  
magazines ahead & papers. Had we expected  
to move we could have gotten rid of a lot.  
I sent a book about Norway published in  
England to Anne. Now is she?



Dorothy came in at nine & took a shopping bag full of food with her. Onions, like vinegar salt, mustard, Baking soda (to clean the ice box) bread etc. It helped to make up for all I ate at her house. & she was glad to have it. We had 12 pieces of baggage, more than when we went round the world! When seven was all I think. Next time I won't have the projector & slides & we have a little radio in a box that takes up room, or rather makes one more piece. Pete has two big duffle bags, more clothes than he ever had, Two winter outfits with a great coat, & two summer uniforms, then his work clothes, boots, running shoes, rain coats & all his equipment, respirator & tin hat & goodness knows what. He has a blanket roll too & a small fit bag. Then we have the tin suit case of paint just in case we have a chance to use it. As a matter of fact I had planned to start working Monday but had so many notes & things to see to I didn't. Otherwise I should have had all the paint squeezed out & wasted.

The boat was crowded coming over. It was overcast & looked like rain any minute when we sailed. But after lunch it cleared & was the most beautiful afternoon. We sailed at 10.30 & were here at 3.45. Luckily we were to reserve a room. For the man here met us with a car & told us we got the only room they had vacant. It helps when you have stayed in a place before & are known.

We looked up Bobby Hunter (Pete's doctor friend) the waitress here telling us he was back from vacation - & as he is "backing" while



Cynthia is at their summer cottage on an island in Shawanigan Lake with the children. We planned to have supper together. First going out to his house while he mowed the water about the garden. He had a drink first & a friend came in. Arthur Pitt. & it ended by all of us coming back for supper here at the Dunes. Mr Pitt was on a submarine in the last war & they put in at Newport R.I. & he told me about seeing the Zigfield Pollies in Boston & staying at the Tarraine & how wonderful it seemed after months & months at sea. He said people on the street car all stared at them not being used to seeing British uniforms.

It is after lunch now & Pete telephoned he would leave a 48" maybe Saturday & Sunday & then would leave Tuesday for a Station on Vancouver Island (I expect) though I won't know until he comes in to night. I probably won't be able to join him until later & he finds a place for me to live. Will write you as soon as we know any more about it.

Loads of love  
Catharine



Sussex Apartment Hotel.  
Victoria, B.C.  
Monday, August 16, 1943.

Dearest Mother

I don't know that this is going to work very well. But I'm sitting in the sun in Beacon Hill Park trying to get a little tan & write to you at the same time. The whole trouble is there is a strong wind blowing & my hair is flying about. It's cold enough to need a coat but is clear as a bell. So far this summer I've had so little sun. Living in a city is hard to get much sun. However soon we should be getting more of the wind & the weather.   
✓ Pete is to be posted (that is if they don't change their minds) to a place named Tojino. It's near the coast and some people there as they say it rains 365 days of the year. However I can't believe it's that bad, but I guess it will rain a lot. Others say it's one of the nicest so called "Beach Stations" & that there are places so wives can go. Others say the best way is to build your own shack. so if you get a shack someone else has built or one you built yourself it's not apt to be very pretentious. However it will be a new experience and if it's pretty rustic it will make better stories afterwards. There is supposed to be a wonderful beach near there, one of the best on the coast. Best in what way we don't know except that there is gold in the earth sand, abouts and one might do a bit of placer mining. I can see we will be busy in our off time, for one could shine for gold (a what - ever it's called) rain or shine.

Pete may go anyday but I shall stay a week or more here until he finds a place for me to stay. & also in case there are things like



bedding we might need, as we have no little  
X idea until he gets there what to expect.

We had a rather quiet weekend. Pete doesn't  
like to do anything special on his "48's" & being over  
a weekend the street cars etc are apt to be crowded.  
We spent most of the time running into friends.

Friday night as we were having supper...  
Connie Westinghouse & a friend came in & joined  
us. She & her husband spent several summers &  
winters in Bauff. Her husband Aubrey had his  
own plane, but now is in the R.C.A.F. & in North  
Africa. He has a brother attached to the R.A.F. &  
one in the R.A.F. & though they all joined at  
different times & I believe are all doing different  
things in the Air Force, they all turned up in  
Cairo at the same time & have been together. a  
queer world. The friend's husband is in the navy  
& she is running their dairy & delivering milk  
every morning. She hardly looked the type being  
slight & not too strong. But guess she is very  
capable.

We usually have a walk around in the  
evenings when the sun sets & as we watched a  
lawn bowling tournament Mary Campbell & her  
sister Jean Lefer (I think that's it) came by on their  
bicycles. Mary used to work in the woolen shop  
in the Bauff Springs Hotel, every summer. She was  
born here & they are one of the old families. Her  
sister we had never met before. Her husband was  
in command of the "Restigouche" which was  
decorated with the D.B.F. by the King for his part in  
rescuing men off the "Traser" (again I'm not sure of  
the name) when it was sunk off France  
taking men away at the time of Dunkirk  
I believe.



We chatted quite a while & ended by accepting their invitation to tea Sunday afternoon while standing talking to them a day from. Bauff walked by & we also spoke to him a bit. He lives here now.

Saturday we shopped all morning, trying to find a small padlock & a few things like that. Also Pete had clothes to be pressed & they do them while you wait. Other wise you are not sure of getting them. We ran into Sergeant Casky, now a Warant officer but the one who taught the Company of the Reserve Army in Bauff all their drill. Pete was awfully glad to see him, so we went & had coffee together. I had to converse with his friend who was so broad Scotch I could only catch a few words & make wild guesses what he was saying. He works in Vancouver & came over to show Sgt Casky Victoria.

In the afternoon, after running into Bobly Hunter & having lunch with him, we went out on a bus to the Gorge, an inlet where the water runs in at high tide, a lovely park etc. We decided to try & get a glass of beer, none being sold in Victoria, only three or 5 miles out. Such a crowd & babel of voices you never heard but we managed to get at a table with a nice young couple on a motor cycle trip. They were originally from Jasper & knew lots of people we did, now he works in Vancouver. So we had rather a nice time.

In the evening we went for quite a long walk. It had been a hot day & so a warm evening. We also had a look at the boat I may go up the coast in when I join Pete. Its not large but old & sturdy looking.



Sunday we straightened things out after sleeping late. Pete marked all his clothes with a new stamp he got, & also wrote you. In the afternoon we went out to see the Armstrongs & sat in their garden for an hour or so & then walked about half a mile to the Campbells. We had tea in their lovely garden back of the house & kept an eye on the husky 14 month old grand-son. It was late when we finally got away. I'm afraid after seven.

Today I did some washing, socks & stockings, did a number of errands, got the padlock by Charles, etc. Bobby Hunter had lunch when I did, which was nice & when I was eating breakfast Nora Campbell who is a nurse in the Navy walked by & spotted me thru the window. She is coming for supper. She was going home to bed being on night duty. She is the one who was in Bangor last winter on leave.

Now I must go back as it's nearly five. will mail this on the way.

Your letters come regularly. so sorry to hear about Mrs. Mott.

Loads of love

Catharine

P.S. I just thought, no mosquitoes here, & no screens on the windows, rather nice.

Love for Mrs. Mott



Sussex Hotel  
Victoria, B.C.  
Thursday, Aug.19, 1938

Dearest Mother,

Once more I can type my letters to you and so write you more in a shorter time. There are lots of lovely letters from you to be answered, and it looks as if I might have plenty of time to do it in for Pete left this morning.

He has been posted to a place called Tofino and as yet we know very little about it. It is practically due west of Vancouver on Vancouver Island ( one forgets that Victoria is really south of Vancouver ) One takes a train to Port Alberni and I guess a boat after that. It is a small place we imagine, We have heard all sorts of different opinions, one person will say to Pete " My you are lucky, it is one of the nicest places to be sent on the coast " and the next person will say. " You poor thing, why it rains every day of the year." It just <sup>depends</sup> ~~can~~ depends whether you like to be near street ~~amusements~~ movies, and other excitements of city life or off in the country. We prefer the country so we hope I can go too. They say wives can go if they can find accomodation, so we are hoping for the best. Pete will have a look around as soon as he can and I will wait here until he sends for me. If he can't find anything at all, I shall wait until he ~~he~~ gets his first 48, and then go back to Banff, as he hopes to get leave the first of October which we will be spending in Banff.

You can just continue thinking of me as being here in Victoria, for that most likely is where I will be for a while yet. Pete's address will be - R222178 A.C.1 Whyte, P. Photo Section, R.C.A.F. Tofino. Vancouver Island, British Columbia. If I go I will send you my address.

Tuesday night we had a very nice time, Nora Cornwall who is a nurse in the Navy had dinner with us and then we went out to her mothers in the evening to meet the family. Her sister has just been married. It seems that two years ago people were asked to take people in to their houses if they had extra room and they took an officer who had just come from 16 years with the Chinese Customs in China. He left before Pearly Harbor ~~back~~ to join the Canadian Navy but lost everything in Hongkong, friends home etc. He evidently wasn't well either and very nervous.



They are a wonderful family and I guess gave him a good home, and now he has married the daughter. His first wife died when his youngest son was born and just recently the two boys, 7 and 14 have arrived from England, no its 11 and 14, for the boys have been in boarding school for 6 years. They are the nicest boys, very well mannered and so interested in everything and seem to be crazy about Canada and their new family. To-night I am going out to help eat Salmon caught near by and show them the Kodachromes. They live in Oak Bay.

The children will be with you again and it will be so much nicer now that you have such a good cook. I wonder if Mrs Armstrong is very ill again that Kitty couldn't bring them up from Washington. Such a shame about Hanna, do you know how she is ? and has she all the care and everything she needs ? I will send them cards now that I know they are with you again.

By the way the Cross word puzzle book arrived yesterday and the New Yorker, I have turned the wrapping paper inside out and will mail it soon to Mrs Whyte. I am sure she will enjoy it.

I am glad that Mrs Motte is better and that the Boston Doctor could help her and how is Miss Barret?

Now to answer some of your letters.

Do you really remember many very beautiful buildings in Naples ? I don't, to me the setting was the thing that made it a beautiful city and anyhow it is usually the stations and docks and factories that they bomb and destroy. Just because the Germans went deliberately and bombed places like Bath and Canterbury where there were beautiful and historic buildings that doesn't mean that the Allies bomb that way. In Rome they hit only one church out of several hundred, and don't forget that though they have bombed Cologne so heavily the Cathedral still stands and it is right beside the main Railroad station. Maybe the Italian cities will be built up better than ever afterwards. Venice and Florence would be greater losses if bombed. It does seem awfull though to think of the great destruction in Europe but perhaps it will mean that people who creat things now-a-days will be given a chance, so many make a fuss over things just because they are old.

They never said in the newspaper how hot it got in Vancouver, and then later it did have the hottest in July was 79°, so it must have been the humidity that made it seem warm.



I see that you are going to be allowed pleasure driving in September, so that will be a great help where the New England conscience is so strong. We are to be allowed a third more coffee next month, so that is nice.

This afternoon I must look over the slides as I got them pretty mixed up last time we showed them.

It was rainy yesterday, not a hard rain more of a mixt, but to-day is lovely which is nice for Pete so he can enjoy the train trip more.

Guess Mildred will be with you, give her my love if she is there or if you are writing.

Tell Jean that I will be writing here soon, I have more letters than ever to get off and must do some of them first.

Loads of love to all.

Catherine

P.S. Pete hasn't flown yet.



Surrey Hotel  
Victoria B.C.  
Sunday Aug 21, 1943.

Dearest Mother. I intended writing you such a nice long letter today but ran into Nora Cornwall again at breakfast & she has asked me out to her house this evening. sort of high tea at 5.30. and then a few minutes ago Pete's aunt called up to say they were driving out to Mitchosin, a town about 15 miles from here & would I like to go along. They say they will be back by five leaving at one. Uncle Sam is on the Rental Control Board in Victoria & has to inspect houses to see if the rent charged will be fair - and naturally gets extra gas. So Aunt Margaret goes along for the outing. I shall need an early lunch having had a late breakfast so there isn't much time to write you in.

I have been trying to straighten things out a bit. seems to me I'm always doing that, wrote one difficult letter which took most of Friday. & last night I sort of figured out the letters I would write to-day, and now won't be doing any of them.

Haven't heard from Pete yet, but didn't expect to. It takes two days to go there from here & so four days till I could possibly get a letter & with no trains on Sunday it most likely will be Tuesday before I hear. Unless of course he wires. He won't wire



until he finds a place for me. and that  
may take time. I'm in sort of a quandary  
as Mr Edwards is in Vancouver. The man  
he is to see here is ill & so he won't be coming  
over until the end of this coming week. So  
if Pete wants me to come soon I shall have  
to rush over to Vancouver first. guess it will  
all work out for the best.

I had a fine time the night <sup>after</sup> Pete left  
when I went out to the Cornwalls for supper.  
and showed them the slides. The husband  
& father of the boys was there. They ate in the  
dining room as they have been together  
so little as a family, and Nora, her mother  
& I in the breakfast room. The boys are 14  
& 16, but the littlest one rather short for his  
age. (I never can tell children's ages) Mrs  
Cornwall said that day they hadn't much  
to do & so decided to wash their clothes &  
had a grand time doing their laundry  
in the basement. She also added that all  
the men in her family had been brought  
up to do their own laundry, ironing & all.  
Her husband is now up at Fort Norman  
as he has many interests in the north.  
They are all pioneer families. Her  
mother who died at 86 a few years ago.  
married at 17 a man she had known  
only two days for the marriage had been  
arranged & then sailed around the Horn



with him to the Pacific Coast. That must  
have taken carriage.

I will tell you more later if I get  
my lunch quick enough. - No room  
so am back up stairs.

A friend of Nora's a "Seaboard Attendant"  
in the Navy (an orderly in the Hospital) was  
there too & when I said I came from Concord  
Mass. he said he knew where it was for he used  
to work in a lumber mill at Port Moody near  
Vancouver, & all the short lengths of cedar that  
couldn't be used here were shipped east to New  
England for clapboards evidently. & he used to  
have to figure out the shipping so a car could be  
dropped off here & there in various towns & all  
on different railways. A man in Worcester  
supplied places like Concord. But the cargo  
would be shipped right to Concord, or Lincoln  
or wherever it was. Wasn't that funny. I  
to think of sending it all that way.

Will try again in the dining room.  
One nearly always waits, a half hour for a  
table, ten minutes or so for a seat at the  
counter. Few places are open on Sundays  
so this is crowded.

Loads of love

Catharine

Give my love to Gale & Robin & tell them  
I have a postcard to send them soon.



Sussex Hotel,  
Victoria. B.C.  
Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1938

Dearest Mother,

I am getting so mixed up what I tell you and what I tell Pete, so forgive me if I repeat myself.

Pete's first letter came this morning, the mails are apt to be rather slow from there I guess. He had a good trip up, all day from 10 until nearly six on the train, but a nice hotel to spend the night in at Port Albernie, then a half day boat trip in the pouring rain, he said it was very interesting and the mountains rising out of the sea were mysterious in the clouds, most passengers were sea sick towards the end when they neared the open sea but he wasn't, and then he got a ride the rest of the way. It takes two days to get there and you probably could fly in a couple of hours! He hasn't written what the place is like and maybe is not allowed to. However he did say that two of the boys who were at the Manning Depot in Edmonton with him were stationed there too, one was a lad he was with right from the beginning so they seemed glad to see him. He also met a baggage man who used to be in Banff, is now at Nanaimo with the C.P.R. One thing about coming from Banff you invariably run into people you knew before. Of course Canada is a small country in regards to population. He also was to go and see a place I might be able to stay in, so I shall just have to be patient and wait.

Mr Edwards telephoned from Vancouver this noon and will be here Thursday so I shall see him then about my will, there were a couple of changes to be made. I am glad he is coming soon for then I am free to leave at a moment's notice.

Did I tell you about the nice day I had Sunday? Pete's Aunt and Uncle took me out to Metchosin a town near here, about 17 miles. and it was a lovely afternoon and a nice drive, no traffic now-a-days, He had to inspect a house for the rental control. Then Norah Cornwall and I had supper together and went out to her family's for a little while, coming home at nine. Last night I met them at five, had a bite to eat and Norah and Barry, the eldest boy, and I went to the Army Navy baseball game. It was a really good game as the *play*



were professional before they joined the navy and Army and as the Navy won we were pleased. It was such a pretty setting, a green field, (how they keep the grass so green I don't know) and lovely blue hills in the distance, the sun set before it was over, a very orderly crowd, mostly clapped in the English manner though there was a bit of yelling too. I might go to one tomorrow night if they go too.

To-day I went up to the park and sat in the sun again, had I stayed in the rose garden I might have written more letters but I heard the target practise and couldn't resist going up to see more, It was fun to watch, the planes tow the targets and the anti air craft do the shooting.

And now to answer some of your letters. So glad that Robin wasn't really sick and they are with you, maybe it was excitement that caused his temperature, I wondered why Kitty didn't bring them in the first place, or find some one in Washington to bring them up, You are too good to do all the planning and finding people to do things like that. But of course you always see that things are done and so it seems natural to ask you to do them. I do hope that Hanne recovers soon, the last letter I thought sounded more encouraging and that in time she would be O.K. I do hope so for seems to me she is unusually good with the children. How soon do you expect Cousin Jane to be with you? It was nice that she and Mildred could be there together.

I was awfully sorry you had to have your back go out just when you were getting rested but lucky it didn't happen when Russell was home. How about sending the New Yorkers to Pete, His address-

R 222178 A.C.I. Whyte, P.

Photo Section.

R.C.A.F.

Tofino.

British Columbia.

Canada.

I hope to be with him shortly and he is apt to be there for some time, maybe months, except for two weeks leave. The other boys could enjoy them too.

The photograph was a joke, I was walking up the street and thought they never snapped single people, but when the girl did and then handed me a card I thought I would just see what it looked like. They do the roll of tiny film and then enlarge it if you want it. One goes to the address on the card next day and the number shows the roll of film your picture is on, so it is easy to find. You don't have to get one even after looking at it. took a week to have it enlarged.

I think I told you the puzzle book came and I have sent it over.



So Far there has been no extra charge to send the New Yorker. In fact I used one of the envelopes to send some papers back to Banff in, just re-addressed it, and the girl wasn't going to charge me any more postage. I was honest though!

Tofino is a little north of Ucluelet which is on the sea I think at the end of the Alberni Canal. You will find Alberni where Vancouver <sup>Island</sup> is almost divided in two by water. They have stations all up and down the coast as a safeguard against the Japanese bombing or landing, but with each month it gets more unlikely that Japs will appear. Just look at the Globe in the library and you will see how far we are from any Japs. They have to have a photographer at every station, one or two anyway. It is not that we will be so far away it is just that so much of Vancouver Island is inaccessible.

I am sure my heart is alright and after all the doctors are in the Services so there are apt to be plenty up there. Seems to me Doctor Péper checked me over pretty thoroughly. You ask him how I am.

I will send Russells letter back after I have shown it to Pete. What a nice letter to Uncle Marshall, and how nice for Kim to feel that some one lives there who really loves the place.

I enclose (Or send in a separate envelope) an editorial from a Victoria paper, Miss Cooks and Kitty's letters. a postcard of the Sussex. Our room is at the back. Also a clipping for Miss Morrison, about the son of her friend. I know that she will be interested. Another postcard of the Empress Hotel and the mountains in the state of Washington beyond. Beacon Hill Park is by the tall trees on the left.

A nice letter from you to-day, We always check the bags that we can't carry ourselves, it was the projector, typewriter, and radio that were extra.

What a time Henry Keyes had, did they get the stuff back. that was stolen? It doesn't do to trust people just because they are in uniform.

I got the idea that the children were in Washington but now I see that they only stopped off in Washington. It seems quite a lot of traveling for them with everything so crowded.

Bed time now, Heaps of love to you all,

Catherine



Sussex Hotel  
Victoria. B.C.  
Fri. Aug. 27, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I am not doing very well by you in the way of letters, though the last one was quite long.

It is now a day later and nearly noon on Saturday, I am waiting for a friend, Marcia Prior, (who comes to Banff every winter for skating and skiing and often stays with Mrs MacDonald) is coming for me after a dentist appointment and take me for lunch. I haven't seen her before.

Still keep running into people, Yesterday I ran into Sid Feuz who we saw the first day we were here early in the summer, but never again. He seemed to be glad to see someone from the mountains and so was I, He is the son of one of the Swiss Guides and the one who was at Temple for several years.

Mr Edwards came Thursday and I had dinner with him that evening at ~~the~~ the Empress Hotel. It took us most the evening but it was rather a good dinner I thought, We talked Wills most of the evening, that is until nine-thirty. He is very slow and careful and speaks in carefully chosen words so it takes time, I believe he is to see you sometime. He amuses me for I don't think he has travelled much and this last year has made two trips to the coast. I kept telling him to come via Canada all the way as I was sure he would find the train service better. However he came via the states. Had to make his reservations three weeks ahead and when he got on the train in Chicago as early as possible found someone else already occupying his compartment. They sold it over several times. The others wouldn't move and he had to stay over a day in Chicago and sleep in a sample room at the hotel. The train next day was behind a wreck and they were 24 hours late into Seattle, and he missed all his reservations.

Later- It is now supper time and I have had a very pleasant afternoon, though quite a long one for me. Marcia came down after 11. and we had to pick up some vegetables at her Aunts house, the Aunt has died, lived in a lovely house right on the water with a lovely garden, a wild garden with the original old trees all about, the old Coachman and later chauffeur is now looking after the place and keeps it up remarkably well



Considering the size and amount to be done, the Aunt had built him a little house on the land and he and his wife live there right in the middle of a vegetable and picking garden, they hope some day to sell the place but of course this is a bad time to do it. We walked over the garden which was really lovely and then went out to Marcias, met her mother, had some sherry and Mrs Burley who is an artist and now a photographer, joined us and we went to the country club for ~~xxx~~ lunch and then back to Mrs Burleys to see her pictures and later her kodachromes in the basement. I just got back at 5.30.

To-morrow I have been invited out to May Andersons after supper and haven't decided yet whether or not to go, will see if it rains or not. Could also go to the Empress to hear the music with the Cornwalls. I'll see what kind of a day it is.

Pete writes that he has been too busy to get into Tofino to look for a place for us to stay though he has two others looking for us. It is largely a matter of transportation, for unless he can arrange for a lift back and forth he has to stay where he is, They have been very busy ever since he got there, but he will get a week end in two weeks time so I shall see him then any way. And there is always a possibility of my going up sooner. I think he likes it up there and I am sure I will.

This isn't much of a letter but will maybe do better next time, I know you have the children with you and they are good company, amso glad that Hanne is getting better, but she will have to go slowly for a while.

Am going to supper and then have a quiet evening, the first for some time. In fact all week.

Loads of love to all and an extra bit for you,

Catharine .



Sussex Hotel.  
Victoria, B.C.  
Mon. Aug. 30, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Still here and no more news from Pete, no train on Sundays so I may get a letter to-morrow, but expect I shall be here for a week or two more, until the weekend of the 10th.

Yesterday I went out to a friends in the afternoon and we went for a nice walk through the Gorge Park, it is along an inlet where water from the sea comes way inland, on the other side of the bank were the back gardens of the little houses, lawns and boat houses, and people having tea in the garden. This is really an ideal sort of climate, though it looks like rain as it does today it doesn't seem to come down, it is warm but not too hot and there are no mosquitoes or thunder storms, I don't wonder that people garden so much. anything grows too. After sitting on a bench and talking about China and the War, (May had a store in Hong Kong for four years I think it was, used to be on the ships for a number of years and runs her sisters shop here) we went to her little place for supper, (another friend (who has charge of finding accomadation for women with children in Victoria) came about six. We had a very pleasant evening just talking. Mrs Drake and I coming back on the bus to-gether. It made a nice Sunday for me and it was interesting too.

I feel as if I weren't being very useful to the War effort here but expecting to maybe go anyday on short notice if Pete should find a place for me, I hesitated to start anything. I still have lots of people to write to about one thing or another, and I keep running into people I know, a friend at lunch and May Anderson is going to eat supper with me, I hope to read this evening, Saturday when I come back from being with Marcia all afternoon I thought I better get Petes paints packed as he may wire for them, one of the officers is interested in his doing some sketching and if he can only get the time it is a good chance it took me all eveing to sort them out.

You ~~will~~ always think that you will do so much on a dull day but I seem to have done little, read Life in order to send it to Pete before it got too old, and now must go and mail this and that.



Expect that you will be busy with the children  
and so I won't try too hard to write while they are  
there and keeping you company.

Loads of love to you all

*Catherine*



Sursex Hotel  
Victoria B.C.  
Thurs Sept 2 1943.

Dearest Mother, I certainly am neglecting you. What a summer you have had with all of us having something to bother you - Hope Robin is all over his Impetigo - I had a touch of it last year at this time - three spots on my face & on each thumb. Dr MacKenzie cured mine very quickly - He told me to wash the scabs off with a solution of warm Boracic Acid. the stuff one uses for eyes. (Plain warm water is all right but people usually like to feel there is something in it) Then you put a tiny bit of Elastoplast (ELASTO PLAST) over the spot. Cut it to first fit over. The idea being that the scab forms & then pus & infection takes place under the scab. This elastoplast is British, a form of sticking plaster, so I imagine any sterilized kind of surgeons plaster would do. The spot heals & the plaster falls off. Mine cleared up on my face in two or three days. I wished I had known



this method sooner. My spots had been ~~up~~ up several days. Dr MacKenzie said a man came to him a few days before his wedding with a bad case of migitigo, and they tried this method. He was covered with little bits of sticking plaster. (can't think of the correct name they use now) & it cured him in time for the wedding. If Robin is still having a ~~g~~ bad time I can recommend this, it worked wonders for me. and is so simple.

Too bad Gole got into the goosey I say, but guess she would be tough that by now.

Have been busy the last two days. Yesterday was showery, but May & I went as planned for our walk to Thetis Lake. I took a 1.20 bus from town which she got on at her place. We went about 5 miles from the City Hall, walked along the Highway & then in a side road to Thetis Lake. It is a public Park. and at the Lake is a tiny tea house



and boats for fishing, a diving platform too. There are two little lakes, one having two lovely little islands with a few trees on them. There are nice trails like the Jordan Pond trail around the lakes. We walked around one & saw the other. The foliage & undergrowth are lovely. Every once & a while a great tall tree or groups of them. Also the Arbutus tree which grows only here. Sheds its bark like a eucalyptus. The rocks & boulders covered with moss you would have liked.

It was so quiet & lovely. though it rained enough for an umbrella several times. We had tea there & then walked the two miles back to the bus. Had supper at Mays and ended by a show "Dee Barry was a Lady" which was amusing & like a Musical Comedy.

Now I must go to the Cypress



and have lunch with Margot  
Faret. the one I ran into in Montreal  
and had tea with. She called  
up this morning.

It keeps me busy & being out  
in the evenings I don't get much  
done.

✓ Heard from Pete yesterday  
& because of no transportation <sup>at Regina</sup> it  
looks as if I might go back to  
Bauff. after the 12<sup>th</sup>. Maybe to  
be on the safe side you better  
send the mail to Bauff after  
the 10<sup>th</sup>. for they can always  
forward it there from there if our  
plans change. Its hard to know  
until we have the weekend to-  
gether. Pete will get off alright  
the weekend of the 11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> & I'll  
meet him at Port Alberni.

Must go to lunch.

Loads of love

Catharine.



Hotel Sussex  
Victoria B.C.  
Sat. Sept. 4, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I seem to have been going pretty steadily all week except for Tuesday afternoon when I felt too lazy to do much, and I can be busy all weekend if I want to.

My plans now (always subject to change) are to leave here at 10 A.M. Tuesday morning (the day after Labor Day) for Port Alberni. reaching there sometime after 5.30 P.M. Spend the night there at a hotel (met a friend who used to live in Banff, yesterday, who lives in Alberni. may see her) then Wednesday may take the boat to Ucluelet & back. There is a chance of its going that far, and if it does Pete would try to catch it & come back to Port Alberni with me. Otherwise he goes on a R.C.A.F. boat & reaches Port Alberni in the late afternoon. We spend the night at the Hotel there. Thursday we take a train at 10.30 to Nanaimo. have lunch there & catch



the afternoon boat to Vancouver -  
 Spend Thursday night in Vancouver  
 at the Georgia & all day Friday. Then  
 catch the boat at six o'clock for  
 Nanaimo and a nine something  
 bus to Port Alberni. getting there  
 around midnight & staying there  
 Friday night. He goes back early  
 Saturday morning & I come back to  
 Victoria by train reaching here in  
 the late afternoon. Have that for  
 a good about.

Sam & his Ward are supposed  
 to arrive here sometime next week  
 so I shall see them & hear all about  
 Bang. Then I may go back on  
 Wednesday. But as yet am not  
 sure.

Just now I am waiting for a  
 telephone call from Mary Campbell  
 to see if she can have lunch with  
 me. & so it goes.

To go back. Thursday Margot  
 Paret telephoned for me to go to lunch  
 with them at the Empress. & Mrs



Julie who's husband is a Squadron Leader in the R.C.A.F. was there. She is very young. Has a son Bobby aged two and will have another soon. Bobby had to come too and it added to the fun of luncheon at the Empress. A Mr Wallace, Gen. Panto's right hand man, was there too and a great help with Bobby.

After lunch Margot & I went for a walk in Beacon Hill Park. It was a lovely day & no wind. We both enjoyed sitting in the sun & ended by getting so thirsty we had to have tea & ended by having that in their ~~very~~ suite. We had started out with cocktails. So it was nearly six when I got back.

Sat next Bobby Hunter & his young son at the counter. So really had supper with them.

Then yesterday Margot called again wanting to go for a walk but as there wasn't time we sat in the Empress Garden. I was



asked to a cocktail party with them.  
To a bachelor's house. Reminded  
me of Robert Swazey. Only this  
man was an old soldier, named  
High Walker. He had been all through  
the last war with Gen. Paunt & then  
travelled & never did much of any-  
thing but enjoy life after wards.

The house was very attractive  
& full of nice pictures! It was  
spotless & everything just so. & the  
funny part is he has no maid.  
Only a char woman a couple of times  
a week. A friend lives with him  
but is away just now. He owns  
the house & high tower the furnishings.  
They teased him a good deal &  
then he showed us the guest room.  
Very large & all in blue "beautifully  
appointed". The bathroom had a  
fire place in it. was really a room.  
We didn't see his room as the bed  
wasn't made!

We all came back to town  
& I was dropped off at the Sussex.



We rode back in the B.C. Police car. Gen Panel is head of the C.P.R. investigation department now he is retired from the army.

I stopped all afternoon for a Haversack for Pete & then in the evening had supper at the Empress with Nora Cornwall & her mother. Remember Oscar the head waiter at Banff? he was so glad to see me he pumped my hand up & down & I was afraid he'd never stop. In the evening we sat & talked to some of their friends from Edmonton & it was very pleasant with light music going on.

I began to count the people we have met who we knew before & those we have met through them. & in Vancouver we ran into 29 friends. met 15 others & here met 28 and 20 others than them. & most of them we've had a meal with. or something. & some we meet several times. no wonder we are fairly busy.



mustn't write more now - Have  
had nice letters from you - Oh I  
nearly forgot. Gen. McDonald died  
in Banff. He had been very sick  
evidently with a nurse & all.  
Mary, his daughter was east with  
her husband who goes overseas  
any moment. & Mrs Mac had the  
baby in Banff. We feel so badly.  
He was only 57. but going all  
through two wars is a bit too much  
for one person. I imagine that  
was what did it. The strain &  
worry -

Loads of love to you all.  
Did the book ever come for Banne  
& the postcards for the children?  
More love  
Catharine.



Sussex Hotel  
Victoria B.C.  
~~Monday~~ Sunday, Sept 6, 1943.  
Labor Day

Dearest Mother,

I seem to have spent the week-end packing and getting the baggage figured out. I have Peter's paints in a haversack. & will take them with me. Then had to fill up the hole left in the suitcase. Have a box for things I won't need in Banff like the Radio - & my hats in a paper bag etc. It seemed to take quite a bit of time, but including the train in the morning doesn't go until after ten. 10.10 to be exact. The other day it left half an hour late is rather informal & stops every where. Won't get to Pat Alberni till nearly six.

Saturday was a lovely day, in fact the whole weekend has been perfect. Mary Campbell came for lunch with me & then invited me to go with them out to their summer place on Cadboro Bay. Her sister & family are there in the summer. It's a farm right on the beach, but has all built up recently & they have sold the place as they use it so little & it's an expense. They have had it for 30 years. Must have been lovely in the old days. A Chinaman looks after the garden which had a little of every thing including fruit trees.



We picked up several friends with their children. Helen Ligh & her son David, age 14. Months, then another girl with a boy about the same age. Then on the way through Oak Bay stopped for a mother with three little children & I saw Hunter who was playing with them. We were seven in the car by this time. Five groupings & 6 children.

We sat on the beach a while & then went into the house for tea. Mary had brought the sandwiches with her. It made a nice afternoon.

That night May Andersen had supper with me, going home early. Then yesterday I packed all morning & we went out to Thetis Lake again. I'll tell you more about it all later. I'm getting too sleepy now. Also a bit excited over the prospects of my trip to-morrow.

Heard Churchill today, rather exciting to think of him in Sanders Theater. I knew where he was when they mentioned that - I thought it a fine speech but of course I think he is the greatest speaker of them all. I to the way he uses words.

What an awful train accident? I expect its using the equipment so steadily & experience help as well.

May write from Port Alberni.

Lots of love

Catherine.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

Saturday  
Sept. 11, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Haven't written since leaving Victoria so you may wonder what has been happening. Well it was a wonderful 48 and didn't go too awfully fast. I better just start from the very beginning.

Tuesday was a perfect day, clear & not a cloud. The train left about 10.30 from Victoria and due to the heavy travel the day after Labor Day was quite crowded. I had to sit with another girl until after Nanaimo. It's a very scenic trip all the way, as the train goes pretty high to get over the hills. You climb the first hour or so & then can look way out over the water at certain points. Goes along Shalimagan Lake too. Around Nanaimo you see the Straits quite plainly & the mountains on the mainland with snowy peaks. We were late at Nanaimo & there quite a while. I had a sandwich & coffee which helped a bit. But it was pretty hot. The rest of the trip to Port Alberni was also quite wonderful. Beautiful forests we went through & above a lovely lake. & then we came out of the hills to look over a wonderful panorama. a few farms below & the land stretching to the water, a wide valley with



mountains all around. If more farms are built & the land cleared it will be very beautiful. A lot of it is timbered over at present. The Alberni Canal is a large arm of the sea, almost like a Fjord, and big ocean going freighters come right in.

We were late, getting here at 6.30. I had supper, an exceptionally good one, & then called up Ada Wilson, who used to live in Banff, and she came over for the evening ending with a soda before she went back to Alberni. The old town.

Wednesday I was up at 6.30 A.M. breakfast at 7, and then the boat trip to Beluelet. It was just a tiny boat for such a lot of people. A very sturdy one. Lots of seats in the cabin and the tiniest little galley I ever saw. Not as large as the one in the Modoc. A girl could just get in & turn around, & yet she managed to serve excellent sandwiches, hot dogs, tea & coffee & all kinds of cigarettes, oranges etc. as well as Pop. There was a bench across the stern, where I sat all morning & below the boat deck where most of the men stood or wandered about. There was the wife & son of the C.O. at Tofino who I talked with most of the time. And an Air Force lad with his young wife. He had spent his evenings & days off the last 6 weeks building a shack for her to live in up there & was very eager to get her there. A few Indians and other people who lived at the various little places along the Canal. They call it a canal but its very wide at the mouth & a couple of miles across here.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 155  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

It is a really beautiful trip and that day it was perfect & we could see every mountain. There are mountains all the way. Beautiful little islands covered with tall trees. As we neared the sea the trees were very storm blown & slanted. The rock formations are most interesting & weird in some places.

We stopped in at several little harbors where there were fishing & rather ~~common~~ canneries, a pier, fishing boats and a row of little houses by the cannery. We also stopped at Bamfield a lovely little harbor and the buildings very picturesque. I loved it all. The trees are lovely and not all lumbered off - maybe I should say - "yet". It was 2.30 by the time we reached Ucluelet and nearly nine before we got back here because of the tide being against us some of the time.

Ucluelet is a pretty little place too, with its background of distant mountains. Of course it was rather exciting too seeing Pete again. Quite a lot got on. Mostly other boys also going on leave. So coming back we simply got on a sort of box. It was beautiful all the way & quite calm. It can be very rough & I guess is more often than not on the part between Bamfield & Ucluelet. As you see



beyond.

Haven't time to write much more now. We had a bite to eat up town after getting in.

Thursday we took the 10.30 bus to Nanaimo. Had lunch there & then took the 2.45 boat to Vancouver, another lovely day for the sail over. Stayed at the Georgia. After a good roast beef dinner went to see "Stage Door Canteen" at the movies rather poor.

Did a few errands Friday morning & saw Dorothy Whyte who is to visit me for several days in Banff in September. Took the 11 A.M. boat back to Nanaimo. The bus over here getting here at 4.30. Last evening we dined around a bit. Saw a small fire & the excitement. & bed early for we were up at five this morning. Peter going back on a Service boat at six. I went down to the pier to see him off. & now its nearing time for me to take the 10.20 train back to Victoria. Hope to get there by six. May leave for Banff about Wednesday. So will be back home the 16<sup>th</sup> or 17<sup>th</sup> of September.

Loads of love

Catharine



Hotel Sussex  
Victoria B.C.  
Tues. Sept 14, 1943.

Dearest Mother.

Such a busy two days  
as I have had. maybe I should say three  
days -

Saturday I spent the evening washing  
things out writing etc. Sunday I think  
I wrote you. I hope so. and then as I  
had a note from Mildred, Cliff's wife  
that she was at the Churchill Hotel (only  
no date). I went over & saw them. I  
had telephoned Sat. night but was  
told no one was there by name of White.  
She & little Peter are out here for a visit.  
Went back on the noon boat. I had  
a hurried lunch after seeing them off  
& was picked up by the Brustrops &  
Margaret Campbell (Peter's cousin). We  
just drove out to the Salvage Depot.  
An old car barn but divided into  
sections. Bottles here. papers there.  
as neat as can be. They sell  
quite a lot too. & many curios  
turn up.



Then they drove me out to Brentwood to Mrs Langhorns new house where Sam & Cis are staying. Mrs L is the one who bought the Wards house & now has a new one here. She is quite a character. crazy about old furniture & houses. keeps moving & packing. but not a book in the house & only two portraits.

The house is situated overlooking the Mill Bay. a lovely spot but the garden run down. However many delicious black berries. I stayed for tea and supper. missed the bus so Sam drove me in about ten. It was fun.

Monday I started at nine & shopped all day solid until 4.30 and the funny part was I didn't get the least bit tired. I should have the amount I did. Its so hard to find things & we thought we should get the most essential things first for the house we hope to get at Tofino.



I asked at nine places for a gasoline or kerosene stove, only to be told I never would find such a thing these days. & at the last possible place to go, The Hudson Bay found 2 Coleman stoves! gasoline. white gas they call it. just what we wanted. three burners & an oven to fit over 2 of them with even a thermometer on the door! That was the way it went all day.

Every place one has to do a lot of waiting for there are few clerks in the stores & Victoria isn't a place one rushes.

In all I got one Coleman Lamp with shade and one Coleman Lantern. Our light for the winter. The Coleman kind is gas mixed with air very bright & good.

One Coleman Radiant heater. for extra heat. like an electric heater that one moves about a room, about a foot wide & 18 inches high. will be very useful.



one Safety airtight stove, made of iron instead of tin. but takes big wood & will hold the heat. has a flat top to cook on or put a pail of water to heat. The top swings off to put the wood in. Its a new kind evidently made to help the heat situation.

one battery radio, brand new. The last mantle model left in town. You can see how lucky I was.

To-day I got a tarpaulin with Sam's advise to cover the car. Our garage no doubt. and also an iron frying pan. also lucky to find.

Then I found the last 3 folding chairs with arms, and two camp cots & mattresses in reserve.

Besides this I got my tickets made numerous enquiries about several things - and arranged for each thing to be held & paid for them.



Last night I had supper with Nora at the Empress & we went to a fair at the Crystal Gardens. Swimming & Diving exhibitions as well as Bingo. Fortune telling, dancing and booths. It was fun & Peace & her mother were there too -

To-day Sam & Cis came for lunch & I had done more errands too. To-night I've been packing & only have to mail one box with a coat home. Not bad for a couple of months -

I changed my plans a bit, will take the afternoon boat, stay with Mom and Marion for two nights & a day in Vancouver and then leave Friday morning for Banff, reaching there Saturday morning the 18<sup>th</sup>.

Lots of nice letters from you. All about Charlotte's wedding. The Finnish funeral. & Robin taking the coat closet handles off & on. I enjoy hearing all the things. About Edith Eaton too. What a shame to be so well & do so little but keep alive so to speak.



of Peter didn't like "Between  
the Thunder & the Sun" by Vincent  
Sheean for Christmas I'm sure I  
would.

I also think I would enjoy the  
Sat. Rev. of Lit. again. when we  
go to Tofino. I'll send it to Mrs  
Toney when I'm through with it. She  
is the lady I met on the train who  
lives in Tashatchewan.

wasn't that funny about  
Cousin Harriet? She should have  
asked the sailor out to see her!  
Yes there are people living on Salt  
Spring Island & many of the others  
around Victoria & Puget Sound I  
guess. some probably just summer  
places.

To send Louise Blymeyer's  
Seattle Address. & if I ever have a  
chance will go & see her - It's easy  
to go from here.

I have the French Twins in Bang.  
Must not write more.

Loads of love  
Catherine.



Bayf. Alta  
Sat. Sept 18. 1943.

Dearest Mother.

Just to let you know  
I have reached Bayf. arrived this  
morning. Have been busy getting  
the lights & water turned on. Will  
stay with Barbara tonight.

Spent Wednesday  
& Thursday night with Pete's  
mother in Vancouver. She went  
out when Marion left for University  
and will be back the end of the  
month. I spent a busy day  
Thursday doing things in  
Vancouver.



Got your two letters & jeans.  
The children will have left  
by now & I know you will  
miss them.

The children want me  
to now so will write when  
I'm more settled.

lots of love.

Catherine.



Baruff, Alberta.  
Monday, Sept. 20, 1943.

Dearest Mother.

I have been so busy getting the house opened up that I haven't had a chance to write you and even to night this won't be much of a letter.

Barbara & all the children met me the morning I arrived. It had been beautiful & clear at Lake Louise but we met a wet cloud coming up the valley from the east before reaching Baruff. There was snow low on the mountains and it had snowed east of here. It did clear off in the afternoon but wasn't awfully warm. I hustled around & got the lights turned on. It was Saturday and so rather a bad day to have things done. Both plumbers were away so Steve Hope who turns the water on at the street helped me a bit. For the first time I had trouble. First a connection in the back toilet leaked but he fixed that. The hot water tap in the bathroom ~~ran~~ <sup>ran</sup> but I hadn't a new washer so had to let that go. Harold & Davy were helping with their way and it was a bit confusing. Steve had no sooner left than I went upstairs just to check before going to Barbara's for lunch & the floor of the bathroom was flooded <sup>from under the sink</sup> & it was soon dripping through the kitchen ceiling. I still had my self on. but luckily it will soon be going to the cleaners. so I had to go down into the cellar & shut the water off. Harold ran for Steve but evidently told Steve quite a bit before he came to the point. That was soon fixed & everything OK. again. However there was no use heating the hot water until I got the washer in. You



learn a lot about a house when there isn't a man around  
+ I'm learning fast. Mr Waterworth the plumber won't be  
back for another day. So this morning I got some washers  
at the store and Barbara showed me how they were changed.  
Now I can do that myself which is real handy. They  
dry out with the water off.

I also tackled the furnace but blew a fuse and so  
thought I'd wait until I could get someone to help. I miss  
Sam as he was always a great help. and Cecil Dupont  
the electrician is also away. He would have helped too.  
I tried Bill Beern the garage man this afternoon but he  
is awfully busy repairing cars etc. However he told me  
I couldn't damage anything so will try again tomorrow.

David Stokand split me a nice lot of wood  
the first day & I have kept the house warm with a  
fire in the kitchen air tight & the two fireplaces.  
Barbara helped me put the air tight up in the studio  
so the upstairs is nice & warm. To-day & yesterday  
were cold & rainy when all last week it was warm  
& sunny.

Billy & Harold helped me all day yesterday. I had  
spent the first night at Barbara's. (Jackie is out on a trip  
to buy things) and we had waffles & ham for breakfast  
& a big chicken dinner about five o'clock. I borrowed  
Barbara's vacuum (mine is being fixed) and cleaned  
the living room first in time for my first caller from  
Edmonton - Everything was as clean as I left it.  
not a bit of dust even on the dishes & thank goodness  
no mice tracks.

Today I've done the upstairs a bit also made a  
couple of trips over town. Tonight we all went to the  
Baugh Cafe for dinner. even Johnny. The kids were  
very good & it was a nice change for Barbara.



Pete won't be here until about the second week in October. But this Thursday I'm expecting Dorothy Whyte for a few days to stay with me which will be nice. and then there will be about 10 days until Pete arrives. There is heaps to be done & see too and its so hard to get any one to do things.

How exciting to hear that Eleanor Brown is to be married & how pleased everyone must be. I'm awfully glad.

I didn't realize one had to pay duty on books going into the states. I never do on any books you send, except the one about grand pa because it was sent from the publishing house.

It was funny but I heard about the surrender of Italy from Pete when he boarded the boat at Heligoland. Seemed funny to hear it so far away. I think Roberts version was more correct. That Italy was surrounded for it will take some time to conquer it from the Germans.

The idea of the cure for myelitis is that the Elastoplast keeps the seal from forming and so no more puss forms underneath. keeps the air out. It works quickest on the newest sores, but one of mine was a week old & quite bad. It cured it in ten or three days.

Sorry about Mr Eaton. You see I'm answering your letters.

Port Alberni is quite a place. has big lumbering yards & business. quite a lot of stores. Like Ellsworth Maine. in importance & size.

You might as well send the New Yorkers to Pete. for even if he is away a couple of weeks they will be nice to have there.

The climate in Victoria is not cold in the winter but damp. few frosts except last winter which was unusually cold.



it is summer than Vancouver.

How awfully nice that the cook can read to Jean.  
I know how Jean would love that. Why don't you  
read her short things that wouldn't tire you.

Its after nine & I have Kate to write to yet.

Lots of love to you & all the household - is Cousin  
Jane with you yet?

Love

Catharine



Lang, Alberta  
Sept 23, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Again I don't seem to find a great deal of time for letter writing - just had a wire from Dorothy White and she arrives this afternoon to spend several days with me. Until Tuesday I think. Its perfect fall weather so it should be nice for her -

I have been busy getting the house straightened out have the furnace going which really dried it out, & the plumbing is working well. Have cut down the heat so it just keeps going.

I may not have written you all plans. Pete has found a place at Tofino that the Dentist moved out of, but it is unfurnished. We figured if we got sort of camping stuff that is movable it would be easier to shift about. Also we



could move in ourselves. Pete is to get his leave around the second week of October. and will have about 2 weeks in Bay. We will then ship the car out to the coast & up to Tojino. so Pete can drive back & forth to work. otherwise the ten miles from where we live to the station makes it too far to go back & forth.

As I want to go back with Pete we thought it best for me to get as much as I could in Victoria as some things are very hard to find these days. I was really very lucky & have all the essentials. They are sitting in the various stores ready to be shipped up when we need them.

I'll have about 10 days after Dorothy leaves before Pete comes & am busy seeing to all sorts of things!



It takes quite a lot of time  
to see to things these days but  
I'm doing well. Washed out a  
lot of silk things yesterday &  
went over the store building  
accounts both evenings. Now  
I must go over & see about  
supper.

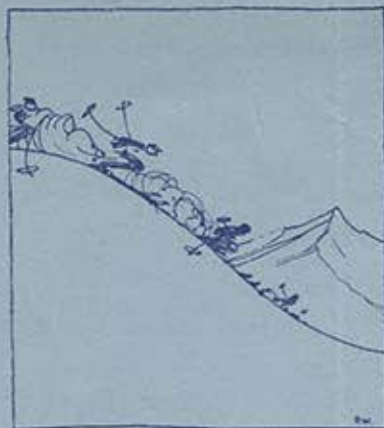
Loads of love & may do  
better soon in letter writing.  
I forget what I write you & what  
Pete.

Wash Love

Catharine

P.S. We get 40 units of gasoline a  
year, a unit is now worth 3 gallons.  
so that's 120 gallons a year. a  
little over 2 gallons a week. We  
have only use 1 gallon since April.





## MOUNT TEMPLE CHALET

LAKE LOUISE STATION  
ALBERTA

Saturday Sept 25, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Dorothy and I came up here this morning and it is perfect Indian Summer. It was gorgeous this morning. not a cloud and the trees all turning.

She came day before yesterday on the 5.20 train. I had intended going to the Red Cross but there seemed to be quite a lot of odd jobs to do, as there always are these days. Flossie Curry who is a telegraphist relieving at present. but who used to be at the Buell Springs every summer, came for supper. I hadn't told anyone Dorothy was coming & we were really surprised Flossie. We had a nice evening just sitting in front of the fire and then as Dorothy had gotten up early we went to bed early.

Yesterday, Friday, was a beautiful day. We went over town to get a few things Dorothy wanted to send her brother's family & we kept running into her old friends so had quite a social time on the main street. I had to see Cecil Philpott about the fire escape at the back of the store but after that we got the bicycles out and got the tires pumped up & went for a ride up the west road. Dorothy said she's been she hasn't been on a bicycle for 30 years.



we met Edmee up the road on her bicycle and she came back for tea. On top of which we ate an early supper and walked to the top of Tinnel Mountain after supper. Leaving about seven and reaching the top just before eight. It was a lovely evening and beautiful light on the mountains. We stopped in at Edmee Moore's on the way home for a nice evening sitting with coffee & sandwiches & home after eleven. So it was about midnight when we got to bed.

This morning we went over for mail etc. & got things together. Fern came down for beer & sandwiches at eleven and we walked to the train. It was perfectly lovely coming up on the train with the color in the valley, and we were in a new day coach & the windows give one a real view. Cliff met us at Lake Louise with the truck & we were up here in good time. The road is better than it used to be.

We have been over to the Lookout all afternoon. That is off in the direction you walked that day. Only the trail is better worn now. It was beautiful, and the larches are at their best right now. It was six or after when we got back. I had a bath and now we are waiting for supper and are very hungry. To-morrow we will have time for a good walk in the morning & then Cliff will drive us down in time for the afternoon train about 4 or 5 o'clock. I expect we will be busy in Banff but will try to write again in a few days.

Dorothy says to send you her very best wishes & that she is having a marvelous time. She also said to be sure to thank you again for sending her mother the crossword puzzle book. That she is still doing the puzzles & was particularly taken with the pencil.

We have both eaten too much. roast beef. mashed potatoes & turnips. rice pudding & coffee & fresh berries. I just can't write any more.

Lots of love

Catharine.



BANFF, ALBERTA  
CANADA

Wednesday -  
Sept. 29, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

This will just be a note  
to let you know we are still going strong  
have been busy every minute of the  
day from breakfast at nine until bed  
at midnight. We've been out every  
evening and going all day too.

So glad that you are  
having a week in Portland and  
hope its nice fall weather, it will  
be a nice change & better than in



the summer when it was so hot.

Haven't heard yet when Pete's  
leave is to be but still hoping  
for the best. It should be in October  
some time.

Dorothy goes tomorrow & I  
shall be very busy with the  
house getting it in order & seeing  
to all sorts of things.

It's a gorgeous day & we are  
off on the bicycles.

all my love & best wishes  
and will write soon.

Catherine.



Califf. Alberta.

Thurs. Sept 30. 1943.

Dearest Mother.


I'm afraid I have sadly neglected you this last week but with Dorothy here there has been little time for letter writing or house work either. We have listened to little news & I have only glanced at the papers.

Hope you are having or have had a nice trip to Portland and that the weather was good as well. It's too bad you couldn't have had a change sooner but this will set you up for the winter.

Dorothy left on the noon train and seemed to enjoy every minute of the week she was here. I enjoyed it too and as her friends are our friends I meant we could go visiting together. We went all the time & I shall be glad to have some time to myself. There is an awful lot for me to do & look after and right now we are having Indian Summer & it's too nice not to be out painting.

To go back Sunday night we had dinner at the hotel with Flossie Curry & then spent the rest of the evening up at the Knights. Monday we saw a lot of people & did errands. Had tea at Pearls, where Georgia Euphemia dropped in and then dashed to the train to meet a friend of Pete's.



from Tokyo. He and his wife are on their way to Chatham Ontario on leave. An awfully nice couple. They had snap shots and showed us a picture with the house we are to be in in the distance. It looks like a really nice place. There are four apartments & we have one room & share a kitchen, with each of the other three using it one day a week to do their washing. However it's better to have one warm room than several chilly ones. The house looks like this.  a piazza all around.

Right on the beach and the view of the sound must be lovely, rather exciting to think of. I only hope nothing happens to prevent our going there.

That evening we & Dorrie & another C.P.R. girl. Gladys Trudeau went to Casper & Ruth McCullagh to dinner. They live on the Golf Course as he has charge of the greens. It was a pleasant evening & pretty late after having tea as well before coming home.

Tuesday Dorothy & I took a picnic (pick - a nick as Davey says) lunch & bicycled down to the bridge at the Golf course. I was going to sketch while Edna was to come & go around the golf course with Dorothy. However in spite of a beautiful morning the wind blew up & it got too cloudy to paint. We watched the clouds form right out of blue sky over our heads.



Ednae was late & finally appeared in the car to say she had to do a lot of things for Charlie & so Dorothy & I went away. It being too windy to go far.

We went to the station to see Fern Carlson off for the east. (part business & part pleasure) Then went home with the Moores to eat sheep meat & bread & butter. Wild sheep that Fern shot. It was delicious. Then Pearl drove us up to Eileen Harnans where we spent the rest of the evening. I had never been in her house before & she has been asking us for so long.

Yesterday we had another bicycle trip & stopped in at Allen Mathers & then called on the McQueens but they weren't home. Flossie & Gladys came here for supper. a small roast as several meat coupons will expire to-day. they seemed to enjoy it. We had a fire in the fire place & it was nice & warm with the little stove in the kitchen too. I haven't started the furnace again. The days are so warm & nice.

While they were looking at sketches Ednae dropped in & then the McQueens. so it was quite an evening. Gave them tea & cake.

To-day we ran around this morning & Dorothy left at noon. I sketched a poor beginning but if its nice to morrow will try to finish it.

Will call this a letter for now.

Yots of love to Cousin Jane too

Catharine

Tell Jean I'll be writing her soon.



Bauff. Alberta.  
Sunday, Oct 3 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I hope you had as nice weather in Portland as we are having here. Today is warm & sunny. The kind that makes one feel terribly lazy. I had thought of going sketching but am just too lazy and haven't the urge! There is too much to be done and I have heaps of letters to be written & things like that to attend to.

It was nice having Dorothy here but it meant a week spent having a good time and not getting much accomplished. To tell the truth I was rather tired afterwards from the late nights & eating so much. Though I saw lots of people I wanted to see anyway.

Thursday afternoon after she left I tried unsuccessfully to make a sketch looking across the river & again on Friday. The color is quite nice now though a bit dirty looking around Bauff. and today with a breeze the leaves are dropping fast.

Yesterday afternoon I went to see Mrs Paris who is sick in bed with Arthritis and then in the evening Mrs McDonald, Mary & her husband. Gordon who is home on last leave came down to spend the evening. I had a big fire going in the fire place so we had a nice chat.

Cam is home for a week before going to take a course in Navigation. He has just received his wings so now he is a pilot & awfully pleased. It's quite remarkable for anyone his age to take the training & do so well.



Fitz's mother came back from the coast Friday evening & we already have had three meals together. It makes it nicer than each of us eating alone.

I will now answer some of your letters. I was sorry to hear about the young Cochran boy being killed in action. It brings the war a lot closer when you start losing friends, and Elliott Pratt too. That must have been a shock. I didn't realize Mr. Borden was so old, for Mrs. Borden always seemed so young to me. It's been a hard time for them all.

They ran out of ice cream here during Sept. I believe as it all worked on a quota basis, a percentage of what was sold in 1942 or 41. But we can get most things. Plenty of oranges all prices. The highest 65¢ a doz I think. I get 39¢ ones & 2 make enough orange juice for me. Plenty of butter & all kinds of meat & even bananas the other day. They come about once a month I think.

Glad you are getting my old room fixed up as a sitting room. It should make a nice one getting the sun all day. The windows seat with the birds & the fire place. Maybe you should have papered it new. But guess it's hard doing things like that these days. You probably don't want more furniture but they have those 2 seated small sofas that make up into a bed that might be convenient some time when the family are there for a visit.

When you wrote about my being in Bay I said "It must be very lovely." I couldn't tell whether you meant "lovely" or "lovely" so as it is beautiful now agree it's "very lovely."



I naturally miss Pete for to never quite the same without him. But I don't get lonely for I'm too busy and have so much to do. & then there are people all around if you want company.

Thanks for the song by Mrs Wayman. I shall have to get someone to play it for I'm no good at looking at music & but knowing what the tune might be.

Wrote "Season's Greetings from the Trauff Overseas Fund. Please acknowledge" 150 times this morning on the little cards to go in the packages for the boys from Trauff who are overseas. Tomorrow they start packing them. However if it's a nice day I might paint instead.

Will go & mail this now & take the cards to Pearl. It's so hot in the sun.

Loads of love to you & Cousin Jane & Jean.

Catherine

P.S. The lemon verbena smells awfully good.



MRS. PETER WHYTE  
BANFF, ALTA.

Monday -

Dearest Mother.

Just a line as we  
are going to Manitou Royal to dinner  
with the Moores. Leave at noon  
tomorrow. Last minute rush &  
no time to write. Maybe on  
the train I can. This will let you  
know we are O.K. & don't  
worry. We won't be so far  
away.

Glad my room is  
getting all fixed up. Much  
Love to all  
Catherine.



BANFF, ALBERTA  
CANADA

Tuesday  
Oct 5, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Your first letter from Portland came yesterday and I am glad that you got there nicely, and enjoyed the hour and a half in the station. It is fun watching the crowds.

I'm sure you had a nice visit with Uncle Marshall and Florence. I really think their little house is just right and so comfortable. really in many ways nicer than Graham. especially with the little bathroom upstairs.



We have had wonderful weather lately but last night it rained & the clouds are quite low this morning. So guess Indian Summer is over for another year. It's been warm too even at night the last few days. 70° one afternoon.

I have the vacuum cleaner fixed so must get started soon on a bit of cleaning up. for if I leave it to the last minute there will be an awful rush. Trouble seems to be if it is a nice day you don't want to stay inside and if it's raining you don't feel much like cleaning.

Did I tell you Pete's mother came back. we eat quite a few meals together which is nice for both of us. either up there or down here.



I got some slices (2) of ham before  
the meat cupans ran out the end of  
the month & Mam has put a couple  
of potatoes in her oven so we will  
have those for lunch. We went to  
a movie to ~~last~~ night. "Forever &  
a Day" all about an old house &  
the lives of the people who had lived  
in it for over a hundred years. It  
was very good. an English picture  
& full of famous ~~and~~ actors who gave  
their time & all the proceeds goes  
to charity.

Pete still doesn't know when  
he will get his leave. He has to wait  
until another photographer is sent up  
so there are so many on the station.  
There is nothing we can do about it  
but be patient & wait. So I'm just  
doing all I can here & hoping for  
the best.



It's getting awfully dark so think  
I'll look over things this afternoon &  
figure out what I'll have to take  
with me in the way of business  
papers when we go.

Lots of love to you all & am  
glad Cousin Jane will be with  
you so you can go for walks and  
enjoy things together. Hope you  
hear from Russell soon so I can  
hear indirectly but realize they  
must be awfully busy.

Lots of love

Catharine.



MRS. PETER WHYTE  
BANFF, ALTA.

Friday -  
October 8, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Had a nice letter from  
Aunne but said it had rained ever  
since you left so hope you didn't get it  
all in Portland. though no doubt it was  
a storm that caused the breakers at  
the Cape. Was glad to hear you were  
having a nice time & also doing a  
bit of reading in the day time. I  
certainly don't think you should feel  
guilty at your age reading in the  
daytime. Actually why shouldn't  
anyone read in the daytime. Some  
call it studying to relieve their



conscience. But I must confess I  
rarely do. Must be my New England  
upbringing!

Had quite a busy day yesterday.  
really busier the day before when I  
cleaned the bathroom & bedroom thoroughly  
& the big end of the living room not so  
thoroughly. Went to the movie with  
Barbara. Victory through Air Power by  
Disney. I loved it. It was so cleverly  
done & really beautifully drawn &  
the color & music nice. Severely is  
shown & gives quite a talk and it  
illustrates his ideas & also things  
that have happened in a very clever  
way. Almost the best is the history  
of aviation. parts are amusing in  
that. Its a bit hard on the eyes but  
well worth seeing.



yesterday I had to go to the station & the morning went by pretty fast. Mr Waterworth was to come & check my plumbing efforts after lunch. & the kids helped me pile wood until he came. Then I went to the Red Cross lamp enough to make a pair of pajama legs & when I came home the kids were waiting for me to help some more.

Harold asked if he could eat supper with me as they were to have pancakes & he didn't like them. Also it meant he would have to run way home to get them. However he ran quick enough to ask if he could eat with me. At that point I had two series of fish. Betty Stockard "gained" "I just love fish" so she went in the other direction to ask her mummy if she could stay. When Harold arrived back Davey came too saying "Mother said I could stay too" to which Harold said



~~was said~~ "When did you ask her?" "Before  
you came home" replied Davey. Seeing  
that no one had been asked before Harold got  
home Davey proved to be a bit of a mind reader!  
However knowing how surprising he is I had  
to include him in the party. Luckily I had  
some Bologna sausage on hand & boiled a  
good many potatoes in the pressure cooker.  
When Barbara arrived to see if it was O.K.  
she said they didn't need much having had  
dinner at noon. However by the way they  
ate they seemed to have forgotten that!  
Johnny followed Barbara & of course wanted  
to stay so having eaten one supper at home  
he managed another one here. They were  
all surprisingly good & well mannered &  
when Johnny set his glass of milk half  
on & half off the table Harold grabbed it  
in time to save the spillage. Though we all  
reached. It was really quite successful  
for such an unimportant affair.

Must run now.

Loads of love to you all. Cousin  
Jane. Jean & Harrie.

More love for you Catharine.

You caught the piece about the Concord Public Library just in time!



Baruff, Alberta  
Sunday Oct. 10, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I should have written you yesterday but I was pretty busy. I am going through what might be called "an orgy of spring cleaning." Pete hoped to get leave sometime during the coming week and yesterday I heard that his papers were signed and he is to leave Tofino Monday the 11th and might get here as early as Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. I want to have everything I can do so that he won't have to spend his leave doing chores, and I don't want to spend it cleaning up either. So that is the reason for the sudden splurge.

Wednesday I vacuumed & dusted thoroughly the bedroom in the morning, the big end of the front room in the afternoon, finishing up with the furnace. Thursday I did the Studio, taking the stove down & rearranging a lot of stuff too. I also managed the Red Cross. Guess I wrote you that.

Friday I tackled the workshop. It was pretty dirty not having been done except on the surface for a long time. I'm always afraid of putting things back in a different place & then Pete can't put his hands on the thing he wants when he wants it. So I did it sort of shelf by shelf. Harold came over & sat on a stool & turned the vacuum off and on as I needed it. He was good



company. But when there is more than one they get into things. I also piled a lot of broken boxes into a neat pile as kindling for the fire place. The kids helped with that.

Saturday I finished the workshop & did the usual Saturday cleaning & a number of errands over town.

Mom asked me for lunch & as she couldn't find anyone to do her windows outside before winter I offered. She didn't want me to do it but she obviously couldn't climb up on the step ladder & I didn't mind doing windows if they are dirty enough to show good results. It only took about an hour & a half & the children helped hand me water & Methyl-Hydrate & rags I dropped. So we had really a good time. The joke was on me. For Barbara went over town shopping. I noticed her going up her driveway so the children wouldn't see her. & she met Betty Painter over town who asked where the kids were. Barbara said "Oh Mom has a woman washing her windows and they are up watching her." Mom & I had a good laugh over it. It was a cloudy day & looked like rain. which Mom claims is the best kind for window washing. So when I got through here I did my own. The kitchen & living room ones.

Today it has rained nearly all day. and I tackled the dark room as



It didn't matter whether it was sunny or not. I finished dusting the last lamp after lunch. and as the ball game was on & sounded quite good I did the workshop windows inside while listening to that. Then I had a nice bath & clean clothes & feel all spruced up. Its nearly five so I'm going to take this over to the hotel to be mailed & it will go this afternoon.

To-morrow I hope to do the Fletcher though I'm not sure how much I can finish. but its not very bad. If its nice I'll glo coat the floor but theres not much use if the weather is bad.

This morning while I was having breakfast a coyote ran over in the deep grass & later came back around the driveway. He sort of trotted this way & that & finally went off across the front lawn towards the station.

Will be looking forward to hearing more about the Portland visit. It sounded very nice the first few days.

Lots of love to you all

Catharine



BANFF, ALBERTA  
CANADA

Tuesday -  
Oct. 12, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

A nice letter from  
Cameo with the one of Russell's  
enclosed. I did enjoy that for it  
is the first I've heard of Washington  
for months. Sounded as if he got  
as much of a kick out of the War  
show as the children did.

Pete started yesterday  
for his leave and evidently hasn't  
reached Vancouver yet as he was  
to wire his train on reaching there.



He hoped to get a "Trip out" in a plane. But evidently couldn't, so would have to take the boat & if he missed connections with a late bus from Port Alberni it meant he would have to spend the night there & not get to Nanaimo until the afternoon boat. So he should arrive to-morrow night if he is lucky. After he gets here I will know what our plans are. He may be here two weeks.

Had a busy weekend, mostly cleaning. I ended up with the flat silver this afternoon listening to a half hour recording of Aida which is sort of fast music & made me very quick. I only have



a few odd things to do. Clean the  
 bathtub better & wash out the dusts  
 & make a cushion cover. I made  
 curtains last night, & washed  
 out stockings. made a date loaf  
 with prunes this morning. de-  
 frasted the refrigerator. Yesterday  
 was our Thanksgiving. I cleaned  
 the kitchen & washed the floor in  
 the morning in time for a roast beef  
 dinner at 12.30 with Barbara.  
 It was delicious & I was so  
 anxious to finish in time that  
 I worked extra fast. Glo cooked  
 it after lunch & then lashed myself  
 out of the house. Mary came to  
 my rescue. She held the ladder  
 while I climbed in the bedroom window



I had on high heeled shoes, as they were the only ones without rubber heels to make the floor. But I was rather glad to find out I could do it so easily. Pete has always done it before.

Must run over & get something for 2 kids going on the train & then take down & mail this at the same time.

Loads of love to you all.

Catherine



Calgary, Alberta

October 14, 1943.

Thursday.

Dearest Mother,

Pete arrived yesterday morning  
at ten. much excitement. He caught the train in  
Vancouver first in time. even took a taxi from  
the boat to try to make it & a friend helped him  
carry his bags. So he sent the wire from the  
first long stop and I was at the station seeing  
Keith McCullough off <sup>two</sup> <sup>evening</sup> making a letter to you.  
so I wasn't home when the wire came. However  
Barbara got it & when I did get home at six  
Harold came over to tell me there was a letter  
from Pete.

Mom had invited us all for  
supper Wednesday night as Cameron leaves  
today. so as it turned out Cliff was the  
only one absent. He had a tremendous meal.  
I think she must have used up most of her  
coupons for a roast, & baked scones & pudding  
& goodness knows how many vegetables. Now  
she did so much on her tiny stove I don't know  
but it was a very successful party.

We rode our bicycles down to the  
moors yesterday afternoon & saw them &  
of course have seen numerous people on the  
street to chat with. The time goes pretty fast.  
Lila & Cam spent the evening last night.  
Pete & Cam comparing notes on the Air Force.  
He leaves in a little while for the 6 o'clock  
train. The Earl & Countess of Athlone



go on the same train. They have been out on a hunting trip. We are taking Cam down so may see them too.

We aren't sure what our plans are but may be we will drive the car out if we can get the extra gas. They sometimes allow a person enough to get the car out if they are in the Armed Forces. If so we will be leaving on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October to allow enough time. It only gives us about ten days here. But you can keep writing to Bang until I let you know.

My letters are apt to be a bit haphazard. - At this point I was interrupted by first Barbara & Johnny coming in & later Cam & Lila followed by Mildred. Cam went on the 6 o'clock train and no mail goes on that so there was no use mailing this then. We drove Cam & Lila down. (She went to Calgary & back) & on one train one of the Pilot Officers at Torino got off for a few minutes. The only one I had seen for he & his mother were on the train the day we set up. & the mother rode up in the taxi with us to the Georgea Hotel from the other boat. Pete developed his rolls of film all the time. It's rather funny in Canada for its small enough so that you always keep seeing people you know or have met before.

We had Chinese supper last night and spent a nice quiet evening at home. Today it's a bit wintery out & we have



a fire in the fire place & must get some  
letters off. so I won't write much more  
now.

Another letter from Washington is  
yours yesterday. Robin certainly is a  
real boy. I'm glad you & Cousin Jane  
can enjoy doing things together and its  
nice for us to think of you not so lonely.

I read Pete your last few letters as  
he always enjoys them too & we both  
think you are mighty smart at your  
age. He was amused by your description  
of the ladies going through the North Station.  
When I think how wonderful we thought  
Aunt Mary and at your age she wasn't  
doing nearly as much as you do I'm sure  
after all she had no responsibilities which  
are one the most.

I helped trim Pete's Mother's trees the  
other evening. We have a large banded  
pruner which is great fun to work. She  
stood & pointed all the top sprouts of the  
spruce trees to clip off & I did the clipping.  
When we were half way through & my arms  
were getting a bit tired she said "You  
know this is just the kind of work I  
enjoy doing." I've been teasing her ever  
since about the hard work directing.

I shall be anxious to hear of Aunt  
Julia's trip to visit John & Eileen.  
Too bad Edith has had such a  
time with an ear.



We are so glad your trip to Portland  
was such a success. & you enjoyed it  
so. By the way we have mostly U.S.  
Jehus here, but so many are so poor  
hardly go to see them. We get a few  
British Jehus too.

All for now. Lots of love to you all  
from us both.

Catharine.



BANFF, ALBERTA  
CANADA

Monday.  
Oct. 18, 1943.

Dearest Mother, with Pete here there seems to be little time for letter writing. We have been running about seeing various people, & not finding them home and it all takes time.

Yesterday was a very dull day. Looking like snow. We looked over clothes etc in the A.M. after sleeping in late & after lunch did a bit of tree pruning & gutter clearing. Made a call



on the Simpsons. Mrs Simpson  
having had the last of her teeth  
out the day before. Then we went  
for cocktails at the King Edward  
with a Mrs Grant, originally from  
Peebles near the Forth Bridge in  
Scotland. Her husband is in  
British Honduras raising coconuts  
& now rice for the British Gov't.  
She can't leave here until spring  
to join him. This being her 2<sup>nd</sup>  
or 3<sup>rd</sup> winter in Baux. She's  
awfully nice. Has 3 children  
two little girls here & her boy at  
a military school in New Orleans.

Then after supper we went up  
to spend the evening with Carl  
Reingers. We almost didn't go



when we saw the rain coming down. but glad we went. He goes back to his New York Studio in a week. Had a good hunting trip.

Today we woke to find it snowing hard. but the ground is too warm for it to stay long. It's our first winter storm.

Now we are trying to figure how to go to the coast. They won't allow us extra gas in Alberta to get the car out. so we are trying to figure what is the best way. to drive through the states or ship by rail. & must run now before the bank closes etc.

Will maybe know next letter what we will be doing.



Got your nice letters telling  
about the big weekend & what  
a nice time you are having  
with Cousin Jane there.

Loads of love to you all &  
hope they can fix up Hanne's  
neck so she doesn't suffer so  
from the pain. She has had  
more than her share.

More love

Catharine.



3ayff, Alberta.  
Thurs. Oct 21. 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Pete is down at the station seeing that the car is loaded. We did think of driving through the states but this is really far better if the car goes through alright. It will go down to-day. seems such a waste of room in our small car in a freight car all to itself. but it would cost twice as much for two cars so there was no use to join up with anyone else. It goes right to Victoria, on a sort of scow from Vancouver. A whole lot of freight cars go that way on a train ferry. so we just hope it will be there when we arrive. We leave Tuesday Oct 26<sup>th</sup> at noon (so really get a day & a half extra than if we had driven). Will go straight from the train to the Victoria Boat & will reach Victoria in the afternoon Wednesday the 27<sup>th</sup>. Will have next Thurs. 28<sup>th</sup> in Victoria. Drive up island on the 29<sup>th</sup> and Pete goes back the 30<sup>th</sup> from Port Alberni. I go up on the boat with the car & hope to get there sometime Sunday - but all of that remains to be seen.

Yesterday we were busy trying to pack things to go in the car. The hunting things got packed the day before. but as we had quite a lot of



canned stuff which one either can't  
buy now or need coupons for. It seemed  
too bad to leave it here. Also I took the  
pressure cooker & a few odd things. We  
barely got it stowed away in the back.

I'll enclose a rather amusing bit about  
food from the Calgary paper. You see we  
haven't been able to buy fruit juice for  
nearly a year. Pineapple juice hasn't been  
seen since Pearl Harbor, and now all  
canned fruit, jam, jellie, molasses, honey,  
maple syrup, & corn syrup is all rationed  
on one coupon. So one can get little of that.  
all canned vegetables have been frozen  
this summer & in the store here you can  
buy only one small tin of tomatoes while  
it lasts, but no tomato juice. So it  
sounds as if Gumbels has a good deal  
to offer! It has all happened so gradually  
that no one thinks much about it.

To-day looks like winter. a gentle  
snow falling. I won't be able to mention  
the weather at all from Tofino or describe  
much outside the house, but I believe  
our place is a few minutes walk from  
the 2 stores & P.O. it faces on a sort of  
sandy beach with a view of the mountains. &  
it rains most of the time in the winter  
as it does at the coast. Victoria is the  
only place that doesn't get a lot of  
rain, maybe because there are no high  
mountains very near.



I can see what a help Cousin Jane will be to you, for the Sat Review of Lit arrived this morning addressed in her hand writing. She can help you with the coupons too.

Nearly forgot. My address for the winter, from now on, will be just

TOFINO

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CANADA.

I say for the winter, but there is always the possibility of Pete's being moved. one never knows. However we might as well think of it as from now on. The ~~last~~ couple who had the rooms we are to get were there 18 months -

Haven't time to really answer your letters but you know how much I enjoy hearing all you do. The call on Bayliff & Everett, etc. I do hope Harrie's neck is getting better. It sounds awfully painful. It was nice you could get to the Agass before the cold weather started. for it must mean a great deal to them.

Pete is back for lunch so will send this along -

Loads of love to you all

Catharine.



3

## Canadian Pacific Railway

EN ROUTE

Tuesday.  
Oct 26, 1943.

Dearest Mother. At last a chance to write you a letter. Though I am never very good at it on the train.

As it got towards the end of Pat's time in Banff there seemed to be more & more to do until the last day it reached its climax in business etc. However by staying up until eleven thirty & doing all we could last night we didn't have to hurry this morning. The train left at noon which is an easy hour to leave. The Moores came down to see us off. It's rather a wintery looking day. Quite a bit of snow on the ground at Lake



Louise - looks like more to come. Pete really missed the fall good weather - It has been quite cold & dull a good part of the time. So we didn't get around much. We shipped the car Thursday as I think I wrote you. and checked the bicycles yesterday.

Saturday we had Mrs Walker & her daughter in law to supper. I had a nice chicken roasting & went over town for a few errands and met them. asked them for tea. They couldn't do that as they had to go home & cook supper. so as both Mr Walker is away & Arnold ready to go overseas any minute, they were alone. ~~so~~ and I asked them for supper. They seemed delighted and as it turned out it worked just right. Ruth (Arnold Walker's young wife of 6 months) hadn't heard from him and was sort of low. so guess I cheered them



both up. They had to go home before  
 & as friends were coming in for bridge.  
 we had creamed onions & mashed  
 potatoes. Mrs Walker made the gravy  
 and we had cut up oranges & bananas  
 for desert & tea. It was a real good  
 chicken too. To-day Ruth was at  
 the station to meet Keith, another son  
 in the army. & has heard from Arnold  
 & instead of going directly overseas as  
 he expected he is to take another course,  
 so she was all excited & leaving <sup>soon</sup>  
 to be with him for a bit longer. Mrs  
 Walker's is the house where we went  
 for tea, where they had the larkspur.

Sunday it snowed gently all  
 day. I tried to pack all morning,  
 mostly clothes. I tried to figure on  
 the minimum to take, yet it might  
 be six months in "The bush"  
 so I want enough. I have mostly



sweaters, shirtwaists & skirts. My  
 dark suit for travelling & a brown tweed  
 & four dresses. The hard things to pack  
 are the papers. For figuring dies,  
 income tax etc. but I think we have  
 most everything so I will soon start  
 to remember the things forgotten.

We asked Mrs Mac & Mary to come  
 down for tea but some Calgary friends  
 arrived so they couldn't. In the  
 evening we went down to the Moores  
 & spent the evening there. We had  
 only seen them once. The day Pete  
 arrived. They asked us to dinner  
 last night at the Mount Royal, with  
 Carl Rungius (who also leaves today  
 for New York) and Edmée. The Moores  
 have no maid. In fact I don't know  
 of anyone in Banff who has right  
 now. The Mac Donalds have moved  
 to the Mount Royal for the winter, with



Canadian Pacific Railway

EN ROUTE

the baby. It was a problem keeping the house warm enough & also one always had to be at home. It's a good baby.

Carl was very amusing. He has quite an accent and as he gets older it's funnier. He also said that New York is the best place to work, because everyone else is working & so doesn't bother you in the day time by dropping in. But he added the evenings are long. It's not always easy to have the friends come at the right times. In Banff in the summer they drop in at all hours on him.

Yesterday we were over town at the paying bills & doing last minute things. The Bank, the Post Office etc. when we met Agnes



6  
Hammond. She wanted to know if  
the Blood Donors Clinic could maybe  
use the basement room downstairs.  
She was rather hesitant about asking  
but knew we had offered the use of  
the space as a canteen two years ago.  
We were delighted at the idea for it  
is only used now for storage & is  
a catch all & by dividing it in half.  
The Clinic can use half and the store  
the other part. Such a lot of running  
round as we did. We finally got  
Ceil Phelps to put the partition  
up & arranged about everything.  
Pete saw the committee & they were  
delighted. There is heat, light &  
running water & its so central.  
As Pete says "Come & get bled  
at Dave White's Store" There are  
a lot of "conscientious objectors"



who do work in the National Parks  
 & they will donate blood as well  
 as the Banff people. So altogether  
 it seems a good idea.

in the afternoon there was lots to clean out in the  
 way of food that would spoil or freeze  
 odd bits of this & that, & I was in  
 the midst of that when Mrs Mac  
 arrived & it was time to dress for  
 dinner when she left. Then after  
 dinner we went down to the Moors  
 for a while & so it was after nine  
 when we got home. Pete turned  
 part of the water off, & this A.M.  
 the rest. There were the shutters to  
 close & laundry to send & all the  
 last minute things to do. & the  
 family to see. so you can see  
 one keeps rather busy.



8.

now we are past Golden & going  
into the Selkirk. ahead is blue  
sky & the mountains sparkling in  
the sun. a lovely effect as to still  
dull & stormy here.

We go to Victoria on the day boat  
tomorrow. leave Thursday there, then  
drive to Alberni Friday. Pete goes  
back to report Saturday & we think the  
boat I go on gets there Sunday. I  
go with the boat the car is shipped on.  
so my address is now just

TOFINO. B.C.

will write from Port Alberni  
if not sooner. but our time in  
Victoria will be pretty well filled up.  
Loads of love to you all

Catharine

P.S. Pete was given a lovely hand knit  
sleeveless Air Force blue sweater. The ladies  
give one to every Bauff boy when ~~they~~ he  
goes on Active Service. A nice thing to do.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

Saturday -  
October 30, 1943.

Dearest Mother I won't have time to write you much in this letter as the train with the mail leaves in about 20 minutes. We have had a busy few days and been going steadily. A perfectly lovely day to cross on the boat to Victoria. Found the car had arrived which was a great relief. Couldn't have the evening with either Sam Ward or Bobby Hunter so went to a movie. Found next day Sam & Cis were at the same one! Had lunch with them Thursday & duck dinner at the Hunters. Will write details in my next.

X Yesterday left Victoria in rain & went into more perfect weather for the 125 mile drive up here to Port Alberni. ~~Pete~~ We spent last night here. Pete catching the early morning service boat back to Belvedere as he had to report today. I go up sometime tonight with the car on a larger boat. Its very



indefinite as to the leaving hour but it doesn't matter much to me. Pete will meet me at Uclulet if he can & then we will drive up to Tofino together as he hopes to have Sunday off. If he doesn't get it I can drive up myself but he really hopes too.

You may not hear from me again for several days as the mails may be rather erratic. I don't know, but will do my best. Our address is just TOFINO.  
British Columbia.

Had better go now & put this on the train for if I miss it won't go until Monday!

Loads of love to you all & hope every thing is going well in Coward.

lots of love

Catherine -



4.

# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 155  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I've just come back from lunch. It being Saturday the hotel dining room is closed for the day. But there is a good restaurant in the next block they recommend. It's called "Good Eats" & filled with men. Soldiers, Indians, lumber men & fishermen. This is a place which is rather busy because of the war. But they always used to ship a lot of lumber from here by freighters to all parts of the world.

To start where I left off on the train. It was a pleasant trip, not too ~~long~~ & we enjoyed it. I felt as if we were starting on a real journey to some exciting place but Pete could feel he was going back after a leave that went all too quickly. It was clear as we came out of the Fraser Canyon but we soon ran into fog near the sea. But as we reached Vancouver it lifted and turned out to be a sparkling Autumn day. The mountains a very strong blue and Mount Baker especially clear & white as we neared Victoria. The snow was way down so it stood out like Fujiama in the pictures.

Dorothy Whyte met us at the train and we went up to the club with her for a few minutes. Heard her news and did one errand



in the hour & a half we were there in ~~the city~~ Vancouver.  
 Soon after getting on the boat we ran into Oscar,  
 the head waiter who used to be at the Banff Springs Hotel  
 & now at the Empress. He was returning from his  
 vacation. He suggested a cup of coffee, but he  
 clutched his head and said "No No" evidently  
 he was not feeling too well after a farewell  
 party the night before.

We also ran into Col & Mrs Cornwall at  
 lunch time & so sat with them. She is the one  
 I knew in Victoria. Mother of Nora the Navy nurse.  
 Col. Cornwall was in the last war. is over 70. But  
 spends most his time up north in the oil country.  
 They wanted us to go out to their house but we  
 hadn't time.

As soon as we got in & had left our bags  
 at the Sussex we dashed out to find if the car  
 had arrived by freight. It had, so we then  
 arranged to have it unloaded next day. all this  
 took a bit of running round. As they called  
 up the Hunters, they were busy that night but  
 invited us to eat wild duck the following night.  
 Sam & Cis were out, so we ate a good dinner of  
 Roast Prime Ribs of beef & ice cream at the  
 Sussex. Discovered it had been closed for 2 weeks  
 being redecorated & had just opened that day  
 so we were lucky. as its so convenient & good.

We went to see Grace Fields & Monty  
 Woolly in "Holy Matrimony". It was really  
 good, & I'm sure you would enjoy it. Its like  
 a good comedy on the stage. well done &  
 funny. About an artist. See it if it comes  
 to Maynard.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 155  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

It was funny but Sam & Cis were just 20 minutes behind us at the same show. Were coming down to see if we had arrived but afraid to miss their bus. However they got our message & called up when they got home. We met for lunch next day & Sam helped Pete get the car unloaded etc.

Thursday Pete took the morning appointment at the dentist's & I the 2.30 afternoon one. So we got our teeth in order for the winter. Also did a number of errands. I shopped from 9 until 12. Its not a bit tiring to shop in Vancouver as the clerks are all very polite & helpful & no one pushes or hurries & the air is good. It was foggy all day but mild. They say Nov. Dec & Jan. are the worst months out here. It doesn't rain all the time but it gets foggy and the sun & wind aren't strong enough to burn it off. That's the way it is today. Stars were all out last night but this morning has been misty gradually lifting. I saw the sun a moment ago. but its not unpleasant.

The joke was really on Pete Thursday. He went to the B.C. Police to ask about licensing the car. Knowing they are particular & wanting to do the right thing. Sam could get a tourist permit. But as we are to live here we can't. He got the new license for the car alright & they



took away his Alberta plates to send back. Then he had to get a B.C. Drivers license to be able to drive the car. They have had so many poor drivers here that last year they instituted a stiff drivers test and Pete remembered reading about how many people who had been driving in B.C. for years had failed in taking the test.

They asked Pete if he had read "the book" 250 Questions & answers which you have to know. They give you 25 of them & you have to get 80% correct. Pete was handed a test & he started in. Reached the question on the heights of fog lamps which he naturally didn't know & stopped to tell them he didn't know those answers. They weren't any too friendly & told him he better go & study the book & come back in a few days. He told them he was leaving next morning to drive up island, but they merely said they couldn't give him the road test etc until he had gotten 80% in the written examination but he could study hard & return next morning & try again. Poor Pete. He had visions of all air plans being upset & couldn't figure what he had done to have them so severe.

When Cis & I got back to the Surser at three Pete was deep in "the book" full of questions about trucks & all sorts of information as to B.C. driving regulations. It really ruined the rest of the day! Sam & Cis left. We took the car to the garage to be tuned up for sea level & did a few errands but Pete was too upset to like shopping which he doesn't enjoy much anyway.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERT'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERT, B.C.

So we just did the necessary things. Like getting a rain coat for me & a Sam wester for him. They hadn't my size. & then it was time to go to Bobby Hunters. The maid was out it being Thursday so we all helped get a tremendous supper after putting the children to bed. ~~but~~ cold wild duck & pheasant, salad. Some made tomatoe juice & also fruit for desert. But Pete you could see was still thinking of that darn test, so we left rather early & he read "the book" until midnight, and again another brushing up for an early breakfast.

I went with him & sat in the car, for moral support & didn't dare think what might be going on inside the B.C. Police building. How ever before long he came out with an officer & I was allowed along on the road test. Then the officer explained. It seems a Squadron Leader in the R.C.A.F. had come in the day before to get a licence. He too was from Alberta, but had evidently been rather over bearing. told them he had taken the drivers test in Alberta. (which the B.C. ~~Police~~ knew was wrong as they gave no ~~road~~ test there) and it turned out he only had a 1942 Alberta licence. Evidently he was rather smartly as some are. So the Interviewing officer told them to "give him the hardest test" when he went into the room



to be examined. Then Pete walked in and gave the test knew he was in the F.C.A.F. and so got him mixed up with the Squadron Leader and made everything as difficult as possible! The Officer giving the road test was very apologetic & it all turned out to be a very pleasant affair. Pete got 99% in the written test, & got a White Licence which he can renew from year to year by writing for it. instead of the one year kind which is a probationary one.

Pete felt awfully good about it all after that. We got some oysters, a roasted chicken & even fried fried Potatoes to be warmed up & gravy & went out to Sam & Cis for lunch. They had a little rum so all in all we had a very lively & happy celebration & teased Pete about being taken for a Squadron Leader!

It was raining in Victoria but we soon ran out of it into a most beautiful clear day. The trees sparkling in the sun, and many have turned. Great yellow maples & a salmon pinkish vine maple. We had a nice trip up the first long drive for some time.

It was just getting dark & supper time when we got here. Have a really nice room & right now the sun is shining. Last night we went to check up on the reservation for shipping the car by boat. The two young clerks were rather "kooky" it all and not too encouraging. Couldn't find any record of it & then when I dug out my letter, said "Oh yes they remembered."



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

However they said we'd have to see the Purser when the boat came in & of course if any army stuff had to go, we would have to wait. They couldn't give us any idea when the boat would come, "maybe after supper or the following morning" and "it might turn around & go right back or stay a couple of hours." Security regulations, but it does make it hard to plan. They were trying to act important.

We spent the rest of the evening figuring what I would do if I couldn't get ~~the car~~ on the boat, which baggage I would ~~take~~ send to Tofino & where I'd leave the car etc. etc. Pete had to be up at 5 o'clock this morning & away on his boat, wondering when I would appear.

This morning I went over & saw the regular office staff. They couldn't have been nicer. I have paid now for the space & have a bill of lading so it looks as if the chances were pretty good of my getting the car loaded. They never mentioned the army. However they can't say when the boat will arrive. It whistles 20 minutes before it docks, so expect I'll do a bit of waiting this evening.

Ada Wilson is coming over at 2.30 to see me so I mustn't write more now. Have brought you up to date pretty well. Looks as



if it would be a lovely afternoon. we may go for a little walk.

This won't go now until Monday as there are no Sunday trains. Expect there may be mail in Tofino for us. I hope so. but it is nice to think of you with Cousin Jane there.

Lots of love to you all. & heaps to you.

Catherine.



Tofino B.C.  
Sunday, Oct 31, 1943

Dearest Mother, This is the only paper I could find but it will let you know that we and car have arrived safe & sound in Tofino. The trip proved very simple in the end, & the boat got me into Ucluelet early this morning. Pete was waiting on the pier. We had breakfast on board while they were unloading & then drove up here.

We have been so lucky & got all our stuff from the car into our rooms with little trouble. One goes down a tiny gravel walk cut out of thick underbrush so that it resembles a green tunnel. The house is right on the water & a lovely view from the front porch. Also from our two big days! We have a southern exposure we think.

We found Mrs. Erickson first who owns the house. She was at her daughters and they gave us two cups of coffee to start off with. Then she came along & showed us the rooms & how to work the stove. It's a wonderful kind. Like an ordinary coal or wood cook stove but with an oil burner inside. You get a big oil drum which is left near the house outside & every two or three days



you get a gallon out of the spigot & bring  
it down in a small can & put it in the  
reservoir beside the stove. It burns all  
the time once you light it. a low heat to  
keep the rooms <sup>warm</sup> & you can turn it up any  
moment for more heat. I don't know where  
more people didn't use them before the war.  
Now one can't get them.

We have two small rooms, really  
bed rooms in a house. Each room is about  
10 x 12 feet with a big window in each.  
You enter the kitchen & sitting room & from  
there into the bedroom. There are lots of  
little shelves & good closet space. a ~~wood~~ desk  
that closes up with cubby holes. each a four  
drawer little bureau on either side of the  
bed. Flowered wall paper & curtain seats to  
the chairs. pillows & sort of couch. so it  
has a very cozy appearance. When we  
get all unpacked & straightened out it will  
be very nice & comfortable.

I will go shopping in the two stores  
by the pier tomorrow and get some letter  
paper. In trying to bring as little as  
possible I left out letter paper so hadn't  
even any to write you on.

I even have a Geranium in a  
pail, this on the table left by the  
previous tenants!

Loads of love & will write more  
details later.

Catherine.



Tofino, B.C.  
Tuesday, 9e  
November 2nd, 1943

Dearest Mother,

We are slowly getting settled though I have not unpacked as yet, It looks as if we would be very comfortable and cozy this weinter. I really don't know where to begin to tell you all about it.

After writing you in Port Alberni is perhaps the best place to start. Ada Wilson, who is one of the old timers of Banff and now lives in Alberni, came over Saturday afternoon and we went for a walk, Port Alberni certainly has the makings of a nice place, I was surprised how large it was and what really attractive little houses they have. None of them large but so neat and all with little gardens, roses still blooming and yet many leaves off the trees. The town is built on a hill overlooking the harbor and behind are mountains, lovely views in all directions and good wide streets for the future. Ada went back to get the gentleman she housekeeps for, his tea, and then returned and had supper with me. In the meantime I got a few groceries, including a large steak and bacon with the coupons that expired the nextday and corn on the cob and mushrooms as a treat. I thought they would keep cool in the car. which they did.

It was very uncertain when the boat would arrive and it was nice having company while I waited, another lady was going too so in the end we walked down to-gether. Ada and I took the car down first about eight and left it on the pier, made another trip before nine, as the hotel is not far from the pier, then I saw Ada onto her bus and waited in the hotel lobby until we heard the boat whistle. I don't know just when that was, around ten I think, They told me to drive the car alongside the ship, so they wouldn't forget it, and as it was the last thing to be loaded told me not to wait. I wished afterwards I had for they couldn't start it well, but it was at 2.30 A.M. so it would have been quite a wait. The boat was crowded so all I could get was a couch in a cabin with two other girls, They were both very nice, the eldest being the wife of the store keeper at Ucluelet, she has lived here all her life, wasn't feeling well but the loveliest sort of person, the other her cousin or niece, in her teens and here for a visit, as the older one said " to give the Air force boys a thrill " There are only three unmarried girls in Ucluelet, and that may include the school teacher who I saw on the Uchuck the time I came up to meet Pete and she was very much a timid looking old maid!

The trip worked out perfectly, they called us half an hour before getting in and as we drew into the wharf at Ucluelet it was getting light. Pete wasn't on the dock and I decided he couldn't make it, but before we were tied up he came walking down the road. The "Norah" had taken the place of the "Maquinna" for this trip and being a faster boat with a different whistle had sort of fooled them. The car was unloaded first and then we had breakfast on board,



with a young girl who had come up to see her husband who was in hospital with an appendix operation. She had never been on a boat before and no one knew she was coming, so we dropped her off at the right place on our way which helped her a lot.

X It was a lovely sunrise as we left and the place was looking its best, one store at Ucluelet and quite a few little houses scattered about, A little like the towns in Maine, Isleford or Big Cranberry Island but without any summer people to affect the character of the place. Tofino is the same sort of place but nicer in everyway, lovelier mountains and two stores, one of which is as fine a store as you could find anywhere in a small place

The woods here must have been lovely at one time but were evidently burned over a long time ago, so there are only the remains of the original large trees. Right near us there are some huge dead ones that would delight Georgia O' Keefe, who paints dead trees and bones! However I believe it makes it better for living in as it isn't dark and dank ~~and~~ the coast forests are sometimes. The drive from Ucluelet is through woods except where one goes along the beach for a ways. There is one large house which belongs to a man who came up here a number of years ago to get away from people, and now you might say he is surrounded by Army and Airforce instead of his hoped for seclusion!

X We picked up a friend of Pete's, Chris, also in the Photo section and an awfully nice lad, in his twenties. He came here with us but wouldn't stay knowing that we wanted to get settled. We first looked for Mrs Erickson who owns this house we are in, She has several little places, At her own house we found a Mr Guthrie shaving outside. He was living downstairs with his wife and was to drive back and forth with Pete, but his wife was Christian Science and they are both religious and she died of a Goitre which they say could easily have been taken out in time, but it really strangled her. It does seem awful. Mrs Erickson finally insisted on getting a doctor and they took her to the hospital but it was too late. He had come up for the weekend and Mrs Erickson being such a good hearted soul had given him her house as she is at her daughters. We found them having breakfast and they insisted we have a cup of coffee. They were having there troubles too. One little boy was in the hospital with an appendicitis, and the night before the other little lad of about seven had had an accident, a firecracker ( it being Halloween) had somehow gone off inside his open shirt collar and both scared him and burnt him badly. and the daughter-in-Laws little boy was there as his mother had been called to her own home as her mother had died suddenly. Mrs Erickson's husband died last fall and all the men folk in the family are in the services. She came back with us to show us the apartment and how to work everything, It is all fresh and clean and very nice. and very cozy. I'll describe in greater detail later when there isn't much to write.

We were really lucky and got all our stuff carried down when it wasn't raining, Had a wonderful lunch of corn and steak and then went for a walk to see the town in the afternoon stopping at a little hotel that has just started up for a good cup of coffee. Had the hotel been open before I could have come up and looked around, but as yet they don't serve meals.



There wasn't much we could do it being Sunday, but after supper ( This time steak and mushrooms ) we went down to the wharf to see if the boat was in with the radio and our Coleman lamps. We waited in the hotel chatting to the girl running it until nine but it was as well we didn't wait any longer as it didn't arrive until after breakfast yesterday morning!

It is now half past nine so think I will call this a letter and take it down to post and do a few more errands. The mail goes Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, we are about half a mile from the postoffice, pier, and two stores, One store has a delivery twice a week which is nice, there are lots of little things to see too and get, not that we need much.

There was a letter from you and Jean both forwarded from Banff that came yesterday or else were here. A mail came in in the afternoon so there might be more this morning. Your letter was all about the troubles at the farm, I am sorry that it didn't work out as you had hoped it would having John run it for you, It sounded a good idea at the time but I suppose if he couldn't make a success of the Brewster Place he couldn't do another well either. Couldn't you keep just enough cows to do you? but I suppose it is hard to give up any of the chickens and pigs as they help with the rations. Still if other people can get along on their coupons in Concord and Washington without farms of their own to draw on, of course you could too. Russell ought to do up a few bangles and parcels and then mail them and maybe he wouldn't keep you sending so much to Washington! I know how much time it takes, without Jean to help! I am glad that you have George and Pietro to help look after things at the farm, Russell wouldn't be able to do his job for the Army if it weren't for all of you looking after his affairs at home.

It's nearly ten and I have been writing for two hours now. Not an interruption, rather nice you know.

Lots of love and I do hope nothing happens to worry you, am glad Cousin Jane can be with you to help.

More love

Catherine



6

Tofine. B.C.

Friday, Nov. 5th. 1943

Dearest Mother,

It does seem ridiculous to be living in two rooms and no time yet to write you a letter, except the first one and now the mail will be going in an hour and so I won't have much time to write this.

We are slowly getting settled though when you first start out there are so many little things to get and carry up from the store. The girl who lives in the one room apartment we were to have at first downstairs, Mrs Sinclair, is the wife of a Corporal in the R.C.A.F. and he rides back and forth with Pete much to his delight as he had been going on a bicycle, and on a dark rainy night it couldn't have been much fun after a hard days work. They leave soon after seven in the morning and are back about 5.30 in the afternoon which is nice, not making too long a day and we go to bed by ten. Pete will get his Sundays off and a 48 once a month so that is pretty good, better than Russell does don't you think?

I had intended drawing you a plan of the house and our two rooms but will save that until next time. We have had quite a bit of rainy weather but at times it clears and the sun comes out makes a lovely rainbow and disappears again.

Monday was the day the Masqui "Norah" came in, and we had the Coleman lamps and the radio on it so I went down to see about getting them up. Wore my shoes, light "shower proof" coat and felt hat, as it wasn't raining, however when I reached the pier it poured so next trip down I wore my rubber boots, slicker and took an umbrella, and have never gone without the umbrella and rubber boots since. Packages get very wet if you haven't the umbrella. It is about half a mile I think from here to the post office, a nice little walk, I made about three trips the first day but was down to one yesterday.

We have a large barrel of fuel oil for the stove which sits under a cedar tree by the path with the other tenant's barrel, one little job to do every other day is to see that the can of oil is filled for the stove, not difficult except that after turning the tap on it insisted on dripping, it was pouring hard making it a bit more difficult with an umbrella to hold and a slicker is awkward when new and stiff. However we managed to turn the thing upside down so it stopped the drip but now I will need help to turn it back again, all part of the fun. The boy brought the oil and a gallon of gas for the lamps and all the boxes from the boat, as it was pouring hard at the time, the boxes being cardboard were nice and soggy when they arrived on the porch and nice and messy to unpack. but the lamps work well and the radio is excellent. It will be nice to get the programs this winter.

Tuesday I had lunch with Mrs Sinclair and then we went down to the store together and made a call on a french



Canadian girl with two small children, they have just moved into a tiny two room cabin, the places here one can get are not very fancy but as one moves out there is always some one to move right in. If one in a really nice house moves than a whole lot of couples each move into a better house than they had before. I think that we are pretty lucky to find such a nice place and as fuel oil is easy to get and a barrel last over two months with the fire going all the time, it is far better than struggling with wood which is very difficult to get and always wet in this country.

Yesterday we went up to the Knotts, Mrs Sinclair and I, to order gas for the car and stayed for coffee and sandwiches. they are a hard working family, have a garden and chickens, the girl runs the gas station and oil business, the boy the truck, and the father a jitney to Ucluelet to meet the Uchuck and the mail three times a week. Mrs Knott had a whole lot of wool she had been dyeing and carding, and then she spins it and knits it into wonderful sweaters, she also had lots of jars of preserves she had been putting up, they have seven children and are kept busy, were building a chicken house out of timber that they split out of the cedar tree, or stump. They split out the size they need, 2 by 4s or boards. It is interesting to see how much can be done with what is at hand.

Better go now, but will really try to do better soon, Sunday we are to build a shelter for the car so that will keep us busy.

Expect there will be mail again to-day.

Loads of love to you all

Catharine

P.S. My address is just -

TOFINO.

VANCOUVER ISLAND (if you like)  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.



7

Toleno, B.C.  
Monday Nov. 8, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Still no time to write a "proper" letter (as Mrs Sinclair would say) Friday I had good intentions but as you know I went down town early in the morning to get my last letter in the mail. & again late in the afternoon to get a lot of mail from you. three nice letters. Probably from now on I will be more regular. Had lunch with Mrs Sinclair as she doesn't like to eat alone & then in the afternoon Mrs Erickson the land lady came to fix things up a bit. to take a curtain on one of our cupboards & show me how to fix the W.C. She found a new pail which will be easier to keep clean but had to make a new handle. and it all took time. Also I had to ask her & her grandson who was with her, to tea. as she had been so hospitable the first day about coffee. & Mrs Sinclair came in too. so that took a couple of hours extra & it was time to get supper ready when I got back with the mail.

Saturday I tried to do all the things I hadn't been able to do before. Made one trip down town in the morning & left my gasoline tin to be filled. One can only get a gallon at a time for the lamps. but it is not rationed. Then the store to fill. all of which takes a little time.



I did my ironing in the afternoon. Mrs. Erickson came again but wouldn't stop for tea. Another trip to pick up the gas tin & I was just filling my lamp when Mrs. Sinclair called. Did I know how to put out a gasoline fire. She had been using the gasoline iron (which I wouldn't touch preferring the old ones one heats on the stove) it fell off the stand & caught on fire. I suggested putting on gloves to get it outside which she did & then I ran for a rag ring to smother it. She threw it on but the flames still shot out from under one end. Another time we would know better. My idea was to let the darn thing burn, but she tried again just as it exploded & got what is called "a flash burn" like a severe sun burn. It seems that the gas itself doesn't explode, it's when it has all burnt up that the explosion takes place in the container. That's a thing worth while knowing. It singed her hair & eye brows & burnt (not severely) her face neck & arms. The burn was the worst. She was a nurse, so that helped. She had some ointment & we rubbed that on. Then wrapped her in a blanket near the stove for warmth & I went for the Doctor. About half a mile to the hospital. He was shaving & washing up but came right along. He's a nice doctor, a missionary doctor, & young. I was glad he could fix her up & gave her a shot. Her husband came home with a friend for the weekend. so I had



to sort of warn them a bit. All in all it was rather exciting. It kept me going.

The friend stayed & I guess it helped sort of take her mind off the burn yesterday. For they seemed to be making out all right. Gordon is a good cook & the school teacher is a great friend so they all did the meals & evidently had a fine time. <sup>giving the day</sup> but now there are only the two of us. I shall be busy for a few days. I got her breakfast this morning & she has gone back to bed while I go to the mail.

Yesterday it was clear & very mild & we worked all morning to make a shelter for the car. Had one of the boys Pete takes every day in the car to help. An awfully nice quiet French Canadian lad. The husband of the girl with the two little children. I met the first & second day.

We carried rock from along the road. Big ones to fill in the gutter so the water would run through. & then smaller ones. Seeing a pile in one retired Commander's yard we went & asked him if he wanted them. He had planned to make a rookery but said he would have more by spring. Mr Sims is his name & he's noted for being untidy. Lives in a one room shack full of books. Some children came along & were very eager to help & really did a lot of hard stones & carried all they could. We let them sit in the car while we backed it up. a great treat.



Pete was pleased to get so much done. He got the underbrush cleared away. an old root & stump cut out & the ditch filled in. so now he can get the car off the road. He gets a "48" Thursday & Friday this week & hopes to build the frame for a tarpaulin then.

We spent the afternoon cleaning, stuffing & cooking a chicken which turned out rather a disappointment being rather old. Luckily we didn't ask anyone for supper.

Must run now.  
Heaps of love  
Catharine.



8,

Tofino, B.C.  
Wed. Nov, 10, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Yesterday I started to draw a plan of this house and our two rooms but then we decided that perhaps one shouldn't send plans of anything in a letter so instead I will try to describe it.

The house is like a summer cottage in looks, must be about 20 by 30 feet in size, for our two rooms are each 10 by 12 feet and that allows six feet for the hall with its very narrow and steep stair case. There is a porch around two sides downstairs.

The half of the house under us was evidently the living room, and is at present a large one room apartment which will be occupied by an army officer and his wife soon. The Sinclairs are in a smaller room at the back of the house that used to be the kitchen, and is the apartment that we thought we would have at first. It has a little back porch of its own, also a door onto the main porch, another door into a pantry with a sink and tap. There is also a bathroom downstairs, through which we go to the pantry from the stair hall in order to get the water from the tap. We all can use the pantry for laundrying one day each a week, and it also has a good supply of kitchen utensils for baking and cooking which we can borrow and return, the brooms mops and ironing board etc. are kept there.

Most things get very rusty so I have been getting a few things of our own to cook with, they are easier to keep clean. The water in the tap is from a tank of rain water that collects off the roof, was fine until a high wind disconnected the pipe from the gutter to the tank and we didn't notice it until the tank had run dry. (I have an idea that things like that are always happening.) We have of course had little rain since, which was almost worth the extra trouble of carrying the water from the pump. The pump water is nice and brown and not very tasty so we boil it before drinking it, and we drink it only in the form of tea and coffee for enjoyment. However this is the rainy time of year so the tank should fill up again soon.

Our apartment opens off the hall to the left as you come up the stairs, the school teacher is on the other side of the house over the kitchen, pantry and bathroom. Over the front door is our bathroom with a W.C. which has to be emptied into the sea every day, a pleasant little chore which after the first week seems no trouble at all, and is the signal for all the crows from the land and the gulls from the sea to gather to squawk. There is also the garbage pail to empty and wash out, the pump being between the porch and the sea is handy for that. It makes only two flights of steps to go up and down, the one in the house, the four or five step from the porch and a nice slippery mossy flight of four steps in the garden. However Mrs Erickson has put gravel from the beach on those and the hazards of slipping with the wrong bucket is not as great. There is another flight of steps to climb from the little lawn around the house to the path up to the road. Our fuel oil drum is part way up the path and one carries the tank from the stove up there every other day to fill. The only other chore is filling the lamp with gasoline which now that we have a can that doesn't leak when poured



can be done in the bathroom. Of course there is water to carry, no trick from the tap in the pantry but more of a haul from the pump. However after the first few times it all seems very easy and a good excuse on a rainy day to get your rubber boots and coat and hat on and go out for a little air!

One enters the living room or kitchen, (one either cooks in the living room or sits in the kitchen) its about half and half. the other room is the bedroom, and instead of washing in the bath room at a washstand, we have rigged up one of our own covering a little table with bright oilcloth and also the wall behind, I got a new basin and bucket so we wouldn't have to wash in the dish pan. As you enter the door the stove is on the left, and on the right a tall cupboard with a door, three shelves ~~with~~ for dishes etc; and below a pail for water and one for slops. between that and the other wall are three little shelves where we keep the bread box, canned goods and staples. The ceiling slopes ~~from~~ <sup>from the ceiling</sup> from a height of 4½ feet on the right hand wall, and also over the bed in the other room, but as there is a table and a old single bed made into a couch along the right hand wall, one doesn't hit ones head. and it makes the room cozy. The couch is in the righthand corner, has a faded pink flowered cover and four pillows all with different flowered cushions. There is a large window opposite the door ( the glass part about three feet across and five feet high, so it is nice and light even on a rainy day, there is a shade that goes to the top in the day time and white lace curtains (with a square pattern and not flowered) which we have way back on either side. There are four lights in the window. The view is of three lovely trees, a cedar, spruce and hemlock, one of those shrubs with purple blossoms (that look a little like lilacs and the yellow butterflys love, you used to have some,) is below. They are young trees so don't cut off the light but protect the house form the southeasterly storms. One also gets a glimpse of the water and the mountains if sitting on the couch side of the window. There is a gate leg table in front of the window, I have a tourquoise blue cloth on it, the kind that is really oilcloth but looks like damask and can be wiped off. Also our lamp with its shade and a geranium in a jam tin. However it has grown since we came and may some day have a blossom. In the other corner is a shelf across the corner and above two smaller shelves for ornaments and books. The radio is between the table and the couch. There is one wicker chair with a cushion, still another flowered pattern and two little white stiff chairs, with bright cotton cushions the same but different from the other patterns in the room. The previous tenants had an acciënt with the gasoline iron and burnt up the couch cover which I believe was new and matched the chair covers. as they have no material by the yard of any sort in the stores Mrs Erickson can do nothing until some more comes in. but it is not bad as it is. There is a doorway cut into the bedroom, with curtains ( making the tenth pattern of design and not counting the two oilcloth patterns, my tablecloth and the flowered linoleum carpet, oh yes and the bright flowered wall paper. The linoleum is very pretty as Mrs Erickson and her daughter painted the fawn colored floweres all different colors with oil paint, and its real pretty. The bedroom is mostly bed, a rather hard but comfortable one. It is against the wall that you face as you go in from the kitchen, has a little 4 drawered bureau on either side

The cook stove is in the corner on the left of the door to heat both rooms.



that serves as a bedside table too, one for each. Along the left hand side are cloths cupboards about a foot deep, one curtained, one with doors and the other place two little shelves under the eaves. IN the corner by the window is a desk with two drawers and a shelf below and a top that closes, which is very convenient. The window is also large and a lovely view as the trees don't hide it as much. There is a turquoise blue ceiling and cream colored walls, We have some sketches up in both rooms and it really is very cozy and nice and we are almost too warm so far.

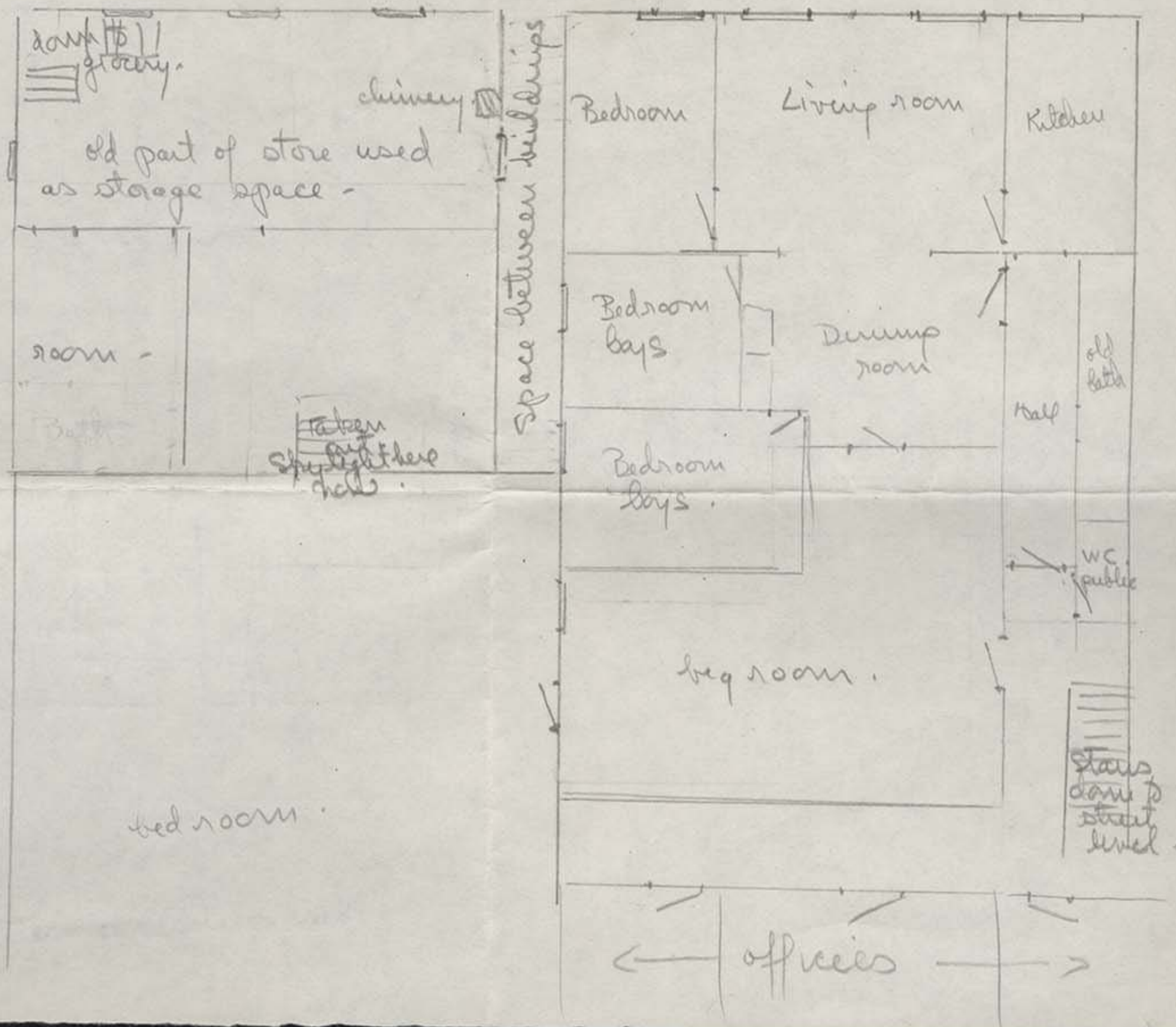
I must go now and get this to the mail and then I have some ironing to do as I washed yesterday. Pete will have Thursday and Friday off and I didn't want to wash while he was here. He gets two days off a month and every Sunday. rather nice.

Loads of love to you all and a lot to you,

Catherine



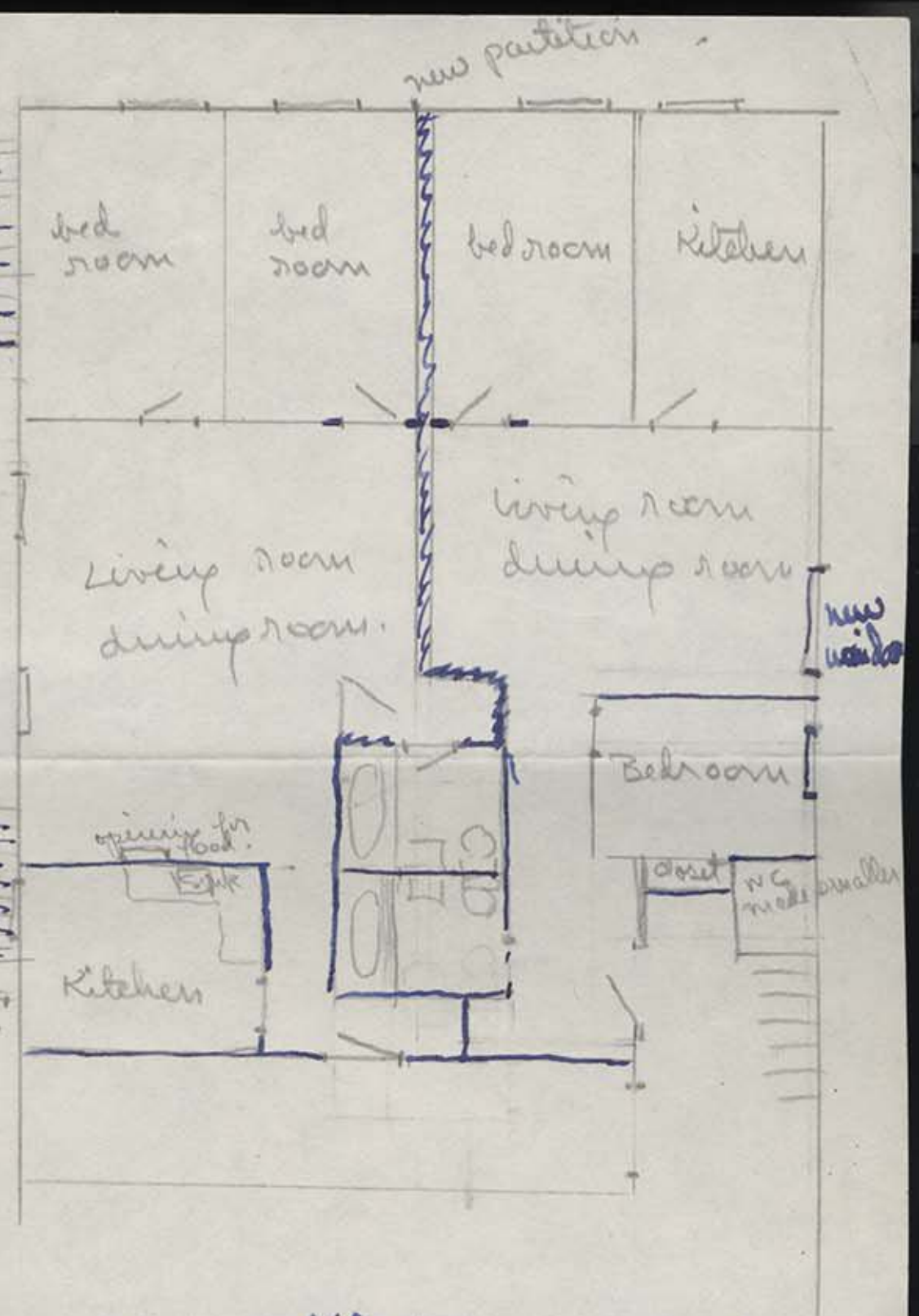
as it was -







new wall - new door - new window



new partitions are in use



9,  
Tofino, B.C.

Thursday, Nov. 11,  
1943.

Dearest Mother,

Pete is having his 48 so I won't be writing very much of a letter to-day. We aren't doing a great deal, Pete has his trade test (which He missed taking last summer) to study for and so was busy with that this morning, I made some marmaleade and after lunch we took a walk to the village. later coming back and making a cooler to keep things cool, Its a box to put on the roof outside the window. We are slowly getting things fixed to be convenient and easy to keep clean.

All sorts of unexpected things happen in a place like this to take up ones time, but I hope to get started painting this coming week. First it was the fuel oil for the stove, I had to order it the first day, that was fine and it came allright and I got the boy who delivered it to set it up, when I went to get the oil we couldn't budge the valve (or cap one turns to let air in so the oil will come out) Had to get Pete to fix it that evening. Next day when I got the oil for the stove, and pressed down the tap the oil came out all right but the tap wouldn't stop dripping when I turned it off, So that night we turned the barrel upside down. All this in nice rainy weather, I made a trip to town for a new tap, but one can no longer buy them, had to get a regular water tap. Then had to get the boys to try and change the taps another night. They found it was a bit of dirt in the old tap and when that was removed it worked all right, so I have had no trouble with that since, only the new tap to return to the store. But that is the sort of thing one has to expect.

The water supply was fine until we had a storm and without our realizing it the connection between the gutter on the roof and the pipe to the rain water tank was disconnected. I washed clothes about that time and used the tap water, at the end it just stopped running, I had used it all. It wasn't until later we discovered what had happened. However it brought us the best weather we have had and has only rained a little since. We get our water from the pump, an extra carry but not bad.

Now to answer your letters, A package of New Yorkers came yesterday, they are nice to get. I enjoyed the one about the man who lived in New York as a boy and did so many naughty tricks like Grandpa as you said.

Our oranges are 40¢ a doz here. They are small but three make enough juice for the two of us. Of course the prices of such things are fixed and the gov't pays the difference to keep price of living from going up any more than they can help.

Who was the degueritype of, Aunt Alice Brooks? Funny the hat looks so in style.

The Air Mail letter with Russells enclosed came allright. You had put an extra 3¢ on so it must have been all



that was necessary. Any time there isn't enough postage, they just collect it at this end.

That was a nice letter from Olive Newbury, I am sorry that I didn't know Louise was in Seattle when I was in Victoria, but even had I it might have been hard knowing when to get to-gether with my plans so uncertain, Now that we are in here we are not likely to take a trip out for sometime.

We were interested to hear about Christine Penn and her friend, do give her my best when you see her again, Petes best wishes too.

I will ask about the jelly, Aren't you rationed now on jam and jelly, since you wrote ? If so don't think of sending us any. We are rationed but can get what we need. Also it might be difficult to send though those little jars from the Country store came in good shape last year. As for books they do make nice presents but so far I have found little time for reading, may do better later on. One thing that might be nice would be a few odd bits of food like cheese or dates or candy, We can get most ordinary things here but would not doubt enjoy a few delicacies by Christmas time.

Time to start getting supper so all for now.

Hope you are all well and Cousin Jane had a nice trip to Portland. Loads of love,

Catharine -

P.S. yes Pete gets home every night at 5.30 or 6 except nights he has duty watch when it will be 7 or 8. He leaves in the morning at 7.15 & gets off every Sunday & 2 days a month besides -



Tofino, B.C.  
Sunday, Nov. 14, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I have been so busy cooking the last couple of days that I haven't tried to write you. The time just slips by. Pete has been working on his trade test which he had to take to-day, he had rather counted on to-day to study more for it but luckily worked during his 48 hours, Thursday and Friday, so when they told him yesterday that the board were to examine him to-day he was pretty well prepared. He worked hard all last evening and this morning and then left after lunch. I decided it was a good chance to try cooking, was just in the midst of an apple pie when he came back. He won't know for a few days whether or not he passed but at least tried to answer all the questions, he has to get 80% so we are just hoping for the best.

Yesterday morning I was pretty busy besides the regular chores which seem simple but do take a little time, getting fresh water, emptying the slp and other buckets (or feeding the gulls) filling the lamp with gas and pumping it up ready for evening, and every other day filling the tank on the stove. Doing the dishes and making the bed and sweeping the room don't count. I also washed both conglomerate carpets, they are small so easy, I had lunch with the others down at Chris Sinclairs so was able to Glo Coat the linoleum and not walk on it too soon. Christine does her laundry on Saturdays its really a very pleasant way to live when we are all friends, very sociable. I went down to the store later and then when I got back made some scalloped potatoes with onion in them, they turned out pretty well. Pete brought his Sergeant, Bob Chidwick, home with him, he is interested in the Boy Scouts here and they meet Saturday nights. He had had his supper but ate nearly another one on top. We had steak, the potatoes and an apple and celery salad and butter scotch pudding and cake, I haven't tried cake yet but will soon. I got some Pyrex bowls, 3 of them and they make it a pleasure to mix things, they are just the right sizes and easy to hold. I made some prune bread this afternoon before the pie, haven't tried it yet but it looks like that date nut bread we used to make. I used Crisco for the pie crust and it looks better than I expected there was some left over and I made four tarts, I also had prunes left from the bread so stewed those. Aren't I do mestic?

It is now after supper and we have eaten the pie and the prune bread, The bread is not quite as tasty as date bread but it came out well, and I was so excited about the pie that Pete said it was a more exciting topic of conversation than his trade test! I followed the directions on the package, it advises taking a bit of the flour out and mixing it with water into a paste (I think it was  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of flour and 3 tablespoons of water for my little pie) then after you mix the crisco into the flour and salt you add the flour paste and it makes it all stick into a ball more or less. The crust was awfully good, Now I hope it wasn't just beginners luck and that I can do it again.

I was sorry to hear that Russ has had such a time



with exzema, but perhaps worth it to find out what causes it. What I never can understand is, if he can stay away from his job a whole week because he is ill, why can't he have a week sometime for a vacation? I think that men would do better work if they had their regualr holidays and a few weekends. That is one good thing about the Air Force here, they have certain times off and I believe usually can take them. At first up here I think the men worked several weeks before getting six days leave, but Pete said it evidently didn't work as weal giving them a day a week and a 48 a month.

This isn't much of a letter but I know you like to hear the little things that we do as much as anything. We are invited to go out Monday evening with the School teacher to the house of Mr Elkington who owns and operates the best store here, at least the most up and coming one, the other is good too but a little more of the oldtime variety.

Loads of love and that means to the rest of the family too.

More love,

• Catharine -



Tofino, B.C.  
Tues. Nov. 16, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I am just going to write a short letter as I would rather go down town this afternoon than in the morning to catch the mail. It has been a busy day. Yesterday Mrs Ericksen came and cleaned the well and it was a good day to be out so I helped her pump ~~at~~ out. She had to get all the water out so we took turns pumping out bucket-fuls which we emptied over the edge of the bank, she was a good pumper and worked very fast up and down but I really think the slower method was less tiring and got the same result. When it was below the pump she threw the pail down which we pulled up with a rope or really a piece of string. <sup>a good many times</sup> I filled the large sort of clothes boiler which was on our stove upstairs as this was w my wash day, we ~~also~~ filled a large laundry tub so the others would have water if the well didn't fill up quick enough, but she used that water to clean the pump shaft so in the end the others had to use my water I had carted upstairs to heat. However I learned how pumps are cleaned and wells. Might be useful to know some day. This morning I was up as usual with Pete and as soon as it was fairly light I investigated the water in the well. Luckily Pete had told me how to prime the pump so I was able to make it work right off, and as there was plenty of water decided I might as well wash our clothes. So I carted up more pails of water, I am getting real good at it now, the pails are small and not heavy.

It made me late starting as I had to wait for the water to heat but Chris asked me for lunch which was a great help. It poured before I had finished so now the rain water tank will be filled again and we can use the tap in the pantry. Also by leaving a bucket under a drip off the roof the thing fills in no time. I am getting a pretty good laundress. This morning I washed two pairs of pajamas 2 hand towells, 3 dish towels, a shirt and long underwear for Pete and woolen socks. face cloths and handkerchiefs. If one had more hot water it would seem simpler but you have to sort of plan it out. Luckily the water is lovely and soft, but the well water was so yellow it made the washing water look dirty awfully quick. Phyllis got up for breakfast so I stopped for toast honey and coffee half way through, then a little later lunch. then all the dishes to do, or help with, and then I washed my underwear and a couple of blouses. Then there was all the various pails, dishpans, washtubs etc to wash out and things to fill with rain water. It really is quite a business but you feel you have done a lot when you finish. To-morrow I hope to get the things dried to the right stage to iron.

Last night Christine the school teacher came to supper, We had liver which tasted awfully good, stewed tomatoes out of a can, (they were unfrozen for the first time since early summer yesterday,) and creamed onions. and the little apple tarts I made Sunday. Then about 8 o'clock we went down to the Elingtons to spend the evening. coming home soon after ten as we all get up at Six. Christine goes to school early so as to practise playing the violin. She is such a



nice girl and fun to tease. She is Swedish, though her mother and father were both born in this country. The Elkingtons live above the store on the wharf, have very nice rooms and are both very nice and lots of fun. He has been in these parts since 1923 and has had the store here since 1931 I believe. He was telling us how things have changed, especially the hours of business. They used to cater mostly to fishermen who came in only late at night and left at 4 AM in the morning during "a run" often having to replace gear that had broken, so the store had to be open most of the time. Now they have so little to sell that they aren't even open on Sundays and close at six every day but Saturday. People didn't like it at first but they are getting used to it.

I must go as it is nearly four o'clock.

Pete passed his trade test allright. The officer that examined him told Bob that he could have given him an A paper instead of the B and he thought that Pete would have passed it. As it was, several of the questions were A questions. Now he has to wait 3 months before he can take the A test. but he should get his L.A.C. which is one little step up in rank.

Loads of love

Catherine



Tofino, B.C.  
Thursday, Nov.18,1943

Dearest Mother,

The mail doesn't go until to-morrow noon but in case I go down this afternoon I will have this ready. Got three nice letters from you yesterday, one had been held up by the censors for 4 days, but the others came in good time, the last was mailed the 9th. the first the 5th.

I was so sorry to hear about Cousin Bert being put out of a job so suddenly and unexpectedly, just hope that Mrs Prior's nephew gets called up, it would serve her right. I think that was an awful ungrateful thing to do, but perhaps it is fortunate for the Newburys for it may mean that they can come east and be nearer the family. Sometimes things like that work out for the best in the end, and I certainly hope so in this case. It is a good time to start work in the east with so many men needed so I hope Cousin Bert can find something that will be just right. Too bad that he isn't a farmer and could run the farm for you.

Am so glad that you got to Salem for the opening of the Marine Hall, it must have been fun for you and the Morses seeing so many old friends. I was sorry to hear that Miss Emily is failing but perhaps it would give the other two sisters a few years of a little more liveliness, though maybe they will feel much older if Miss Emily isn't there to boss them. Most likely she will live for years yet. I can see that we are to have a real party for both you and Aunt Julie when you go. I just hope that you both have such a difficult time deciding which of you is to die first so the other can make merry after the funeral, that you both manage to continue as you are for many years to come. You see when you do go we won't feel sad for you but sad because we will all miss you so.

Guess I didn't tell you that the drive from Victoria is really very beautiful to Port Alberni. It is a great variety, first the suburbs you might call it ~~is~~ of Victoria, lots of nice little homes and gardens, then a few woods, golf courses, glimpses of the sea, little farms a few small towns or settlements, mountains in the distance, there is nothing to quite compare it with in the east. It's a bit like Maine but the trees are often enormous ones and the mountains in the distance have snow on them. On the way across to Alberni one goes through a wonderful bit of forest, great trees where the sun ~~fairly~~ rarely penetrates. The Wards are looking for a house in Victoria as Cis is very anxious to move out for good, the climate suits her better and she loves the flowers so. I forgot the roads are quite good, about like they used to be on Mt. Desert Island. Tofino is on a bit of land connected with the main part of Vancouver Island I think.

You ask all the questions you can think of and I will try to answer them. I have decided that the only house that is about the size of this one, is the Mc Raes on Monument street, but without the ell. I think they have two windows upstairs in front



which would correspond to our two. someday I will try to make a little sketch of it for you.

Do tell me what Pete Palmer said about his Grandmother after she died.

Yesterday was busy, I did the little ironing that I do in the morning, then Chris and Phyllis ( who live downstairs ) came up to lunch. Phyllis didn't have more than tea and cake as she gets up late and eats a big breakfast, so doesn't need lunch. Her husband can't come home every night as ours do, he is an officer, so being in the ranks has its advantages. We were all going up the road, I to take my ~~sheet~~ sheet to Mrs Knott to wash and the others to go calling further. When I went down to see if they were ready I found Mrs Knott and Stella having coffee and cake with Chris, so I stopped in too and ate more. Mrs Knott had brought the clean sheet on her way to town, so I took mine up later and left it, but the others went on. Mrs Lowry and her mother had dropped in on Phyllis so there were five of us walking up the road together.

Nearly lunch time, Heaps of love

*Catharine*

P.S. Oh . Could you send me the recipe for chocolate custard, and any other easy thing to make. I forgot to bring mine and I am sure it would have ingredients I have here.

201

4.5  
5.4  
5.4

15-30  
30-40

251



Tofino, B. C .  
Friday, Nov. 19, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

The time certainly slips by quickly, Yesterday was a busy day for me. It started by the door to our bathroom locking itself, it did it the other day and Mrs Ericksen opened it by taking the hinges off, or rather the pins out of the hinges, it was quite hard as they had sort of rusted in, so yesterday Pete having gone and Christine decideing that she could use the School W.C. I began with the aid of a flash light and our new can opener which has a screw driver on the end. After a bit of patience and the use of the nail file and finally the hammer I managed to get the pins out and the door off, ~~we~~ hung it quite neatly as I remembered how Sam and Pete do it, putting a screw driver ( can opener in my case ) under the door to make it the right height. So now I know how to do another job.

I went downtown right after lunch and got me a yeast cake, intended to make first a pie for supper and then raised biscuits something like parker house rolls, a recipe that Barbara gave me, takes 2 yeast cakes and 2 hours. However I only got one cake so made half the rule, quite enough to waste in case they didn't turn out right. The other girls were also making pies so we had great fun running up and down stairs borrowing the sifter and rolling pin which is kept in the pantry. I thought I did pretty well to even mix the pie with the others in the room at the time. I follow the rule religiously and again it came out real well. This time it was a big apple pie and I still had enough for 4 little sort of tarts. Pete said last night. " You know you caught onto the knack of making pie crust awfully quickly " He thinks they turn out well too, I feel very elated. As the pie was baking I started the rolls thinking that with the oven hot I should cook more, but it makes the room about 450 too so another time I think I will just make one thing. I get hot too.

As usual the recipe doesn't tell you the important parts because they figure everyone should know. so I mixed the yeast wrong, Chris told me so I will do better next time, she is a great help and tells one in such a nice way not making you feel stupid. Barbara showed me how she patted hers into a round shape and then cut it into 16 pie shaped pieces, rolling each up from the big end. It said spread with butter and of course I had nothing to spread with and no soft butter, so I just disregarded that. The joke was that except for the funny shape of mine, because the table was too small to pat it out properly, they actually looked like rolls and Pete ate three. They were really good, I hope its not just beginners luck.

To-day We had to be up at 5.30 as there was to be a parade. However it gave me a nice morning, I never object for my New England upbringing makes me feel I accomplish so much. I wrote three letters before it was really light, as I was half way thru the last one, I noticed the sunrise so decided to take the buckets



out and see it better. It is the loveliest time of morning on the beach, its a gravel beach with a few big rocks, sand further out. The east was all golden, perfectly lovely in itself and then in the west was a perfect rainbow, so vivid that it had a double one part of the way. The sun wasn't above the horizon and so the rainbow only came down part way to the water. It was there a long time and finally came the whole way, then the tops of the nearby mountains were tipped with gold and the whole effect was unbelievably lovely, the moisture in the air seemed to take on a golden tinge and in the east one hill was a peculiar green. The rainbow was reflected in the water as well.

I did all my chores and then finished the letters. By ten thirty the others were up and asked me to have coffee warmed up, so in the end they brought their coffee pots up here and I had an early lunch and they a morning snack. Then after the dishes I went out and made a tiny sketch, just to get started, the first few are always discouraging. Chris had a friend to a late lunch so I got in on that too after the sketch was finished, having soup apricot pie and tea. it was about half past two. Then I cleaned up the brushes and am going down town to do a few errands and get the mail which is usually sorted about five. I will put something in the oven for supper, scoloped potatoes with onions and tinned fish, how does that sound ? Its my own invention.

I don't like to write on the typewriter in the morning when the others are sleeping for it must sound very annoying, especially as Phyllis sleeps right under this spot. We can hear them talking at night below us but luckily not loud enough to hear what they are saying, there is a hall and the bathroom between us and the school teacher so you can't hear her at all.

Must stop now.

Heaps of love to all .

Catherine



Tofino, B.C.  
Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Thanksgiving this coming Thursday and I expect you will have the very young and it will be more like old times. You know someone could write a good book on just the Thanksgiving dinners you have had over the years, 40 it would be, a person like Priestly could do it well with all the different people of all ages. You know it would be interesting to look back through your diaries and make a list of the various ones you have had. There would be the times when there were little children and then for a number of years only grownups and now the children of the first children. If you used the various Thanksgivings as a setting you could bring in the things that had happened during the year, after all they cover two wars, do you remember the time you had all the little silk flags of the Allies for decoration? Wish we might be there to tackle the turkey, at least we can eat pie here. Pete will be on duty watch coming in to-morrow so he doesn't expect to get home until late in the evenings. They have to stay for work of some sort during the evening. They call it being "Joed". He has been lucky so far as one week he got them to Joe him to make some murals for the Sergeant's mess, and last time being the first week we were in Tofino the other boy who works with him took his place which was nice.

We have been pretty busy. Sunday was dull and we read most all day except for a bit of time we spent doing a little fixing of the parking place. Yesterday I did the chores and then went down to the store thinking the boat might have been in but it wasn't. I got mixed up, also worked on the thing for Uncle Marshall, I am no good at pen and ink so didn't do very much. Chris came to lunch as it was her wash day and then in the afternoon I tried to sketch not very successfully with a little boy to ask me questions, his mother was having tea with Phyllis, it was quite cold standing in one spot and the sun didn't reach me for long, so I was glad when Chris called me for a cup of tea with her and a friend. After which I went down for the mail, only to find that it hadn't come.

To-day was my washday and I had a busy morning. I feel a lot like Ralph Bergengrin fixing the plumbing, remember where he goes down cellar, turns off the water, goes upstairs fiddles with the tap, goes down cellar turns on the water, goes up and looks at the tap, it still leaks and he keeps on. Maybe you would like to hear how my chores go. I take the garbage and the W.C. pail being able now to go down the steep and narrow stairs with both hands full, though it is never too safe. I take those down to the sea and along the beach a way, empty them, return up to pump, wash out both pails, give them a scrub each with separate brushes, return up slippery step around verandah and upstairs, having left all doors open. Then if there was grease in the garbage pail, I wash out the basin with soapy water, then dump that into the slop pail for wash water, wash that and then pour it into garbage pail, make my second trip only as far as the pump, wash garbage pail better fill water pail and return



Then I fill the lamp with gas which is kept in the bathroom, so it entails no stair climbing. Then every other morning I take the tank on the stove and go downstairs and up a flight to the gate and fill the tank, back down those steps and up stairs again. This is all a mere nothing, of course if I have ironing to do it is only two trips downstairs and back up, once for the board and once for the irons if they are cool, if they are hot it may mean an extra trip. Or perhaps it is just a bit of mopping I want to do one trip down and up and another to put it away, I am getting in fine shape for hill climbing.

I had better be going to mail this so that it will surely go to-morrow. Also will enclose a note for Jean.

so glad that the farm is going well, its too bad you couldn't have done what you are doing now before. I was so glad to hear that Cousin Bert can get a job at Pierces if he wants, for that should be a really nice place to work and fun selling such good things. Do let me know what happens.

Lots of love,

*Callanue .*



Tofino, B.C.

Nov. 24, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

as it is

This won't be much of a letter

nearly bedtime, but I have a letter to go down with to-morrow and want to have this ready too. I don't like to use the type writer in the mornings as Phyllis who's bed is under our table sleeps quite late. and if it is a nice day I shall want to be out.

Another busy day to-day. We get up half an hour later these mornings. at 6.30 and Pete doesn't have to leave until nearly quarter to eight. he doesn't like to hurry and so we have a leisurly breakfast, by leaving the burner on very low *it the stove* heats up quickly when turned up the next morning, and ~~h~~ the kettle is almost ready to boil so it takes little time to start the coffee perking. Well I am dressed now by eight and the dishes done while listening to the news, then if the sun isn't quite up I make the bed and polish the stove top with emery paper<sup>4</sup> Mrs "rickesen having intimated that she would like it kept shinny because it is a rented or borrowed stove. Then as the sun is about to rise I start ~~my~~ trips to the beach. This morning I tried to paint the sunrise but not very successsfully, from the window, it was a bit too dark indoors to see the colors and the sun ~~sets~~ *is* hard to guess and then is over in a few moments.

About ten I started to do the ironing as the wind had dried the clothes to a damp state. That took me an hour and then I did a few extra bits, Chris and Phyllis came to lunch up here at twelve. and then a about two they both went up the road one to take the sheets including mine to be washed and the other to call on friends. I expexted to be alone all afternoon but first the delivery boy came with our groceries and as I was sketching from the front piazza he stoppd and talked, then Mrs Ericksen came to clean up the pantry and halls, she comes quite often and keeps things shinned up inside, even washes the piazza which seems a lot to do when we just track more mud on. I never get our rooms cluttlered up that she doesn't come. Her g rand mother or father was a painter so she is very interested and talked to me while I struggled with the picture. It was just a tiny one so it didn't matter very much, but believe I will try painting in the mornings when the others are apt to



sleep. Finally as it was getting cold on the hands I asked her to have a cup of tea with me, and Chris and Phyllis returned as we were finishing so they had some too. It was after five when I went for the mail and then I still had our groceries to carry up stairs making four trips and my brushes to wash.

Pete is on duty watch and so we didn't expect them home for supper, Chris cooked it, Phyllis donated asparagus soup, canned corn, and Phyllis had some ham that needed eating up, she also had boiled potatoes and we had some pie Phyllis had made. Quite a meal. I only donated the light, as their lamps each were needed fixing. We were just in the midst of it when the boys arrived home. But you can see my days go by pretty quickly.

I always think I will write just one page and then keep on going. Got two nice letters from you and the one from Cousin Jane about Flick and Edward Bertlett, was glad to hear of Sam Manierre too. Amused at Helen Van Dyke. I will answer Louise Blymyer's letter, Funny when I read about the "small house of 8 rooms," I stopped and then read it over. "This house has six rooms and 2 bathrooms and four familys, I don't know how one gages the size of houses! This whole house isn't as big as the back part of yours, and yet we are so comfortable and cozy.

Time for bed.

loads of love and please Thank Cousin Jane and give her our love too.

More love,

Catherine



Toronto, B.C.

Sat. Nov. 27, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

It's so dark this morning that I thought I'd write you until it gets light enough to see to tidy up. I don't like to type as all the others are sleeping. Expect Christine will be up early as she does her laundry Saturdays as well as washing her floors & taking a bath! She certainly works hard. Leaves before Pete in the mornings. at 7.30, practises her violin for an hour at school, then spends an hour preparing work for her 24 pupils. She has the first 4 grades. It's usually 5.30 or 6 when she gets home she takes her lunch with her. Then Friday nights the Girl Guides meet in her room. One little girl had her dog up last night & he sat with us most of the time. On his hind legs until our cookies were finished.

We have had funny times over Pete's duty watch. It started Wednesday night & he was listed for clearing up the canteen, which meant 11 P.M. or so. They hoped to get it changed to an earlier job but were sure they wouldn't be



home to supper. Chris, Phyllis & I were in the midst of a noisy supper discussion when they walked. I guess I told you that. Thursday night they were quite sure again they would eat at camp because of Roland, the other boy that drives back & forth with them. Chris & I had been out to tea that afternoon at a house just up the beach a little way. & as Phyllis was going out we had invited Christine to join us. Had Brussel sprouts to eat up & I was making chocolate custard when we felt the house shake & knew the boys were home. (The girl guides in a group make it feel like an earthquake but anyone walking round the porch shakes it pretty much)

This time we all joined forces for supper in the Sinclair. I threw potatoes into the pressure cooker after Chris had scrubbed their jackets & we cooked those & the sprouts. Christine finished <sup>them</sup> cleaning up here. as <sup>2</sup> ~~well~~ was finishing the custards, an invention of mine. adding cocoa to vanilla custard powder. Christine



provided the soup & Chris the fish. Mrs. Olson having given her delicious salmon she had bottled. You could do that some time with Mr Webster's Salmon.

x We had a lively meal & then washed up giving the boys a change from drying dishes. We really have great fun over our community meals. And do a good deal of joking over the "penicillin" as we call the mold. Things mold so quickly & for the fun we refer to it all as "penicillin" the mold they develop on bread for the new drug Penicillin. I invited Mrs. Erickson to tea, thinking of the wonderful piece of bread I could offer her & when I brought it out it was all covered with mold!

x Just to show what our lunches are like yesterday they came up here. I offered vegetable soup to which we could add the tiny bit of chicken noodle left over from the evening before that Chris had. He brought up a spoonful or two of corn we had had two evenings before and five brussel sprouts. This we put into the soup. We had two potatoes so we fried those & I was to donate sardines but Phyllis had 3 weiners so we had those instead & a tiny scrap of liver cut up & added to the potatoes



Also rabbits I was afraid would go bad. I offered apple sauce but it had molded. Chris opened some preserved black berries & I had some cake to eat up. one lot was too dry so on Chris's recommendation I kept that. it was fruit cake & made soft custard at night to pour over the broken up pieces of cake. It was good enough for us to eat it all up.

So you see we are doing pretty well on the food. They have gotten liver the last two boats so we have them save some for us, & eat half a pound at a time. We really do pretty well considering that the boat comes only once in 10 or 11 days. We even got oranges the last boat. Maybe when there is just a little of things they send them to the small out of the way places where there is less to choose from.

It's now Monday morning & I will soon be taking this letter down to go in the mail this morning. I'm also mailing you a Birthday card & guess I had better make this a birthday letter in case the mails start slowing up in December. I'm sure you will have a nice birthday with Jean & Cousin Jane to see to it & so wish you a very happy birthday.



Sunday was rather rainy so we stayed here all day except for emptying the pails & getting oil for the stove. Pete cleaned the burners in ours after a late breakfast. It's a dirty job & the first time he has done it. Another time we will pick a day we can do it outdoors. The black carbon is oily & sticks to everything. We got all cleaned up ~~as~~ we had lunch. In the afternoon Christine had trouble cleaning her stove so he helped her & they both got good & black. They are wonderful stoves when working properly but exasperating when they aren't.

Did you listen to the Quiz Kids last night? When Joel said a radio was better to have than a bathtub because you could always wash in the sink. Well we don't even have a sink but our radio has been fine.

Loads of love from us both and many happy returns of the day.  
Catherine -

P.S. I didn't realize that Seymour Archibald lived in Concord until I saw in the paper that they had had a baby. Have they been there long & where is Tom?



Tegino B. C.  
Wed. Dec. 1, 1943.

Dearest Mother.

Many Happy Returns of the Day!  
for I expect this will reach you more or less the  
big day. I do hope the present reaches you on  
time. It was especially made for you and the  
first one done here.

Still rushing to catch mails.  
Yesterday was wash day, but I did more  
laundry with less effort this time. Got my  
side things out of the way Monday. & as it  
had rained, there was clean rain water to  
wash with. The well water is soft enough  
but so yellow in color that the ~~water~~ water  
never looks really clean & the piquety being  
dark you are apt to wash too much. However  
I managed well with an interruption about  
11.30 for lunch while Phyllis had breakfast.  
Then I finished the wash. Helped with the  
dishes and in the afternoon about 1.30 Chris  
& I first went to the store & then we took  
our laundry to the Knotts. She does the one  
sheet a week but I don't dare send the  
woolen things & if the weather is raining  
her wash may soak on the line for a  
week or more.

We then went to get fresh eggs  
from the Blooms. The first time I had  
been there. We went through a wood path  
from the Knotts. It was like going through



a jungle. slippery roots & fallen trees to  
climb over & the shrubbery meeting over  
ones head. Hopeless stuff to make a road  
through. ~~The~~ I had heard of Mr Olson. In  
when we arrived he had sent his back &  
was all bent over & had to go to Vancouver  
to have it straightened out. They all spoke  
of him as "Old Mr Olson" so it was a bit  
of a shock to see a middle aged man. He  
has a young son of 23 so perhaps that's the  
reason for his being "Old Mr Olson" but it  
made me realize we are getting a bit older  
ourselves. They are a nice couple. She was  
in the midst of her washing which I'm sure  
we interrupted. But she wanted us to stop for  
coffee. Mr Olson joining us & the children  
when they returned from school.

Evidently they are people who keep moving  
from place to place always hoping for some-  
thing better. For he had been staying with  
friends in Hurrey in the Fraser Valley  
was very enthusiastic about it as a place  
to live. They had cleared this place we  
visited out of the woods. Have a nice  
garden. chickens & goats. Have a tiny  
house they must have built. But  
the darkest rain from the windows.  
You enter a shed & off that a tiny kitchen  
but with large windows & such a view.  
right where she can look at it while  
she works. She does a lot out doors &



the inside suffers a bit. Like the Kusto  
it is very cluttered and as even in dry  
weather one would track in mud she makes  
little attempt to keep the floor clean. One  
couldn't have time to do farming too &  
also stop for coffee when friends drop in.  
I hope I can go over some day & shanty  
from there. They had just rough boards  
on the walls. But stashed on the side was  
a lot of beaver board that is to go up now  
that Mr. Olson's book is better. However in  
spite of its being a sort of shack they have  
a good stove, a washing machine & electric  
lights.

When I got home I had all sorts of  
plans for supper but the stove had gone  
out & by the time I got it lit again &  
washing it was too late to start anything  
special. We had trouble with the valve on  
the fuel tank but it seems to be working  
now. So maybe I'll bake something to-day.  
It rained in the night so my wash that  
was blowing dry is nicely wet again.  
However if it rains more I'll bring it  
out to the porch & after its through the dripping  
stage can dry it piece meal up in  
our room. Its always so nice hitting  
ones head on wet wash as you go  
back & forth across the room. Smells  
at bit like a Chinese laundry too, but



It dies pretty quickly.

Must go down town now, so will  
call this a letter. You sound very busy  
in your letters going to so many things  
but I know you enjoy going out & glad  
you can. It must be nice to have Cousin  
Jane to go with you.

Loads of love & a happy birthday.

Catherine.



Tegino, B.C.  
Dec. 5, 1943.  
4

Dearest Mother.

I intended writing you yesterday so as to have a real letter to send. But as usual it got put off too late. It was so dark & raining that I went to bed after breakfast, a great mistake for the morning turned out too short. Also had to go & order another barrel of oil for the stove & it was soon lunch time. The girls came up here and though we planned an early lunch they got a bit later so it was after one when we were washed up. Then I went down town with Chris to have a last look around in hopes of finding something for Gale & Robin. There isn't much to choose from as you may imagine though for the size of the place they have a nice lot of toys. However I found two carved Indian Canoes - with painted fish on the bow & stern bows - (not sure of spelling) & they are made as the canoes are here out of one piece of wood. Thought they would be something new to them anyway & they can use them in the pool. Then we had to send a wire for Chris & it all took a bit longer than we intended.



I was busy doing them up & thought I'd like to have Pete see them so waited until evening to finish my bundles. Also Phyllis had let her stove go out as she hoped a man was coming to fix it (he never did appear) & so sat up here where it was warmer. She had a caller. Mrs. Lowry. & she came up so you may imagine I didn't do much letter writing. We ended by having tea in Chris' room & it was time to start supper after that. Maybe I'll do better today.

It took me all last evening to do up the package for Washington & the one to you. The canoes were of course first two long for any box I had & in the end I had to make one out of a big cardboard box & you know what that entails. However I think its fairly strong. The one going to you has a little something for you. Jean. Mildred & Cousin Jane. I don't know who is to be with you but have an idea that Cousin Jane may be going to Portland. All the things are made by the Indians around here & for that reason we thought would mean more. Jean's is to keep her knitting & letters in. or whatever she likes. I thought the design on yours rather interesting. Unfortunately the Indians



are busy fishing or working at the  
canneries now so there was little choice.  
In fact I got nearly all the stuff they  
had in the stores. However it helps  
the war more if they fish & later they  
may make more things.

We evidently had 4 inches of rain  
in 24 hours so you can imagine what  
the weather has been like lately.  
Our room is draped with drying under-  
wear & pajamas. one hits over head  
nervous from one side to the other but  
they dry pretty fast & I remove them  
at meals.

Must take the parcels down. as  
there would hardly be time to mail them  
unless I was there a good hour before  
the mail is due to leave! Even then  
I may not be able to get them off. They  
used to have a mail 3 times a month  
& its almost too much for them to get  
it off 3 times a week. They are awfully  
nice though at the P. O.

A parcel of books (or a book) has  
come, & one with "candy, wearing  
apparel & household goods" are all  
excited. Hope your brother you in  
as good shape. These were unopened.  
Will answer your letters soon.

Heaps of love

Catherine.



Tofino, B.C.  
Sunday, Dec. 5, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I find that I have gained two whole days, for our calender had two Novembers on it, I changed the thing over and as it is across the room ( such a great distance ) I didn't notice the month was November and not December, so most likely I have dated all my letters wrong too.

We have had a busy weekend, yesterday I planned to sketch in the afternoon, Made an early trip down town to get the mail I hadn't gotten the afternoon before, a nice letter from you about Thanksgiving, sounds as if you had had quite a family in the end. Also I ordered a few more things to come up with the groceries they deliver Wed. and Sat. afternoons only. Then I came back and cleaned the rooms, even washing the floor, an extra flourish, however except for a few spots that disappeared I couldn't see much improvement. I was anxious to have lunch early and so was Christine, the schoolteacher, as all the children in Tofino, (48 in all) had been invited out to one of the army camps to a picture ~~show~~ show at the Y.M.C.A. Joe E. Brown and a few shorts. As most of the children had never seen a real show before with sound and all, it was pretty exciting. They had a wonderful time and all behaved and had cocoa and cookies and candy. Phyllis and Chris wanted to go to the stores to order their things sent up, so Christine and I started cooking the lunch down in the Sinclairs and were eating soup when the others got back. A Mr Arnet was coming to fix the Halls stove which needed cleaning badly and as I wanted to know how it was done and a bit more about how oil stoves work I spent the next three hours watching him and finally helping hold the flash light.

So the afternoon was gone but I figured that in the end I would save more time than I lost by knowing how to work the stove properly, Pete cleaned it just right. the Sunday before but we hadn't been told how to start it the right way. and a lot of other little things. He came up about four and looked at ours and fixed the wicks etc. Then there was just time to bake custards and wash, (My Saturday bath ) and get supper ready for Pete. In the evening we went on a real spree, to ~~Glasgow~~ Clayoquot for a glass of beer. It is the first time that I have been half a mile in any direction from the house. Gordon Sinclair had been nearly half an hour late one night, and so they had told him that he owed them a beer and it was their only chance to get paid. They leave the Air Port before the canteen opens and there is no "licensed premises" here. so we had to go to Clayoquot. Chris and I getting in on it too. Seeing that it is only the 2nd time she has been over there and the first time was the 24th of May, it is not the usual way to spend the evening!

We first went to the store and did a bit of Christmas shopping, then Roland La Forge ( the other boy who Pete takes in the car each morning ) had a friend who had a boat and we all got aboard with the aid of flashlights, there was hardly room to sit



on deck as there was so much gear and what not, but a beautiful night, a moon and really it looked just like Some Sound in the distance, the mountains at night looking more like those of Mt. Desert than they do in the daytime. The broad Pacific is about as far away as the Atlantic used to be. It was like going from North-east Harbor to Greenings Island, more or less.

At Clayoquot (pronounced Clackwit) there is a long pier at least a long sort of walk on piles from the beach out to the pier. The worst gang way to go up or down, it is suspended in the air by a cable and as you step on it it sort of comes down on to the float. However when you come down the thing you have to be careful when you step off the last step as half the time it is over water and then swings back over the float, rather a test for those having spent the evening in the beer parlor! It was quite a walk up the long sort of walk, having frosty planks that were very slippery and a narrow track in the center which has a little flat car they can push along when the big boat has a lot of freight I expect. There were a few electric lights however which helped to see. At the end of the board walk was the General store and then up to the left a really nice hotel, with the beer parlor. Our idea was to have a couple of beers and come home, but no boats leave until 11 P.M. when the beer parlor closes, and we came back on the boat belonging to the man who serves the beer, so it was an all evening affair. It wasn't very exciting, except that it was the first beer for me since leaving Banff and I guess the same for Pete. The only bit of amusement was a man in a red shirt with a slouch cap who came through the ladies part where we were and suddenly paused and said "Hello" later in getting onto the boat he flung himself on head first and four men all grabbed at once as he fell in, but he seemed very quiet as he sat in the cabin coming across. We left the hotel a little ahead of the others so were at the boat when sharp at eleven all the lights of Clayoquot went off at once, pier lights and all, it was closed for the night. It was frosty walking up from the pier, I don't think we will likely go again but I enjoyed the experience. There were several little boats that went over and were all tied to the float and then they all filled up and scurried back later, but it is the only exciting thing to do on a Saturday night unless there is a dance.

To-day we slept until nine thirty after our very late night. Pete spent the morning putting a sheet of glass in the bedroom window, Mrs Erickeen had given us china cement to mend the broken pane but with wind and rain blowing against it, didn't seem very secure to us, so I ordered a new pane several weeks ago, it had to come on "the boat after next" and last week was too rainy to take the window out. However without the proper tools and salvaged putty Pete managed to fix it very well though it took all his morning. After lunch Gordon helped him change the oil drums as we had used our other one up, that is quite a job too. Then a gasoline stove I came got in September and which we decided to have sent up here, came yesterday, instead of knocking it down to its packing size they sent it all set up and it was in a big crate, so we had to uncrate it and store that away. And then the afternoon was gone by the time Pete had finished pressing his pants. Probably next weekend it will be rainy if we have the time to do something.



I seem to be hitting all the wrong keys to-night. We just listened to the Quiz Kids, isn't Joel funny, he was talking about the "telegram pāles" this time.

Friday night we went to a lecture on China with moving pictures, most interesting, It was by the Padre in the Air Force, Pete has spoken with him quite a bit and he is the finest type of man, He was a missionary in Northern China and was there two years after the Japs had come in, and finally was sent back on the Gripsolm, the first exchange ship. The audience was two rows of children and the rest grownups but he made it interesting for both. Started by telling us that if all the Chinese stood side by side allowing only a foot each that they would go around the world over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  times for there are over three hundred million of them, maybe its over four hundred million of them. Their missions were supported by Canadians, \$100. a year was the grant I think he said, they did a lot of experimenting in wheat and vegetable raising trying to help the Chinese improve their crops and diet and way of working etc. Most of the pictures were of their work and some of the trip back on the Gripsolms. He joined the Air Force as soon as he got back, though he is a man with three children and wife in Vancouver. He told Pete that he figured he could help more that way with his knowledge.

Bed time, I haven't time to-night to answer any of your letters, send any you want to Uncle Marshall if they seem to be interesting enough. It seems as if I were always writing to catch a mail and not time to figure out what to write.

Loads of love to you all, soon I will be wishing you a Merry Christmas, I sent off the parcels Friday, and also got a third package from you, a book I think, We are sure to have a nice Christmas.

More love

Catherine

Pete always sends his best but you know I'm not great on paper messages.



Tofino, B. C.  
Dec. 6th. 1943.

Dearest Mother,

"We are back in our usual way" as Jean would say, and as it looks a bit like rain I may not make this letter very long but just enough to let you know that we are back, for I have a parcel to mail and would like to get it down before it gets wet, also I have one at the post office to bring back. the others I got back this morning.

I certainly was lucky in my trip back all the way along. I wonder should I tell you about that or answer the many lovely letters from you written about Christmas time? We were sad to think that we wouldn't see Aunt Rhoby again but how nice that she could have Christmas with them all. though I expect Cousin George Morse couldn't be there, you didn't mention if he were there. I will write Cousin Jane and if it doesn't get in the mail that goes to-morrow it will go Monday.

It sounded as if you and Mildred had a nice time, as nice as possible without the family, but I expect it didn't seem very Christmasy. So many people are separated this year that it is exceptional to have families together. a good many Canadians spent their fifth Christmas overseas or in Canada away from their homes. I know of several from Banff who haven't been back in those more than four years.

Was glad to hear that Cousin Bert got a job even if it wasn't just what he was looking for at first and hope that it leads to something he likes. for it will give him a chance to see how he likes working in the east. Its nice that Ebbs won't be called until later one.

I seem to be hitting all the wrong keys, because I am hurrying, so will write of my trip back later, I had a fine day yesterday to make the 6 hour boat trip and was able to sit on deck during the rough part when we cross from Bamfield, 2 hours in the trough of the rollers coming in from the Pacific. I wasn't sick thank goodness, got here by 3.30 and time to light the stove and go for the mail before supper. as there is no delivery until Saturday I shall have to make a couple of extra trips for fresh things.

This hardly seems worth sending but it is going on for four and so I had better go in order to be back in time to cook supper.

Loads of love and will mail a better letter Monday.



Tofino, B.C.  
Dec. 7, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I don't seem to get much done, must go down this afternoon and order potatoes that they forgot Saturday and see what toys I can get for the children in Banff for I must get them off this week. it is hard to realize that Christmas is near, though the store has red and green paper streamers and lots of new things in for the holiday season, but the weather is so mild it hardly seems winter yet.

Pete may get five days at New Years, they get it either then or at Christmas and as the other boys would rather be home for Christmas we will take the other. We think we may go to Victoria, I would go ahead as Pete can go on boats and buses that I can't and so make the trip in one day, the same coming back. We don't mind staying here but it might be our last chance of getting five days in a row until his next leave and we had better make the most of them, So we will be in Tofino for Christmas.

Shall be anxious to hear where Cob is sent, Hope he gets an interesting job.

Now to answer your letters, Glad you didn't send any jam or jelly as it is apt to be broken in the mail and they don't like it sent these days. The other packages have all come ( 3 of them ) and none were opened. I hope to send you a book of Canada but am not sure if it will reach you in time.

When I read about that Miss Emma Smith dying in the Journal I thought to myself " seems to me Miss Emma Smith died before " and then I re-read it. I don't wonder Mrs Eaton got mixed but that was funny going to the wrong funeral.

Seems to me you still do an awful lot for a person your age so I am not a bit surprised that you get tired, I know I would.

The weather here is quite changeable, I keep thinking that each time it rains that it will settle in for a week or so but it hardly rains two days in succession without the sun coming out, the wind has a lot to do with it evidently for if it blows from one direction it most always means rain and you know how changeable wind is. I think that so far it has been more pleasant than bad and we have had many days with few clouds, this is an extra nice fall so they say and we can expect worse weather after Christmas.

Mrs Ericksen doesn't live in this house though she did use one of the apartments once, at present she is ill with a high blood pressure and I must go and see how she is, also pay the rent.

Do send that list of questions and it will be easier for me to know what you would like to hear.

This will be all for to-day,

Loads of love to all and your letters come one nearly every mail.

More love,

Catharine



Tojino B.C.  
Dec 10, 1943

Dearest Mother,

Yesterday was your birthday  
& I thought of you. Hope you had a Happy Day.  
expect you were as busy as usual. I  
know I was.

I wrote Louise Blumeyer  
in the morning. But if you want your letters  
answered promptly for heavens sake don't  
send them to me. I have a good many I  
hope to write before Christmas but don't know  
how I shall get them off. You would think  
one would have lots of time here but extra  
things crop up. Like having our water  
system blow apart again. Mrs. Richsen  
is sick in bed & not wanting to disturb  
her. Chris & I had to make an extra trip  
downtown yesterday to see her daughter  
about it. Luckily her husband was home  
from fishing & so fixed it late yesterday  
afternoon. Hope it stays fixed.

It was lovely yesterday & I  
should have sketched but waited to get  
the late afternoon light, but it hadn't  
done much by far so decided to take  
a little for supper. got a bit involved.



First started the extra burner to make the oven warm enough. my plan of attack was to make ginger snaps & prepare the -baked Chicken Haddie to bake with potatoes, onions and milk. & I also thought I'd make bran muffins. a bit too ambitious. it proved.

I first warmed the fish in milk on the back of the stove. It cooked by mistake but didn't hurt. then I mixed the cookies & cooked the batter. Went down for the rolling pin & jaw for these & found Chris had unexpected company for supper. borrowed potatoes which I ran up & got for her. also a chat with the friend. First a slight interruption. Got back & rolled out first batch of cookies (with no cookie sheet it takes a bit longer to cook) then decided to make a cream sauce for the fish. this got to the critical stage as the cookies were still in the oven & the second batch got a bit burnt. by this time I had most utensils used or dirty. Have two saucepans. one had the fish in the milk I used for the white sauce. the other the beginnings of the white sauce. The various measuring cups, spoons & mixing bowl were dirty on the table so one chair had a basin of water (washing & peeling the potatoes) & one camp chair had the board across the arms where I managed to roll the next lot of cookies



+ the sun started setting + the light fading.  
~~Power~~ The stove was also getting hotter +  
so was I. Eventually I managed to get the  
fish, sauce, onion + potatoe into the baking  
dish + into the oven. + the cookies finished. Had  
+ wash dishes + have enough left for supper  
+ then stewed some apples for desert with cake.  
got myself washed too + all in order by the time  
Pete came at six.

Wish I had Kodachrome here just to take  
pictures of the Sunrises. they are too lovely.  
Just now some fog appeared from no where  
+ mist + the rising sun made it all pink -  
but it happens too quickly to paint.  
must go to mail now.

Heaps of love

Catherini.

Pete can leave the 28<sup>th</sup> I think so I most likely  
will go the 27<sup>th</sup> get to Victoria the 28<sup>th</sup> + we  
have a reservation for five nights at the  
Sussex.



Tofino,  
B.C.  
Sunday,  
Dec.12,1943.

Dearest Mother,

Maybe if we didn't have such good weather I would get more done indoors, but I keep thinking that each nice day is the last one we can expect and so make the most of it, and it has stayed pretty good all week. To-day was perfect and as there was nothing that needed repairing desperately we decided to go to a beach for a walk. It was sparkling everywhere with a heavy frost and somehow we couldn't get used to a beach with frost. The one in front of our house is little pebbles and they were frozen together this morning and ice on any pail of water, but the beach we went to on the Pacific side was hard sand, the logs were all covered with frost though. We took the car a little way and then walked on the beach. It was lovely, reminded us of Hanalei for some reason and the vegetation of sort of scrub trees is rather tropical, like the west coast of Bali. We had fun looking for things and Pete found one green glass float that is typical of those used by the Japanese in their fishing nets and which often wash up on this coast. The shores here are covered with logs and timber and big tree trunks and we found the remains of a fishing boat. Also a toy boat and lots of cork floats we lugged home with the odd shell.

Had a late lunch and I did up a couple of presents and we have written some business letters when I will get the Christmas ones written I don't know. We had the sad news Friday of the death of Mrs Link, a cerebral hemorage, She is the friend we knew for so many years at Lake O'Hara and visited in Chiggo. I don't know what her husband will do for they enjoyed everything together so much. We shall miss her in the mountains.

Friday I had a busy day, trip to town early to mail things, then made a tiny sketch, Phyllis called me to have a cup of tea with her at 11.30 and after eating toast and honey Chris and I decided it was so near our lunch time we better make it into lunch and so warmed up some soup and just continued eating, that and sardines and desert. I managed to make a small sketch of the town in the afternoon ending with tea at Chrises with Mrs Lowrey to read our cups, Oh yes I even made bran muffins during the day. Had to rush to get supper in the end Saturday I went to town with parcels to mail and ordered meat for the weekend, cleaned



a bit around the room, think maybe that was when I made the muffins for after lunch with Chris I know I made two layers for a cake as the oven was hot as I still had the two burners going. The cake came out real well except for burning on one side as there is only one shelf in the oven and I had to have one near one side. Frosted it later with Chocolate frosting, its pretty darn good. My first layer cake ! Then made a sketch for Chris to give her father for Christmas, just a small one of the house. When I got back she was having an old man to tea. Mr Cameron, he lives alone in a little shack up the road and is blind in one eye and deaf in one ear and the welfare people want to have him go to a home, but naturally he doesn't want to go. Phyllis and Christine came in too and we had a real nice party, he reminisced about the time he lived in Australia and was in the army in Egypt etc. and seemed to enjoy himself. Chris and Phyllis had met him on the road going home and asked him on the spur of the moment. When he got up to go he said he had lived here 20 years but this was the first real tea party he had ever been to. I expect it was because we had a tea table with a cloth and all. We all had to hustle to get supper. We figure we eat for plan what to do most of the time! We do lots of joking.

Time now to listen to the Quiz Kids now so will call this a letter, I listened to parts of the operas while making the muffins but find Wagner harder to listen to and do other things.

Three more parcels came on Friday, they come about as fast as the letter ! Nuts and Candy look good to us. We were lucky to be able to buy one box here but will now give that away, however we will be able to get chocolate bars , they have 2700 coming.

Loads of love

Catharine.



Tofino, B.C.  
Tuesday, Dec. 14  
1943.

Dearest Mother,

The time does go by so quickly and I do so few of the things I intend to, especially in the letter writing line. Yesterday I hurried after breakfast and did up the last packages and took them down to the mail at nine-thirty came back and made a raisin loafe, first the oven was too hot then too cold so it didn't bake too well but is edible, It was Chris wash day so I asked them up for lunch and we had soup, left over pilchards which are local fish but canned in oil like sardines. very good. Phylis contributed some left over baked beans the kind that you cook in half an hour. and then we had lemon pie that Chris made for Sunday. Quite a meal. In the afternoon they went out for eggs at the Olsons and our sheets at the Knotts and I wrote a letter to Tom Link and then went down to the mail with them. Its about half a mile walk from here and its usually a good half hour or more if you do errands and have to wait at the post office. The Olsons gave them some fresh pork liver having killed a pig the day before and we all had a feed for supper, it was very good.

To-day was my wash day and for the fun I kept track this morning of the trips up and down stairs I made during the course of the morning. You might be amused so the list follows-

- 1 trip down with potent bucket and slop pail to beach, washing them on return at pump.
- 1 " up with empty pails
- 1 " down after washing out basin and bedroom pail and putting suds in slopp bucket also with empty water pail.
- 1 " up with pail of water to soak clothes in bedroom pail.
- 1 " down, forgot gas tin to be filled on way to town to send wire.
- 1 " up to get gas tin. (had it filled and lugged it back 2 gallons of gas)
- 1 " down with gas tin. (above)
- 1 " up with water pail filled at pump and gas.
- 1 " down with 2 pails soaking clothes.
- 1 " up pump with large pantry pail for water.
- 1 " to porch back with water.
- 1 " to porch for large tub, back to pantry, another trip to porch for other wash tub and back
- 1 Trip up with empty pail.



- 1 trip down with pail of hot water and box of soap.  
also kettle of hot water.
  - 1 " up with kettle of cold water also pail of water.
  - 1 " down with pail of hot water and more clothes.
- At this point I began washing the first batch of things, the cotton things and rinsed them. Then I decided by the look of the water I'd better start out fresh with the woolen and silk things, this called for
- 1 trip to pump ~~and~~ back with two buckets of cold water.
  - 1 " up stairs with this water to put on to heat.
  - 1 " down with pail of hot water which I put on Chris stove.

Then I joined Phyllis and Chris for a cup of tea and toast and honey, I t was Ps breakfast and C's 2nd. *breakfast*

- 1 trip up
- 1 " down with two pails of hot.
- 1 " up for ~~kettle~~ something
- 1 " down again.
- 1 trip to pump for 2 pails of cold water.
- 1 " back to pantry,
- 1 " up with 1 pail of cold water for up here.
- 1 " down with kettle of hot water. and the big clothes boiler thing that one uses to heat water on the stove.

I washed the rest of the clothes and hung them out

- 1 trip up with kettle of fresh water and-b
  - 1 " down and to pump for water.
  - 2 trips in and out of pantry with washtubs, its too narrow to carry both at once.
  - 1 trip up with pail of fresh water.
- This finished the wash but I made three round trips or more to get leftovers for lunch with Chris .You can see there is quite a bit of exercise connected with house work.

We were just finishing lunch about two when two ladies dropped in on Phyllis, they live in a house out on a beach  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from here. So it was three by the time we finished washing up after they had eaten the little we had left.

Chris and I made a trip downtown and found the boat would be in later so I made another trip ~~at~~ before supper so I didn't do much here this afternoon.

Now I must get a few letters off and will start answering your questions in my next letter.

It was nice to hear from Russ, I had a letter too.

Loads of love and in case this is slow reaching Concord, A Merry Christmas to you all.

*Love from us both  
Catharine*



Tofino, B .C  
Thursday,  
Dec.16,1943.

Dearest Mother,

This letter may not reach you in time for Christmas but hope it does and that you have a very happy one. So far you haven't mentioned whether or not Mildred and Cousin Jane are to be there, but am sure you won't be alone. We haven't quite decided what to do over New Years. I think Pete gets the day on Christmas which will make a long weekend, We are going out for the New Year leave which Pete gets, I will leave on the Uchuck Monday and he will go out on Wednesday. We have hotel reservations in Victoria but suddenly realized that we would have time to go to Banff for a couple of nights, so if we can get space on the train we may do that. It would mean more than just a trip to Victoria and Pete is rather anxious to check up on things at home and it will be April or May before he gets his next leave. I'll let you know for certain next letter what we plan to do.

Yesterday was fairly busy, a lot of hurried letters and notes to get off, then down to the mail and back to do the ironing which I finished before lunch. We had it in Chrises. In the afternoon I tried to make some cookies which didn't make very fast or easily somehow and I got hot as well, then down for the mail. not much as most had come on the big boat the day before. It was a bit rainy but to-day has cleared again.

Last evening great excitement in Tofino as it was the school concert in the Legion Hall. Pete didn't go but I did with the others mostly because of Christine, the schoolteacher. It was really fun and interesting too, reminded me a bit of Islesford, Maine when Edith and I spent a night at Billie Spurlings and went to a dance there.

It was pouring rain but that didn't keep anyone home, we wore rubber boots and raincoats and you could see twinkling flashlights approaching from all directions. The Legion Hall is quite large for the size of the town, about the size of the Episcopal Church Hall in Concord. There were two rows of wooden benches on either side of the aisle all the children sitting in front and the mothers and small babies on the benches, the men all standing at the back of the hall, the only light a few Coleman lamps ( Gasoline lamps )



There must have been a lot of men from here who went to the last war for them to have such a good sized hall, and I suppose it also accounts a bit for this place not going ahead more in the last decade. Around the walls were very clever cartoons of the last war, done by an artist who used to come here I think.

The curtain was also painted, a Scotchman in kilts and three sort of Mickey mouse cats, I don't know what the significance was. It was cloth and just rolled up on a roller but there was never a hitch in its rise or fall or any noise.

The concert was remarkably good I thought, there was the start all singing "O Canada" and it ended with "God Save the King" there were a good many carols by both the four upper grades and the four primary grades. They sang very well, no musical accompaniment at all, but as Christine says they are used to singing without a piano or anything. Every word you could understand which I thought rather unusual and they sang as if they knew what the words meant. There were also a few very short and mostly funny recitations and then three short plays. As we all know the children by sight if not by name it made it more interesting. The shyest little boy who can't look at you when he talks to you but turns his face away, was the shoemaker in the "shoemaker and the elves" and was really good in the part, even wiping his nose very slowly and carefully on the back of his hand at one point! Every one laughed but he didn't seem to mind and wiped it on his sleeve next time. Another little boy was a grandfather in one play and had a beard, very big and white, also a pipe which he held under the beard to get it into his mouth. One little girl evidently lost her shoes on the way down and had to go through her part in Gum boots. The little children had a march and were dressed as dolls, coming on in pairs while Christine played appropriate music on her violin. There were Two Teddy bears, clowns etc. The children got a great kick out of that.

At the end they asked if there were any children pre school age who would like to give a recitation or sing, and a tiny little girl about five got up all by herself. (Her mother was near us and looked quite startled as to what to expect) and she sang very sweetly some popular song, you could hear every word, she was awfully cunning. One father took his little son up to the platform and tried to coax him to perform. The father weighs about 200 and the son is four or five, the father nearly brought the house



down for he forgot how funny he would look or sound  
and taking the child by the hand sort of trotted  
across the stage singing in a tiny voice " Lay that  
pistol down - - - " whatever the words are. I laughed  
until the tears came, he did look so big and ~~this~~  
little voice, and of course the child was too shy  
to open his mouth. It went off like clockwork and  
lasted less than an hour and a half, for I was home  
by nine thirty.

We are to listen to Henry Aldrich now and then  
to bed. It seems as if we were always going to bed  
and getting up.

Lots of love to you all and a very Merry  
Christmas and a Happy New Year too.

and ever so much love to you

Catharine.



Tofino, B.C.  
Sunday, Dec. 19, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

This letter will reach you about in time to say " Happy New Year " and I would like to add " Many of them ? though I realize it is for a purely selfish reason on our part, but in any case I hope this new year will be a happier one for you and that you will see more of your family !

We are spending to-day quietly at home, it is nice enough to go for a walk but Pete enjoys most sitting reading and it is pretty chilly out to sit anywhere. We were out this morning for awhile , helped a Mr Guthrie put his things in the car for Pete to take in to-morrow and then drove him a few miles as he was walking back to the Station. Then Pete helped Gordon Sinclair set up his oil barrel which is a bit of a trick but they do it for someone in the house nearly every weekend. There is a row of barrels of fuel oil under a cedar tree by the gate, each with a tap, when you lift the empty one down you have to put the spigot on the full one while it is up on end, then roll it up in place, it is pretty heavy and awkward sometimes. but they are getting good at it. Then we had lunch and have been listening to the Philamonic and Gladys Swarthouth and other nice programs. I have been catching up on the Calgary Herald as all week I have been writing letters at night and no time for reading. Christine lent us " They took to the Woods " which I want to read.

Yesterday was so lovely that us three, Christine, Phyllis and I decided to try to find a little beach we had heard of behind the hospital. We hurried with our Saturday chores, I try to ~~the~~ clean the rooms a little better on the weekend, and we also made a trip down town in the morning. They had lunch up here as we listened to " Rigaletto " Lily Pons was lovely wasn't she ? You can think of us as having lunch when you listen in Concord, the time is about 3 hours different here, 11 when its two in the afternoon with you.

Friday I made a lemon pie complete with meringue. Made the pie shell in the morning and then the filling and top in the afternoon, much to my surprise it came out perfectly. May be Fanny Farmer works best at Sea level. It was easy to make too, I use half the recipes for us, and for a pie it makes the top of our pyrex casserole size about four helpings of pie, and 6 tarts or more. the filling took a generous amount of sugar but we have quite a bit. Got a wonderful big present from Washington. like a hat box and it says "Fruit cake" on the tag, it was quite heavy to carry home so should be wonderful to have.

At present if the New Year Leaves are not cancelled we plan to go to Banff. I will leave here at noon about, on the 27th, thats the Monday after Christmas, spend the night in Port Alberni. go to Vancouver tuesday by bus and boat, spend that night in Vancouver and have Wednesday to shop etc. there, (hope to get Dorothy to stay with me at the hotel). Then Pete will join me then



to take the train that night to Banff. We will reach Banff the afternoon of Thursday Dec. 30th will have that night, all next day and then leave on Saturday morning at noon to return. If the weather is cold the trains coming back might be late which would suit us fine. It seems a long way to go for such a short time but we figure it is worth it. We may be back the following Monday.

Have a few letters I must write and there is a lovely concert on the radio which this typing doesn't improve.

Happy New Year to you all and heaps of love

Catharine

P.S. Listened to the Quiz Kids. who was the person in Concord Mass to send in the question? we didn't catch the name.



Tofino, B.C.  
Tuesday,  
Dec. 21, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

It is getting nearer and nearer to Christmas and a bit hard to realize up here where there are still fushias blooming in the yard ( those magenta colored flowers that hang down, think that is their name ) and blackberries without any flavor still on the bushes. However we do have heavy frosts each night now and it is so pretty in the mornings, in fact where the sun doesn't strike the frost stays all day. Seems funny to have the pebbles on the beach frozen.

This has been a busy day, yesterday was fairly full. Had some parcels to mail for a friend of Petes and so went down early yesterday morning, then right after lunch Chris and I went up to Mrs Knotts for sheets and stayed to tea and to the Olsons for eggs where we wouldn't sit down in case we stayed. They were starting to cut down two enormous twin Cedar trees beside the road, a landmark here but dying at the top and leaning a little further all the time over the road, we were anxious to see them fall and as they said it would be about ten this morning we decided to go <sup>look</sup> then. When I went down for the mail after tea first with Mrs Lowry who was visiting Phyllis when we got back. I also had all the water to get to heat for the washing to-day and my Christmas tree to fix. It sits in pebbles in a tomatoe can so you can imagine how large it is. about a foot high and some sort of hemlock but just the shape of a little tree, Chris has given me a lot of little star stickers she had left over and I am going to stick them to ~~stri~~ thread and hang them or strig them stuck to-gether, it should look rather nice. We aren't doing anything very special for Christmas, by the looks of our bundles it will take a good part of the day to open them! Jean's book came yesterday, every one has come in good shape. At first we weren't going to attempt another chicken but may see if the Knotts have one they could kill and clean.

This morning I started to wash early so as to be through by ten, did all the woolen things by then ~~by~~ leaving the rest to soak, but when Chris and I got up there we found the tree had been felled at nine so it was across the road and looked pretty hopeless with two men only to tackle it. Seeing that the trunk is about 7 or 8 feet thick. I am going up again now to see how much they have done and when the other part will be coming down for it would be fun to see.

We went down to send a wire and shop and make a call and it was lunch time when we got back so I finished my washing afterwards. Chris goes out to-morrow for Christmas with Gordon, he is getting a week of "bush leave" too which he hadn't taken before. Pete says they are to get one days travelling time and that means we will have two and a half days in Banff, three nights. so that is exciting. won't have to leave until Sunday noon. *to come back*



Wednesday. Its still too dark to do much & I have the dishes washed & bed made at 8.30, will go down in an hour & mail this. The stars were all out when we went to bed & I thought how nice my clothes would be to iron this morning. Maybe a bit frosty. were about three this morning to a pouring rain. well there wasn't much to do about the clothes then. I should have heeded the 2 beg flies that suddenly appeared in our room yesterday, inquisitely they mean rain. However its not too bad now, ~~it~~ looks as if it might clear. I hope so for Chris is going on the "Ulrich" & its not so nice if you have to get inside all the way. She is going to have a baby due the end of March & has to go down to see her Doctor just now.

Looks as if we would have a very happy Christmas here and not much to fuss about. I even have mince meat for a pie - and the following Monday we will be going leaving. at least I will. So will be busy getting ready.

Must write the Wards.

Loads of love & a Happy New Year to you all

Catharine.

P.S. Thanks so much for the recipes, they sound delicious. We haven't seen a fig since last Christmas (for the pie) and they have had no dates (for the pudding) but may be able to get some in Vancouver. Mary Paris sent us a good one for cooked Ham. Haven't seen ham either but haven't asked for it as it takes more ration coupons than beef or lamb.



Tofino, B.C.  
Thursday,  
Dec. 23, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

Nearly Christmas and it looks as if ours would be pretty nice and quiet. Pete is already getting things, first he came home with a cardboard container filled with presents. A black tie, gum chocolate bar, tooth brush, comb, soap dish and Styptic sticks for after shaving if you cut yourself. on the outside it says "Labor's Compliments for Victory with Christmas Greetings to our Armed Services, United Labor Christmas Cheer Fund for the United Armed Services." Every man gets one evidently. Then yesterday was the best of all, he appeared at five o'clock and to-day and to-morrow and I guess Monday and Tuesday as well they don't have to work until ten in the morning and can leave at four, so we didn't get up until seven thirty and could have slept later. rather a nice gesture on the part of the C.O.

Went down for the mail yesterday morning and then saw Chris off on the taxi, She had to leave at 10.30 and they picked her up in a truck as the other twin Cedar was felled in the morning and so the taxi was on the other side. Then as Phyllis was having her coffee I stopped and joined her and we talked so long that I suggested before finishing the coffee we make it lunch which we did.

I had all my ironing to do, not that it was so much but the clothes were wet from rain in the night and so had to be dried in the room and of course I ironed them too soon which makes a harder job, but wanted to get them out of the way, was just starting to make some custard when Mrs Erickson and her daughter came in to see if the pantry needed cleaning etc. I had never had the daughter up so asked them for tea which we had just finished having, and they stayed until Pete suddenly appeared. The room was all confusion, what with tea dishes, Phyllis and some painted shells she is making for tree decorations, and laundry hanging drying, some ironed some not, which divided the room in half, I had thrown a lot of things into the bed room when Mrs Erickson came so that was nicely messed up too. Guess I will always be in a mess. Pete went down with me to the mail and we were a bit late for supper, We asked Phyllis up as she was all alone and instead of stew we just cooked the meat that way and had canned tomatoes, it wasn't a very exciting meal but It was hard to do much else.

This morning I was late getting started which



was nice for a change and it was awfully dark,  
finished the ironing and cleaned the rooms a bit  
and mean't to go down town but wanted to write this  
first so it will go to-morrow.

Phyllis is just up so we are going to have  
" brunch " I guess they call it, but will answer c  
some of your letters first.

Our stove is just like any ordinary coal or  
wood cook stove but where the coal box would be are  
two Oil burners, sort of like a kerosene stove burner  
but it Burns some cheap grade of oil, you just turn  
it up for more heat and light both burners for a  
medium or hot oven. Ours is a fine cooker and the  
oven bakes so well.

The other families are Gordon and Chris  
Sinclair who live in the one room we were to have  
at first. He is in the Air force a corporal in the  
maintenance and is a lineman. In the big room under  
us is Phyllis and Bill Hall, he is a Lietneant in  
the Army, and Christine Swanson across the hall from  
us who is the School teacher.

Your birthday party sounded very nice at Mrs  
Mottes I am gald that she is feeling better.

Guess you had better send the Sat Rev. of Lit.  
to Mildred as I don't seem to have time to read them  
and would rather read a good book than be tantalized  
by so many I can't read. But we all enjoy having the  
New Yorkers.

The bathroom downstairs is the real 3 piece one  
with toilet like ours that has no water connection,  
but a cold water tap in the basin and tub. Our so  
called bathroom upstairs is really a hall closet with  
a window looking out front but just a temporary bath  
room.

Have had lunch with Phyllis and must go down  
town now.

Loads of love and will send my next letter  
after Christmas from Port Alberni

Love

Catherine



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 155  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

Monday evening.  
December 27, 1943.

Dearest Mother,

I started to write you all about "Christmas in Tofino" on Christmas day but never got beyond the first paragraph so shall try to tell you from the very beginning now, before having the first bath in a tub since October) and going to bed.

My last letter was written Thursday. Chris Sinclair left Wednesday, our first rainy day for some time & Thursday was a real storm. Blowing & raining most all day. I kept thinking how lucky they were to make the trip but in comparative calm. Tried to tidy up a bit for the Christmas weekend, that is the rooms, but it was too dark to really clean & not much sense washing the floor. I had held those good intentions. Instead I made mince pie & about 8 turn overs so Pete could take some in to Chris, <sup>his friend in the Photo Section</sup> who was staying over Christmas. Pete was home again early, before five & promptly ate a couple of turn overs. but we still had enough for supper too.

Friday was the day before Christmas and the storm petered out. I made a trip down in the morning & again for the mail in the afternoon when Pete got back. He had to get my Christmas presents & his only chance of being near a store



when it was open. Kitty Ellington helped him out a pair of real nice stockings. letter paper & a box of candy. also the crest of the Tofino Station. but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Philip's husband came home on his 5 day's leave just before lunch so I had my first lunch alone since I've been in Tofino. I was just as glad for I had a lot to do. A little boy up the road earns money by collecting empty beer bottles & arrived for ours with a pretty bunch of holly in his hand. However to make our room look real Christmasy I went out & clipped some for Philip & us as well. Seems to me you can't have all things right at once. We've seen where there's the correct amount of snow & spruce trees. for Christmas & in Bandula where parsonias grow on trees or shrubs. & now up here one can pick their own holly by the door. It was rather fun. also prickly as the devil. I pruned it up about the room. hung a piece on the outside of our door & another little 3 pruned branch tied with my one red ribbon in the window. It really produced the desired effect. Then my miniature tree which I finished decorating that night with little stars such as school teachers use to urge their children on to greater effort. I stuck them back to back on string & it was awfully pretty though no one but us enjoyed it in the end.

Philip & Bill were having a great time decorating their place. We got a real tree & they had procured enough "Christmas Cheer" to offer it to friends. The B.C. Region Board failed to return our permits in time for us to make a December purchase. so the



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 155  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

2 cases of beer + half a bottle of Scotch having been consumed, we had only a little left to be gay on. By having it before supper Christmas Eve + again Christmas Day we made the most of it. No wonder we smiled at Russell's letter when he wrote that they no longer serve anything to drink except before dinner!

Well back to Christmas. I forgot Thyllis had supper with us ~~Thursday~~ night. guess I wrote you that! She + Bill invited us down for a drink Christmas Eve which we enjoyed very much. another <sup>army</sup> couple came in too, but we left soon after as they were going on to another house we knew. (It was 2.30 when they came home, not an idea of Christmas Eve) all our parcels arrived in good time + we had an imposing array stacked up on the cot in the kitchen. We had a good dose of Christmas Carols and then retired! It was blowing + raining out + we were glad not to be going anywhere.

Christmas morning we woke quite early to find much to our surprise, a beautiful clear day. How it happened I still don't understand for Sunday was stormy + today rainy. The only really nice day since last Tuesday. We had an extra special breakfast of puffed



beef as well as bacon & eggs & tried not to feel  
- it was Sunday. It was great fun opening the  
parcels, and such a lot of things, really useful  
things to get. How shall we thank you for them all.  
First the books. I've got the "Mother Russia" which  
looks most interesting & I can hardly wait to start  
"Winter Harbor". I just glanced at the Norwegian  
one "Mother's Bank Account" & read the first three  
chapters before turning myself away to get lunch  
or dinner. & Sophie should be most amused  
out of the New Yorker.

The food will be much appreciated. We've nearly  
finished the peppermints already but are saving  
the other things until we go back. <sup>also</sup> the crunch, &  
nutrums caramels. The nuts & figs we shared  
with Phyllis & Bill & they gave us some dates.  
We still have half the nuts. It's fun to taste  
things you haven't been able to get for some time.  
The cheese will be very welcome as they were  
sold out in Torino the last 2 boats.

Then the dustier. I do appreciate the dark  
color & the new pot holder. Mine are very grungy.  
& the little tray I can keep our salt pepper & sugar  
on. & the tape measure! We didn't know what  
it was at first and had a good laugh when  
the fly pulled out! How did you know the paper  
napkins were just the color of my table cloth  
which washes off like oil cloth & which we use  
all the time. & the stockings. Just the kind I  
need for Torino. Oh yes & the Toy mix. I had  
only just enquired for it a few days ago  
having seen it advertised but they had none.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

+ the note book. Have it with me with all the things to do in Vancouver & Banff. The apron. Did I mention that. another thing I needed. Oh yes & the handkerchiefs we were both pleased with these. also the sticky tape & gummed labels. You really sent us an awful lot. Oh I nearly forgot the string bag of fish net. That will be useful. for the rain makes the paper bags from the store wet & the boxes & tins work right through. and the lovely woven cover. nearly forgot that. I don't know if I've mentioned everything. It's a little hard to remember them all there were so many things. but many many thanks. It made our Christmas morning great fun.

Please thank Jean for the book & also the little box with the lovely pin cushion & silk handkerchiefs & nice pins. It smelt just like Jean's trunk & made me think of what fun it used to be when she looked through her trunk periodically & found all the gloves & handkerchiefs from Scotland carefully put away. and bits of heather & plaid.

Peter's mother sent us some Christmas cake. a box of home made cookies & a jar of jam & dried bananas. so we did well in the food line.

Russ & Kitty sent us the most wonderful fruit cake. The kind with all sorts of nuts & fruits & flavors held together with a little cake. We have stored it away carefully in waxed paper & all available tin boxes till we get back.



So you see we did very well indeed. ~~Pete had~~  
we had baked ham, a slice in vinegar,  
brown sugar & mustard, fried sweet potatoes  
& creamed onions & mince pie for our Christmas  
dinner. no fuss & very good.

It being such a glorious day we went down  
to see when the Mequina night come in. sat  
in the sun for an hour. I with just a trench  
coat over a cotton blouse & Pete with no overcoat.  
It came about 4.30 & we waited around until  
the mail was sorted. getting a nice letter from  
you. So you see it really was a very happy day  
though quiet.

Yesterday the store was open a few hours  
& we went down hoping for Coca-Cola but there  
was none. However we got a little orange ade &  
had some tiny bottles of ginger ale to quench our  
thirst. Also walked to the Pub. to enquire about  
the taxi today. & home for a quiet afternoon as  
it was raining hard. I spent all my time  
packing & looking at papers etc to see too in  
Bauff. Last night we had another storm. Such  
a wind it shook the house & the rain lashed  
against the windows. I trembled in bed thinking  
of the trip on the little boat to-day. However  
I needn't have worried. The seas played.  
came out & I was able to set my deck during  
the rough part so wasn't sea sick.

To bed now as to tea & my bath.  
if there is time will tell you about the trip  
out tomorrow



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

P. O. DRAWER 188  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

Tuesday morning.

And now for the trip out. Pete didn't have to leave until after nine so could help with the dishes. I was to be up on the road at eleven when Mr. Knott and his taxi would pick me up. It gave me lots of time but somehow I was busy up to the last moment. Had all the pails to empty, & washed them all, which made two trips & as it was raining hard though not blowing so much it meant my full regalia of raincoat, rubber boots & hat. I also had the toilet seat to paint with enamel so it will be easier to wash. Had to use the lamp to see by but it didn't take long. They began all the decorations etc. another trip to the beach. The girls & boys board to the pantry as I had washed out a couple of houses Sunday. Food to put out for Phyllis' party. They weren't up when I left so I just called to them.

Got up to the road by 5 to 11 and had a nice half hour stand. However it wasn't raining hard only a little now & then. I had a chat with each passer by & watched the crows & soon the taxi here into view. It's an old closed car & looks like any of the jitneys that used to go to Portland, full of people & the suitcases on top. Mail too. I was told to squeeze in front with a W.D. that's (Women's Division of the P.C.A.F.) She had come up to be with her husband over Christmas. In the back



seat were three Indians (2 little girls) & in the 2  
facing seats a Tofino boy & Uchuckat man. They talked  
us about the rough water & how the Uchuckat would toss  
about and we knew they were right. In fact one man  
appeared on the wharf as we pulled out to cheer us on our  
way.

It's quite a drive the road being so rough most  
of the way. We went across the run ways & through  
the air port. Pete being on hand to get the boy &  
the girls husband to give her a parting kiss.

We were at Uchuckat in time for a good lunch  
at a Café run very well by two young girls. Mr  
Knott eating with us. So the wait wasn't very  
long. Before the Uchuckat drove into view. It's not a  
very large boat & not much room to sit. As it  
wasn't raining we grabbed the two camp chairs &  
sat on the little deck in the stern with our backs to  
the cabin. & I never felt a quiver. Though it was  
rough enough so Mrs Evans had to hook her arm  
in mine & I hold on to the railing. <sup>deep from turning over</sup> We were in  
the trough of the waves rolling in from the open  
sea. But it's only for a short distance so not too  
bad. exciting enough too. We went through one  
narrow stretch between two islands one could  
almost touch on each side. green water too.  
but the sea must have gone down a good deal.

When it got too cold outside we went below  
where there was no heat. which was just as  
well. Later the stove was started up & people  
began smoking & it gradually got hotter &  
hotter until the windows steamed.



# Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL.

P. O. DRAWER 158  
PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

I had a few sandwiches & we ate those & bought hot coffee. Were here at eight. I had a Bulgarian cube & not being overly hungry, melted that in hot water & ate my last sandwich & a chocolate bar instead of going up the street for supper in a Cafe.

Now I must go to see about the bus to Nanaimo & check out. So will call this all for now. May not have much chance to write you the next few days. I go to Vancouver to-day. Hope Dorothy & Wayne will spend the night with me at the hotel. Shop tomorrow & try to recover our Sequoia Periwinkle. Pete arrives by boat in the afternoon & we catch the train that night for Banff.

Lots of love & hope your Christmas was as happy as ours. We were glad to hear in your letter that came Christmas day that you would be at Aunt Julie's for dinner.

More love & many thanks for all the packages so prettily done up.

Catharine

oh. I forgot to thank you for the check to pay the duty. There was none. Shall we use it for our trip?