

Baruff.
Alberta. 44
Jan. 1. 1945.

Dearest Mother,

Happy New Year to
you and all the household!

I'm sorry not to have
written you before but have been
going pretty steadily since leaving
Port Alberni.

That next day I got on
the bus early. Nearly an hour
ahead of starting time at 10.30.
so had a seat next the window.
It was dull & raining looking
but as we went over the pass to
the other side of the island. about
a thousand feet or so above sea
level we got above the fog & the

sun shone brightly on the hoar
frost. It was very pretty.

Had lunch in Main dining &
got on the boat an hour early
with the rest of the crowd. Some
one said 450 people were left
on the pier the sailing before
Christmas but they all got on
an boat, though there wasn't a
seat to be had inside after we
left. I sat on odd spots on
deck as much out of the wind
as possible. for it was a cold
day & rather wintery but clear
& lovely.

Sat for some time with an
air free couple from Uchuset
going to Winnipeg on leave &
watched their baggage when they

had lunch. They told me about
 the time he was boarding the boat
 at Uluksuit & there was a barge
 tied to the pier too. It was pitch
 dark & he slipped off the pier as
 he thought onto the boat & landed
 in the water. Great coat, club bag
 & all! He was seen a nice little
 fellow too. She said they ~~wrap~~
 the water out of the stuff in his
 bag when she met him several
 hours later. & he showed me where
 they scorched holes in his uniform
 trying to dry it for him on the boat.
 He must be rather unlucky or
 lucky! for standing beside him
 we were missed by nervous
 sea gulls three times approaching
 Vancouver. First hit was an
 army man. above the left eye.

4

second the deck in front of us +
3rd a girls coat!

On reaching the hotel called up
Forothy White. She had arranged
a cocktail party of girls. a Miss
Whithead (rather lively old maid)
two girl friends. one runs a sports
shop the other works for Boeiups.
the other Mrs Pat Gieves who was
on the Empress of Japan when we
were. She is now in the Press
bureau of the C.P.R. Was very
interesting telling about a friend
a nurse in Hong Kong who just
returned on the Gipsyholm after 2
years in Stanley Prison.

We had supper together with
the 2 girls + then sat in the club
+ chatted. a very pleasant
evening.

Wednesday I started out at nine
 (Dorothy had spent the night with
 me) first to get our permits which
 the Liquor Board had lost for us.
 I had quite a time convincing
 the man he should do something.
 was almost in tears but he finally
 found them so I made my purchase
 & had Pete's mailed to Topeka.
 Got our reservations & spent the
 rest of the time shopping at the
 Bay. the only store open Wednesday
 morning.

Went to the Art Gallery in
 the afternoon had tea with Dorothy
 & then met Pete at the boat at
 5.15. He had time to come up
 to the hotel & shave & wash up
 a bit. Then we had a turkey

supper at the Station before boarding
 the train. ran into Lloyd Harmon
 from Bauff. now a Pilot Officer.
 & he helped carry our bags. another
 boy from Bauff (who used to work
 at Bow Lakes and has been w
 the Air Force since 1940 & made
 some 40 odd operational flights
 as Air Gunner in Egypt before
 returning to Port Bay last year)
 was also on the train. ^{was 22 years old.} Dorothy
 had given me a box of Christmas
 cake for Pete & we finished
 that up in no time with the
 boys help.

It was a nice trip. 2 empty
 sections to Bauff so we didn't
 feel we were taking up room.

Jackie met us that afternoon Thursday. & we had supper here at Mours where we are staying. Spent the evening at Barbaras seeing what the kids got for Christmas.

Friday we were very busy looking for things in the house. making numerous trips to the bank. Bought Oysters & have a feed at noon. Called on the Moores in the afternoon & surprised them. They seemed so glad to see us & made a special cogn tail to celebrate. Seeing we have had only one bottle of Scotch since going to Tojens we are certainly making up for it now.

8.

Called on Mrs Pairs but some other
calls came in the front door so
we went in the back so we went
back & saw her before lunch to-
day. Called on Allen & Grace Mather,
also Mrs Knight & Norman was
just home. Got back just in
time for a chicken supper here at
Moms. Went over to Lela's afterwards
& down to Barbarys where there
were two Australians. Instructors
near Winnipeg for 14 months.
They told us about one Australian
who with 2 weeks leave had
booked rides on American planes
to Australia & back in that
time. But though they had thought
of it. The chance of not getting
a ride back was too much.

We couldn't go to the hotel last night though we were invited but are going this evening.

Had a good sleep this morning after seeing the New Year in with Mom. & then did a few things at the house. Had a call on Mildred & Mrs Paris & then a tremendous turkey dinner at Barbaras. Mom, Mildred & ~~Peter~~ ^{Edna} were also there. This afternoon called on Edna & picked up laundry. Had me a bath & then back here for supper. That's not the right sequence as I had the bath before going to Edna's. Also called on the Simpsons

but they were out .

Now we are off again. I
leave at 12.30 tomorrow. It
been fun & well worth the
trip so far.

I won't have a chance to
write until Port Alberni & as
we go west it will take more
days for the mail to get back
to you. So don't expect a
letter for several days. Will
be glad to get your letters
in P. Jimo. Will be there
Wednesday afternoon I expect.

Loads of love

Catharine

P.S. The family are all well
after the flu.

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

Monday.
Jan. 3, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

Imagine writing 1944! Well we are on our way back, after a really nice holiday. We didn't do a great deal after I wrote you New Years day. Mrs Mac was out each time we tried to get in touch with her. We did see Edna at five as she asked us up. But later in the evening after supper at Mavis we called on the Simpsons & they were out going. Mrs Simpson was waiting for a taxi which came soon after we arrived and Jim was helping wash dishes at one of the Cafes where they could get no one to help. In the end we spent the evening at Barbaras, listening to some new records she had.

Sunday morning was gone before we knew it & time to leave at 12.30. It was gently snowing & very pretty along the way especially at the Great Divide where the trees were coated in snow.

I'm so sleepy tonight that I'm not going to make this much of a letter, but there is a chance of getting a trip to Ucluelet

tomorrow & if we should go then (instead of
leaving on the R.C.A.F. boat & I on the
which the following day) I want to have a
letter to mail from here to let you know how
we are & where. I'll be back in Tokyo
Wednesday night at the latest I expect.

Will write more tomorrow if there is
time. Lots of love & looking forward to
all the mail from you.

Catharine.

Tofino, B.C.
Saturday
Jan. 8, 1948

Dearest Mother,

It is 3.15 and all I have to do is take a sponge bath before Pete comes home. This morning I started a letter to Russ and Kitty, (not finished yet) made a quick trip down to send a wire to Jackie, (a business matter) back to wash out 6 pairs of stockings and then decided to use the suds for the floor which I haven't done for ages. listened to a bit of opera and then before the floor was dry enough to put glo coat on we had lunch with Chris, I waxed it before they had started to do the dishes and so only got in on the tail end of that. Then we all went down for the weekends meat supply, paid Mrs Erickson's daughter the rent and got back to find Mrs E here. I think she is having tea with Chris for I didn't offer her any this time as it would mean the rest of the afternoon.

Now I am going to read over some of your letters and answer any questions. You haven't sent that list as yet but I know there has been the odd question.

It is now Sunday morning and I am listening to the Philamonic while Pete has gone sketching, I don't want to squeeze out my paint until I am gaught up on other things. Yesterday as I was writing this Phyllis called that tea was ready, Mrs Erickson had gone and we had a quick tea ourselves in Chrises room. Chris is expecting her baby in March and was feeling lazy, but so was I yesterday, and for no good reason.

Now to those questions. Jean was quite right when she heard that the west coast of Vancouver was shelled, and some radio stations even mentioned Tofino, for it was north of us. However it was evidently some practise shooting from a merchant ship, (I guess you would call it that) They are supposed to tell the authorities when they will be holding practise but there was something funny about this, The boys were sure it was going to cancel their leaves, but we thought perhaps they did it just to see how on the alert the defenses are. I have forgotten if I told you about it in my letters. We didn't know anything about it until Mr Guthrie asked us Sunday morning if we had heard anything about there having been an alert the night before. Had it been important the boys would have been called back. Even the Sinclaris who were at the dance had heard nothing so we thought it was a rumot until later we heard about it from the news broadcasts. They said that in Vancouver and Victoria all the Service men were called out of the theaters etc and leaves cancelled. There was an alert right down the coast to SanFrancisoo. much like the one they had on the east coast Christmas eve.

Don't you worry about me running up and downstairs its good exercise, and as for the pails they are the small size to fit in the cupboard and not heavy. The idea of the pull out the window is allright except that our windows overlook a lot of bushes and a sort of ravine so you can't get under our windows. I have paured wash water out the window once or twice but it is apt to run down

across Phyllis window below.

I was reading one of your letters about Barret and Everett and Pete remarked " You know I have never heard your mother mention them that they weren't sick " Poor souls they have been ill a good many years. How are Miss Legate and Hurd ? do you ever go a calling on them ?

The only electric lights in Tofino are from their peoples own small electric plants. The store has an engine that runs its refrigerator as well, but the rest of us use Coleman lamps, a wonderful light but noisy, though after a while you never think of the noise or notice it. It is gasoline and then you pump air into the tank and then there are mantles you light. Hard to describe but way better than kerosene that smells so. We have one of those in the bed room for Pete to shave with etc.

The Wards have bought a house in Victoria but not what they really want. Cis would like to live there as she loves the flowers and the climate, but Sam except for wanting Cis to be happy, prefers Banff as he has his friends and also can work when he likes there and for himself. They still have their small house in Banff and I expect will go back for the summer. They have lived there since before the last war.

I am glad you found a frame for the little sketches and that you liked it well enough to hang, I noticed in the 5 and 10 in Port Alberni that they had really nice frames there.

They have no Library here in Tofino, in fact very few places in Canada have libraries I believe in the states it is largely due to Carnegie that small towns can afford libraries. But what they do have in British Columbia is a library service for the province, several thousand books, lists of which they send you and you can write for them to Victoria. All good books but very little fiction, except for classics. Chris has the list, many are text books. *It's free.*

We have a young doctor in Tofino. A Shantyman, (a Missionary) and he seems very good, then there are always the Air Force and Army doctors if they were needed they would help out I think, so don't worry.

Clayoquot used to be considered more important than Tofino and so is on the maps oftener, it is on an island but we are really connected with Vancouver Island. It is not exactly a large place, Clayquot, It has one store, a rather nice country hotel where summer people have stayed and with its beer parlor and just a few houses so its really smaller than this. Port Alberni is the only big place near and that is about the size of Concord.

Did I tell you we got the letter from the Sussex, it is nice to be known by them so they sent it here. We had had reservations there before deciding to go to Banff.

I think you naturally thought of our rooms facing the other way because we are on the water, however this is a sort of inlet from the sea and not the broad Pacific, it is similar to Franshmen's bay on the other side of Mt Desert but looks like Somes Sound in width and the mountains are about that height opposite us.

I don't know if there would be any duty on figs or dates You might send them to Pete as a birthday present, I think dates would be the most useful as our dentist being in Victoria and if we got a cavity in our teeth it would be most uncomfortable ! I have

I have forgotten when Pete's birthday is but around the 17th I think.

Did you read the article about Joel Kupperman (in the Qiz Kids) in the last readers digest. He is a real boy so they say.

In the school there are two teachers and 48 children, 24 in each room of four grades each. Christine teaches the first four grades.

Reason I can't go with Pete when going on leave is because he gets a free ride on the R.C.A.F. or Army boat, and only men in the forces can go on them. They leave at odd hours too but he can often make better connections than I can by the Uchuck. On the New Years leave they were met in Port Alberni by a convoy of Army trucks to take them to Nanaimo, it also put less strain on the public buses and trains and worked well.

Do let us know how Cousin Bert likes his new job. Hope he finds it not too hard and difficult at first. Glad he found something.

Yesterday when we went to see Mrs Erickson's daughter she had one of those large oriental poppies in bud, I shall watch and see if it really blooms. She was surprised herself by its actions at this time of year, also had a rose half out. The bush below our window is one with long purple or lavender flowers like a lilac in the distance, the yellow butterfly used to love yours. It still has its leaves on and the dead blossoms, I am wondering what it will do to get ready for blooming this year.

Pete hasn't come back yet and it is nearly one thirty but I know where he is sketching as Christine came running in a while ago to ask if I knew where Pete was as she had suddenly noticed him on a little hill as she was eating her breakfast.

Must get lunch ready.

Loads of love,

Catharine .

Tofino, B.C.

Tuesday,

Jan. 11, 1943. 44

Dearest Mother,

I have had a busy day and no time to write you as I had hoped, and as Pete is to have a 48, that is the next two days off I won't be up early enough to write before mail time to-morrow.

Might as well tell you about 2 My Day "

There was a real gale last night, they blow in squalls or gusts and hard enough to shake the house, then it rains and the rain drives in the smallest crack the window is open. It was still stormy this morning and raining and blowing when I went out with the pails, the crows and seagulls were hungrier than ever, I am always a bit fearful that they will get too excited directly over my head!

I wrote a letter to Pete's mother and then started washing early, had soaked all the cotton things over night so they washed easily but I had quite a bit, all the things we had worn when on our trip as there was no chance to wash them out en route. I find one isn't tempted to change cloths very often when you wash them your self! Half way through, the oil tank on the stove ran out which meant rubber boots rain coat and Sou wester and an umbrella to keep the water from getting into the tank, however it didn't delay me much and I managed to wash a whole line of things before Chris had lunch ready, then I washed the silk things like four blouses and three slips etc after lunch and had the line on the porch filled up. I thought the weather was clearing and the wind would dry them but instead it poured. Then feeling so set up at finishing the wash I decided to make an apple pie for supper and in the midst of that Mr Arnet came to fix Christine's stove and I was to let him in and explain things to him until she came home from school, he came sharp at 3.30. I didn't expect to go down town but just as I was about ready to put the pie in and had the oven just right, Chris came back from town to say that there was fresh salmon at the store but that the meat part usually closed at five. I managed to make the left over pie crust into tarts and got scolopped potatoes ready and a few more things, took the pie out at 4.45 and was at the store just on the dot of five. Got the salmon alright and it was about the best salmon I ever tasted, a nice thick slice, also got 4 bottles of soft drink just a cup in each they are so small, and a money order. Was back by 5.30. burn't the rubbish as it had momentarily stopped raining and then brought in nice fresh rain water from the tubs that are under the drips. also took down all the silk things and put all the very wet cotton and wool ones that had been rinsing in the rain, on the line on the porch. the line being so rusty one has to tear little bits of paper to put under the clothes pins so the cloths won't get rusted. It was six when this was finished and I had just lit the lamp when Pete came.

He has just heard that he is an L.A.C. (leading

Aircraftsman) it just came out in D.R.Os which makes it official, it is his first promotion and he really should have had it sooner had he not missed his trade test last summer. He also heard that he got his B grouping in photography by passing his test last fall. He still has a step to go to be a corporal ! By the way the Royal Canadian Air Force is no more the Army than the Navy is. The three services are entirely separate up here and in England too. so it sounds just as funny to say that George Parsons likes Army life as it is to say that Pete does. I know it is hard to remember for it is different in the states.

We had a real meal to-night. consomme, fried salmon scoloped potatoes and spiced beets and apple pie and the usual tea. We had some delicious tomatoe pickles we bought and finished a few days ago, last night we had beets and so I put the ones left over in the pickle liquid and they were delicious, might just as well have been pickled originally.

and now to bed.

loads of love,

Catharine

no time to re-read.

Tofino, B.C.
Thursday,
Jan. 13, 1944

Dearest Mother,

Your letter came yesterday telling us that Russ expected ~~xxx~~ to be with you for a few nights this week and we were so glad to hear it. It will make all the difference to you in shortening the winter with such a high light, and one chance for you to have him to yourself, for the visit last summer must have been rather hectic. Does it mean that now the headquarters have moved he may be up quite often? that would be nice.

Pete has had poor weather for his 48. Sunday was a perfect day and he made a nice sketch and hoped to do some more yesterday and to-day, but yesterday was awfully stormy and windy, too much to even stand on the porch and paint. We went down town to give Mr Knott the spare tire which has a bad cut and has to go to Port Alberni to be vulcanized. Then I spent the afternoon ironing and Pete read. This morning it was raining but very dull so as we were late getting up we only had time to make a telephone call to the garage man in Port Alberni about the tire. It took some time as first the telegraph man was out and then it took him a good 15 or 20 minutes to get central and then sometime before the connection was good enough to hear. This afternoon Pete tried another sketch though it was getting stormy again and now it is raining. This is the sort of weather we expected to have most all winter so we shouldn't mind.

I never did tell you much about our trip back. It was nice and restful on the train as it was snowing a good part of the day. We got into Vancouver on time and having two hours made the most of them, getting stretchers at the Art store and I did an errand at the Bay, then we went to the Art Gallery as I wanted Pete to see the exhibition of silk screen paintings. He has seen most of them but not all together. It is quite an idea, some special method of reproduction on cardboard and gives the effect of paintings. Various well known artists in Eastern Canada donated pictures to be reproduced and others are taken from well known Canadian pictures, all oil paintings. They were done for the Army and Air Force messes in England and this country and that is where Pete has seen them as decorations, they are about the size of your Woodward or bigger. However Mondays the place was closed which we might have known, so

we just had time to say hello to Dorothy Whyte and she gave us a jar each of Cherries and Raspberries which I had helped her put up last summer. We were not too enthusiastic at first as it was one more parcel but after tasting the cherries changed our minds they are wonderful the best I ever tasted. Are the kind they use for Marachino cherries and have quite the flavor in a delicate way.

The C.P.R. boat was jammed going to Nanaimo. we were among the first but couldn't find a seat except to take folding chairs and set them up in the aisle between the benches. It is a big boat too carrying a good many hundred. We took turns going for a bite to eat I starting at 11.30, we could get a sandwich and coffee and pie, very good. Before getting to Nanaimo we went out near the place to get off for we were anxious to get on the bus to reach Port Alberni over an hour before the train gets in. We were awfully lucky for there was a lady seeing another lady off and she gave me her seat, Pete had to get a ticket and so this lady sat in his seat until he got back, they didn't want to sell him a ticket but he insisted that he had a seat so they did. and it was nicer getting in earlier. Even then Pete had to share his seat with a soldier and two others had to stand and one sat on the step inside.

The next day Pete didn't go until noon and as it was rainy I didn't do very much, looked around the stores for one or two things. Then I left the following morning on the Uchuck. It was jammed, mostly men, 45 in the tiny cabin and every seat taken. They are just wooden slatted seats and surprisingly comfortable to sit in from 8 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon. They sort of curve from seat to back and three people can sit on one seat with three opposite, your knees touching. Luckily the man next me on one side suggested opening the porthole as the smoke was getting pretty thick from so many smoking, and the man on my other side under the window didn't seem to object sitting in a draft all the way, nor did I. I merely buttoned up my coat and was glad of the fresh air when it started to be rough before Bamfield. It was a gorgeous day after a snowstorm the night before and the snow was quite low on the mountains, but it was too chilly sitting on deck. I read most all morning and then had a delicious ham sandwich and coffee. At Bamfield I went on deck for the trip of nearly two hours across to Ucluelet in the trough of the rollers coming in from the Pacific. The nicest Indian lady came out too, she was coming to Tofino with a couple of neices to visit her father and mother for the first time in 4 years. She had a nice fur coat and was very much a lady. An Airman's wife sat out there too until she got too cold and they both went in, but I stuck it getting more congealed by the minute, before long the girl dashed out and was sick over my shoulder and the stern of the boat

and another passenger was sick as we came in to the harbor, I know I would have been had I gone inside but as it was I ate raisons and dry crackers and didn't feel a qualm though it was pretty rough. Next day it stormed so I certainly was lucky. Mr Knott and the taxi were there, a pilot officer and his wife were in the front seat, three men on the back seat, I chose the jump seat and a great big irishman had the wooden box with a blue pillow which was the other jump seat as more than one can use it in a pinch, I believe 13 is the most passengers he has carried, the car is an old Cadillac that has seen better days, and the shock absorbers have quit already so you hit the bumps quite hard. We took the couple to their cabin on Long beach which was a new experience as we just drove off the highway on a little trail sort of road of 100 feet and then just drove down the beach about a mile, the sand is hard enough and you go quite fast. They were headed for the only tourist cabins in the place, built in a little clearing sheltered from the beach by the thick shrubby trees that line the beach. I was home by 3.30 so that was good time.

Did I tell you the shock I had going out. A young W.D. (girl in the Air force / Womens Division it is called) was in the taxi with me going to Uclulet, We were both polite about going through doors first, she was young and very pretty, and finally ^{after lunch} as we got out she said to me " You know I feel that you should go first as you remind me of / my mother." I could hardly wait to tell Pete and how the family laughed at home. I didn't think I looked as old as that !

Pete had to come in as it started raining and now is another storm with wind and rain, you can never tell from one minute to the next what the weather will do here, but the variety is interesting.

Loads of love.

Catherine

Tofino,
B.C.
Jan.15,1944.

Dearest Mother,

I am going to write this letter way ahead of time as often I have to go down specially Monday mornings to catch the mail and it sort of cuts into the mornings, and I hope to start painting again next week. so it won't really leave Tofino until the 17th.

I also will send back Russell's and K,ttty's letters a few at a time as I am so afraid they might get lost and it would be too bad to lose all at once if they did. We do enjoy reading them. Did you know that you never sent the list of questions that you have spoken of so often. I try to answer those in the letters but of course it is three weeks from the time you ask them until you get the answer. some I can't answer, like drawing plans. but sometime can explain it better when I see you. *War regulations*

Did I tell you that we have primroses blooming on the banking at the back of the house? and the shrubs are starting to grow new leaves but they are not the spring green ones, sort of a dull green. There is also an oriental poppy that shows bright red in the bud. Evidently the flowers and plants get all mixed up and are apt to do anything.

Yes there was snow in Banff, not a great deal about four inches. The only part of the trip back I couldn't make with Pete was the boat trip from Port Alberni to Ucluelet. and Pete can go on the Air Force or Army boat but civilians are naturally not allowed to travel on them. so I had to wait for the mail boat that goes three times a week.

Too bad about Pete Palmer but hope he is fine now, has Cob left yet for Overseas?

You sent us some Soy Pancake or Muffin flower but I haven't tried it yet. will soon. You also sent us the little package of Ace Instant broth. Pete always likes a cup first thing when he comes home in the evening and we each have a cup of consomme, or Court Boullion (Campbells and very good) or boullion cubes while the rest of supper is getting finished. Maybe ~~as~~ I didn't thank you for them, but I didn't make a list of the presents you sent just remembered when I wrote you from Port Alberni.

We are now having as bad weather as we had good weather previously, it seems to depend on the wind, which rises and falls very abruptly and can blow good and hard and rain hard too. I am rather glad

of a chance to get things like wetters written and am going to try and work up some of my sketches, when it was nice I hated to stay in.

Must go now so it won't be too dark when I get back. Next week I think I am going to have to give up having lunch with the girls as it takes too long to suit me. Chris is doing enough having a baby in a couple of months and Phyllis is catching up on sleep, but as her husband doesn't come home every night she doesn't cook as much as Chris and I do. She smokes and they both like to sit over a meal I hate to leave them all the dishes to do so have to sit too. If I am painting I can just use that as a good reason and actually it will be the main reason for my not having more time.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Tuesday, night
Jan. 18, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

I had hoped to write you this afternoon but never got a chance so now it is 8 O'clock and I am pretty anxious to get back to " Winter Harbo r " whi~~ch~~h I am enjoying ever so much, I think it much better than " We took to the woods " whi~~ch~~h I just finished. The latter is rather drawn out whereas the former says so much more in a few words, Also the setting apeals to me more than than the Rangely lakes. We are also enjoying the large box of Shraft candy whi~~ch~~h we have been saving, having gotten to the last of the caramels Mildred sent. I wrote her soon after we got back from New Years,

We are having the weather that we had expected but it is pretty steady and pretty wet. To-day it has come down so steadily that everything is swimming, the paths are like brooks and the road is covered with water. and behind the house little water falls off the banks, it is fine for rinsing the clothes, the system being to give them one rinse after washing and let Mother Nature do the rest on the line, it works well until the wind starts blowing and the line goes swinging over t o the bushes sometimes catching an apron string or a pant leg. Then the idea is to bring them in and hang them on the porch where anyone walking along to out house front door is apt to have the pant legs wrap themselves round their necks, all wet and clammy, or long underwear can get one quite involved. I seemed to spend most my day in doing or thinking of the laundry. I was up early (as usual) and started the water as soon as it was light enough, it was coming down so fast there was no difficulty in filling a pail any time and such nice soft clean water! I now use the coleman lantern in the pantry and can see to wash, I discovered that there were so many shadows being cast that no wonder the necks never looked clean ! I made good headway this morning but next week I am going to wash Wednesdays instead of Tuesdays, as Chris had left her clothes on the line last night and they were wetter this morning than when she put them out, so I had to wait until she had shifted them onto the porch line and they never really dried there, However she moved some in to finish drying in her kitchen and after coming home this afternoon from a trip to Mrs Knotts I transfered mine onto the porch. Such a wet job. One of the worst jobs is hanging them on the line, ^{as where it is} is near the porch is a terrific drip and so as I put them on , and later took them off, I managed to get all the drips up my sleeves, I had on our sou'wester, rubber boots and raincoat but my arms inside were wet to the elbow. and my hands were not very hot and dry. It is all a good experience only I am not very quick, I took all the clothes off the outside line wringing them well, then found there wasn't room enough on the porch line so had to put half of them back, the ones that wouldn't hurt to catch on the bushes. and if theis rain keeps up we will spend the next few days dodging drying underwear in the kitchen!

I didn't mean to write you so much about the laundry but it is one of the big events of my week.

~~This afternoon~~ after lunch with Chris and Phyllis, and when Phyllis happened to mention that Mrs Lowry had told her that she would leave "such and such" with her "when she and Mrs Evans came to see you" I only knew that Mrs Evans was coming sometime but of all afternoons, I had to tell Stella that Pete wanted to get gas tonight so she would be ready when he stopped, so Chris and I walked up there to the Knots after lunch, took all our sheets to be washed (I brought back a nice wet one to dry here) then we called in to see Mr Ike about a house Chris wants when she returns with the baby, and then to see another girl to give her a letter, she has this house at present so Chris was anxious to see it. Then I dashed down town to get a tap for Phyllis for her oil drum and some steak for dinner, I didn't take my string bag and just going between the two stores the tins broke through the paper bag in spite of an umbrella, that bag is wonderful I usually take it. When I got back I found that my callers didn't come much to my relief and so ended by having tea with the girls after struggling with the wash.

Yesterday I made three trips down town on various errands and the last for the mail, it rained hard only in the morning, and then all night, Sunday it rained all day long steady and we only went out when emptying the pails, Washed my hair and read a bit.

Now for that book, To date no list of questions but if time will go through some letters in the morning.

Wednesday - Can't type as Phyllis is still asleep. Was glad to hear Russ got to Concord alright & what fun it must have been for you. I'll try to get the map for him. Am glad you have a new hat & dress. will be all set for spring, or maybe winter. Your question about army camps along the coast. I don't really know if there are many or not, or whether there are any further up the Island. You see Bamfield was always the cable station. The place where the Trans Pacific Cable hits the shore & so naturally needs to be protected as does the Alberni Canal. But now the Aleutians are back in U.S. hands the menace from the Japs has lessened.

I don't know exactly what the Simpson girl is doing. (Mary by name) but she is still with the Ice Folies & I believe is a very important job. Stages it or something.

All for now.

Loads of love
Catharine

Tofino, B.C.
Thurs. Jan, 20, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

This really will be a short note for I don't want to go down to-morrow morning ~~for~~ the mail. Christine is sick with the flu and that has sort of kept us busy. Not that she is very sick ~~very~~ but just enough to be in bed (just here a little boy aged two came upstairs, his mother is calling on Phyllis and luckily called him for otherwise I would have had a hard time getting rid of him) I am also making orange marmalade and have made chocolate custard and when the marmalade is finished I will just have time to go down town and back in time for supper, at least to get supper ready.

Yesterday I made soup for Christine and did the odd things for her and this morning she had breakfast in here about ~~10/10~~ Ten-thirty but I was firm with myself and had my lunch up here by myself using the excuse that I wanted to paint But I never really got started, I will to-morrow morning if the light is good. Instead I did all the things I have mean't to do for some time, like putting new red checked oilcloth on the table I cook on, you know mix on? and on the top of the boxes that I have for extra cupboard space, and with bright blue curtains for doors it is quite pretty but now I need to get some unbleached muslin which I will try and find this afternoon to go where the last of Mrs Ericksens gay chintzes are on the big closet in this room. I brought back a piece of homespun to cover the bed or cot in the kitchen and it all is a great improvement.

Guess you won't mind a short letter like this but otherwise I won't get back in time to ~~back~~ bake the thing I am going to have for supper, The Marmalade is finished tastes good I made two big jars,

Loads of love,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Sat. Jan. 22, 1944.

Jan X
Dearest Mother, This is Pete's birthday, I can never remember the exact day and usually have to look at an old Passport to find out but this year he broke down and told me after much teasing. so I was able to get him a present, a totem pole, about 18 inches high, and then last night much to my surprise his January liquor purchase arrived unexpectedly by mail for the first time and not on the "Maquina," so I saved that as a surprise and he had a card and note from his mother, This morning after he had left and it was still rather dark I started making his birthday cake, two white layers and I have some sweetened condensed milk to make chocolate frosting without having to use sugar. The cakes look pretty good, so last time it was not just beginners luck. The oven is a little small for two layers so one side burns a bit but the frosting will cover that.

Yesterday I started painting, not very successfully but it was a start anyway, Had my lunch up here and worked away as best I could. Chris and I had been invited to Mary Rose's to tea, she lives near by, down or up the beach, I don't know which you would call it. We went about four but for some reason she didn't start making the tea until we had been there quite a while, though I had told her when I accepted that I had to go for the mail. Then when she did start her neighbor came in much worried about her 3 year old daughter who she had walked down town and back with a cold and she felt so sick when she got her home she wanted to go to bed and the mother was afraid she would have hysterics which the child is subject to. The father is in the Air force and wouldn't be home until Monday night and she couldn't leave the two children to go for the doctor. Poor thing she evidently does all the wrong things for the child, I said I would go up and see if the Doctor would come when I went for the mail, so I just drank a cup of tea and ate a couple of peanut sandwuciches (we can get peanut butter now, about a dozen jars in town, maybe more.) and then I went dashing first to the hospital and then to the mail where there were two large parcels It was raining but I managed to get them all home without their disintegrating.

Got back to find that the chicken Mrs Olson had given to Chris to cook and make soup for Christine out of, had not cooked much in the oven and so Phyllis had it in here and was trying to do it. They wanted us to eat with them, so it ended by all of us (except Bill who doesn't come home more than 3 night s a week) having a chicken supper down in Phyllis apartment, Christine is up and about and feels fine again. It was late when we ate and later when the dishes were washed, then Gordon came up with a little whiskey he had saved from Christmas to share with Pete and they talked to-gether. I sort of had an idea that Gordon's idea is for th the men to go off by ~~myself~~ them-selves so I sat down stairs until our bedtime. But it was a very nice evening altogether.

Carmine is nice isn't it, this afternoon? I have just finished lunch down at Chris's and am going to paint now or at least

try. I got your letter about Russell's visit, and where he says that I must come East for a month or two this spring or summer. I shan't make any promises at this time but will do my best. One never knows when Pete might be moved to some station where I couldn't go, but while he is here I shall be here too. More than likely it will all work out so I can do what will work in with Russell's plans but I can't promise.

Loads of love to you all

~~Edith~~ Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Monday, Jan. 24, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

X The time certainly flies and here it is the last week of January. I hope to do better this month and be real determined about Painting, I tried not too successfully last week and this morning worked on a picture and got it drawn in, then had my lunch before the others came near me. It looks a bit as if I were rather aloof but it is the only way to have much time to myself for one can't just sit down any time and turn out a picture, you have to feel like it and in the mood. I suppose some people can paint at certain hours and every day and get results but I know I can't. I did try a sketch, after my lunch, on the front porch and then ~~then~~ it was too cold so as I came in and the girls were finishing their lunch they called would I like a cup of tea? I couldn't resist the temptation and took my cup and saucer down, but they got talking and I couldn't leave very well and then when it came time to do the dishes it was pretty mean to go and leave them to it having drunk their tea so I helped and of course there were their breakfast dishes too and then as we were doing them Mrs Erickson came in and so I didn't paint any more, I probably wouldn't have any way but I didn't do much else ~~either~~ X either except empty pails etc. I should have written letters but to-morrow maybe can do that if it is too cold to work outside. I am going to wash on Wednesdays now, that will give me two days at the beginning of the week and then most of Thursday and Friday as I can iron before it is light enough to paint. It was so dark on Saturday that I actually couldn't paint.

Yesterday ~~Sunday~~ was rather disappointing, we went up and worked on the parking space and got caught in several showers and in the afternoon it rained more than it shone so we ended by sitting and reading. It is the best change for Pete though he did want to sketch and even went up to the spot he had picked. Soon it will stay light late enough to maybe sketch after supper for last night we ate our six o'clock supper without lighting the lamp. It got pretty dark for dessert.

At Mary Roses the other afternoon she was talking about a discussion group they are trying to start for the Air force couples in Tofino. They did try a bible class once a week with the Air Force Padre leading the discussion, or whatever it was, but as very few turned up they decided to try a more popular subject. We all agreed that we preferred staying home with our husbands and we also agreed that our husbands liked an evening at home best, they see enough of the Air force during the day time, also don't like to have to shine up and change and so I am afraid that the ones who want a discussion class are not getting much support from us.

It's now Tuesday - I worked on a sketch all morning from one of my mountainous ones, from 9-30 until one o'clock. Then I had my lunch & cleaned the room etc & now am going down to the mail & shop. Shall try doing my laundry after lunch to-morrow.

+ see how that works. One doesn't have to be fresh to
wash but one does to paint.
Loads of love to you all
Catherine.

Tegino, B.C.

Friday Jan 28, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Yesterday was one of those days when everything happens unexpectedly & no time for letter writing. & now I must catch the mail in time to register a letter so will just write a tiny bit.

I'm doing quite well painting every morning. Now that Christine is over her flu & back in school I am undisturbed by even a sound all morning & have managed to work on a couple of sketches that I brought with me from the mountains. am working from them, not very successfully as yet, but at least I'm getting my hand in.

Wednesday I washed after lunch and it worked very well. I got the clothes soaking in cold water & the other water on to heat before it was light enough to paint. then I worked until nearly twelve, had a bite & started to wash about 12.30. had the clothes hung out by 2.30. Some how it seemed easier. I didn't have such a big wash. The pantry was naturally light & where two hours after ten in the morning takes "all morning" in the afternoon it only takes part of "the afternoon".

It was a nice day & I went with ^{Chris} the girls
to call on Benny Middel who wasn't home
& then for the mail. Pete was late getting
home having Duty Watch this week. I
had supper alone for the first time. However
he got back about the usual time last
night. Its nice having it stay light
until after six on good days.

Yesterday I painted until about eleven,
drawing in a sketch. then went to send
a wire & do a few errands. Had lunch
with Chris on getting back. Then ironed
the clothes & we then took the sheets to
Mrs Knott. getting back at 3.30. I
had planned to make some mince
tarts for a friend of Pete's who has
just been made a corporal & had the
fire going well when Mrs Evans
came to call. Never was the room or
me in more of a mess & she had white
gloves & a silk dress. Well I just
did my best & she didn't seem to
mind. The clothes were strung right
across the kitchen but I grabbed the
underwear & pajamas & flung them on
the bed making the bedroom good &
messy. I hated to let the fire down
so we nearly roasted, and my tea

party bread had molded suddenly
so I had to offer cheese crackers &
luckily I have Christmas cake yet.
She has lived here 39 years and was
very interesting about the old times.
I forgot to ask her how many Indians
there are. I have no idea. There are
about 25 houses ^{in that village across from here} but goodness knows
how many live in a house.

Must go. So lots of love to
you all.

Catharine.

Tofino, B.C.
Sunday,
Jan. 30. 1944.

Dearest Mother,

It is almost time for the Quiz Kids but I will try to get a letter typed to you if I don't hit too many wrong keys.

We have had a real nice Sunday it being such a gorgeous day, it is either good or bad with very few days ordinary maybe it is the comparison that makes the nice days so lovely. This morning there was frost on the ground but more like an early autumn frost, and the sun is starting to have heat in it. (Pete's aunt writes from Victoria that their early daffodils are out and the snow drops and crocuses are out, wish Concord had a climate like that for you) We went up to the car and Roland, (one of the boys that Pete takes back and forth) came along to help fix one of the shock absorbers that was troubling them. He drives a truck in the Air Force and knows a lot about such things, He is a French Canadian boy and has the quietest manner and a beautiful low voice, He used to work in the mines in Sudbury but isn't what you would expect a miner to be particularly. His wife has a nice voice too they have two little girls. Well we worked on the car, I doing the looking on. and then Pete and I walked home around about looking for spots to sketch from, coming back along the beach as the tide was low, It was rather fun as we walked way out and it was as if we were in a boat, you get such a different idea of the land from way out, and the houses along the shore up the road seem so near for it is quite a little way by road and just a few steps at low tide along the shore. Another funny thing that I may never have mentioned before is that there is no smell at low tide, not like the marsh land on the way to Portland or any of the places that one thinks of on the Atlantic, also the Pacific doesn't have the delicious salt smell the Atlantic has, maybe it has some thing to do with the sea weeds.

It was so nice that Pete thought we might drive to a place known as McLean's Wharf, where there is some talk of a place one could live, He also wanted to adjust the motor when it was warm and so we asked Gordon and Chris to go with us and we had a nice ride, it felt like a pre gas rationed Sunday. Didn't think much of the possibilities of living there ~~we were glad to have seen~~ it for now we won't bother to consider it. If Pete stays on all summer we were wondering whether to stay in this house or Pete use the bicycle most of the time or whether to move nearer the station. There are only shacks of a very temporary nature near a beach we can get with luck. so we think maybe a tent with a wooden frame would be all right. a

wooden floor & walls. They are quite warm enough & we have a gasoline stove & heater. Our gas ration starts again the first of April and the 1943 ones will just last Pete until then at the present rate. We didn't use the car at all last spring & summer & saved the coupons up. But by Pete using the bike in good weather it would help out with next year's ration, for we don't want to use too much gas the first of the year in case we need it more towards the end. There is no way of knowing how long Pete will stay here. His Sergeant was posted suddenly a day or two ago & left the next morning (so he wouldn't have more time at home before having to be at his new station, for they usually get two or three days in between). So I suppose when Pete is moved it will be sudden like that. Makes it more interesting! The Sergeant was here 9 months about but you never know as changes in the war situation affect it all too. So the best way is to just plan as if you were staying where you are indefinitely and then not be surprised if you move.

Phyllis is leaving at the end of the week for home and we aren't sure who is coming in. We have an Air Force couple who are looking for a place & seem nice. Then Chris leaves for Victoria in 3 weeks as she expects her baby in March. and a new couple will be moving in there as she can't come back to this house as Mrs. Erickson doesn't want to have children about if she can help it.

That was funny about the pair of socks under the rug. Could it have happened last summer when Russell was there & maybe the rug rolled back for cleaning & the socks dropped out & ^{promptly unnoticed} or do you suppose it goes way back to some Christmas when the socks got in with wrapping paper & then in some way

paper was brought into the music room & spread out
& the seals were underneath. Would the size of the
seals tell anything? It does seem funny. Russ
would wear black belt with dress clothes wouldn't
he?

you asked what Pete was called, and he said
to tell you that most of the time it is "Hey there"
The Air Force has all sorts of ranks that correspond to
the Army or Navy but have different names - It goes
this way: A.C. 2 (A.C. 1 Air craftsman 2nd Class) Private in
A.C. 1. " " 1st Class Army
L.A.C. Leading Aircraftman. = { Lance
corporal in
army

Corporal : Corporal in army
Sergeant : Sergeant " "

Flight Sergeant (what the boys are after they receive
their wings & before being commissioned)

Pilot Officer : first commissioned rank. = 2nd Lt. in
Second Lieutenant
in army.
1st Lieutenant.

Flying Officer

~~Squadron Leader~~

Flight Lieutenant

Squadron Leader

Captain
Major.

you can see Pete has a long way to go! Actually there are
very few commissions given in Photography. His
Sergeant is a Permanent Force man & has been in
4 years or more I think.

you don't speak of the Air Force so very often
in the wrong way exactly but we always laugh
when we read letters that refer to our living
such & such a way in "Army life"

By the way Cousin Jane asked the Tofino was

pronounced. I'm no good at figuring it out as you
should with little marks. But it is pronounced
Toe - fee - no. sort of slurping the Toe part
but To as in "Toe" and the accent mostly on the
"fee" I imagine it is Indian.

Funny to think you can't get fish. I suppose
few Fishermen going out now - a days. Even in
Duff we can always get fresh sea fish. but here
its only when someone catches one & takes it to the
store. We had salmon last week again. We have
seperate coupons for butter. they are only good for that.
and the ration is $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of butter per person per week.
I think. So far we have had no trouble since rationing
went into effect in getting our ration. Here now
Pete has to share my ration but we do very well.
We get no margarine. Cheese we can usually
get. It is not rationed. Things like that seem to
be given to all stores at once in proportion to the
amount they sold the previous year or month. so
everyone gets their share. Before Christmas for several
boats none came in but there was some last
boat also bananas. We got four bananas. &
larger families are allowed 8. The store people
figure it out fairly. The stores here are rationed
and they in turn distribute the commodity
fairly among their regular customers.

Must go now & mail this. Its Monday morning

Loads of love
Catherine.

Tofino, B.C.
Tues. Feb. 1, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

It is now one and I have finished the wash and lunch, Phyllis is leaving Friday morning and wants to start off clean so wants to wash to-morrow and so I did to-day. It was dark this morning and as I hadn't very much to wash decided to do it this morning, it took me just two hours which isn't bad, that of course doesn't count the hauling of the water before. The time goes so fast ~~that~~ that last week I evidently missed changing a few things and had only three towells instead of four, but also I am getting a better system and can wring quicker than I used to be able to. When they wanted me to have lunch with them and it didn't seem as if it could take much longer so I did. It is the sitting over a cup of tea and a cigarette that takes the time, but we have now finished the dishes and all, I can do my own lunch in an hour and clean up too.

Yesterday I had to go down town early to mail a letter, registered mail, but was back soon after ten and started sketching, the days are getting longer now and it makes it better. Then in the afternoon I worked some more on the picture and cleaned the room a bit and figured out Income Tax things and then it was time to go for the mail. I went with the others and so it took a bit longer, then Pete was home earlier than he has been all week which was nice.

The evenings go very fast, we try to eat about 6,15 and finish the dishes a little after seven but it is 9.30 when we start for bed as a rule, as 6.30 ^{AM} comes pretty quick. That is just two hours you might say so no wonder we don't get much time for reading as some nights we have business letters we have to write and other times there are programs we like to listen to. Do you ever get Alec Templeton in the Cresta Blanca program? it is Thursdays at 7.30 our time over C.B.S.

That certainly was a well written letter from Gale and I will return it promptly, you only sent one. That was amusing about Elizabeth Parsons being called out of church and every one thinking of George, but quite natural.

Chris is going down town so I will give her this to mail and save a trip myself as I don't really need anything and maybe can work on a picture when they are all out. It is less distracting when I am alone and the house quiet and I like to have time to paint it all when I once start and not have to leave it half finished or it dries in.

Not much of a letter but will send it along anyway and hope to have time to answer yours in my next.

Heaps of love to you all,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Feb. 3, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Still in a rush, not even a chance to read my Christmas books. I try hard to paint each morning but haven't done very well this week, it was dark at times yesterday and to-day, also interruptions.

X Tuesday I had an extra job of chasing cows out of the yard. I had been sketching in the morning, no I hadn't either, I had washed, and was upstairs writing when I heard bells, at first I thought it might be the change of wind and the school bell but it was too close for that, and sure enough the cows had strolled along the beach and under the gate that wasn't up. Mrs Ericksen always puts the board across the opening in the fence to the beach, and we invariably get tired ducking under with our hands full of pails, and so take the board down, we thought she was just being fussy. However I know now she is right. One cow was well inside eating the long grass and the other had half of her in, I went running out saying "shoo" and the half a cow backed out but the other payed no attention. I felt awfully foolish and ineffectual standing there saying "shoo" and "get out" and the cow just kept on eating, I got a stick and hit it a couple of times, evidently not hard enough, but the darned animal felt so solid that the stick just bounced off. I didn't dare leave in case she came in further and at last she took it into her head to leave and I said another "shoo" and out she went, whereupon I put up three boards in a hurry before she decided to come back. Later Chris said she would have been scared as one of the cows has been known to chase people and actually tossed a little two or three year old girl we know over the ledge. I shall see that the board stays up! Mrs Ericksen told me to-day that the oriental poppy bloomed and there were nine other buds and then one day that same cow, X leaned over the fence and ate them all, such is gardening in Tofino!

Yesterday we were invited to tea at Mrs Lowry's but Mr Evans (who's house they live in) had flu and Chris and Phyllis didn't care to expose themselves to it and so Mrs Lowry was to come over here with her sandwiches and cake she had made and the other guest, a Mrs Robertson. We were to have tea at Chrises as there are more chairs there. I sketched in the morning trying to paint larch trees and it didn't work, and then at lunch time I made a cake with brown sugar to try it out. Had just finished and taken it out of the oven and as it was three decided to wash up and then work on tax figures until tea time, when Stella and Mrs Knott came to call, I had asked them to drop in, having had coffee with them so often so I naturally was glad to see them and made them tea and we had the last of Russ and Kitty's Christmas cake (I had promised to save for Mrs Knott) and some of my fresh cake. Poor Chris, they had dropped in there first and she knew she couldn't manage them all so sent them on up here. Mrs Ogden also came, she is a soldiers wife boardings

at the Knotts. By the time they left it was after four and I had time to wash up a little and go down and eat a piece of cake before their party downstairs broke up. then we all went down to-gether for the mail, but it doesn't leave much time for one to cook supper. However Pete seems to enjoy anything I have which makes it nice cooking for him, goodness knows what I would do were he fussy.

It took me all afternoon to figure out the information to send Mr Edwards for my tax returns, there is so little room here to spread out papers and I am always having to move them to eat. Now I must go down town and mail this, Got a nice letter from you last night and the one of Gales enclosed will send it back so nothing will happen to it, how old is she now?

loads of love,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Sunday, Feb. 6, 1944

Dearest Mother,

Sundays do go so fast and yet we don't do such a lot, We usually sleep until it is light and we don't need the lamp for breakfast, and then sit over our breakfast, Pete painted on a sketch all day in the bedroom and I did a bit of experimenting with chocolate custard made out of custard powder and cocoa, and we had dehydrated baked beans for lunch cooked in the pressure cooker only they got a bit mushy but tasted not bad, Pete says it is the kind they evidently have at the camp, I was anxious to try them, they are really supposed to be baked in the oven but a hot oven would have made the room a bit too warm.

Yesterday was rainy, I worked on a sketch of larch trees from one we made summer before last, you learn a lot working from sketches and it is the way to build up larger pictures. The light was too dark at times, I started by eating hot cakes and coffee with Christine about nine thirty and then painted until about noon, had a quick lunch and worked some more until it was too dark about three and decided to go down town and if the light was better when I got back I would paint some more, however after I got my big boots on the leg and my raincoat and hat it lightened a bit and so I took all but the boots off and painted a bit, Then I went down and shopped and had just gotten back and finished washing the brushes when Mrs Harris (who is moving in downstairs) came with Mrs LaForge, Mrs Ericksen had locked the door after cleaning the place and given the key to Chris who was out, so there wasn't much I could do about it. They came up here for a while and then decided to go back for another load and maybe find Mrs Ericksen, Stella Knott was to come about the empty oil barrels and being the only one in the house I didn't dare start taking a bath, In fact there didn't seem to be time to even get supper cooking with one thing or another.

I have a real outfit now for rainy weather, I didn't see how I would need hip boots and so got a pair that comes just below the knee about the calf of one's leg. However my slicker is just long enough to reach the top of these rubber boots and so as I walk when it is raining and blowing the water from the raincoat drains down into the top of the boots and the backs of my legs get soaked for a short distance depending on how much it rains. So after Pete got some hip boots, as his trouser legs were getting soaked as he went back and forth between buildings at the station, I decided to get some. They had quite a few at the store and I found a pair the right size, of course it cleared up for several days as soon as I had gotten them, but I certainly appreciated them Saturday. Mrs Ericksen admired my outfit when I met her in the store and several people have asked where I got my fine coat, and my Souwester is evidently not unbecoming. It is the only

sensible thing to wear and yet not a native but one is dressed that way, They invariably wear winter coats with fur collars which get nice and damp and maybe rubbers, the children never seem to mind the rain either, I think the grownups like to feel that it is not a really rainy country, I don't mind but drying woollens do smell so. Of course it is a bit awkward going to tea in rubber boots as you can't take them off and you are not very welcome messing up the floors! I solve that by not going calling. Of course when it is just raining and not blowing I wear a trench coat and no hat and carry an umbrella.

The Quiz Kids will soon be on. Did I tell you that Phyllis left us Friday, I am afraid that she had a bad day to go out on the Uchuck. The new couple don't look quite as attractive as the Halls were but seem nice, Phyllis was very likeable but bad for me, if I wanted to get anything done, as one was tempted to sit and talk over meals and also she was alone more as Bill only got home three nights a week, but this girl works at the hotel three days a week and knows quite a few here so we probably won't spend as much time visiting. Chris goes in two weeks to have her baby the end of March. We will miss her as she is unusually nice. But I don't get lonely I have so much I want to do.

Loads of love,

Catharine

Toronto, B.C.

Tues. Feb 8, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Did I tell you that Pete is home on a "48"? next one, which will come in March, we are thinking of going to Victoria. I shall see the dentist & we will see the hands too. I probably will be away longer than Pete for he can always make better connections by the Air Force boat than I can by the Helmer. so I would have to go out a day ahead.

Don't you worry about writing to you being a burden on me. I enjoy writing you and if other letters were as easy to write I would find time to write them with less trouble. Once I start a letter to you it's hard to stop scribbling on.

Yesterday was quite a day. I had to go down early to get a money order for a friend of Pete's & also mail a couple of letters and it was really cold. rather foggy early in the morning which made it damp. but the afternoon was fine. I dusted & swept etc. having neglected my usual once a week room cleaning & tidying up on Saturday. Chris had done her washing so I asked

her for lunch. Mrs. Nielsen had to change
the stove in the Seidelair's apartment as
it was a borrowed one & had to be returned.
(If she can get one to replace ours we
have an idea it will be changed too) So
Chris let her heat out as they were to come
at 2 o'clock. However when they hadn't
appeared by 3 we decided to go for the
mail leisurely. It was such a nice day.

We stopped in at the hotel and had
tea & pie. (Very generous helpings. Being
a quarter of a pie each) The taxi came
along as we were eating so the mail was
sorted early. It felt very springlike as
the sun was warm on the pier. Kitty
Elbrington asked us up to where she lives
above the store for coffee. we confessed
we had already had some but went
anyway. & had a nice time sitting in
her bright kitchen. It was after five when
we started home.

When we first went down the hill
towards Elbrington's store we saw an
Indian carrying a beautiful salmon (17 lbs.)
& he went in the store the same time we
did. We both got some for supper as
soon as Sid Elbrington had cleaned it.
One hardly could ask for fresher fish as
it was caught first off shore.

The boys were supposed to stay for a lecture by the Medical Officer at 6.30 last night so we didn't know until they didn't come whether or not they would be home for supper. The men had come to fix the stove so Chris was going to eat with Christine but put her potatoes on an stove to boil. I was listening to Deanna Durbin on the Fox Radio Theater so they listened too & in the end we all had supper in here. eating Chris' fish, potatoes & string beans, my warmed up peas & apple sauce & cake.

after the dishes were done & still no boys we went down to see how the work on the stove was coming along. It really was funny. The stove they were putting in is so small it looks to like & two large men. one quite fat, sitting on the floor like two kids, their legs stretched out in front of them & all the parts of the oil burners scattered over the floor while they were screwing little bits together. It looked like great fun but rather hopeless. Chris came back upstairs & stayed until the boys came about 8.45. Gordon went to join the stove men. & we went down to see if the McGinnis had come in as we rather expected our ration of liquor for Thursday to arrive.

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There was no sign of the boat but a gorgeous moon, full & brilliant. That's the 3rd or 4th full moon we have seen since coming up here.

The stove was almost fixed when we got back & needed to be tested, so we sat a while longer talking & listening to the radio. Then Gordon came up & after a little more talk they went back to their room. We decided to go to bed as it was after ten (rather late for us who go to bed at 9.30). We had just gotten undressed & were going into the bedroom. (We enjoy the luxury of dressing & undressing in a warm cozy kitchen or living room.) When we heard the whistle of the boat. So we simply put all our clothes back on again & walked down town once more! The boat was just tying up. It's rather fun when the boat comes in. There never seems to be anyone looking after freight or express. The Postmaster simply takes the mail bags on a little flat thing on wheels & pushes it along to the Post Office. Gordon McDunn is there with his noisy little truck that is practically falling to pieces & they keep the motor running once it starts for fear it won't start again.

He takes the things to Ellingtons each time he gets a load. Mitchell has an old Indian to push this wheeled hay thing. There are several copies of the Manifest & you see people reading them with flashlights or over some one elses shoulders. There are no secrets as to what one gets from the city. Even the store things are listed so you know if they have Coca Cola this trip or mushrooms & how much.

Pete got our boat by going aboard & signing for it. But as far as we can see anyone else could get it by doing the same ^{thing}. The new system of the Legion Control board is working far better. We have so many coupons in our permit. & it allows 26 oz of hard liquor or 2 dozen beer a month. However one can get good Scotch though it is in a very much weakened condition. However its fun to have a little now & then & it was nice to have for Pete's 48. He celebrated with a Night-Cap last night.

This morning I went down about 9.30 (Pete is painting hard today & I expect he will tomorrow too) to see what had come in on the boat. Its really rather fun when the boat comes

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Even beet & brussel sprouts seem awfully exciting when you haven't seen any for a month. & orange cream filled cookies! only one package to a customer. then there is fresh liver. they will save a pound for us tomorrow & cottage cheese. It wasn't unpacked this morning. & coca-cola, plenty this time, there was none on the last boat. & lettuce & celery & fresh tomatoes. I'm glad Pete's 48 hit the day after the boat came in. There were also large cases of dry goods \$1,000. worth & Kitty Ellington was taking nails out of the crates with great anticipation, only she started the group and her brother Norman Pratt had to help.

The other day I was down she was feeling very badly for she had just had a long letter telling all about her cousin a Colonel at 36 ~~and~~ of one of the Tank Regiments under Montgomery. They had all been awarded silver pencils by Montgomery himself when he left Italy as his best Tank Regiment. This day had been through Dunkerque. and all the Egyptian, North African & Sicily Campaign & was one of Montgomery's right hand men. At the end of the letter was written.

"Heartbroken. cable just came saying Jack was killed in Italy" she said it was an awful shock just after reading of all the wonderful things he had done. Evidently he was in a jeep in Italy & they ran over a mine. Yesterday she showed me a beautiful poem he had written for his fellow men who died in the Desert. It's unusually beautiful.

Now see what is happening. I started to write a short note, having numerous others I should write, & have gone on several pages. Soon it will be time to go down & mail this, & see what else there is to get.

Lots of love
Catharine.

Tofino, B.C.
Thursday, Feb. 10, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Pete was lucky and had two good days for his 48 To-day would have been not do nice, He was busy ~~xxx~~ most of the time trying to finish a painting to send to an Air Force exhibition, but about a week ago they suddenly said that the entries had to be in 10 days earlier than scheduled, and it left little time for Pete to paint. He did the best he could but I think that he felt had he had more time he could have done better. So he worked inside both days, but yesterday afternoon we went for quite a walk and I showed him the few picturesque spots that I knew of, being two little coves with Jap. houses along the shore, If one only had more idea how long one would be up here one would be tempted to fix a shack up, but as Pete says, from now on we won't know whether it will be three days more or three months. We just plan as if we would be here a couple more months and what we will do if we are here all summer, but actually won't be surprised if one fine day Pete is told to move. (Probably will be one rainy day!)

I didn't try to wash while Pete was home and so did it this morning, it was only cloudy so I got all the water etc without having to do it in the pouring rain. The clothes are now rinsing on the line and soon I will bring them in on the porch and hope they stop dripping by morning. I had lunch with Chris and we ate most of our left overs, liver, brussels sprouts, turnips baked beans, and gooseberries belonging to Mrs Harris, I don't know her first name yet. Chris says she doesn't think she is just our kind, not meaning it snootily but she is not so interested in the things we are though she seems very nice. Actually I am just as glad that she isn't so attractive that we want to be with her all the time and she has her own friends, as it will give me more time to paint. I have been working on the drawing of a sketch this afternoon and will try to paint it in to-morrow. I like to do them in one sitting when it comes to the painting, as they look fresher that way, so I draw the picture in Charcoal roughly and then wash in a more detailed drawing with gas, and then can do the final painting easier, or so I think.

As soon as I finish this, Chris and I are going to the mail as she likes to get out once a day and so do I.

Now to answer some of your last letters. I am glad to hear that Mrs Motte is out and about as usual once more, for you speak of her oftener.

I don't know what to say about "Paris Underground" We have so many books with little time to read them in and don't want to get too much here in case we are moved. I would like it some time though. Better keep it until later.

Hope Pietro is getting along well after his operation, Jean wrote of their being so worried as Mrs Pietro's people are not far from Rome, it must be hard not knowing.

We laughed the other day, but not unkindly, when you wrote "It is not often I have a letter from you to eat with my breakfast." Was it hardboiled or dropped?

How nice that you saw Mrs Hadley in Wayland, life has certainly changed for people in the east where you used to think nothing of running here and there in the car. Our coupons are just barely going to hold out until April when the new book of coupons come due, by taking a ~~long~~ trip to Victoria for Pete's next 48 we will save on gas and yet we may decide not to go out, it is a long trip for just two days in Victoria.

What a story book family the Shepleys have turned out to be and yet no one would believe it in a book. Too bad isn't it? We enjoy any items of news or gossip you hear, have you heard about Isabel Shaw de Forrest lately? I should write Darcy's wife but never do seem to get around to it,

Guess I had better get ready to go down town when I have my waterproof on and my hip boots and Sou Wester I might as well bring the clothes in and hang them on the porch, get the oil and some fresh rain water. so all for now,

Loads of love,

Catharine

ofino, B.C.
Sat. Feb. 12, 1944.

Dearest Mother, 2

I had it all planned when I would write you this afternoon and of course never got a chance in the end.

We hear the opera starting here at 11 A.M. I thought "Norah" to-day was lovely, never heard of it before, had you?

Didn't seem to get very far to-day. Pete has to leave 15 minutes earlier for a couple of weeks anyway, so I feel I should be that much ahead with "My Day" but I am not. I did make some bran raisin bread after breakfast. We can get cottage cheese fresh each boat, and it is good on "quick breads". I got this rule out of the paper and it is easy and good. Then I started to paint but the sun came in my left eye too brightly so I quit and made a hurried trip down town to do my weekend shopping, got a delicious steak for supper, had my choice as he was cutting them off the beast when I arrived. We really do very well on food and have lots of canned things to choose from for they aren't rationed here but no one is allowed more than their share and I don't believe anyone hoards here.

Chris asked me to lunch and as I thought I was going to work on a sketch of the house for Phyllis which I started yesterday afternoon, I at first said "no" and then when it clouded over I changed my mind, so I didn't hear all the opera. Had time to give the kitchen conglomeration a quick wash and then after lunch put on the glo coat, it took me exactly the same time to wax the floor as it did President Roosevelt to give that boat to the French! Then I worked a bit on a sketch but it didn't go very well so I cleaned my box of old paint stuck on the sides, and got oil and water etc. and then had a bath. Was going to get a pie ready to make when Chris asked if she made tea would I have some, so I told her to bring it up here. We had just started when Mrs. Erickson came along cleaning so she came in too, and my time for writing you was gone and almost the pie time too. However at five the stove was hot enough and I managed to make mince pie and five mince tarts (we can buy really good mince meat in bulk out of a wooden pail) baked sweet potatoes at the same time and put beets in the pressure cooker, so supper was well underway, but somehow I had gotten most of the cooking utensils, forks and knives dirty so had those to wash and had just finished when Pete came in.

Monday morning. It stormed or at least rained a bit Saturday night & was stormy yesterday morning. Chris Jensen who is the other lad in the Pilot Section was coming out to see the Sinclair's room as he wants to bring his wife up from Victoria. But we weren't sure when he would come. It was three o'clock when they came. Chris & two other

boys, all from Alberta. This had one other place to look
at so after seeing the Sinclairs went up there. While
Spring & Jones stayed here. They are both Pilot Officers
but prefer the boys in the ranks. are great fun. me
Jones I think his name is, was a school teacher in
Edmonton. Laurie Spring is about 22 and from Calgary
is an Observer and was 2 years overseas. saw plenty of
action in England. Malta, Gibraltar etc. and was hurt
in a crash. injuries to his back, so he has a job here
until he is able to go back again. Its hard to realize
he is so young for he seems in his thirties but in
some ways when he "kicks" is boyish. Has an awfully
nice boy and we have several mutual friends.

I must go down now & mail this & some other
letters & get a money order. It is going to be a nice day -
The sun rises at 8.45 now & we can eat our supper
without lighting the lamp. Its not dark until seven.

Loads of Love

Catherine -

Tofino, B.C.
Feb. 17, 1944
Thursday,

Dearest Mother,

We are having nicer ~~weather~~ weather this last little while but as it is frosty in the mornings it is still a little chilly to paint outside and invariably in the afternoon it gets sort of milky in the sky which kills the light, so I have been struggling with some sketches inside. We are thinking of taking the Sinclairs apartments for March for me to paint in in the mornings and Pete on Sunday if he wants. They are keeping it to be sure of a place to come back to and until they are sure of another house that would suit them better. It would help them too if we paid the rent for a month. I don't know how it will work but is worth trying I guess.

Yesterday I wasn't planning to do the wash but when it looked like a nice day and the wind was drying the 2 lines of wash Mrs Harris had hanging out, *from the day before* I decided to do mine. I didn't seem to have as much somehow and got it all done in the morning and as the wind was strong it dried while Chris and I were eating lunch. *I had it done by 3 o'clock.*

Pretty smart I thought.

To now Friday and time I was taking this to the mail. As I was writing this yesterday afternoon, Chris came in. She had just heard that the hospital for the Air Force having been finished they now have the facilities for looking after wives & their babies arrival. (I imagine it is a way of making less congestion in city hospitals) It would make it so much easier for her for she was dreading the trip out & the trip back in with the baby. So by the time we finished discussing the pros & cons I hardly had time to make stew for supper.

seems to me whenever I write you or any
one that this or that is going to happen.
the opposite is more likely. For of course
if she stays I wouldn't be taking her room
to paint in. but I don't really mind for
I ~~also~~ will want to work outside when I
to seemy from now on & can work here
quite well in bad weather.

Maybe told you Pete sent a painting
to an exhibition I'm wondering now if
probably that won't happen either. Well such
is life.

About the boxes. forgot to answer that
one before. If you want to have a look at
them, why not unpack them & then pack
them up again. As I remember there are
several similar to the ones I have so I
would rather they weren't mixed up. I
also I would prefer to unwrap them instead
of just seeing them all laid out & told.
"These are the boxes Aunt Jane left you"
They would mean more having the fun of
the surprise in opening them. I don't think
there is much room left in the cabinet
in that lots of rewrapping.

I must take this desk in order to
catch the mail so all for now.

Heaps of love
Catherine.

Tofino, B.C.,
Monday morning
Feb. 21, 1944

Dearest Mother,

It is not 9.30 A.M. yet and I have made some banana bread (an experiment) the bed & washed the dishes, so now when I finish this I can go down to the mail.

They told us that February was one of the nicest months up here, and so it is proving to be. Day after day with clear blue skies & the sun is getting very warm. No mosquitoes or flies to bother one. If it keeps up I should get quite a bit of painting done.

Friday Chris asked if I wanted to take my lunch out, which we have been thinking of doing as soon as it got warm enough. I had been down town to the mail so by the time we had our lunches fixed and everything ready it was nearly noon. It was low tide so we first walked along the beach in front of our house to the next little cove away from Tofino & sat in the sun on the beach without even a sweater. There was only the

gentlest breeze. It was so lovely & peaceful
& quiet. After lunch Chris sat & knitted
while I sketched & later she went on to
Mrs Sloan's to get eggs while I finished
the picture. It didn't come out too well
as the light was almost too bright & I
couldn't see the color after a while. Three
little boys came & watched a bit. one asked
very seriously if it was the yellow house
I was painting. I asked "did it look like
it?" & he replied "Well, a little" that
took me down a peg. Then about seven
little girls & boys on their way home from
school spied me & had a look. They
were more complimentary. While I was
painting seven planes flew over. so
high you could hardly see them but in
their wake were beautiful vapor trails.
lovely against the blue of the sky. The
first time I have seen it from so
many planes.

Your wonderful parcel came that
afternoon, and when I saw so much
cheese I felt badly to think how
many points you must have given up.

I never thought of your sending all that we will enjoy it very much for none of that kind can we get here. Just the plain Chatean type or orange spread kind. can we get in Tofino. & for about 6 weeks none of that. but I believe it is coming in now. So the kind you sent will be fine and we enjoy it on the fancy quick breads I make. We get cottage cheese now which is nice, also beginning in March I think Pete will be getting a ration book & then we will have a lot. for my ration has to do us both at present. Luckily I had saved up a lot in our time travelling so have enough sugar etc. & he did get some things last fall. The candy was fun. (It's nearly gone already) I haven't had kisses like those for years. The dates & figs are grand & I will make date bread as soon as I get round to shelling the walnuts. (we broke our hammer) Cheese isn't rationed here.

Saturday I did a bit of clearing & had to make several trips down town. In the morning to see what the boat had brought in & to order liver. & then in

the afternoon to take back the white bread they sent instead of brown. They deliver Wednesdays & Saturdays only. But it helps a lot!

I didn't hear much of the opera as I had lunch with Chris & Christine Lann Stairs. It will be our last together for some time as she is going out to Victoria tomorrow. The Air Force Doctors won't guarantee getting her to the hospital as they can't promise the ambulance. (One lady from Long Beach (which is nearer the air station) had her baby born in the ambulance on the way to the hospital here. In fact they bumped Peter's fender in passing & ~~he told~~ the driver said he couldn't stop as a baby had been born inside just up the road! It was to stop that sort of thing that they opened the Air Force hospital to those staying near Long Beach. So Chris has decided to go out & Gordon has leave to go with her on the boat. I'm just as glad for the baby might have arrived sooner than expected & I'm sure I wouldn't be much use except running for the doctor.

Yesterday didn't start out so nice but
was lovely later on. Pete mended things,
put a new generator on the lamp. Made
cannon door handle out of two glass door
knobs. (I had pulled ours off the other day
& it broke as well) and also cleaned the
store & with Gordon's help set up a
new oil drum by the gate & even repaired
the stand.

We had clam chowder for lunch.
(Turned clams) and then repaired the
place the car is parked. Filling in the
holes. Then drove two miles up the road
& went in to see McKenzie's Beach. I
will tell you more about that later.
For now its time to mail this.

Heaps of love & many thanks
again for the parcel. There was no
duty & it hadn't been opened.
Also tell Jean I shall write her soon
& thank her for the book of cartoons
which we enjoy.

Mum love

Catherine.

Tofino, B.C.
Tuesday,
Feb. 22, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Washington's Birthday and a gorgeous day here, nice for Chris to go out on the boat if it comes, but one never knows when to expect it until it whistles, you can just guess.

Gordon had to go in to the station for his pass this morning, as he is going with Chris, and so I decided to do the wash for I knew I wouldn't be able to do much else anyway. I got it all done in good time this morning and then they had lunch up here with me as they have packed all their china and forks and knives etc. So brought up all the left over and Gordon was here too. I have just finished washing up the dishes as I knew they had a lot to do yet. and then Chris arrived with all the little bits of tea, coffee, jam, peanut butter couple of oranges etc. So that is all put away, and now I have the irons on and hope to write you, mail it to-day to go tomorrow or on the boat. and then come back and do the ironing, then I will have all week to start painting again. It is still frosty in the mornings so I think even if it is nice I will paint indoors for a while, I can always go out in the afternoons if it stays fine. The sun rises at 8.45 now and we can always eat without the lamp until seven or after. It will be lovely here in the spring with the long evenings.

A nice letter from you yesterday and the one from Russ and the Shumans (?) It was an awfully nice thing for you to do and I can just imagine their surprise and pleasure.

I told you that I would tell you more about McKenzies beach in my next. It was fun going out there and a beautiful afternoon. We went up the road, away from the village about 2 miles from here. (a mile beyond the last house) and then left the car by the road and walked in the five minutes walk to the beach. It is a wet trail and in some places you walk along a felled tree, flattened on the top with an ax to make it easier walking, it is about 6 or 8 feet above the ground, other boggy bits one walks on planking. The Mackenzies have a house just as you come out of the timber, for you go through quite heavy woods to get there. They have their place fenced in, to keep the one cow out of the garden I expect. Up the beach are three little beach houses, the first one empty, the 2nd the Elkington's summer place and the 3rd the Ericksens

The beach is clean and hard sand and very gradual, not much room at the top for soft sand, and also on all these beaches there is so much timber and wrecks and wood of all kinds that some of the beaches are even hard to get down to. W walked up to both ends and as it was low tide we ~~could~~ could examine the pools in the rocks, sea anemones and horrid red and yellow star fish I didn't like all lying on top of one another. The biggest barnacle I ever saw. There is seaweed here on the rocks but perhaps it isn't the fragrant variety. There was a little island on the other end and lots of rocky little islands out in the sea, a light house too. It was a lovely spot and a change from here, if Pete is to be here all summer we are thinking of trying to get one of the little houses. He will have to bike to save gas some of the time and it would save him four miles a day. However one can't really plan ahead.

I must go now and find out for them when the boat might come, so all for now.

Heaps of love in a rush and will return the letters soon.

Catherine -

Telino B.C.
Feb. 24, 1944.
Thursday.

Dearest Mother.

Your letters take exactly a week to come, so when you mail one Wednesday I get it here the following week. Before I forget it we do get "Information Please" but enjoy the "Smiz Kids" better. Sometimes they sound too silly to suit me.

I had rather a tiring day Tuesday. After going down town early in the afternoon I found that the boat was due sometime around 7 o'clock. So came back & told Chris & Gordon who were all packed & just sitting looking a bit forlorn. They decided to take 3 bags down to the store & come back for tea with me. Not knowing when Pete might be home that night I didn't want to ask them for supper as he was pretty tired the night before & probably would be again. I started the ironing & was in the midst of it when they came for tea. I was glad to knock off. But also anxious to get it out of the way so I would have it all done, so when they kept on sitting I just started ironing again. Eventually finished it after six o'clock. I suppose

it wasn't very nice of me to suggest their having supper at the hotel, but to me it was far more sensible for they would be on hand when the boat whistled, & I didn't want to start giving them a meal when Pete might arrive any moment. As it turned out he never came home at all. The first time that has happened & of course no way to let me know. (I met a little boy aged four or five ^{yesterday} whose father Pete takes in quite often, also in the R.C.A.F. He told me that his "Daddy" didn't come home last night" & then looked up at me and asked very seriously "Did your Daddy come home?" I'm now one up on Pete (age)

The Simelains left about 6.30 & I waved them off. The boat never came until 9.30 because of the tide & they stayed most of the time at the La Forges I think. Had Pete come we might have gone down. I felt sort of mean not giving them supper. But they had lunch & tea here & it is awkward having company. The table is small & there aren't always enough of things to serve with. But I guess it was alright. Chris is the kind who loves company & is very sociable but I find it takes a heck of a lot of time & I'd rather do other things.

X Yesterday morning I slept a bit later
& straightened up the desk etc. Then in
the afternoon tried a sketch from the porch
of logs floating in the water. However as
I was painting the tide suddenly dropped
leaving them high & dry. so this afternoon
I tried again. It is sunny today & was
cloudy yesterday so I just guessed. Also
this morning tried working in the room
downstairs. It will be fine light on sunny
days from 9 - 11.30 & now unless one
stands in the sun it is still chilly
painting outside. I will have to keep
the fire going though or the room will be
too cold. It should work well.

Now we are thinking of going to
Victoria for a 48. I will leave Monday
on the "Uchuck". Mar. 6th. spend the night
in Port Alberni. take the 10.30 bus to
Victoria Tuesday. Pete will leave Tuesday
~~at the crack of dawn~~ on the Army or Air Force
boat & catch the evening bus to Victoria
so will get there later than I do. We will
leave together on Thursday night & back
here Friday. It will be fun & I shall go
to the dentist & do a few errands.

Must go now & mail this.

Loads of love
Catharine.

Tofino, B.C.
Monday, Feb. 28, 1944

Dearest Mother,

I don't know why I think I will have so much time to write you over the weekend for I seldom do, and yet it seems silly to write on Friday in order to have a letter to mail on Monday morning.

Saturday proved to be rather busy, I cleaned the room a bit more than usual, went down town to order some groceries to be delivered and then Christine had lunch with me and we listened to the "Tales of Hoffman" (should be more letters in it) I didn't realize there was so much familiar music in it, have you ever seen the opera? As we were eating lunch Mrs. Erickson knocked on the door, to say that they had come to change our stove. She had spoken of changing it when we went on out "48" so I didn't expect it quite as soon, guess I looked sort of surprised and she said if it wasn't convenient she could do it later if I would just set a date. so I set to-day. and they are to come this afternoon. The stove we have is evidently a borrowed one and the people who own it want it back and we are to have the one in Christine's apartment, I pictured Pete coming home on a Saturday night and men working setting up a stove and any way I had planned to paint the school for Christine, you know a sketch of it, so I just told her it wouldn't be convenient at all. They do things so unexpectedly here when they do do them. Anyway we kept the stove over the weekend and I made a mince pie before supper. and I made the sketch too.

It was a nice evening and we took the gasoline stove I had got last fall in Victoria down to Elkington's for them to sell for us for we were able to get a smaller one that we can take with us more easily, just two burners instead of three. As Pete is apt to be sent anywhere it is nice to have a stove that one can at least cook on and we have a heater and our sleeping bags so can always set up house keeping quickly.

Yesterday was stormy, we tried out the new stove in the morning and did a few odd things and it was lunch time before we knew it, then Chris Jessen arrived to arrange about where they will stay, they have decided to take the Sinclairs apartment after all as Eileen didn't like the idea very much of living in Mr. Ike's house, though Mr. Ike is an awfully nice man, naturally she didn't know what he would be like and Chris figured that she would be less lonely in the day time if she were here. So we had to see Mrs. Erickson about that. Eileen has already left home for here and will arrive Tuesday. If they had only decided sooner, for now there will be no stove for a day or two, and Mrs. Erickson wants to clean it all etc. So I guess it will keep me busy too. Chris is an unusually nice boy, from Calgary but we have never met her, so I hope she turns out to be equally nice.

Last night Pete was working hard studying photographic stuff and I spent the evening doing Income Tax papers for the work done at the store last spring. We also listened to the Quiz Kids, would like to see the movie that Joel is in.

Pete was all set to write you last night and then found he didnt have the right letter paper with the R.C.A.F. crest on it, couldn't possibly write on any other. They have been wor king awfully hard lately as they have a new N.C.O. and he is just the opposite from the last one who was apt to put theings off, so they are catching up on work. and Pete has been tired when he gets back after being on his feet all day.

It is nice again to-day, evidently from now on the weather is apt to be very changeable, makes it more interesting and nice cloud effects The good weather here was lovely to be out in but not a cloud in the sky and too like a picture postcard.

I must go now, will hope to answer your letters soon.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
March 1, 1944.
Wednesday -

Dearest Mother,

No time yet to answer your many nice letters, but I nearly made it yesterday. Now I just have time to scribble a few lines. ~~put~~ the wash to soak & go down to catch the mail out & back to do the washing. I didn't do it yesterday as the Jessens arrived & that kept me busy all day.

Monday I was sitting eating lunch & had just let the stove out after cleaning it all up (for it was the day set for stove cleaning). When Mrs. Erickson, knuckled, they had decided not to take the stove for another month or two. I was so delighted, for I'm used to this one & its such a nice stove & also it meant the little one would remain downstairs for the Jessens to use. So its being a nice day I went out & made a sketch.

Then yesterday I knew that the Jessens would arrive some time before lunch, so spent the morning putting Boracic Acid around the room to try & discourage the ants we have.

It's the 3rd thing I've tried & means
moving everything about. & still we have
a few!

They came about 11.30 & had lunch
with me. Baked potatoes & fish, corn &
steamed tomatoes & cocoa. ~~Sheen~~ is a
vegetarian as her uncle is a doctor of
some kind. They said we could have
their meat, which was a nice thought &
then last night over the radio came news
that Meat Rationing in Canada was to
be suspended for the time being!

Mrs. Erickson was still busy cleaning
polishing & painting downstairs! She
always cleans & scrubs every apartment
between occupants which is nice. No
matter how clean it is to start with, &
it really shows when they arrived.
They sat here & then went down town
to shop. & I helped Mrs. Erickson with
some of the dishes that were up here &
we changed lamps etc. Anyway I
was busy all afternoon until it
was time to go down town when the
boat came in. Two nice letters
from you.

We were so sorry to hear that
the Hood job didn't work out for Cousin

But. Don't you think store work will
be too hard for him to start again? I
wonder if he couldn't get a job as
caretaker for some one. Maybe for
a big place where the people have to
move in turn because of the gasoline
shortage. Or even a small place that
needs some one around. Bo Buttrick
might even know of such a place
on the North Shore. People like the
Laughlins who might want to go
away for a while & yet leave some
one to watch things. A person you can
trust is a great thing. I also think
he would like the real country better
than city life. & even if it were
fairly near the family.

Must go now.

Loads of love

Catharine.

Tofino, B.C.
Thursday, March 2, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

We are evidently starting in on March weather, it blew last night and raining off and on today. February was really nice on the whole. I hope it is not too stormy going out to Victoria.

Another busy day. Thought I would make some real date bread with the wonderful dates that you sent us, my but they are good ones and I had to be careful not to eat too many while cutting the others up so as to have enough for another loaf later. I even have enough walnuts though I had to crack them first, did that the other day with the hammer. Having gotten the stove hot I figured I had better make a cake too, so had a chocolate one ready to mix when the bread was done. Then I did the ironing in between, at least that was my plan but it doesn't always work out that way. I took the pails out and got water etc when the bread was cooking and the ingredients ready for the cake, and had to wash the mixing bowls in between. However after the cake was in the oven I got started on the ironing. and it was lunch time when I finished. Had put a baked potato in so had that and left over sardines, I do very well on my meals when I eat alone for there is nearly always enough left over.

About 2.30 Eileen and I went down town together as our lamp was acting up I took that down to have it fixed and they are going to send it into Vancouver to be fixed, luckily we have a lantern and the good old fashioned kerosene, but we will miss our other lamp. Then when we got back I showed her how to fill her oil tank and we lit her stove, the second burner, and a few odd things like that. She is awfully nice and will make a nice neighbor. She has been busy writing letters and as she is a vegetarian I think she will prefer eating her meals by herself as she is used to doing it a certain way and eating certain things. I like it better eating by myself too as I can then eat up bits that often are too small to offer anyone else and can plan the meals so as to have enough left over. also it takes less time.

It must be nearly spring for there is an early plum tree in full bloom down near the postoffice and one of the Knott's is in bud, a white blossom. but the one we saw today is full of bloom. Things do such funny things here. The honey suckle on the porch has new leaves, not bright green but new and the Bodlia (?) has new leaves right alongside the ~~old ones~~ old ones and the old dead flowers are still on. We had a white rambler rose bloom too and there are sweet smelling violets in bloom under the Jessens windows, the kind we used to have in a cold frame.

We do enjoy your fine letters and the ones enclosed even if I never seem to get around to really answering them, maybe to-morrow I will, especially if it rains, but now it is time to be thinking of supper, We had liver the night the boat came in but

X Christine got too much in her order last night so is going to give us a couple of slices and now that meat rationing is off temporarily we will have bacon too. We have done very well on my ration. I get two coupons each week, one we use for half a pound of bacon as Pete likes it for breakfast and the other for a steak for the week end, and some times he gives us a bit extra ~~and~~ I use some coupons I saved up and didn't use when we were traveling. ~~last~~. Now we can get all we want I won't know what to buy. We could get boulogna and frankfurters unrationed and liver and the salmon 3 or 4 times and a few tins of steak and gravy which tasted good, but they don't have those now, must have been old stock. They have canned salmon and it is now unrationed, (for a year or more it hasn't been on the market all going over seas) They told me at the store that they used to sell heaps of it up here which seemed funny, and the Indians were the greatest purchasers of it, used it to eat when they went salmon fishing, ate it out of the can when they were pulling X fresh salmon in over the rail, sounds like Indians!

Must stop, loads of love,

Catharine

P.S. We even got 4 bananas yesterday, pretty nice -
to day they had peanuts in shells. first for some
time

Tofino, B.C.
Monday, March 6, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

I am almost ready to leave on the great 48 and the weather doesn't look too bad, at least it isn't raining yet ! Every time I take the dark glasses out it looks worse but if I reach for the umbrella the sun comes right out again.

Luckily I started to dress before writing you for the hem of my skirt was down on one side and the other parts didn't look too strong so I hemmed that all round and have the irons on now to press it. This letter may not be as long as I had planned but will mail it in Port Alberni to-morrow morning.

We had a nice day both Saturday and Sunday, Eileen and I went down town before lunch Saturday, I had washed the floor and glo coated it the day before as it needed it quite badly, so there wasn't much that needed doing Saturday. It was a perfect day not a cloud. Christine and Eileen had lunch with me and then by one we were ready to start out to see Joyce Smith who lives more than a mile up the road and the last house out towards the Air port. We also stopped in at the shoe makers, but only Mrs Gibson was home she is very Scotch and reminds me a bit of Jeans sister Mrs Mather. Eileen had a pair of shoes to leave and Christine a pair to get. We picked those up on the way back. Mr Gibson has a little shop and they have a big vegetable garden and sell vegetables and also have goats and chickens and it is rather a nice little place. there were snowdrops just going in the garden and lots of primroses and the daffodils just coming out. We found Joyce home and the little boy, Martin, having a nap which he didn't have after hearing us. Her house was towed there so it is overhanging the water but a pretty spot and looks up the inlet. We wandered on to a little sninge beach and then back as Christine wanted to get back by 3. But it was a lovely day for a hike and after we got back we went down to the store on an errand for Joyce and also to take a package to Dunny Mitchell so it was a busy afternoon but so nice we were glad to be out.

Yesterday Sunday didn't look at all promising but we had planned to go to Chestermans beach and so started out early in case the weather got worse, instead it got better and was perfectly lovely on the beach, regular summer clouds floating about, the sand is very fine and such a clean beach, just the odd shell other wise hard and smooth. the tide was going out and we were anxious to go across to an island connected with the beach by a spit of sand except at high tide. The waves were meeting over it when we got there and we had a good hours wait. Pete had hip boots so was the first to attempt it and of course two waves met just where he was and slpped a bit of cold water down his boots. We laughed for

he just stood there helplessly as there was nothing else he could do. There was one place quite a bit deeper that one had to cross and just when you expected to make it nicely you would come to that. I went over next than Chris and he took my boots back to Eileen. It was fun and when we came back was dry all but the short deep bit. We had a late lunch here which was just as well for we might have gotten too much sun had we waited longer.

I had better start now. so will add to this later

Evening.

It is 8.30 P.M. now and I am in the hotel room. Should be all excited having flushed my first toilet since the first of January, but the prospects of a nice hot bath are more interesting & to bed with a good book. "The Mountains wait" by the Maya of Marbels. by the way have you read it?

Got off in good time catching Mr Knott & his taxi on the way to the Post Office. He had three other passengers, but I being not got the front seat. The ~~other~~ ~~other~~ "shock absorbers" as he calls them having quit working under the rear end. An Indian girl a young man and an eccentric old ~~prospector~~ prospector (not really old Mr Knott added for he's only 58) We had rather a bumpy ride than usual taking in a trip to McLeans Wharf where the Prospector in his heavy Indian sweater & beard went into a meat shop & appeared 10 minutes later with pants, a clean blue shirt & half a dozen neck ties over his arm. A friend had evidently washed them for him. It seems to me he left a small tub of laundry there. I know it was in the car when I put my suit case in.

We also made a stop at the Air Station. It's always rather exciting for you have to be signalled to cross the runways & then drive down one. a plane was taking towards us but went off to the side when it seemed to be a question ~~of~~ which

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

side we were to pass. I was glad it was going some where else.

We had an hour in Ucluelet before the "Ucluelet" was due, and I couldn't help thinking how funny it was sitting having lunch. The Indian girl on my left, & Mr Knott & the Prospector, Mr Armstrong, on my right. It was a different Café, the other one having closed. I expect the 2 young girls running it may have been wed. This one was a coryeter in a house and after lunch the men thoughtfully left for the pier while I was directed to the privy in the back yard through the back shed. The funny part to me were the subjects we discussed. From whether an earth quake makes a terrific noise but not tuned to our ears so we don't hear it. Whether one can see when or if they got out of the earth's atmosphere and how the soul a drugs were discovered!

We sat in the car out of the wind until the boat came & then I wisely asked for a folding chair & spent all afternoon sitting on the little after deck in the sun. The wind luckily was following most of the time & the sun lovely & hot so I got a good sunbath. Didn't have to make any conversation & even read a bit. About six it got too chilly as the wind was ahead & I went inside. The Prospector sat

on the bench back to back with me & remarked
on how much quicker the time went when you
had some one to talk to. So for a good hour I
almost had to listen. He seemed very nice &
I heard all about his son being hurt on his
motor cycle in Italy carrying messages. Broke
his leg. & how he'd married off 2 of his
daughters but was worried about Jen who
was 32 and should be finding a man or she'd
be an old maid. He figured all women should
get married. He also told me all about being
a carpenter, having worked on Mrs. Eichelbauer's
house in Tojins & now has a job building
these houses they put up quickly for War
workers. The row of them he worked on that
I saw being started last July near Sea Island.
They build one every 13 days & all he does
is build the "Chimbley" & the cupboards in
the kitchen & Medicine Cabinet in the bathroom.
Get hardly saws a stick of wood, it all comes
cut to fit.

I finally got started on my reading.
So now to bed after a bath. Hope it is still
nice to-morrow. I'm taking the bus to Victoria
so as to come back with Pete Thursday
night. If you have a round trip ticket they
have to take you. Why I don't exactly know.
Loads of love

Catherine

P.S. Forgot to mention one character on the boat who had a
nip now & then but managed to eat a soft boiled egg
out of the shell with a small pen knife. It was
mostly a big suck in between that got the egg out.

SUSSEX APARTMENT HOTEL
1001 DOUGLAS STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.

Thursday.
March 9, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

We are having a real nice time on our holiday and start back this afternoon. The bus leaves at six o'clock & reaches Port Alberni before midnight. But Pete has permission ~~not~~ to come back on the "Helmer" with me so that makes it nicer.

It has been raining most the time but they we might get a good day for the boat trip tomorrow. I'm afraid I'm more apt to mention the rainy days in my letters than the good ones. For actually we have had an awful lot of sunny weather in February. & we are both a bit sun burnt already. Even Bobby Hunter who is a Doctor remarked on how well I looked yesterday - Healthy I mean.

on the bus trip to Nanaimo I sat next an Air Force man who was very nice, and we discovered (or I did) that he went all through Manning Depot in Edmonton with Pete, & they know each other well. He is older too, comes from the Seine, but likes his work at Tofino so much he hopes he stays on. It made the time go quickly for you can't read on a bus as you can on a train.

I had lunch at Nanaimo & then boarded another bus for Victoria. The buses are all crowded these days. But the second one was noisy too. Half the Exhaust pipe had broken off and you know what a car is like without a muffler and a bus is that much worse. So it was pretty noisy. I had a nice girl the first part & then the nicest little lady got on. She was going to a W. A. Conference or meeting in Victoria & was very interested in all the other ladies who got on at various points

SUSSEX APARTMENT HOTEL
1001 DOUGLAS STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.

whether Mrs 50-550 was going too
or not. This lady beside me was
a school teacher 25 years ago in
Chernawicus (where she got on) had
married a farmer, who came here
at the age of two when the land
was first bush & his family had
cleared all their farm, which is
some 400 on Vancouver Island, with
the terrific growth. She told me all
sorts of tales & was very interesting.
Her daughter taught at an Indian
school at Albert Bay. (It's on an
island off Vancouver Island on the
east side & 3/4 the way up.) It's a
big school & the Indians come from
all over. She was there for five years,
one of 20 teachers, about 250 Indians.
Loved teaching them. If you could get
the confidence of the older boys they
saw that the younger ones behaved.
While she was there they had the
50th Anniversary of the founding of

the school & over a thousand of the
older pupils came back for the celebration.
There is an Indian band up the coast &
they were in the leading boat with all the
other fishing boats following. It evidently
was a wonderful sight. They had sports
for a whole week & during that time never
an argument or any disagreement. One
Indian made a speech in perfect English
& the Bishop & other dignitaries were so
impressed that they said afterwards there
was a lot they could learn from the
Indians. They are very loyal pupils too.
Their teachers they like.

Sis Ward was at the depot to meet
me & we got in on the dot as the clock was
striking. We came here while I washed
up & then went up to the room they now
have. Sam had a cold but came out
to supper with us & we had a nice
evening.

This will be all for now
Loads of love
Catherine.

Tofino, B.C.
Sat. March 11, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Back again and hardly feel as if we had been away. I didn't have a chance to write you before coming in so will continue where I left off.

The Wards were very lucky and after deciding to sell the house that they bought in Victoria, were able to dispose of it to the first people that came along. So then had to find a room which isn't easy. They are just waiting until they get their new gas coupons the first of April. and then will head back to Banff, are talking of building another house to live in. I think I told you that Cis met me at the bus which was nice and then waited while I washed up and we went back to their room to get Sam, also had a bit of a drink to celebrate and then a nice chicken dinner at the Sussex and up to my room to chat for a while before they went home. We sort of compared notes on Banff news and what we had each been doing all winter.

Pete arrived at 12.15 on time and brought mail from you which was nice to get. He had left in the morning but it is a long tedious trip and not much chance to eat.

Wednesday I did errands in the morning before the stores closed at noon and then went to the dentist in the middle of the afternoon. We had lunch with Bobby Hunter and he came for us at five thirty and we went out to his house, picked up Cynthia (his wife) and had a late supper in town. spent the rest of the evening talking. It was fun to see as much of them and have a glimpse of their children too.

Thursday I did more errands and Pete went with Sam, then we had a sort of picnic lunch in their rooms, Oysters which we bought in a cream bottle and a fresh pineapple, which looked better than it tasted but we haven't seen one for years and it was fun. Cis had salmon and frozen peas and fresh apple pie. One thing about Victoria, the little stores cater to people living in one room and even make little pies you can eat in a meal. It was great fun and we hated to leave. took a taxi out to see Pete's aunt for a few minutes and also saw another friend of Pete's and had time to see Chris Sinclair too, at least I did, she had an appointment at the doctors and so I went and visited her in the hall,

The doctors reception room was too crowded. The baby hasn't come yet, she will be there until the end of April in Victoria. I tried to get her a little something for the baby but there was nothing a bit exciting so if you wanted to send her a little something I am sure she would be tickled to pieces. She prefers blue and doesn't care for pink. her address - Mrs Gordon Sinclair, % Mrs Livins Livingstone-Learmouth, 1535 Richardson St. Victoria, B.C. (some name her mother has) It is good of you to suggest it.

We had a sandwich before catching the bus at 5.30. Had to be half an hour ahead of time to be sure and get a seat. but in being early saw a friend of Petes who is still out at Pat Bay in the Photo Section there.

The connection was very close at Nanaimo, the other bus being full by the time we got there at 9.15 and it looked as if we would have to sit on my suitcase the first part of the trip, however we had just got settled when they said they were sending another bus so we changed over. Were real lucky , there was another couple and two airforce chaps and an extra driver so we had some ride, didn't have to stop once except for the usual five minutes at Parksville and got in over half an hour ahead of the schedule for we passed the loaded bus along the way. It was some ride especially over the pass and down the other side, the driver was good but had anything unexpected happened to be on the road I don't know just what would have happened. We seemed to sail down the hills and around curves but got there all right. It was a beautiful night , a full moon and the big trees were really mysterious looking with just spots of moon light hitting them. We had rain in Victoria the two days but a grand day yesterday to come in on, so all in all we were lucky and it really was lovely yesterday. Pete was able to come on the Uchuck which made it ever so much nicer for me and then rode up to the Air Station in the taxi. with us, I was home by four and had it nice a warm before long. Even went down town for the mail.

They had a bad wind storm while we were gone and a great hail storm too. As Pete said to Mr Knot, we missed winter in Tofino when we went out for a couple of days. There were traces of snow or hail on the ground.

Guess this will be all for now.

Loads of love
Catharine

Tofino, B.C.
Tues. March 14,
1944.

Dearest Mother,

Another beautiful day and the birds sound like spring, but we still have a good frost every morning so it takes a while to warm up. but the sun is high in the sky these days.

This is my wash day and having done ~~non~~ none ;last week I have more than usual. Did all the heavy things this morning by 11.30 and now have finished lunch and am waiting for the water to heat to do the silk things. Have four or five blouses etc. It shouldn't take long and is a good drying day with a breeze. Then must take a sheet to Mrs Knot and go down town for the liver we are to have to-night. We seem to have eaten less meat than usual now meat is unrationed for a while. I think you had better not send any more boxes of food for a time as there is just a chance we might move and the less we have to take with us the better. However you could send the New Yorkers as we can read them and give them away. I will let you know any change we make. We have certainly enjoyed the things in the last parcel and I hate to think of all the points you must have given up for the cheese. Wish I could send you some meat !

It was Friday I got back and then Saturday I was quite busy straightening things around was down town three times. Eileen went with me in the morning and then as I was working away in here I heard Mrs Erickson out in the hall. She asked if I had just ^{fixed} the stove as she smelt fuel oil. I said no and didn't think much about it until later I went into the bedroom and it seemed stronger in there. Took a look in Christine's room and found it full of smoke. so turned off her stove and opened her window. Mrs Erickson came up and looked at the burner, it was very dirty, and knowing that Christine was busy making sandwiches for the Guides dance, Mrs E. decided to clean the stove for her, and other wise it wouldn't have worked well. It is the messiest job and soon Mrs E's hands were just black. My flashlight wasn't any good and in trying to get a new battery in got the old one's case stuck so in the end had to go down town and get a new case. When I got back she had pretty nearly finished but had put the wicks on my burner to burn off and when she took them off they fell and in getting them out she moved my burner so it wouldn't burn the right way and we had to let our stove out to cool enough to fix it too. This was all around five in the afternoon, but

it was fixed in time for Christone when she came home and didn't even hurt the custard I had in the oven. But those are the little things that happen unexpectedly and take so much time.

We went down town after supper as the boat was in and so got bread and lettuce etc.

Sunday we went out to the beach again, this time taking our lunch but it was so chilly in the wind we had to walk to the end of the beach to eat it in the shelter of trees. the sun was lovely.

I will have to tell you more of that later, I seem now to be a couple of days behind all the time. but anyway I have finished the wash and it took most of the line.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Tofino, B.C.
Thursday,
March 16, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

This is the second rainy day so perhaps we are starting in on Spring rains. We can't complain having had so much lovely weather. I wrote four letters yesterday morning but this morning spent all the time trying to answer one of Russells about Wills, it is not finished yet. By the way, there is just a chance of Russells coming this way later on and could you send me a letter and check, as you did before, so that I would have the American funds to go to the States in case it were necessary to do so in a hurry. The one you gave me last summer had to be cancelled when your books were made up at the end of the year. Miss Publicover wrote me about it. All you have to do is send the check and a letter saying that as Russell may be on the west coast sometime soon you are sending me enough money so that I will surely see him, or words to that effect. It would make it easier for me to get the American funds that way.

What a time you had with all the water off and no chance to even fill bathtubs or pails. It was lucky that it rained for I guess you could catch rain water, or didn't it rain enough for that? As you say you have no beach. Looked as if you were dry indeed, writing the last half of the ~~pencil~~ letter ^{in pencil} instead of ink.

It was fun hearing about Bob Palmer's visit with you, I thought his drawing very good, Why did he change his name I wonder? that is the trouble of nicknaming little children like "Skeeze" they don't like it later.

We heard from Jackie and the land or Corner lot and store is bought, the last payment to be paid in August, so we were lucky to get it. I think they were nice to give us first chance at it for many wanted it I believe. It isn't in our name as yet but we will get the thing settled when we go home sometime later this spring. So thank you again,

We haven't any cameras with us, No one is allowed to take pictures along the coast and we didn't want to run the danger of having the camera confiscated by some over zealous official, and as there is little one can take except shore line we left the things at home. I do take the occasional picture in the mountains and took a whole roll of larch tree pictures at Temple last fall, much to my surprise they all came out, but now-a-days with meters to tell you exactly what the light is there is not much trick to it, except in choosing the composition. Don't you remember all the pictures that Edith and I took when we went abroad? of course they were just snap shots.

Yes a lot of our friends are named Chris. Chris Sinclair who is going to have the baby. Christine the school teacher and now Chris Jessen the boy who works with Pete

in the Photographic Section and lives downstairs.

I must go now, fill my oil tank and Christines, (she is sick in bed, a return touch of the flu I think) and then go down town.

This isn't much of a letter but I might not get down in the morning to the mail and want something to do to you.

I'm glad you sent those green and white sugar and cream to Cousin Kathie, they will mean more to her than to anybody.

Loads of love (what a mess I made of that) My love to Jean and Cousin Jane too, Jean says you read my letters to her but I really intend to write one to her myself soon.

More love,

Cellamie

Tofino, B.C.

Saturday, March 18, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Here it is the end of another week and I didn't seem to accomplish very much. For one thing I had that letter of Russell's to answer about the things you must have discussed when he was last in Concoed. About how to best word my Will etc. I am slow at figuring out such things and then when I did write the letter I typed it and as the carbon paper I have had to be cut in half to make two copies of another thing, I somehow got one in up side down and so half of the 2nd. page to Russell was also in reverse on the back of the page and I had to do it all over, most annoying. However I finished it yesterday and then Eileen and I went down for the mail which was late getting in and it was 5.30 when we got home. Had supper all ready when Pete came in rather upset, for they had just gotten out and he was testing the oil in the car when an Air Force truck drove up with a rush and a roar, Had come to get the two corporals in the Photographic Section to take them right back to the station. That mean't Chris had to go but Pete not being a corporal didn't know if it meant him too or not. So Chris went in the truck and Pete came down to tell us and wouldn't stop for more than a cup of soup and then he drove back in. It truned out to be nothing really, someone had failed to give Chris a message earlier in the day that he was to stay until 8 O'clock, so they were both back by nine. It was really a misunderstanding but meant a lot of driving for Pete and the road is none too good just now. Hope they have better luck to-night.

Remember my telling you about a fine Indian lady that was on the Uchuck when I came back after New Years and we saw her later down here, and ~~Bette~~ met her and all the family one day while on a 48. Well she is back again visiting her father who is ill. When I went into the store yesterday her neice rushed up to me and asked if I had seen her as Mr s Hunter was looking for me as she had a present for me, a purse. I was quite overcome, she hadn't it with her yesterday but said she would be over to-day or Monday. So today I looked for her but Mr Towler (the postmaster) said that it was too windy. Mrs Hunter comes from the States, lives across from Victoria and is married to the Chief of the Tribe there. She told me that they have a garage and filling station. We are getting to be real friends.

The cows got in the yard again this afternoon, and finely Christine chased them with a broom, being a school teacher she is used to being obeyed I guess for they went allright, but in the wrong direction and landed in the shrubbery with no way of getting out, However one finally emerged and Christine soon had them both out on the beach. They eat cardboard boxes with relish and Irma says it doesn't even effect the taste of the milk at all.

I didn't mind much losing the room downstairs to

paint in, I found that it didn't stay warm enough unless I left the fire on all the time, and when it was really sunny I found I preferred being outside and when it is dull I worked up here. I haven't painted since the 48 having so many other things to do. Christine has been home sick the last few days and this morning I baked date bread, then lemon pie and had lunch with Christine who is better now, and the day was gone before I knew it.

The Harrises are posted, they are the ones in the big room under us.

It is now Monday & must go soon to mail this & the letter to Russ. It turned out to be a lovely Sunday though windy. We spent the morning packing things to send back to stuff that we don't need. Then after lunch walked to Mackenzie Beach & back. It was so windy there that the sand was drifting. Not at all pleasant. But nice on the road.

Loads of love
Catherine.

Telino
B.C.
Monday
Mar. 20, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

just a short note
for it looks as if we were about
to move. and I thought it would
be best if you ~~wrote~~ send your
letters to Bang from now on.
We will keep them posted as
to where we are and they can
forward the letters on.

They prefer to
give me very short notice
when they are "posted" so I
am planning to go out on
the next McGuinnia with
the car (which needs over-
hauling badly anyway)
Then if Pete isn't moved

for a week or so I will just
have to wait, but there is
a chance he will get what
they call "bush leave" in
which case we might take
the opportunity and go to
Bangor for a few days. That
is why I want to be out
before he is posted, otherwise
I would have to come back
for the car.

Will let you know when
we know anything definite.
It's likely that he will be
posted near the city this
time.

Loads of love
Catherine

It shows through so I'll write
one more page. I will be in Tokyo
five or six more days, lots of time
to pack up & then will go either
to the Hotel Somers in Port Alberni,
Sussex in Victoria or the Hotel
Georgia in Vancouver. We are
just hoping it all works out
well.

Max Love
Catherine -

Tofino, B.C.
Monday,
March 20, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

I am going to try and clear up my desk and as there are lots of your letters that I want to read over and answer, I think I will make more headway if I start with them.

That was or is quite a situation in Miami of people being stranded because they can't get their families home and the awful racket that have developed.

I don't really miss the snow here this winter for it hasn't seemed like winter most of the time. We do have lots of frost. Heard the frogs croaking again yesterday, they told Pete they have to be frozen down three times before Spring and as it froze puddles again last night and its spring by the calendar to-morrow and its the third time I guess its working out all right. On the radio last night it said that the swallows had returned to Capistrano, California as usual on St Joseph's day, they had never been known to miss since the early days when the Spanish were there. Remarkable isn't it? We have a song sparrow that sings brightly each morning, At least I think that is what it is, we have lots of birds now.

That Dr Fairchild's book sounds very interesting, We stayed at the Den Passar hotel in Bali, but that was ten years ago so might be run by a Miss Manx now, or at least when he was there. Japs no doubt run it now.

The reason that Canada stopped meat rationing was because of the shipping of meat overseas, they had more in the store houses than could be shipped and couldn't store any more, so let up on the rationing to keep it from spoiling.

I read some time ago of Mr Pritchard's death in Concord I never realized he was still alive, who will live in that house I wonder.

Did I tell you that I do remember the Peterkin Papers and Mr Hale was one of the little boys with the Indian Rubber boots. Mr Philip Hale who taught us at Art school.

Cousin Kathie in her letter never mentioned Sam, I wonder how he is getting on.

Poor Miss Emily Agge being ill such a long time, but perhaps as they have lived such a quiet life with no rapid movement they will also die in a slow quiet way, will be less of a shock to Miss Anne and Chatarina. Nice of you to send flowers all the time.

I or rather we had a good laugh at one of Olives letters where she said "Catharine isn't having a very comfortable life as an Army Officer's wife, is she? Its too bad Peter is stationed near such small towns. I guess they manage to have some social life with the other officers and their families" She must have us mixed up with someone else! In the 1st place I would call

info not to mix with the officers not the other way round

it very comfortable as we are always warm and can dress in front of a stove which has its cosy feeling. also there is no dust and dirt or noise, compared to Lynn or Revere - well I won't comment, we all have our preferences. As Pete has so far been stationed in the three largest cities out west. Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria this is the only small place we have been in. and our social life with the officers is something. We all have been invited to join discussion groups with the other Airforce couples but so far only the Officers and their wives seem to go. Maybe Life in the U.S. Army is different !

Your letters haven't been opened for ages, I think it happens when they are either looking for something and so have to look at them all, or when there is some troop movement that hasn't been announced in the papers. We receive the New Yorkers and Journals right along, many thanks.

We got a card for Frances, so glad that they had such a nice time at Tremblant, I mean a letter from Frances, it was your card I was referring too. The Instructor she mentioned is the daughter of the station master at Lake Louise.

We were glad to hear of Helen Weld and what she is doing. I don't know whether or not they have them here, but (Gray Ladies) but I know in Victoria girls visit the men with books, etc.

Was interested in hearing about Mrs Bartletts painting and what a time she had when the cat got excited.

The quick bread I make is the date nut bread you used to have and variations, anything that doesn't need yeast I call quick.

Speaking of Information Please, I think they should try a team of the Quiz Kids against the men, I would bet on the Kids.

The Jap houses here are just ordinary houses and some are empty, the better ones are fixed up, for us Service wives. They are small. There was quite a community of Japs here before the war fishing and spying.

The Airforce exhibition is to be held in April in Ottawa. I think, Pete has heard no more about his picture and so it may not get that far, one never knows what to expect.

I think it was "Boheme" that we saw in Venice. I enjoyed "Il Trovatore" last Saturday, I think that kind with familiar arias is the most fun to listen to on the radio.

I am so glad that Edith hears from Cob and that he is in England. It will be a wonderful experience for him and I hope that he doesn't have to get into the thick of it for the family's sake. A doctor we knew in Victoria, Bobby's partner, Dr Mitchell, left the first year of the War and was in Malta until recently, rather anxious now to get home, for it will soon be five years since he went. 4½ now. The Americans get home oftener but of course the first few years of the war they just couldn't leave as there was no one to take their places.

The joke was on me- or you. In looking over the old letter of yours I found the list of questions caught in the envelope, for I know I never saw them before, so will answer them.

There is a W.C. downstairs and the one we and Christine use upstairs.

Have no idea how large Pete's camp is and couldn't tell you if I did.

info not to mix with the officers not the other way round

There are about 48 school children here and I guess maybe 200 adults with the service mens familys too.

Don't know name of Indians or how many.

There is one church without a minister and the Doctor gives a sermon in the legion Hall every Sunday evening and the Padre from the Army and the Air force take turns in the afternoon service.

Last year they had wet snow enough to cover the ground and make snow balls but none this year.

Think that answers them.

~~Thank you very much~~

Loads of love

Catharine.

P.S. Pete mailed a letter Air Mail 15-day. for it looks as if we may be moving soon. He may not know until the day before he leaves. so I am to go out this Sunday with the car. if I can, & wait for him either in Victoria Vancouver or Port Alberni. & if he isn't moved return here when the car is overhauled. So you better send all letters to Bayoff for the time being as they can forward them from there on short notice.

Will let you know as soon as I can.

Loads of love again.

Catharine.

Telino B.C.
March 23. 1944.

Dearest Mother,

This may be the last letter I will write you from here, for we have decided that I better go out with the car this week end. I can go right to Victoria. Leave it in a garage here to be over hauled, which it needs badly, and then as Pete is pretty sure of getting a few days "Bush Leave" I may go right on to Banff. Its so complicated trying to meet & go back together. & also I could open the house without turning the water on. & Pete would follow later.

We are awfully busy packing up the winter's accumulation, but have it pretty well lined up. It rained hard the last two days and then the wind changed yesterday afternoon & cleared it up. It either rains hard or is beautifully sunny, seldom just dull & threatening and the changes are rapid.

This won't be much of a letter as I suddenly thought I might not want to go down to-morrow morning in time to catch the mail. I didn't get an awful lot done to-day as I had intended.

Will mail a letter Monday -
Loads of love
Catharine

On board.
Princess Maguina
March 27, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

I'll just write you a short note this time to let you know where we are and what we are doing.

X We have left Tofino and I really felt sorry to leave. Every thing worked out so well I can hardly believe it. The boat was due Sunday afternoon but we thought it might be late, as it was when the Siuslaw left, coming at 10 o'clock at night. but we were in luck & it was on time.

X I packed a bit all week, for we had collected a lot of stuff. and then when Pete came home Saturday night he said he'd been posted, and leaves at 4 A.M. Wednesday morning, gets six days Bush leave, is due a 48 and gets a day's travelling time. Has to report in Vancouver on the 7th of April I think it is, and is to be at Headquarters. It's an excellent

posting. & we have an idea they
wanted an "older man" who wouldn't
be distracted by city lights. So it
looks as if we would be in Vancouver
for a few months again. This time
we will try to get a place near where
he works.

I was going to Victoria on this
boat with the car, & leave it there
to be overhauled, but when ~~we~~ I
got on last night they could only
take it to Alberni, so now I will
get off there this afternoon and
wait for Pete to come on Wednesday.
I had made a reservation already
for a lower on the train out of
Vancouver Wednesday night & Pete
is pretty sure of getting an upper
even if we can't get a section.
I will be all ready to leave when
he arrives Wednesday in Port Alberni
& we will drive across to Nanaimo.
Catch the afternoon boat with the car.
Leave the car in a garage in Vancouver
to catch the train that night.

✓ We will arrive in Bauff Thursday
afternoon March 30th and have a
whole week in Bauff. Leaving to
come back the 6th of April in the
morning.

✓ You see they figure that when
a man has spent six months or more
on a "bush station" he is entitled to
"bush leave" of six days. So this
doesn't effect Peter's annual leave
at all. Isn't it working out well?

We are not sure of our Vancouver
address yet. So you write to Bauff
for the time being until I let you
know where we will be staying.
Though if you wanted me after the
sixth of April in a hurry you could
always wire me care of -

Miss Dorothy Whyte.

The Georgian Club.

Hotel Georgia

Vancouver. B.C.

We may stay at the Georgia (unless
we can get a housekeeping room
at the Devonshire) until we get
an apartment or something.

I will have 2 nights and a day in Port Alberni at the Innass. Maybe this time I can catch up on a few letters.

The port holes are all blacked up on this boat, so unless I set ~~it on~~ with the light on, I have to keep the port opened. Makes the Dining Saloon & one place to sit dark too.

Will write you the details to-night.

Loads of love
Catherine.

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

Tuesday -
March 28, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

This is the start of my day of letter writing but I'm not sure how much I will feel like doing by afternoon. Pete gets in after nine to-morrow morning & I am to be all ready to drive to Nanaimo where we catch the boat to Vancouver & the train for Banff that night. Hope we connect every where.

We really were awfully lucky in leaving for everything worked out well, except for my not being able to go on the "Maquinna" to Victoria as I had hoped. When you realize that the boat only comes in every 10 days or so and can't guarantee to take one, is often late, arriving in the night & we were lucky to have it arrive on a Sunday when Pete could help pack the car. It even was a lovely day for had it rained things would have gotten so wet.

The last few days were pretty busy ones, with frequent trips to the post office to mail packages. Things we didn't want here, extra paint, books, clothes, rubber boots etc. I tried to clean the bedroom & pack all my clothes Friday morning. Which landed the mess in the kitchen. Then Saturday morning I cleaned the kitchen and it

cluttered up the bedroom again. There seemed so many little things to think of. We left a lot of the cooking utensils I had bought with Eileen. measuring cups - mixing bowls bread box etc. but naturally used them until we left after lunch Sunday. It was rather fun planning things out so that when we set up house keeping we would have things handy. Had to take food that was special with us. like extra sugar & coffee etc. It was quite a job.

Mary Rose invited us to tea Friday (that is Eileen & I) and Mrs. Trichsen made a long call right after lunch. Then Eileen & I went to find out about the house the Sinclairs wanted calling on Bunny Mitchell & then Mr. Ihe, who owns the house. He seemed doubtful but said he would let me know definitely Saturday. So in the midst of everything Saturday morning he appeared with the word they could have it which meant that Mrs. Trichsen would let the Jessens move upstairs etc. All very complicated & uncertain until we knew. Eileen & I went for our sheets at the Knotts & chatted a while. then to Mary's for tea. to the mail & then I had supper with Christine as Pete couldn't get back until 8.30. Irma came up to return a bowl & talked for half an hour or so & in the end I never did get the letters looked over & so have them with me in a bundle.

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

Pat didn't know definitely until Saturday when he would be posted, but it was nice to know then for we could plan better. We could give up the rooms knowing we wouldn't be back. The Jessens decided to swap radios for the time being. They have one like yours & we can use it in Vancouver while they use ours up at Tofino. Saved our packing that up & we even heard Churchill's speech. Sunday though we were hardly able to take it in.

Sunday morning we packed the back of the car slowly & carefully, a lovely sunny morning to do it in. No wind! Everything but the laptop shade fitted in well. We had an early lunch after ~~that~~ ^{then} went down to try to find out when the boat might arrive. The telegraph operator was just coming along to tell us. It would be in at 4 hours, he had been up the evening before to see our pictures, for when I went for tickets, he asked if all the paintings were packed & seemed so anxious to see them that I hadn't the heart to say "no". He arrived as we were eating supper, evidently tries a little painting himself. Has been all up around the Yukon & Alaska, has been Gov't telegraph operator for 2 years in Tofino. never going out in all that time, he's very quiet but awfully nice man. just one more thing -

About 3 we decided to go down to the pier & sit in the sun, which we did. & before long we saw the boat appearing around an island. It wound a zig zag course in & out the various channels, dropped off mail without tying up at Clappot & then arrived in Tofino. Its funny there is no one at the pier to really look after things. Chris helped tie up the boat for he caught the line. & both he & Pete helped when we left & cast off the spring line.

There were lots of people going. Army wives & babies & one Coast Construction wife with all her household goods. As I was sitting on deck later in the evening I could hear the cock crying below. It did sound funny & she was quite worried when I saw her yesterday for the chickens had been laying & the sailors had neglected to take the eggs out of the box. If the chickens broke them they might eat them & its bad to have them start that. so she said. is apt to spoil them.

We had reserved space some time before for the car, but some machinery was to go on at Bamfield & so they couldn't take the car further than Alberni. We did more quick planning, but were there quite awhile which helped. Pete also got a ride in to the Station so didn't have to walk. & I know he got there for yesterday morning a man at our table asked if I knew a Mrs Gibson. I asked which one, there being several in Tofino, and he said he didn't know. but she had met my husband. I was rather baffled how Pete had

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

met any of them. But soon Mrs Gibson herself appeared having the seat next to mine. She had gotten off the boat at Tofino. Had dinner with her sister-in-law & then the Wiggins had driven her to Ucluelet. Taking Pete to the Station on the way. So that was nice to know.

Did I tell you about my Indian friends? The one I met on the Ucluelet coming back after New years. She came again to Tofino as her father is very ill. & her niece told me she had a present for me. We finally connected on Friday & she had a beautiful basket with a tiny one inside. Made at Nah Bay on the Olympic Peninsula where she lives. and also a little purse made of basketry. Well Sunday she appeared again. Knowing I was going on the boat. She came over from the Indian village. It was really quite touching I thought. for it wasn't as if I had done anything for her.

Mrs Knott was down too. to see another friend away. But she told me if ever we came back they always had an extra room in their house. Mrs Erikson has offered us her little house & she will move out & go live with her daughter. She won't rent the house to anyone so that was quite a compliment, and Mrs

Evans wants us to stay with them if ever we come back. Its really nice of them. & gives one a nice feeling about the place. The Ellingtons & Christies came back from a picnic to say good bye & waved from their porch. Chris &ileen were down too, so all in all it was quite a send off. We have had a lot of wind lately but Sunday was the least windy of any day, so again lucky.

I got a nice cabin on the boat. Its a C.P.R. boat & so well kept up. They gave me a seat at the Captains table. goodness knows why, but it was rather fun. A Mr French, a traveller I guess, Mrs Gibson and a young lad, from Port Alice. The next morning he & I were the first ones down so he told me about his hotel at Port Alice. He was down to buy china for the dining room. they had 60 men & have a lot of breakage. Port Alice is just a mine I think but the end of the run & way inland on the island. I asked if they ever had tourists stop off, & he said no. They really couldn't very well, & I think being afraid I might try it, he said "You know its really no place for a lady." He's been there 27 years. Said they have one peach tree & its in bloom now. He thinks someone must have planted a stone some time. You do meet such genuinely nice people along this coast, all friendly in a nice way & so willing to be of help.

Somass HOTEL

PORT ALBERNI'S LEADING HOTEL

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

It was a beautiful evening. Not a cloud & I sat on the top deck until we reached Ucluelet and it was dark. It was fun looking at the beaches from the sea & such a lot of high mountains in back. A whole line of snow capped peaks. As I sat there a short little sailor came along. A real character & old time type. He is the one who manages the booms & wires for the loading & unloading of the main hatch. He came to change the steel cables which is quite a job. Had two cables tied together with strips. Reached for his knife. Hadn't one. Asked one of the gunners who was on deck, but he hadn't one either. They were a bit surprised when I produced one from my bag. Said I was the only real sailor amongst them! He had quite a time getting a bolt off one coupling & I was wondering had I better move so he could swear a bit. He pulled & twisted & hit it harder each time finally had to give up saying "Tah Tah Tah" like an old lady a little shocked at some story! I nearly laughed. The gunner finally got it loose. They still carry gun crews on the trips up & down the coast. For all the boats are armed. Seems funny some how.

We spent the night at Ucluelet which was nice & quiet & I was woken in the morning by two patrol planes taking off. A real sight as they taxied across the harbor close to the boat. They seem huge planes.

The upper deck was crowded with soldiers so I didn't go up there all morning. wrote you & read as the ports are all blackened couldn't see much of the scenery. Just had time for lunch before we reached Port Alberni. The car was first off, but though it was headed the right way they swung it around in the air, & I had to back along the pier the first driving I had done for five months. but it worked alright. Luckily Pete had wired for a room as they are full here & I got a small inside one. but the bed was mighty nice last night.

Yesterday I went to the Bank & Post Office, & a few stores & about my ticket. Finally getting it after the train left this morning. Ada Wilson came to supper & stayed talking until eleven, my eyes were gradually closing for as bed time has been 9.30 for so long. She seems to enjoy talking old times in Banff & has just telephoned asking me to supper here tonight. She lives in Alberni. a couple of miles from here.

I ran into 2 Tofino boys this morning they had brought a boat here yesterday I guess. They saw me first, seemed quite tickled to be here.

Must not write more to you now. will try & write some other letters this afternoon.

It seems funny to be heading for Banff but will give us a chance to check up on things there.

Loads of love
Catherine.

On board.
Train nearing
Field.
Thurs. Mar 30, 1944.

Dearest Mother, Will write you just a short note so that you will know where we are. Will be in Banff at 6 o'clock today - & leave to go back next Wednesday. So when you get this you had better start writing us "Go Hotel Georgia. Vancouver." We made a reservation on the way through & include they know us for they are filled up over Easter. & will be there that weekend. We may get an apartment at the Devonshire but hope to find something nearer head quarters where Pete is to be.

Our plans worked well. for Pete got in to Port Alberni

yesterday before ten & I was on
the pier to meet him. He drove
across to Nanaimo rather leisurely,
had lunch & ran into Charlie
Phillips & his wife also on their way
home. He is chief game warden
at Jasper & they have known Pete
all his life. So the wait for the
boat seemed short as we chatted
with them all the time.

We were about eighth car on
but first off in Vancouver. Went
right to the Devonshire but can
get nothing until after Easter. We
put the car in a garage for the
week & then went for a beer at
the Georgia. My first since we
were in Banff & Pete almost the
same for the canteen at the station
was closed & they couldn't even
celebrate the birth of Chris &
Gordon Sinclair's daughter!

We just got in & seated & the bar
tender came in with his tray full.
Luckily he recognized us & gave
us each a glass for the bar closed
a minute later & no more beer for
anyone. Still one small glass was
something. Then we had a good
dinner. Prime ribs of beef the real
juicy red kind & a chocolate sundae,
you feel you should splurge a bit
coming out of the bush.

If you are writing Russ and
speaking to the office, you might
tell them where we are. The
"Hotel Georgia" shall reach us
or just "Bang" & the mail will
be forwarded.

I'm not much for writing on
the train so all for now.

Loads of love
Catharine.

Barry.
Alberta.

~~Barry~~
April 2, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

There hasn't been
a chance to write you since we got
here, unless I had written the first
evening.

Jackie, Mom & Harold
met us at the train & we had
supper with Mom & spent the first
night there. Friday morning we
got the lights turned on & the fire
in the house started with Harold
& sometimes Johnny assisting. It
is slow getting things done as one

runs into so many people. Had
lunch that day with Mom but
have hardly seen her since.
Edna was down in the afternoon
and Cyril Boris spent the evenings
here. It was pretty nice sitting
in front of the fire again. There
was no more dust than when
we left, just had the bed to
make. We haven't turned the
water on ~~yet~~, carry buckets
for the few days.

Yesterday! Saturday was
one continual caller. Starting
with Harold then when I was
going over town Mrs MacDonald

came & before she left Cam &
Lila came down. We having a
48. which was nice for we hadn't
seen him since fall. Oh yes
Mildred was down too the afternoon
before. & I've forgotten who else.

We saw the Moores yesterday
afternoon & went to the Hotel for
supper & the movies with them
& Agnes Hammond. and so it
has gone. I'm not really un-
packed & will have to figure
out what to take for spring &
summer in the city. I'm afraid
the upstairs is rather a mess!
We are having roast beef tonight

X at Jackie's + Barbaras + Harold is
here waiting for us to go. He just
asked what the thing was hanging
from the ceiling, + I said "a lamp
from a richsha" + he said "where's
the richsha?" so guess its time
X I stopped.

Will write you more on the
way back. Got your letter written
here! our address now is

Hotel Georgia.
Vancouver.
B.C.

Lots of love

Catharine

Its been lovely weather, they had
9 inches of snow last week. only
patches of it left.

On train.
Thurs. April 6, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

X In an hour and a half we will be back in Vancouver. For how long this time is difficult to tell, maybe six months, though Col. Moore bet me 25 cents it would not be more than 2 months.

X Pete reports to-morrow so we will have one day to sort of settle in.

The trip to Banff was well worth it and we had lovely weather all the time until yesterday when it rained gently all morning. There was still snow in patches on the first lawn so we weren't able to rake much, but there wasn't much time for that either.

We saw a lot of people and had supper at the Mount Royal three nights ~~running~~. ~~so~~ Saturday with the Moores & Agnes Hammond and Monday with Mrs MacDonald & Mary & Mrs Bloodell of Vancouver. and Tuesday again with the Moores

By the way Mrs Bloedell is trying
to decide where to send her eldest
daughter to school. They are Americans
from Seattle but live in Vancouver &
were great friends of Frances Beans
The mother went to Dobbs Ferry I guess
about the same time I was at Wheelers.
(or maybe later) Her husband doesn't
think Dobbs quite right for the daughter
They looked at Miss Madaras in
Washington and also at one in
Putney Vermont (run by a Miss
Hinton or Hinder). about 10 years old
and co-educational. She rather liked
it but was uncertain & I wondered
if Cousin Jane knew anything
about it? if it is really a good
school? I sent her the Wheeler
prospectus last year because the
girl is interested in Art. If
Cousin Jane knows of the Putney
School could you let me know
& I'll tell Mrs Bloedell. She is
not pretty but awfully attractive
herself & the daughter is rather

a large girl who doesn't care much about her appearance or clothes & I think this worries the mother a bit. She has been at the Mountain School in Banff for two years & loves it but her mother feels she should have the rest of her schooling in a larger boarding school. She is 14 or 15 I think.

It was pretty warm the last few days, 68 I believe & 75 in Lethbridge south of Calgary.

Monday evening just as we were going out, who should drive in but the Wards. I had written them when we would be in Banff & they had left as soon as they could. It was fun seeing them & a great help, as Pete could tell Sam what we wanted done at the store. An incinerator & a fence being the most important items. We saw the Burns Property & it is really very nice above the store. A large 3 room

apartment. Each room a different
view in three directions. They
are going to clean & paint it but
not do too much as the rents are
fixed & believe we would rather
be there when any real work is
done. The Butcher we always
went to has moved up there & will
live above.

I'll send this along now so
you will know where we are.
Got your letters in Bayff. I
will answer them soon. The
best about Russell coming.

Loads of love

Catherine

P.S. Our present address.

Hotel Georgia.

Vancouver.

Vancouver.

B.C.

Sat. April 8, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Expect you are listening to the opera as I am. We got a rented radio Thursday, makes one feel more settled in to hear the familiar programs. 9 to 12.15. and I have had a light lunch and am waiting for Pete, as he gets Saturday afternoon off here, also all day Sunday, rather nice! He may plan to eat here so I have saved some room for a special desert.

We got here Thursday morning but couldn't get in our room until noon, so sat in the lobby a good part of the time. Also checked on the car & had lunch at the cafeteria at the Hotel Vancouver. A really good place to eat as you get the same food as the main

2

dining room. without the style
but also nice & hot.

It was raining so we went to
an early movie, not too good a
one. There seemed to be none we
wanted to see or much to choose
from. It's not crowded if one goes at
five & we had dinner at 7.30
on getting out. Were in bed early
as we had so many late nights
in Banff.

Yesterday was Good Friday
and a holiday here, even some
of the restaurants were closed. It
was a rainy day. April showers,
too bad for those having the holiday
though it didn't rain hard. Today
is better. Pete ~~left~~ left soon after
7.30 and I turned over for another
snooze, planned to spend the day
letter writing. Listened to the news
at nine & was just getting up
when the phone rang. It was

Tell you downstairs. So I would know who it was when he came to the door. He had reported at Headquarters and found it was a holiday there too. At least not much work to do and only certain ones there, so they told him to come back the next day. Had we known we could have stayed one more day in Bauff.

We didn't do very much. I have Eve Curie's book with me "Journey Among Warriors" that Jean sent us for Christmas and am finding it very interesting. So it was a good chance to read a bit.

We did take a drive around the district near Headquarters to see where we might like to find a place to live. It's a nice district but it may be rather hard finding anything.

To-night we have tickets for Noel Coward's play "Blythe Spirit" with Clifton Webb & Peggy Wood. Sounds like a New York cast & should be good. To-morrow is Easter. We were invited out to Dorothy's for dinner but won't go until later if it's a nice day.

Your letters are arriving from all directions. One today from Tofino, via Bauff with the check in case I need it to go to the States at any time, and one yesterday from you about Russell's visit to Concord. Glad to hear what direction he may go in. I wanted to be prepared in case he did head our way. Thanks ever so much. I may not need it but it is well to be prepared.

glad the party & pictures went off well but it was too bad all your excitement came out one night.

I'm so glad you have decided to go & stay in town for the opera. It will make it so much nicer. You can do your errands and have a change all at once.

Great fun this morning. I was just going out when I heard bagpipes. A whole 20 piece pipe band was forming up on the grounds of the court house. which we look out on. They looked very fine about 12 in green plaid kilts with their bag pipes. The drummers had red coats & some busbies. All parades etc seem to start from here as there is room for them to get ready. They had a great time

warming up & tuning the pipes.
 They were all playing different
 things at once & waving ^{some} ~~up~~ off
 by themselves. Then I noticed
 that one plain clothes man
 helped each in turn tune or adjust
 his pipes. The ~~man~~ ^{man} would play
 something & he would twist the
 round ends until the sound came
 out was just right. I couldn't
 tell much difference myself.
 Then they formed up & with
 a flourish of drums & a shrill (?)
 of the pipes they were off. It was
 a grand sight, wish you & Jean
 could have been here to see &
 hear them. You don't miss
 much when you have a front
 window. Expect the Easter Bonnets
 will be fun to see.
 Will write regular mail
 after this. Loads of love
 Catharine.



HOTEL GEORGIA
VANCOUVER, B. C.

OPERATED BY
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Monday
April 10, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

We are still here at the Georgia but it looks as if we might get a "bachelors suite" such as we had last year at the Devonshire. They said to come in Wednesday & have our name down. It will be nice to get our own meals as one feels more settled that way. but we hope to get some place out near where Pete works for the summer. This morning I went to the National Housing Commission where they handle the houses & places made over but that wasn't what we needed. They lend money to people to make their houses over into suites

and I guess it has been a great help to the crowded conditions here. There are lots of old buildings which they convert to small suites. They sent me to the Nat'l Housing Registration Office. a voluntary organization where you register as to what you want & they register the places for rent. Our names are in and that's about all we can do for the present. However it won't be bad staying at the Devonshire & Pete can get to his work in about 20 minutes. The street car goes every 5 at the time he leaves in the morning. Last year it took him an hour and three changes to get to Sea Island. but this time he won't need to leave until quarter to eight. The busk may have had its inconveniences but we both prefer country life I think. It seems so dirty & noisy living in a city. but its funny, most people seem to prefer it.

We had a very quiet weekend. An early supper Saturday night, all dressed up in high heels. First time I had worn them since - I guess

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since we were here last summer. No
in Victoria last fall. Then we came back
here until after 8.15 when we walked a
block to the theater (One thing is very
central living here) We saw "Blythe
Spirit" a very good comedy by Noel
Coward & well acted. A Seance with
the spirit of the man's first wife being
brought back, and they they can't get
rid of her. The husband is the only one
who can hear her much to the annoyance
of the 2nd wife. Its awfully amusing
and witty & being the last night we
think they added a few touches for they
obviously were having a good time. The
medium was awfully funny. We
both enjoyed it. first real play we
have seen for ages.

yesterday was a lovely day for
Easter & we went for a walk in Stanley

Park in the morning. Were going to drive
out to Dorothy's in the afternoon but found
that at the garage they had given us the
wrong tire & being Sunday there was
nothing they could do as the ~~mechanic~~ ^{repair} shop
was closed. It was annoying as
they have had over a week to fix it. But
I suppose one must expect inefficiency
in these times. We didn't want to risk
it without a spare. However in the end
it worked out alright as Jimmy
Simpson came to see us & we had a
nice visit with him. He is finishing
a month's course in Wireless theory or
something ^{before going on to another course} & a Wireless Air Gunner
in the Air Force. Mary is coming home
this month to be with her mother at
Bow Lakes all summer & Big Jim
goes out with a Dr Cowan for a trip
to survey the ~~feeding~~ game situation
in the mountains. So perhaps it
worked out for the best after all.

Time for me to go to lunch. Your
first letter written to the Georgia camp
yesterday.

Loads of love
Catharine

April 11
Hotel Devonshire,
Georgia Street.
Vancouver, B.C.

Dearest Mother,

We are in luck again, Yesterday I got a bit discouraged, for when I came over here to see if there was a room they said none was ready and to come back in the afternoon, which I did, at three the boy at the desk said " your room won't be ready for an hour or an hour and a half " and by that I knew we would have no choice in the matter but would have to take what they gave us. The girl had told me the other day that I could look at several if I came after lunch. So about four I tried again and had a look at the room. Much to my surprise it was even better than we had hoped. on the back this time where it won't be quite as noisy, at least we won't hear the street cars as much. and with a double window looking out over a garage roof to Stanley park and the single window looking over the harbor. We are on the fifth floor. It is much the same arrangement as last year. a little dressing room into which the bed disappears during the day time and with a bureau and large closet and cupboards. a nice bath and a pale blueish green kitchenette, refrigerator and all. Its is nicely furnished and a large room with the bed out of the way. So now even if I don't find a suite out near where Pete works it won't matter for a while. It is just three blocks from here to Pete's street car, 15 minutes on that and a five minute walk at the other end. I don't know if you can find it on your map of Vancouver but it is where the Jericho golf club used to be. As most of the men live out, there is just one barracks I believe and Pete may have to stay in there when he gets duty watch, that is if he is on fire picket. But that is only once a month and then he gets a 48 afterwards.

This is the first rainy day, and it is only a heavy mist but it was nice to get moved yesterday when it was dry. All I did was find the head porter, who was having a delicious tea in his little office off the lobby of the Georgia with one of the bell boys helping him consume toast and jam. It is also the check room but they didn't seem to mind being interrupted during their four o'clock tea hour! I gave him the number of my room there and my room here and then came over myself and the bags arrived soon after.

This will let you know my new address.

Hotel Devonshire,
Georgia Street
Vancouver, B.C.

Had a nice letter from Russell before he left for South America, I guess they don't have to be so secret about their trips now. Am so glad that they had that nice holiday together at Hot Springs.

Lunch time so all for now.

Loads of love

P.S. You will probably get other letters after this written before from Georgia.



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HOTEL GEORGIA

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Wednesday.
April 12, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

This is the day we may move into the Devonshire. We are all packed and I went over just now after lunch but so far they have no rooms vacated to show us. Last year we went through the same thing only I gave up our room here and the one over there wasn't vacated until evening, so this time we decided to keep this until we actually move. I go there again at three, but it keeps one rather unsettled. There was an add in the paper of a suite to rent May first near Jericho Beach, which is not far from where Pete works, so I think

I will enquire into that. "4 rooms and no night haunts" but no further details. just a newspaper box number to write to. However its worth trying.

Yesterday I did a bit of shopping. ran into Kitty Elkington from Telfer. She is the wife of the man who runs the best store & where we went one evening with Christine. She is here with her little boy going to dentists & oculists during his vacation. We had coffee together & she told me how many new babies had been born & 8 new couples or family's have moved in since we left.

You asked whether we liked Vancouver or Victoria best. We really prefer Victoria which is more of a big town and slow moving, no one is in a real hurry and its very informal. Vancouver is a real city. Though as a city it is a mighty nice one to live in as the surroundings are so lovely.

HOTEL GEORGIA
VANCOUVER, B.C.OPERATED BY
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It's more like Portland Maine in size
I should say & Victoria like Bangor.
I guess we got sort of spoiled living
in Tofino, and the contrast is pretty
great. I notice the noise & dirt and
hurry, but if we get a place outside
more it will seem less like a city.

X Pete likes his place very much
now he is getting used to it. It also
is a great contrast to Tofino. Up
there they wore work clothes and
even rubber boots and it was rather
informal. Here he is at Headquarters
and they wear their "number 1 blues"
or best uniform to work in. Have to
be inspected every morning. He is
working on the movie film library
right now. Cleaning splicing &
showing films. They knock off

in the morning & afternoon for milk or
coffee or whatever they like sold at the
canteen in a sort of rotunda I guess.
for everyone mills around officers &
all & they are encouraged to. The
mess hall Pete says is like a men's
club. Caffeeteria style but round
tables seating eight or nine, and as
Pete says. "Even daffodils in the
center" Everything is spotless & the
food excellent.

He is the lowest rank in the Photo
Section here, so when his corporal told
him how well the battle ship linoleum
floors looked when newly waxed, Pete
looked a bit discouraged, knowing it
would probably be his job, but the
corporal said. "Oh we have an
electric polisher" Still I don't think
Pete enjoys floor waxing very much!

X
I'll write again when we know
where we are to be.

Until next letter

Loads of love

Catherine.

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, B.C.
Friday, April 14, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

The time seems to go awfully fast and without my getting much done, Yesterday I went over to the Georgia to see if there was mail, saw Dorothy "hyte and as she was going shopping for the club I went along with her and did a few errands too, of course it takes a bit longer but we can sort of visit in between and it makes the shopping more fun for both of us. I kept thinking each time I went out that I wouldn't be getting enough for a shopping bag and then would struggle home with little bags and parcels slipping in all directions. Now that we have the staples it will be easier and we can order milk here.

Dorothy had her hair done down stairs in the afternoon coming up to see our abode afterward, I made an appointment for this morning and so had mine washed to-day. Did errands before and after and just as I was going out to lunch ran into Kitty Elkington again from Tofino so we ate together and had another visit.

Pete leaves about 7.30 or a little later and gets home (unless he is delayed) at ten to six. Tomorrow afternoon he has to parade and I may go out to the park where they will be to see some men given medals or something. We really are very comfortable here and it is convenient, we never noticed the noise at all last night and I do believe it is quieter here at the back. Being in an end room we have no one next door, except that our kitchens and baths are back to back. We are enjoying the view too.

There is a girl we know staying here too, met her in the elevator yesterday, she and her husband came skiing the first year Temple was open but he has died since then.

And now to answer a few of your letters which I always like to do for when I read them first I think of what I want to say and then am apt to forget later.

According to both yours and Jeans letters the party for the church group was a great success. and seems to me you were able to get in Russells visit too.

Where are Cousin Bert and Alma going to live or haven't they decided yet?

That certainly was a bright letter from Cousin Harriet and seems to me she writes awfully well for a person her age. I wonder will she ever find out more about that telephone call. It was a strange thing.

Where Pete is now is all offices and no airfield. They call it W.A.C. When we were in Banff Pete told his mother he was to be at W.A.C. and she thinking of the W.A.A.C.s who are the girls (in England isn't it or the states?) said to Pete "Not among the women?" with her scotch accent it sounded awfully funny. Actually there are a good many W.A.D.s which are the Canadian women attached to the Air Force.

I am glad that you have been able to get a new maid

for with the children coming for the summer you will need more help.

To-day will be your last day of the opera and I do hope you had a nice time of it and felt well and could enjoy it staying in town. To tell the truth I found the first few days in the city awfully tiring, the pavements and the noise and the dirt but am getting more used to it now. Would go back to Tofino in a minute if I got the chance, one really seems to live in a place like that whereas cities seem sort of artificial. Of course it is fun to get ice cream and oysters and what not, but the joke is that there were quite a few simple things we could get any time up there that one can't find here, and shopping was so nice and easy, you just took what you could get and didn't feel you should see if the asparagus looked better in this place or that, and then in the end picked the wrong one.

Last night before going to sleep I counted the times that I had packed at least one small bag and spent the night in a different bed from the night before, in the last year. and it was 65 times, 14 of them we packed all our baggage or moved it all. Now I only unpack the things I need.

Too bad about the spruce tree. That is the way Pete cuts our big ones down. he first climbs a ladder and ties a rope as high as possible up the trunk of the tree. then cuts the roots all around and very carefully pulls the tree over and you are never left with a stump to take out. Our spruces usually have what is called a tap root which goes straight down into the ground the other roots being near the surface, and usually the ones that blow over easily are the ones with poor tap roots, so perhaps yours didn't have a tap root.

The hats here are pretty funny, I think when you have lived in the country they look more absurd than ever. I saw some sailors this morning with a big sign "Madame Curie Sailor Hats" Wonder if she would be amused to find a hat had been named after her but I expect it is from the movie of her life with Greer Garson who was in Mrs Minever. So now I can imagine how you or Jean are looking. I have a plain black felt with a round top, was encouraged to see two similar ones in the most fashionable store that carries English woollens etc. However I am beginning to think it is pre war stuff. Looked at every hat I passed and decided I was far from in style when just then passed another girl looking rather nice and her hat was identical to mine only brown, so now I don't have to stick to back streets!

Dorothy just called so am going shopping again.

Loads of love,

Catharine.

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, B.C.
Monday, April 17, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Your letter from the Pioneer came this morning and it sounded as if you were having a real spree. I suppose one reason people don't dress any more is the difficulty of getting in and out of town, the men wouldn't want to go way home just to dress and probably the wives meet them in town. Actually I think it seems in better taste not to get all dolled up in War time. But it must seem quite different from the old days. I know last summer it struck me as funny to see the Concord people going in on the dirty old train all dressed and without hats, when I remembered the same ones dashing in town for lunch and then maybe again for dinner, and of course by car. I do hope the operas you see are good and I know you will enjoy them.

We are having real spring weather here and showers nearly every afternoon, beautiful big clouds. It is around forty or fifty out, but that is what keeps the spring flowers so long, a little like English springs.

Saturday I think I wrote you that there was to be a Wing Parade where decorations were to be given by the Lieutenant Governor, (who is the King's representative I think) Anyway it was due to start at three but being my mother's daughter I was there half an hour ahead of time, and just as I got to the park the first band marched in, which happened to be the Squadron from the W.A.C. and the one Pete was in. He said he saw me on the sidewalk but they were too far away for me to spot him, though I did see him later. Neither of us had been there before but we looked on the map and found a corner to meet at afterwards, in case the men were dismissed there. The Park was just a beautiful stretch of lawn, a ball game being played at one end and in the middle a building that looked like a country club but where I expect there were rest rooms and a shelter out of the rain. The lawn covered the space of 2 blocks each way and there was no fence only trees around the edge. The Kitsilano High school is on a hill overlooking it, in fact I walked right by the school and they have the most beautiful rock garden and shrubbery all around the school, it did look nice.

The ceremony was very simple and nice, soon after Pete's group came on and formed a line facing the building but across the other side, we heard another band and three more flights in a second squadron marched on and later still another band and more men and women. I am a little uncertain as to the correct names but I believe a flight is about 50 men, and there was first one of men then of the Women (W.A.D.s) and then another flight of men in each squadron. Then there were the three squadrons each with its band and they all formed three sides of a large square. The biggest band was in the center (the other two disappeared until the ceremony was over).

It was a beautiful sight really, The day was lovely with great clouds like thunder heads and the green turf without a

worn patch on it. In front of the building were two rows of portable chairs on which the mothers wives or close friends of those to be decorated sat. There was a table covered with a Union Jack and the medals on that, and then the 18 ~~xxx28~~ men stood in two lines facing the table but out on the grass. It was all so simple. I being early had a front row stand. They put up ropes so we would not inch nearer but the spectators were very quiet and no one pushed. We also managed to get near where a path way was made for the Lt. Gov. when he arrived so we saw him too. In fact where I stood I could see everything.

Promptly at three the band played "God Save the King" before that there was a bit of marching about by the men until they were in the right positions, then they stood at ease during the presentations. There was an officer who first read the name of the man. ~~He~~ immediately snapped to attention, turned, walked to the center of the group, turned and walked to just in front of the Lt. Gov. (who was in army uniform the rest all being their blue Air Force Uniforms) saluted the Governor and then stood at attention while the Officer read the citation, some were pretty long and you could see the men's jaw bone move in their cheeks as if they were getting pretty embarrassed. Then the Lt. Gov. would step forward and pin the decoration on, shake hands with the man, then step back and they would both salute each other again and the man would turn and walk to a place behind the dignitaries. Then the next man's name would be read and he would march forward. It was interesting to see the different types and some would snap out the salutes and others would be less cocky looking. There are very few decorations given in the Canadian Army, Navy, or Airforce, and this was the first public presentation in Vancouver. Some of the medals were given for heroism in 1942 and one was to a mother for her son who has since been killed. A young officer escorted her from her chair to in front of the table and then after words the citation had been read and the medal pinned on came and escorted her back. I thought it was all very interesting. and the man reading the citations did it so well you could hear every word. Some had won theirs over Cologne, Trondheim in Norway, Alaska etc. *They were mostly D.S.O.s - D.F.C.s & the Empire & George Medal.*

After the presentations the band struck up the Air Force March and marched past the Lt. Gov. Then came towards where I stood, We made a hasty withdrawel but they only were turning about and stood beside us to play while all the Squadrons marched past. Much to my surprise Pete was in the first group and I nearly missed seeing him. but kept my eye on them so that I would find him when they were dismissed. After they had all gone by, women and men, Petes group were on the opposite corner of the park from where we were to meet, but we spotted each other when he walked across and so came home together. When we left the men decorated were examining each others medals, just as school boys might and then people were going up and congratulating them. It was all very informal and nice. Oh I nearly forgot, during the ceremony two groups of planes, all in each flew low over the field as an added salute.

When we got in town it began to rain and in the evening we had a heavy shower so it was lucky to be such a lovely afternoon.

We went to see Ginger Rogers in 2 Lady in the The Dark "

it wasn't too bad and we enjoyed going. Then yesterday we had an early lunch and went out to Dorothy's, repacked the car and got out a few things to use here, like tea and coffee from Tofino. I think I have enough to send some to Mrs Mathers and will as soon as I can find a box. Dorothy had the lawn to cut and we all took turns doing that. Then listened to the Silver theater, does Jean ever get that on Sundays it was awfully funny! William and "Marry" Roland Young and Cornelia Otis Skinner and the story was based on the dog and mushroom story. We stayed to supper and then drove home before dark. It made a nice quiet afternoon for us and outdoors.

I am going to enquire about sending old clothes to Scotland for it gave me a wonderful idea, I am a little tired of the dresses I got four years ago to go to Concord, and yet have worn them so little it doesn't seem quite right, so if I can will try to send some to Anna and Lucy Carr, for from what you wrote I guess they would like them. Went down this morning early to try on some new ones and couldn't tell whether or not I liked them, I haven't tried on a new dress for a year.

This is getting to be quite a letter and I must write some others.

Loads of love,

Catherine -

my spelling is all hay wire today!

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, BC
Wed. April 19, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Seems funny to think that this is the 19th of April and I am afraid that I would have forgotten had someone not mentioned it on the radio. The season here is about the same as it would be in Concord, the Forsythia has leaves and the first little low tulips in the park are in bloom, the daffodils and narcissus are out. but as it was 42 this morning and raining hard you can see it is not warm enough to hurry things along. Sunday there was fresh snow quite low down on the mountains and 2 1/2 feet fell for skiing up higher during the week. This weekend one of their big ski meets is scheduled. It always seems funny to have skiing so near.

Seems to me I waste an awful lot of time in the city, when you first come there is a lot of window shopping one can do and everything looks attractive but one soon tires of that. I am getting so that I shop for food in one place though one is tempted to try several only to be disappointed. The Hudson Bay has a counter of home cooked things, cookies cakes bread and muffins, and as the cook used to work at the Georgian Club you know it is not made in too large quantities. I eat a big meal at noon, usually at the Hotel Vancouver where you can see what you are getting and have six vegetables or kinds of potatoes to choose from. Yesterday I sat down at a table with another girl and to our surprise she was a girl I had lunch with several times last summer, she is now supervisor for placing orphaned children with families in B.C. *a friend of Margaret Whitlauer*

I am glad you like the thought of my being in Vancouver, for to tell the truth I would go back to feeding seagulls any day to be out of the city. I think it is the fresh air I miss though I go out whenever Dorothy wants company shopping and make several trips myself, but it is not the same as running in and out without a hat and coat. However if Pete ever finds out how long he is apt to be here we will start hunting for a place, but it seems wiser to stay here for the time being and it really is very comfortable and convenient.

Pete had a funny experience last evening, he stopped in a beer parlor for a glass of beer and sat at a table with two workmen who were talking to-gether. After a while Pete couldn't help but ask one of them if he didn't come from near Interlaken in Switzerland (as his accent was just like the Swiss Guides). The man was dumbfounded for he did come from Switzerland and couldn't figure out how Pete could tell. Said it was really Zurich he had lived in. but that is not far. A man at another table was interested and said to Pete "Where do you think I come from?" and Pete said "Norway" though the man's accent wasn't very pronounced. The man couldn't figure it out how Pete knew, said he came from the west coast of Norway, Pete guessed Trondheim or Bergen but the man said "no"

in between " So Pete said " Allesund " and the man said " Yes, " but how did you know of that place? " so Pete said he had been there. They were all much excited and wanted to know if he were with the Intelligence in the Air Force, and how he knew. Actually Pete can often tell by a person's accent where they hail from, just the way they pronounce a few words.

The stores close this afternoon, at the least the Hudson Bay does, the others are nearly all closed all day, so I must go out soon and get our supper. Pete may be late to-night but will telephone if he is.

Loads of love to you all,
P.S. Thanks for having the Concord Academy folders sent I will see that Mrs Bloedel gets them .

Catherine.

Hotel Devonshire.
Vancouver, B.C.
Thurs. April 20, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Just thought I would start a letter as I rather expect Dorothy Whyte to telephone any minute to see if I want to go shopping. I am also due to go for lunch at 11.30 with Margery Crosby who lives next us in Banff and now works in the office at the Hotel Georgia, Mrs Coysh is to lunch with us too, she is the wife of an ex-manager of the Banff Springs and lives here now. Used to live in Maine and was brought up there.

Yesterday was a very rainy day, I only went out once to the Hudson Bay to get the groceries and once in the afternoon to get a certain paper and otherwise wrote letters all day, it seems to take so long to write one, I started one to Dorothy Brown and got going and there seemed to be so much to say so in the end it was much too long, I hope she won't mind.

Your letter written after seeing Carmen and Boheme came yesterday and so glad that you were enjoying it all, Was very interested in the Contents of the boxes at the opera, it speaks well for the future.

Friday- Well Dorothy did call and we did errands then I had lunch as planned and they came up here afterwards, Mrs Coysh going about three and Margery staying until nearly four, we had a cup of tea here. Mrs Coysh said that she used to play the Clarinet in a girls orchestra in Lexington Park, and her father was clarinetist in an orchestra in Portland and they lived in Deering or her mother does now. She met Mr Coysh in Montreal while playing at the old Place Vig - (can't spell it) Pete telephoned he would be home for supper and then spent the evening showing the fireman at a nearby firehall instructional movies on fighting fires, was home about ten and we were pretty sleepy at 6.30 this morning, but Sunday will soon be here when we can sleep in.

Your first letter addressed here and one from Jean came this morning, the New Yorkers arrived yesterday., many thanks. I am so glad that you really enjoyed your spree but I agree its nice to get back to the country. We are really very comfortable here and all the service one could want, you would like the way things are run. For instance if one needs fresh milk you just call the Service room and they have it delivered the following morning, and your garbage is taken from a little cupboard every night. The Service room takes care of everything. Then if you want you can eat in an excellent dining room downstairs, there is no lobby, I guess the dining room used to be one, yet we are convenient to everything, a block from Robson street where there is a row of little stores bakeries, groceries, meat etc. everything you could want, all tiny stores. Two blocks the other way is the Hudson Bay with a large help yourself grocery in the basement. and Granville street with the movies to the south and more stores to the north. Everything is within walking distance. but somehow I always feel a bit couped

up in a city and never feel quite right going around without a hat though many do. Actually it seems dull to me compared to Tofino but guess that is a matter of taste, of course one can keep wandering through the stores and going to the movies (which don't seem worth seeing now-a-days) but the weather never gives you a lift in the city its so dulled by the smoke and dirt and tall buildings. And as for thinking that the people in Tofino were of a different ~~class~~ class, I don't think the word class applies in Western Canada, It is too new a country and most of the people one meets in a place like Tofino will someday be the revered ancestors as the early settlers of New England are to-day. Remember Father used to say " Its not the job you do but the way you do it." and I must say I admire the people who actually do things.

I don't know what to say about continuing with the American Federation of Art Magazine. If it is getting more interesting it would be well to continue it, we often look back over the ones we have in Banff for after all good pictures are worth looking at anytime. I saw a London Studio up at the Georgian Club yesterday of Russian things and I was awfully interested to see that they considered what we would call " good Painting " good too. I can't help but think that all the awfull stuff they try to sell and which is a vogue in New York and Chicago , will not last, It seems to belong to the pre war period when things like music and art and Movies got all mixed up in rackets and ~~one~~ *now* stopped to think whether they were really good or bad, It belonged to the period that brought on the war and someday we may realize that a lot of it was sponsored and encouraged by the Nazis and Fascists to weaken and degradethe people. I haven't forgotten how pleased the German purser was on the freighter we crossed on , when news came that France had again changed its government. They were glad to think how weak France had become.

Guess I had better not go on too much, must do some ironing and then maybe go out again for I hate staying in if it is at all nice out.

Loads of love,

Catherine



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Monday,
April 24, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Another weekend gone, but very pleasantly though it rained a good part of the time, and to-day is foggy and drizzly. May be I will get some letters written!

Saturday I shopped in the morning and Pete got home for lunch after one. Around three it being overcast but pleasant out, we took the car and drove out to the Sea Island where Pete spent five weeks last summer, and watched planes at the Vancouver Airport take off and arrive, it was fun watching them, we drove back the Marine drive and via the W. & C. where Pete went in for something. I wish you could be here to drive around with us for you would really enjoy the scenery and the woods and all the little homes with their lovely gardens. There are few that don't have some sort of flowers and planting, usually a rock garden of some sort but planned to fit the house and lot. Many of the trees along the street are flowering ones as they are in Victoria and it is very pretty in the spring.

It was almost six when we got the car in the garage and had planned to go to see the movie "Madame Curie" so as we walked by the theater enquired when the picture went on, it was starting then and the next time wouldn't be until ten, for they had a double feature which I think is too bad it makes the show so long. We decided to go then, not wanting to wait until so late, & as "Madame Curie" is a 2 hour show it was nearly nine when we got out. We enjoyed it for it is a really good movie and I thought very well done. The same ones as were together in "Mrs Miniver" You never would have known Walter Pidgeon he

was so entirely different. If you have a chance to see it I think you would enjoy it, I am going to get the life of her mother by Eve Curie, it will be interesting to read now.

Yesterday we were in all morning, sleeping late until nine. Then we telephoned the McQueens who live over at West Vancouver and they wanted us to come for supper. Mr McQueen is an old friend from Calgary, used to bring his family to Banff when Pete was a boy and used to take Pete on trips. in his car. He always enjoyed telling about the time Pete (aged 9 or 10) drove to Calgary with him and the car broke down and when they finally got to Calgary very dusty and dirty and went into an automobile place, he was all for buying a new car. So when he asked Pete his opinion Pete evidently advised him to buy a Chalmers. and as Mr McQueen always says " It was the worst car I ever had." He is quite a tease and a very kind man. Gladys is his second wife and much younger, but they have the loveliest little home out here and seem very happy. They showed us all over it and the garden. The house is 7 miles from here, you drive through the park and across the big bridge to the other side of the harbor then turn left. It is on a bluff overlooking the water, a few large fir trees and the steep bank is all terraced down to the water. Stone mostly with little plots of grass a few stone seats and lovely planting, flowers and shrubs. You go down one side and back the other though in all it must be only 40 or 50 feet wide. It is the steepest hillside but the grades are easy, at the bottom they can swim in the sea. and can't really be seen by the neighbors on the shore or in the garden. The house is small with large rooms. A lovely living room with a big window looking over the top part of the garden and right out to sea or really across to Vancouver Island on a clear day, all the boats entering or leaving the harbor have to pass their house so one never tires of watching.

They insisted we share supper and somehow she made a big meal out of what they were to have, A delicious soup we had in cups while sitting in the living room in front of the fire, and cheese things, It was so good we all had a second cup, Then she stuffed a pork tenderloin, sort of rolled it around the stuffing and then sliced it when it was done, awful good. We each had a quarter of one large potatoe, a couple of spears of asparagus and plenty of beets. Then she spread out the

desert with whipped

cream.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

I thought she was real clever. They seemed so glad to have us come and we enjoyed it just as much.

I forgot to tell you that in the garden they have a bar-be-que built right in to the stone work and entertain entirely in the garden when the warm weather comes, there are no mosquitoes, one reason I believe why the gardens here are so lovely and used so much. Wish you could see it.

Must go shopping now as they have the best things fairly early in the morning.

Loads of love,

Catharine.

P.S. Mrs. Schier would never have enough film to take all the pictures she would want to take here.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Tuesday,
April 25, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

I may not mail this until tomorrow but thought while I had the chance would write. Did fairly well this morning and got three letters written, was going to start at the Red Cross this afternoon but maybe can tomorrow. At any rate we have a bit of sunshine for a change.

Pete has Duty Watch this week, and is on "Fire Picket" has to be around in case there should be a fire, was hoping to get some one who lives in barracks all the time to take his place, you are allowed to do that, but he hasn't been here long enough to know anyone he can ask. So I don't know whether to expect him in or not to-night.

Glad to hear that the Newburys have arrived and it will be so nice if they can find a house near Bert and Anne and have a real home again, their house in Belgrade was always so homelike. Isn't there anything up near Nashob a park, I expect it is as hard to find places there as here.

What is the matter with Milly? Is she very sick or what? You hadn't mentioned her before.

Nearly forgot to tell you about the time I had yesterday. It was raining, but not hard and I had to go down for an errand near the Post Office so went just before it was time for Jack Benny and his radio group to open the Victory loan. They have a stage set up in front of the post office and then each noon stage some sort of show, close off the block for the time. Don't expect you listen to Jack Benny on the

radio, We don't. but I thought it would be fun to see wh at such a performance was like. There was quite a crowd, and most with umbrellas but when it started most people put their umbrellas down so you could see their heads and the micophone once in a while. I enclose a picture which I think I am in but am not sure. The crowd was very good natured and no pushing, they got a little provoked at one or two who wouldn't shut their umbrellas, and a girl beside me later with hers up, (at least she was standing under her friends umbrella) said " I wish those people in front would put their umbrella down ! " She never thought that the one she was under was equally objectionable to someone behind. The show wasn't very funny, I don't know how they can keep on year after year being so stupid on the radio. There were lots of old men and women standing in the rain too, I guess we were all plain curious.

Wednesday- Well Pete was real lucky and through a friend found someone who wanted to earn some money towards a trip and so Pete is paying him to stand in for him this week and all day Sunday. You are allowed to do it for someone else, so we were pretty pleased as otherwise I might not have seen him until next Tuesday !

A letter from you yesterday answered my questions asked on page one. Is Middle street the one the Johnsons live on ? I thought Mrs Cole's house was on Belnap court at the corner but maybe that is the back side. It sounds just right for Cousin Bert and Alma, so near the station which will make it nice for them all, for Frances can come out more easily and the bus will be handy, also they are not far from the shops & it will be nice for the Coles to know who is in the house. I am really glad that they are in the east now and can have the fun of the Grand - children, expect they will be a big help too & I wonder will Cousin Bert not help Ebbs with his vegetable garden.

So sorry to hear about Milly, it sounds awful having both chicken pox and measles, I thought the latter enough last summer.

All for now,

Loads of love,

P.S. Am glad that Mrs Blake is enjoying where she is & is happy. How is Cousin James cold. Hope not too bad & all over by now.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

April 28, 1944.

dearest Mother,

I do hope that Millie has pulled through alright, for that must have been pretty awfull with such a temperature, though I believe the high temperature has something to do with fighting the desease. Shall be anxious to hear how she is.

We are having really nice weather for a change but somehow in a city you can't get the benifit of the sun, there is too much soot mixed in, also I don't like much to go to the beaches and parks by meself these days, though I guess that is silly but there are so many funny people around. ~~these days~~. Margery Crosby has the day off from the Georgia and is coming for lunch and then we will go somewhere to-gether which will be nice. I had mean't to go to the Red Cross room but decided that a little fresh air and sunshine shouldn't be missed. and yesterday I spent so much time trying to find a notary public to witness my signature on one of the Banff leases that there wasn't much time afterwards.

I still shop with Dorothy each morning and that gives us a walk, I have been trying to find out about the R.C.A.F. exhibition, when it was to be etc. and so make trips to get the Ottawa Paper, I even tried the library but the reading room was full of so many old men I didn't stay long there. The joke was on us in the end. Its rather a long story but quite funny.

Sunday Dorothy heard over the radio that Sgt. Cowley-Brown from Victoria had won the R.C.A.F. competition, and we had seen a picture of the prize winning painting which Chris had sent Pete from Tofino. It looked awfully good so we weren't surprised. But still it didn't say when the exhibition would take place, Then about Tuesday Pete got a notice that his paintings were to

be included in the 127 hung out of the 700 sent in. So we were glad of that.

Wednesday Pete had to stay late to clean the barracks and called me up about 6 o'clock to say he would be in after seven. I had read all the papers and magazines thinking there might be something of interest and so while waiting thought, "I will just skim through the old Calgary Herald" that are still reaching us via Tofino. Picked up one of April 18th (over a week old) and read about the Didsbury Red Cross on the back page, the Provincial news and right underneath was "Among the prize Winners in the R.C.A.F. Competition was L.A.C. Peter Whyte of Banff with his "Bush Station, Western Air Command" etc. Well I could hardly believe it and was all excited, could hardly wait for Pete to get back. He in the meantime was reading the Crag and Canyon which had just arrived *at W.A.C.* and it was in that. He didn't quite believe that either. and then in the mail was a letter from Mrs Mac saying "Congratulations!" They evidently send the news to each winners home paper, for the only ones mentioned in the Vancouver papers were two Vancouver boys, at least one was Victoria but studied painting here. Cowley-Brown won the \$100. prize for the best picture in the competition but there were lots of other prizes of \$5 or \$10 in each class, Water color, drawing, oils etc. one of which Pete evidently got. But it was nice just the same to win something even if it is only Honorable mention.

Won't be writing until Monday again for I just take from Saturday noon until Monday morning off.

Loads of love,

Catherine



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Monday,
May 1, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Just think it is May already. Another nice letter from you yesterday and as you didn't mention Milly Keyes I imagine that meant she was better. I certainly hope so.

We had a busy weekend, Friday after writing you I went with Dorothy over to see Frances James who had arrived the evening before. She is the one who used to sing at the Banff Springs and is here to give a concert tonight and to sing twice over the radio. We heard her last night and she really seems to sing better than ever.

The first thing that she greeted me with was. "How exciting Pete winning a prize?" she had read it in the Edmonton paper she thought. but couldn't remember the details, so Saturday morning after doing my weekend shopping early I went down to the library and looked at the Edmonton and Calgary papers they had. Sure enough in the Edmonton Journal, Pete had won 2nd prize in the Oil Paintings (which was class A) and got \$50.00. The part that amused me was that it was headlined "Banff Flier Wins Service Art Prize" and Pete hasn't been up in a plane yet! I could hardly wait for Pete to come home, luckily it was Saturday so he was home by one thirty. We went down later to the newspaper shop and found an Ottawa paper of last Monday with pictures of some of the paintings and it also gave a list of the prizes the winning oil being a portrait, but I think Pete did well for his was a landscape and he wasn't able to make the planes recognizable as they didn't want him to for security reasons. He didn't have time to paint the second picture as they cut 10 days off the time before sending them in. So in the short time he had he didn't do badly,

To go back to Friday, Margery Crosby came in about twelve and then we took a trolley to the park, had lunch in the Pavilion which is a lovely spot surrounded by gardens lawns and big trees and we even had a good lunch. then we strolled about and finally sat on a bench and watched the shopping go in and out of the harbor mostly the ferry, but it was fun and we enjoyed the sun and fresh air, it was five when I got home

In the evening Frances and John Newmark her accompanist, dropped in after ten for a short time and then yesterday we drove them over to Dorothy Whyte's for tea going through the park and a detour to the British Properties, a residential development with a wonderful view from the top. It was a beautiful day and after we got there we went for a nice short walk around the district and peeked in at the various gardens, there were lots of people working in their gardens all the way over.

Dorothy will soon be calling so will write no more now.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Hotel Devonshire
Vancouver, B.C.
Wed. May 3, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

I am so sorry about Mrs Motte and that she is really no better, do you suppose a change would help her any? though goodness knows where she could go now-a-days, but maybe to the seashore or mountains. Wish she could come to Banff. It seems as if maybe she needs ~~x~~ new interests or something to absorb her mind. The trouble is that she is probably feeling too mean to have enough energy to try to do something. Don't you think maybe she is awfully lonely? The worst of it is that no one can help very much as its her nature that has to do it, if you know what I mean. An exzema is such a round robin thing, the more nervous you are the worse it gets, which in turn makes you more nervous.

Have been quite busy. Errands take me quite a while as you think you will find a certain thing at a certain store only to learn they haven't any that day. We found a home made bread that was grand, the baker who makes it is now on his vacation so no more for 9 days etc. Then I can carry just so much and lettuce and vegetables are bulky and cakes have to be handled with care. So I make numerous trips out and back. I go with Dorothy most mornings which is nice but I guess takes more time but we both enjoy the little visit to-gether.

I forgot coffee Monday afternoon and ran out at four, met Margery Crosby on the corner and said I was just going for coffee and she said " Oh I'll come too, I am so thirsty " so it ended by my having ~~and~~ milkshake with her before getting the coffee for breakfast! Thats the way my time goes. We have been here three weeks to-day and a month in Vancouver, it hardly seems possible.

Monday night Dorothy came to supper and we went to-gether to hear Frances James sing at the Art Gallery. Pete had to stay on Duty Watch as the man who was standing in for him all week got a stiff neck and couldn't do it the last night, but Pete was lucky to have gotten him for the other nights and over Sunday. He spent the evening cutting the grass as the man who works the power cutter was away and they couldn't find the machine.

The concert was really lovely though both Dorothy and I were so anxious to have it go well that we could hardly take it in. Seems to me she sings rather difficult things but has great variety in her voice and anyway it was very good and she got excellent notices, I rather liked it being in the Art Gallery for one could look at the paintings and enjoy them in between, it is about twice as large as the Concord Art Centre but the same shape as that upper gallery. Then afterwards they served tea in another gallery upstairs. We were holding Eran's money and so couldn't leave until she did and I didn't want to walk home alone so it was after eleven when I got back,

Yesterday Dorothy and I went over to the hotel and ended by going down to the boat with them to see them off for Victoria. It was a lovely day. Then we did errands and in the afternoon Margaret Campbell came down and we went out to the park for a walk through the woods and tea at the pavillion. It is surprising how far one feels away from a city in the woods they are as wild as Concord, over by the pines, just paths and a small lake and nothing in the woods to make it seem looked after. I suppose we were only a few hundred feet or yards from the main road to the bridge but except for crossing it once you never would have guessed it. It is wonderful to find such a place so near. The only trouble is it is not very good to go all alone these days.

Now I think I will try to go to the Red Cross rooms as I have intended to for so long, Goodness knows I have enough letters I should write but feel I want to do some work for the war effort.

Loads of love and many thanks for the fine letters.

Catherine

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, B.C.
Friday, May 5, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Another lovely day, it was 84 in Seattle yesterday but said 68 here, however it felt warmer though a cool breeze kept it nice in the afternoon, this apartment doesn't get the sun except in the early morning and late afternoon for a few minutes so from now on I will enjoy it as it won't get so hot and also we have a nice cross current of air.

We are going to Victoria for the weekend as Pete gets a 48. Saturday and Sunday off. We take the midnight boat to-night and then come back on the afternoon boat on Sunday, it will be a nice change and I hope the weather stays good. We also are going to see about our bicycles which we left there and a friend of the Wards is looking after for us.

Yesterday was Army day in the War loan drive and they had a display of army vehicles on Howe st. near the Georgia. The thing that interested me most was the laundry, two men working it they were washing flannel sheets and you could see them going round, some came out and were wrung and handed to the next man who I guess put them in a drying thing. It was sort of a big trailer. Then last night Pete and I went down to the Bond Shell in front of the post office where two pipe bands played for nearly half an hour, walked up and down and then the drums did a bit of a thing by themselves with much twirling of the sticks, it was all very stirring and fun to see the kilties.

I didn't realize that Mrs Motte's face was covered with eczema, how awful that must be. Do they ever try ray treatment or physiotherapy (haven't any idea if that is the right word) but in Banff there is a clinic where they give all sorts of treatments with sun lamps, radio wave lamps, infra red and goodness knows what. It is mostly for muscles and joints but might help skin things too, I know that Pete gets a skin infection from hat bands on his forehead and he had treatments that helped. Might be worth trying.

When I told you about desert at the McQueens guess I meant to say that she spread out the fruit and custard desert with whipped cream, by whipping the top of the bottled milk. Any way it was very good.

The place Pete works now is hardly a camp. It is comparable to the kind of place Russ is in being largely offices. The building is of a temporary nature built on what used to be a golf course I think and is surrounded by trees and lawns. There is a barracks nearby but nearly all the lads live out, so Pete just has a bunk assigned to him which he hasn't used as yet. All the stations here are scattered about and comparatively small I think. Pete's work is mostly in the dark room, developing film and making prints etc. but he also does some work on the educational films that are sent to

the various other stations in the command. They have what they call a "Parade" about once a week, where they are inspected but it is not a parade with bands etc. Then they also go on "route marches" to keep in shape I guess and go round a few blocks and back. And that's about all I can tell you for I don't know much about it myself.

I thought that such a well expressed and well written letter of Natalia's, wonder how old she is now. We enjoy all the letters that you enclose.

I don't remember that they used to have a parade on the 19th of April, the parade was always the 30th of May. It used to be selling balloons and a band concert, and the ceremony at the bridge was the Sunday before Decoration Day. Aren't I right?

I don't know why they no longer have the name of the place on the postmarks, but I noticed it last fall on letters from Pete, it may be something to do with the war and messages, or perhaps it is just that they can't get new stamps with names on them and are using plain ones for the time being.

By the way, I think the Old ski film you spoke of is the one that Russell thought was lost. We had two and ours was lost through Cliff so Pete says, and then we were rather upset to think the one in Concord was lost too. Perhaps it would be just as well not to show it any more until we are able to have a copy made of it as the pictures are the only ones taken at that time and we would like to have a record of them before they get too scratched from being used too much.

No, we never did hear from the "avy man about the photographs. That was a nice letter he wrote you.

This butter stretcher is good so they say, you get the butter nice and soft to begin with and I think you use cream instead of milk. Maybe this isn't the recipe I am thinking of but am sure it had an egg.

I hope you like Madame Curie, it is awfully sad at the end but the rest of it you would enjoy.

How nice that Mary Cool Castle is engaged, perhaps it will be a much happier marriage for her, she was pretty young the first one and if they live a bit further away their lives will be their own and if they have to depend on themselves it will be far better.

Read in the paper the other day one of those Doctors articles that are a regular feature, often good sense in them. the last one said that the reason older people get indigestion is that they become inactive and don't do things that make them bend over etc. so the bile doesn't go where it should go. I think your bile must be circulating pretty rapidly with all the work you do in the garden and no doubt it is a good thing!

Am enclosing a typewritten letter that Barbara and her kids sent us some time ago, thought you would like to see it and then return it to us, for it is fun to keep.

Haven't read "They sent me to Iceland" by Jane Goodell but will put it down on my list.

About the joke in the New Yorker April 15th page 19

" row of girls with band boxes sitting in a room with
"- ~~BRS~~ MODELS " on the window behind them written to be read from
the outside. The Caption reads " Practically all my calls come from t
the 'National Geographic,' " As the girl evidently saying it, is
black, has no clothes on and a number of rings round her neck and
no shoes, black frizzy hair, she is a native of some jungle
country. At first I didn't notice this either., but perhaps the
idea is that the National Geographic no longer can send photographers
to the jungle and so need models; ~~or~~

Does Eleanor Johnson live on Middle street still ? for she
would be a neighbor of Cousin Almas.

Mustn't write more now.

Loads of love, and though I don't add my love to
Jean and Cousin Jane they must know I am thinking of them too
though I don't always say it.

More love, .

^{Catharine}
This is an awfully dispirited letter but have been made up
over yours & answering bits here & there.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Monday,
May, 8, 1944.

Dearest Mother;

We are back home after a very nice weekend, not overly exciting but a nice change. We took the night boat getting a good sleep and were up early around seven when the boat docked. Were lucky and got a room right away at the Sussex, we had a reservation but sometimes when you arrive early you have to wait until it is vacated and cleaned.

We had a couple of people to see and then arranged for our bicycles to be picked up and taken to the pier for checking. and I went out to see the friend of the Wards who had kindly looked after them for us, having a box of candy to take her. As I walked by the Campbells house, Helen came out to get the mail, so stopped in there a minute to see them all. It was a lovely morning like the 30th of May in Concord. Lilacs and tulips are out and the early roses and the trees in leaf. Your letter to-day spoke of the daffodills, which were out when we came the first of the month so you must be about 3 weeks behind the season as it is here.

We had lunch early so as to go to the boat and saw Frances James on her way back to Vancouver, also Mary Campbell who she had been visiting and then Bobby Hunter picked us up there and we went out to his house for the afternoon, all took turns cutting their grass, had some grape juice, then he took us home a round about way for he had to make a call at the hospital and in that way we got a drive thrown in. He and Cynthia came in for dinner and we went to a movie saw "Memphis Belle" the technicolor picture of a U.S. raid over Williams Haven in Germany, quite a wonderful picture and all taken on the trip or

actual raid. The name of the particular Fortress was the Memphis Belle. Following that was "Intermezzo" with Leslie Howard and Ingrid Bergman, very good but a rather old picture I believe though we had never seen it before.

Slept in late Sunday, had a walk around the deserted and quiet streets and then it was time for an early lunch and the boat back. The day was sunny to start with but became overcast so it really was too cold to sit out all the time. The "Princess Victoria" is a boat that was laid up for years and only brought back into service last year, it is tiny and with the Sunday crowd there was little room to sit comfortably. We sat on deck on the box that holds life preserver and then had coffee and managed to sit then in the little place set aside for that. Anyone having a good chair naturally hung on to it, However we soon found a folding ones set up in the passages where the cabins are and we with a row of others sat there with people walking by continuously and stepping over our feet. However everyone seemed to take it as a matter of course and no one complained of the crowded conditions.

We ran into one of the Asling Girls from Lake Louise on her honeymoon and also a girl from Banff who has been in the Air force for two years, she stayed with us all the way and we enjoyed seeing her again. We probably should have taken a cabin which many do, but it wasn't too bad and we got back in time for a light supper up here.

To-day is rainy and dull, at least it looks like rain. This isn't much of a letter but guess I am not very bright like the weather.

Will try and do better next time.

Loads of love,

Catherine -

Shirley



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Wednesday,
May 10, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

It has been nice getting all your fine letters, hearing about the time spent in the garden, the day the Barrets and Everetts were there and the various teas and suppers. Am glad to hear that the Newburys have nice rooms.

My days are much the same here. We rise at 6.30, breakfast before 7 and Pete leaves sharp at 7.30. I then wash and dress and listen to the news as I do the dishes at 8 o'clock. Then I tidy the room and do any washing of stockings and underwear etc. by 9. listen to the B.B.C. news then while I maybe do the bed or mending or just putting things away and then write letters until Dorothy telephones before ten as a rule. Then I meet her and we do errands for perhaps an hour and get a bit of fresh air and have a visit as well. She has to go to the bank etc. Sometimes I don't do all the things I want to so I make another trip before lunch and then eat about quarter to twelve. am here between 1 and 1.30 in case Pete wants me to do something or to tell me if he is to be late. Then I plan to write letters, which I haven't always done, I get so darned lazy after the excellent start. But sometimes there are extra errands, or it seems too nice to stay in or I hear a band play and have to run out. I intended going to the Red Cross, got my smock ironed and all ready one day only to find they had had to move from their rooms and so will have to enquire where they are now working, have a telephone number to call. but if they are near by I can go there in the afternoons.

We haven't listened to the Quiz Kids for

for some time, were at Mr McQueens one Sunday and the last two have listened to Frances James sing instead , as her program came at the same time.

By the way will enclose a clipping of the McQueens in their dining room, only it must have been the butler's night off when we were there ! That's quite a way of raising money or rather selling bonds. They don't do much of that sort of selling here, ~~or~~ Did I tell you the McQueens house used to belong to a sea Captain and the mantle piece was made out of the oak belonging to the old Empress of Scotland and perhaps the stained glass window at one end of the dining room came from it too. I didn't notice them when we were there but they show up in the picture.

Got a letter from Tofino and they are having measles there, three grown up people, so perhaps it is just as well I had them last summer when I got such good care. Am glad that Millie is improving, but what a time she must have had.

Pete got his prize money yesterday via Tofino. a \$50.00 cheque from a Senator, Mr Patterson , who gave \$500,000 as prize money. As the War Loan drive is in its last week Pete decided to put it in that until he decides what special thing to do with it.

Did I tell you the joke on Pete who as you know really never swears; he is not in the habit of saying more than an occasional "DamN" Well last week he was working away in their office and another lad came in much upset about something and stode up and down the room giving vent to his feelings in what Pete termed " rather choice language " and in a rather loud voice. The transomes were open into the hall and evidently every word could be heard up and down the corridor and even in the office across the hall occupied by women stenogr aphers. When the other lad finished with a last "---- Damn ----- " he strode into the Dark room and shut the door, ~~Just then~~ leaving Pete alone in the outer office. Just then the hall door opened and an officer ~~stuck~~ stuck his head in, looked at Pete and said " Do you realize that every word you said could be heard up and down the hall?" Pete gulped a few times for the offi cer sounded pretty sore, but that was all he said. However



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Pete says he now has quite a reputation for the use of bad language and he notices that the young ladies from across the hall look at him rather askance.

He almost got in wrong on his duty watch too. The boy who he paid to stand in for him and who answered his name, evidently laughed when the officer in charge showed them how a lawn should be cut or clipped or something. Several of them laughed but the officer turned and pointed at Pete's friend threatening him with the guard house if he laughed again. and that would have meant a black mark against Peter Whyte! "All sorts of things can happen and no chance to explain much !

must run.

Lots of love to all

Catherine



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Friday, May 12, 194

Dearest Mother,

We are having nice weather again though the wind has been rather cool, to-day looks warm but I haven't been out to see. That's the reason the springs stay a long time. *It's so cool.*

Yesterday was quite busy, I went down to the train to see Frances James off and then Dorothy and I did an errand and watched the men gathering to march in a small parade for the Victory loan, Pete was supposed to be in it as there had been too few the last time, and sure enough he came in with the others on a truck to the Courthouse square in front of the Georgia and I saw him ~~go~~ *much* by a couple of times. Dorothy couldn't stay long enough.

Also ran into Verret Erling of Seattle a friend of the Bloedells who came to the house last winter, he has been to Banff skiing several times, is very nice, wanted us to go and see him in Seattle but it is too hard to get away and make such a trip. Anyway we aren't in the habit of visiting people but it was nice of him all the same.

The parade passed a reviewing ~~stand~~ stand. Where Admiral Brodeur, Pearkes for the Army and Stevenson for the Air force reviewed the sailors Soldiers and Airmen. about 100 of each but three bands. I had a nice spot right next the reviewing stand on the curb and then just a short time before they were due to pass they ~~removed~~ the stand about 20 feet or more further along. However we had a good spot, another lady and I, we became quite friendly while waiting. She told me the only show at the Bond shell she had been to was to see Jack Benny and she was in luck there for after standing quite a while they moved all the people in front of her and the barracade she was near, in back

and so she ended by being in the front row. She said it was the first time she really had had such luck. However she got soaked as a lady on either side had an umbrella and they both dripped on her, a lady behind was quite concerned and turned her collar up for her and that just acted as a n eaves trough and ran the water down her neck, but she hated to turn it down again for fear of hurting the ladies feelings!

In the afternoon I took the street car to West Point Gray to see two rooms that the Bobby Crosbys have been living in while he attended University, they are returning soon to Banff he to go into the Navy, If one other couple don't decide to take it we can have it. It is rather nice, the top floor of a small house in a nice residential district. about the size of the top floor of the house Ebbs had in Carlisle, a bed room on either side of the stairs, a door

at the foot of the stairs makes it private. The man who owns and lives in the house built a tiny kitchenette in the hall way next the little bath with shower, so it makes it ~~very~~ handy. It is four blocks from the street car and a 15 or 20 minute walk for Pete if he cut through and down the hill. It is hard to know whether or not to take it, the air is good and it is quiet, the shopping district is only about three blocks which is really no more than here. We will have to wait and see if the others take it first. I should have said one room is a bed room the other a sitting room.

Had two callers the other afternoon Ruth Woods Beagley who used to be out at Skoki the first year we had, it her father doing the cooking and she did too. Her husband is in the army instructing in the east and she is working in a lumber mill out here, her daughter in the mountain school in Banff, all rather seperated. I haven't really seen her for a long time, ran into her the other day and so she looked me up, After she left Margery Crosby dropped in to tell me about her weeks vacation on the island and we had tea to-gether, so now this afternoon I must get after all the letters that I should write

Loads of love to you all

Catherine



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Monday, May 15, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

To-day is dark and rainy, it didn't look very bad when I first went out this morning but though a fine rain was falling a light wind drove it against me and in the first block the front of my legs was soaked and then when I came home the back got just as wet, I kept dryer in Tofino with my rubber boots though it rained harder.

It seems to be lifting now so a little later I may go and do the errand which is about ten blocks from here, get some shoes fixed.

We had a very nice weekend on the whole though the time does go so fast over ~~the~~ Saturday and Sunday. Dorothy and I went shopping in the morning, it was sunny and warm, then in the afternoon after Pete had finished lunch about 2.30 we called up the George Brewsters from Banff who are here at the Hotel Vancouver. he on business and she on a holiday, the first time she has ever been out here since she was a child I guess, if ~~then~~ then. Pete asked them if they would like to drive out to the Air port with us and they said they would like to very much but it would be four before they could go as they had to see a friend at 3.30. That suited us fine as we had one errand to do and the car to get, so arranged to meet at the Hotel Vancouver at 4 o'clock.

We were there on the dot, got a good place to park on Georgia st. but they weren't ~~there~~ there or in their room, we tried again in 15 minutes, still no sign, went over to the Devonshire to see if there was a message for us, but ~~a~~ no. Waited until quarter to five and then left a message for them at the Vancouver to say we would try to see them later and went and put the car away, (a nice way to save gas) Then on the

way back stopped in and had a beer, and when we got back found a message from them left at 4.30 that they would be back at their hotel at 5 O'clock it was then six. so we called them again, no one there, finally at 6.30 we got them on the phone and they had gotten delayed all round seeing people but would be free after seeing one more, so we asked them for supper and they said they would call up when they were ready, about eight Barbara Brewster called for us to go over for a drink and half an hour later George came in so it was nine when we had supper at the Georgia!

However it was fun seeing them and they were enjoying their first real vacation away from the children, the oldest being 13. George is very amusing and was awfully funny telling about a lady who had spoken to him in the lobby saying "of course you remember me" and he pretended he did, and then she seemed to know all about him and he couldn't place her at all, or her husband who is dead now but who he was supposed to know well at Jasper. The lady came up to their room and Barbara said it was awfully funny, for the lady knew George couldn't really remember her or place her, (she had told them her name) and she would mention things but not quite enough for George to be able to catch on who she was or where he had known her, and even now he has no idea where he ever met her.

It was 10.30 when we got home so yesterday being Sunday we slept in, sat around most of the morning and then after an early lunch drove out to Dorothy's, It was nice when we left but got cloudy later in the afternoon and rained a bit when we got home. We stayed for tea only though they asked us to stay for supper. Had fun watching 2 robins cram worms down the throats of their offspring in a nest in the holly tree. The birds would clean the nest too. The park was crowded with people as we drove through it, sitting on the grass walking and picnicing, a cricket game about to start and horse back riders, others boating. It was lovely and mild for it.

We have decided not to take the two rooms I looked at the other day. We are very comfortable here and Pete may get his leave in June so it would only be a month or 6 weeks more here, the other place is really further for Pete and means making connections if he takes the street car and also it is quite a way out if we want to do anything here.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

The main objection is that we would have to get all our dishes and linen and though we have sleeping bags and flannelette sheets for a double bed there are two single ones there. This room is nicer than the one we had last year for we can see the mountains and harbor, and with the car we can get out on weekends.

Had a nice letter from Mrs Motte to-day I really didn't mean to have her write, must send her another card. She certainly has had a seige of it.

Your letter telling that Russell got back came yesterday and we were awfully glad to hear He must have had an interesting time and I do hope we see him before too long so as to hear about some of his experiences, though I don't expect he will ever forget them.

I must go now and do that long distance errand.

Loads of love to you all, Glad the tea for the Newburys went well who all did you invite ?

More love,

Catherine



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Wed. May 17, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

A nice long letter from you yesterday. and also the New Yorkers, Journal and Peabody Museum folder came too. I still don't remember a parade on the 19th of April, and meant that the band concert used to be then not on the 30th of May. Maybe it is because I haven't been down to it for so long, I do remember the balloons for sale and going to the bridge for a special 19th celebration. Guess I am just mixed up. They used to have a ceremony at the bridge when the graves of the British soldiers were decorated the Sunday before Decoration Day, I remember that. Actually I have been in Concord only about 3 times on the 19th in the last 20 years or more, for I was in Providence 3 years and '25 was the year I came out and it was the big celebration.

We are having nice weather again after a showery day Monday. Yesterday I wrote a number of letters but find I am very slow, maybe because there seems to be quite a bit to say when I get started. and when you owe a letter for over a year you have to write a better one if you can.

Yesterday I went shopping with Dorothy in the morning and then had lunch with her at 11.30, she eats in their pantry before the members come for lunch. I went out about four to pick up a pen being fixed and ran into Irene Rogers. She is the one who was a great friend of Frances Hiam, and her husband was drowned several years ago leaving her with five small children. She has been in Montreal the last three years and just returned this spring, is opening up their summer place for the first time, wants us to go there on Pete's 48. She and her daughter were on their way to see about the framing of a picture and asked me to go along, which I did and was glad for we

went to a nice little shop where there were some nice pictures and it was fun. I walked down to the post office with them later and back here just in time to prepare supper. She wanted us to eat with her but we asked her here to share our liver and bacon and fresh peas instead. and really had a most interesting and pleasant evening. She is the kind of person who is so interested in everything that you find you haven't time to discuss all the angles you would like to. She and her husband bought a couple of pictures years ago and have always been interested in painting. She was telling us about the various people she had met in Montreal and the problems of running a gallery and trying to make an interesting collection. There seems to be an increasing interest in Painting in Canada and I think it is a good sign. She tried to go by ten for she is the one who finished her nurses training in Montreal last winter, and she said she knew what it was to get up at 6 every morning. She had been in training when she was married and I think it was quite remarkable for her to be able to go back to it, with the other girls the age of her own daughters. She said she was awfully tempted to join the Air Force and do something active, but realized that she owed it to her children to be with them. She is quite a wonderful person.

Its too bad you couldn't get Cousin Bert to help in the garden, but expect he will be helping Bert with his. I have tried to think of a good job to suggest his doing but can't seem to.

Enclose a clipping about the snow on the mountains across the harbor, it is hard to realize there is still so much so near here. Also one about the welcome they planned for returning airmen, they must have decided something should be done to show appreciation for there have been quite a few wounded returning quietly all the time. The families go down to the station and they have a special room for them to meet in but other wise there isn't a great deal of excitement. Can't you see the one who vanished much embarrassed. It was lucky that one didn't disappoint them.

must go shopping now.

Loads of love,

Catherine .

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, B.C.
Friday May 19, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

There is one nice thing about living here right in the center of things, you see your friends easily. Last night Bill Jamison called up ~~from~~ to say that he ran into Margery Crosby who told him we were here and he is coming in after supper to-night. He is a young lad who used to work for George Noble as Photographer in Banff and was in the Reserve Army with Pete for a long time before he joined the Active Army, and we haven't seen him except for a few moments since. Then last night we met the George Brewsters and drove them out to the Air port and back by the Marine Drive, I have never seen people enjoy everything so and they kept exclaiming over the lovely Rodadrendrum (that certainly is spell as wrong as it could be) Rhododendron bushes which are in their prime. Somehow you wouldn't expect George to be so interested, (he is one of Pearl's brothers) He works around busses and cars all the time, runs a bus line in Banff. They insisted we go up to their room when we got back and have a drink which we did and then they wanted to order dinner in their room which we had around nine I guess, but it was lots of fun, the most delicious steaks and in a sort of silver oven to keep real hot. It was 11.30 when we got home but even if it was a late evening for us we did have a good time. They told us all about their trip to Victoria, the first time his wife had ever been on a boat. You know I think any one who enjoys and is interested in all the little things they notice are the ones who get the most pleasure out of going anywhere and it is fun to take them around. They go back this morning.

I have been getting on with my letter writing though I don't get more than two or three written a day, but some have been difficult, like one to Tom Lank who's wife died last fall, He wrote us a long letter all about it and seemed to want to hear from us.

I guess that Pete's picture would seem gloomy to any one not familiar with the coast but it is really typical of a bush station where it rains a good part of the time. The burnt stumps are always seen out here on any newly cleared land and even in the Fraser Valley farm land they still burn them to try and get rid of them. In Pete's painting it gives the feeling of the large hanger built in a clearing and the planes being worked on by mechanics, sitting on the taxi strip. The trees in the background are also typical of coast trees especially the one with two prongs. of course it would appeal most to the ones who know the kind of country it is.

Did Russ go to South America or just to the stations in the West Indies ? If you look back about four years you will see pictures in the Nat'l Geographic of the various air fields that were being built in the West Indies Etc.

X
That summer I went to Banff in 1929 Gardener Cox and
Zadie DeJonge and The Sturges girl from Groton went too, we
were in Banff a few days before they went on a trip to
Assinaboine and then I went down to visit the Newburys in
Belgrade and then back to Banff to come home with the others...
Seems to me you as a mother are a little slow on catching up *with*
to daughters escapades!

> Time to go shopping, and another weekend to-morrow.

Loads of love,

Catherine

Hotel Devonshire,
Vancouver, B.C.
Monday, May 22, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Another weekend over, and it looks like a rainy Monday though the wind has changed and it may clear. It seems as if it rained about every other day. Saturday it threatened all morning but didn't actually rain until late in the afternoon and yesterday was sunny until about five when we had showers.

It was rather a quiet weekend for us. Pete got home about one thirty and it was nearly two thirty by the time we were ready to start out. Went to the Art Gallery to see the B.C. artist annual show, rather disappointing on the whole for the things seemed very amateur on the whole. Then we had a few beers which is amusing even if it isn't strong enough to give one much of a lift. The same people go on Saturday afternoons, at least many are the same, they meet their friends there and the first ones get a table and the friends come and go. Then there are always a few older couples who have a quiet glass or two and then the men on leave and there are lots of remarkable hats. We went to an early movie at four thirty, "Private Hargrove" which was quite funny. We were glad we went early as there was quite a line up when we came out. Had a late supper and went to bed early. We had been up late Friday night as well as Thursday, for Bill Jamieson had come in to see us and it was eleven when he left. He used to work for George Noble, guess I told you that before. It was fun seeing him again, seems funny for him to be a good photographer who used to do the work Pete is doing, all the time and now he is a quarter master Sergeant in the Army. He seems to like it and told us of the other boys in the same outfit that we know from Banff.

Yesterday being Sunday, we arose late, about 8.30 and stayed in all morning, writing letters and doing the odd things, had an early lunch and then decided to go over to Dorothy's as we had some things to get out of the back of the car, Pete likes to go there as no one makes a fuss and they don't insist that we stay for supper or mind what we do. It being a lovely sunny afternoon we spread the sleeping bags out to air and then lay down on them for a sunbath, until the clouds came over and it got too cold. Dorothy made tea and we were back here for supper and the various Radio programs including the Quiz Kids. We went over on the Ferry and back by the bridge. All the azalias, lilacs, spirea and other flowering shrubs are out and very lovely. There is a boulevard in North Vancouver which is very pretty, laid out years ago when they expected it to grow more than it did, for the shrubs still bloom though they can't afford to give them any real care or cut the grass. There are some quite large Japanese maples and they seemed unusually red yesterday.

Two nice letters from you to-day, I am so sorry about Mrs Motte, that she has gotten into the state of mind of not really caring to make an effort. It sounds like the play "The Mollusca" do you remember it? Mrs Keyes was in it years ago and it made a great impression on me, where the invalid who can't get off her couch is roused to action by the burglar. Don't you think that it is partly because Mrs Motte has no real interest outside of herself and her own comfort, that makes her sick, and of course the disease makes it worse for she ~~isn't~~ doesn't feel equal to the effort. I know that they said during the Blitz in London there were fewer nervous breakdowns and that sort of thing than ever before, and I really believe that as soon as a person becomes sorry for oneself they get sicker and sicker. Now if she only had some real interest that seemed worthwhile I think she would soon get over her exzema without realizing it. Its like a mosquito bite that you scratch right off, if you have your hands full and are interested in some thing you can't scratch it and before you know it the itch has gone. I like Mrs Motte an awful lot and always have, but when you think of it she lives pretty comfortably in these days without giving up very much for those less fortunate. Of course she probably doesn't feel equal to it, but supposing she invited convalescent soldiers or sailors far from home to spend a few days at her house, or even girls in the service. They wouldn't want to do more than eat and sleep and take it easy and there are lots of nice places to walk to in Concord. Think what it would mean to them and I am sure it would cost no more than the hospital and doctors bills and I have an idea that Mrs Motte would get interested in their troubles and in planning for them and first thing she would know she would forget her own. Of course it would mean giving up certain privacy etc. but wouldn't it be worth it to help others? ~~Next~~ Actually I am surprised that they let her stay in the hospital, here they have so little room that the patients have to leave as soon as they possibly can. Miss Day of May 6. Wheelers, has a summer home at Mahone Bay near Halifax I think it is, she offered to take any sailors or seamen who were recuperating from operations or broken bones or something, but not officers, and she said that she had the funniest things happen but some of the nicest boys and they did appreciate it so. I know in Calgary there are lots of households who invite the Airmen to Sunday dinner or weekends and they get so attached to the boys from England, New Zealand or Australia and in the papers you often read letters that the parents write them or news of the airmen after he has gone overseas. There must be boys stationed at Camp Devens who are awfully homesick and would just like a Sunday dinner and to help with the dishes. You know I really think most of all Mrs Motte is lonely, maybe she doesn't think so, but you speak of her enjoying the Aids up there as she knows so many, and if she went home she would be by herself.

About the Nat'l Geographic. The notice came to me last time so I just renewed it. will send it to you next year.

The reproduction of Pete's Painting in Wings was rather dark and so does make it look gloomier than it really is.

The garden must be lovely now and I am glad that so many can enjoy it. One nice thing here, there are so few mosquitoes.

Mustn't write more now.

Loads of love,

75. Ran out of hotel paper so used this. Shouldn't have written on both sides.



Hotel Devonshire

VANCOUVER, B. C.
CANADA

Wednesday, May 24, 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Wish I had discovered this paper sooner, for that thin stuff isn't very good for typing.

This is the 24th of May, Queen Victoria's birthday, but not very nice out for those getting the holiday. Yesterday it was dull and mist and rain all day and to-day is foggier but not actually raining. It was as cold too, more like winter than the end of May, I have the steam heat on now. We get the heat from the Power house for the big Vancouver Hotel. Evidently in getting up steam to heat the big hotel they have an ~~excess~~ excess and so a year or two ago they piped it to the Medical building and this hotel.

Didn't go a great deal yesterday, a few errands with Dorothy and then tried to get some brown shoes, but though they had the style I wanted there was nothing in my size, then to pick up a dress I bought, gabardine similar to the ones you gave me in 1940 but which I have worn so often when I go anywhere that I thought our friends might like to see me in something different, it had to be let out where one sits. I kept nice and then running up and down stairs in Tofino but here I am gaining rapidly in all conspicuous places! Also got a blue linen dress similar to the one I had last summer and which I wore, or could have worn every day here. This one has stitching in white around the collar and cuffs and will be easier than last year's model with a white collar which could have been washed everyday. It takes so long to do things and seems to me one has to wait every where to be served, no one here seems to mind waiting their turn which makes it nice, for if someone pushes in ahead you have to do the same or get left out. Where we get home made cakes and muffins there is often one girl to wait on ten or more people, but as they are usually sold out of most things by noon I suppose they don't figure they need more clerks. There as a rule, people keep track who was there when they came, and when she says "Who's next?" they usually point the person out. However sometimes you get the pushy kind and then everyone has to be eager so she won't get in ahead. But on the whole people are very polite.

Yesterday afternoon I walked down in the rain to Spencers to see an exhibition of Karch's photographs, they are very fine, he won notice first by one he took of Churchill when he spoke in Ottawa a few years ago, and the exhibition is made up of portraits of various British and Canadian leaders, which makes it more interesting. There were 70, The King, All the Cabinet ministers in England and the various generals, also G.B. Shaw and Wells etc. They are large pictures but the heads not out of proportion and the photograph is evidently taken without any feeling of being posed, as if he had caught the person just standing naturally or sitting. They aren't touched up either and all the lines are left in, also most of the hands are

shown. I Hope Pete has a chance to go down Saturday.

I got a copy of ART NEWS yesterday and I think it is an art magazine you would enjoy looking at and then sending on to us. I will mail this copy to you and you can see what you think of it. I remember it before but it was more of a paper gotten up like the Concord Journal and this is a magazine without too much advertising but gives the exhibitions going on and to be given across the country. It also seems to both sides of painting, the conventional and the very modern. What I object to in the Federation of Arts is that many times there is not one picture worth looking at.

If you haven't already sent my birthday present could you direct it to Banff instead of here, you have my curiosity aroused! But if it has gone never mind.

I am reading about Lda Woolten in the New Yorker, most interesting. His picture was in the exhibition too.

I'm glad to know when Miss Publicover is to make her trip but don't know how good a time I can give her, however it will all be new to her and I think she will like the coast.

Was much amused by the story of the Cochrane girl almost forgetting the baby!

Guess I better get on with the job of looking over letters to answer.

Loads of love

Catharine.

Hotel Devonshire
Vancouver B.C.
Wed. night
24th of May

Dearest Mother,

It doesn't look as if we would be entertaining Miss Redbrier this summer in Vancouver. Pete is posted again, this time east on temporary duty to Ottawa - and I'm going as far as Bangor just now, until we know a little more about it. It's all pretty exciting for at the same time Pete's been made a Sergeant, so he won't be "fired" so much any longer for cutting grass & scrubbing floors!

There was a hint there might be a move Monday but ^{today} when Pete called he had heard no more about it. I was dressing to go to tea about 2.35 (I was to be ready at 2.45) when he telephoned to say he would be leaving on the train in the morning. You can imagine I

hustled a bit. Took a taxi to the station & got a section on the morning train. Then came back, packed my clothes in an hour, the kitchen things in $3/4$ of an hour & had time to take the magazines to the place where they collect them for the Merchant Marine.

Pete got back about six & we ate a tremendous supper of all that was in the frig. Now Pete is rearranging all his stuff & we are going to check the bags tonight, also the bicycles at the pier. Tomorrow will have to see about shipping the car, returning the rented radio, getting a dress at the Dry Cleaners, shoes at the shoemakers etc. The train leaves at 10.30. Pete will have just the day in Bauff, going out on the afternoon train.

It looks as if you might see me sometime this summer so keep your fingers crossed.

Bauff, Alberta.
Sat. May 27, 1944.

Dearest Mother

Well we arrived in Bauff on time yesterday morning at ten and Pete left at six for Ottawa. It was a busy day for us and we saw lots of people like the Moores, Fern, Sam & Cis and the Mac Donalds. Pete got a few things in the house he wanted & repacked a bit & was away. It was a beautiful day for us and is lovely again today. Makes so much nicer doing things. I shall be busy repacking my own things and getting the yard raked & cleaned up.

I will be here at Mamas for the time I'm ~~here~~ in Bauff. It saves carrying water etc & I think she likes the company. and it's nice for me. Have no real idea how long I will be here before heading east.

Pete reached Ottawa Monday May 29th & probably won't know for a few days what he is doing there for. then when he knows & finds out whether or not I will be able to stay there (for its difficult finding rooms) he will send for me. If he can't find a suite or room in a hotel for us. then I may be able to go to Concord & be nearer for the odd weekend together. but in the

meantime there is quite a lot to see too here. The car will arrive soon & that has to be overhauled. Then as our water main must last fall as we left. there has to be a water connection made in case we get back on leave. During the summer. so I shall be busy.

I will write you more about our hurried departure in my next letter. Mom says to remember her to you & Jean & that she often thinks of you.

If you could write me your plans that is when the children are due? If Russ is apt to get leave in Concord etc. then I could plan accordingly. for I don't want to land in on you just at the wrong moment to create too much excitement.

Loads of love
Catharine.

Califf. Alberta.
Sunday May 28 1944.

Dearest Mother,

Mom has gone to church as she sings in the choir, and thought I'd get off a letter to you as otherwise we are apt to talk. In fact we have done little else today. We were late getting up having a big breakfast at ten. Then we chatted until it was time for a cup of tea etc for lunch at one and we ate about five, a big meal tonight, early because of the singing. It has been showery today and too windy to ride so I didn't bother to do much except finish a sleeveless sweater for Pete. Mom is here so much of the time alone and I guess no one to talk too. and Sundays is a lonely day I know for her.

I told you I would tell about our leaving Vancouver. Pete had gotten one good hint on Monday that he might be going places but thought the boy might be fooling & anyway there was no idea of the date. He was on duty watch last week so would call me up every day at one to tell me whether or not he would be in for supper. He telephoned Wednesday as usual but had heard no more about being sent anywhere so we decided I might as well go out to tea with Berty Nichols. I was to meet

her at ~~quarter~~ to three. She called & asked if I could meet her at quarter of three instead & I said I could, at 2.35 P.M. Pete telephoned. He had to report in Ottawa Monday morning & by taking the morning train next day we could have the day in Banff. Just 10 minutes and I would have left for Mea! We still might have made the train but would have had to pack all night for it would have been five when I got home.

Of course I telephoned Bessie first. Then went to the C.P.R. office at the Hotel Vancouver. Closed because of the holiday, so took a taxi to the C.P.R. Station, got my ticket & a section on the morning train. I got the lower but Pete having a warrant had to pick up his upper himself. Then enquired about shipping the car. The Freight office was closed because of the holiday. So back I went to the Devonshire & packed all I could. Pete was home by six or soon after & he packed while I did the supper dishes. Then we took our baggage to check down to the Station. for we wanted to have as much time as possible in the morning for shipping the car. Found the ticket office was closed. It closes at 8 P.M. & no way for Pete to exchange his warrant for a ticket to check the baggage ^{until morning} & we arranged to have the bicycles transferred from the pier to the station & went home.

X I spent the rest of the evening sewing on the Sergeants' Hooks on Pete's uniform. He felt too self conscious to wear them that evening, so he said. Next morning when we went through the gate at the station, our

Air Force Military Police called out "Sergeant"
 & Pete paid no attention, walked right on to
 set the bags down. then realized they were
 addressing him! Pete says you first begin
 to live in the Air Force when you become a
 Sergeant. at least so the boys told him. You
 share a room with one other instead of living
 in barracks, & you eat in the Sergeants' mess.

Next morning, Thursday, we were up as
 usual. at ~~eight~~ 6.30 and at 8 o'clock took
 the boxes of kitchen things, books etc to go in
 the car, over to the garage in a taxi, were soon
 down at the Freight yards & arranged to
 ship the car. They had an empty one right
 there which would have gone east empty, if
 we hadn't come along.

We had quite a time loading the car. Pete
 had driven it in here himself so wanted to do
 it again & then we'd know it was on safely.
 Otherwise you never know just how they pack it
 around. A little old man was in charge &
 later another man walking by gave help &
 advise. Made me feel better for the little man
 called Pete ~~say~~ "my boy". felt quite young.
 First of all the door jammed & Pete had to help
 spring it out while the man pushed & I told them
 how it was going. Then there was a delay
 while he found steel plates to put across
 the open space between the side door of the
 freight car & the cement curbing which
 had a four or five inch edge to bump over.

The steel plates were not quite wide enough but by wedging with wood just "bit" on the cement & freight car edge. Well it was quite a job. Pete wanted to back on but they insisted he go in head on, & there is little room to turn so Pete went in on an angle. The last try he made it by an eighth of an inch clearance on one side & one rear wheel was only half on the steel plate. Half on air. when it went over. but it was in.

It took an hour & was by then, after nine the train left at 10.30. We got a taxi, the taxi driver in the midst of washing it. left Pete at the station to get his ticket & check the baggage. I to pick up shoes being repaired & a dress being cleaned. They couldn't find the shoes at first & then at the cleaners they couldn't find the dress. was at the Devanahere by 9.30 as Dorothy telephoned. She came right over & took the food she could use. Pete appeared at ten & we all went to the station. Saved lots of time in the end. When we finally got on the train Pete said "Did we let the family know we were coming?" & of course we hadn't. I think we did quite well for we didn't really rush.

Pete said that when he was getting his clearances having to go & get signatures from all the sections. He overheard the Medical Officer say to the girl who took it in for him to sign. "I can't understand this. ~~We never heard till~~ an L.A.C. being sent to Air Force Head quarters

in Ottawa. I never heard tell of anyone lower than an Air Commodore getting a posting like this!" So we are thinking that it has something to do with Pete getting 2nd prize in the painting, as it certainly isn't to do with photography. I'll write as soon as we know more about it. Pete reaches Ottawa tomorrow morning.

The car arrived yesterday & will be unloaded tomorrow morning. Then I hope over hauled soon & left here in good condition for Pete's leave when and if he gets it.

So nice here in Banff now. the leaves just coming out. They had 5 or 6 inches of snow last Sunday. a heavy wet snow & up west of Edmonton 36 inches. Imagine 3 feet of snow at this time of year. very wet of course.

Will write more in a day or two. But probably won't hear from Pete about things for at least a week. Don't be surprised if you receive a wire anytime. It may not mean I am arriving in Concord, but more likely that I am heading east to be with Pete in Ottawa.

Loads of love & hope to see you before very long.
Catherine.

P.S. arranged to have the birthday present forwarded on here.

Bay, Alberta
Monday night.
May 29, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

X Good news about Pete but disappointment for you. That is I won't be making my trip east just yet awhile.

A wire came tonight saying that he had been appointed a War Artist, is still a Sergeant but coming to Calgary soon. He is writing but until I get his letter won't know any more about it. After all he only reached Ottawa today and evidently will be coming west soon.

We are awfully pleased to think he has been chosen as a War Artist and guess it is mostly due to his winning that 2nd prize. But where he will be sent I don't

know. He evidently is to be in
Calgary for a while any way, so
wash + it lucky I stopped off
here?

✓ your letter came today saying
that Cousin Jane leaves the first
of June + the children won't be in
Concord until July + I was just
thinking that maybe I could
visit you even if it was only
a short visit in June. But now
it looks as if it would have to
be postponed again. However
it may mean Pete will be sent
overseas to paint + if so you
would get a good dose of me.

✓ Pete will be so excited to
come back this way + it is a
lovely time of year in Alberta.
I'm all in a dither wondering
how much to do in opening
the house. Mom was pretty
excited too and we spent all

superstition speculation on
X what the wire meant.

I'll write again as soon
as I hear more! Expect I will
be pretty busy the next few
days.

Was so sorry to hear that
Mrs Motte is still sick, wish
there was something one could
do. I remember when you were
in the Phillips house and just
as it seemed perfectly hopeless
& never would be better it
started going away. Does it
say in your diary how long
you had it so badly?

Must write Pete, just in
case he is in Ottawa long
enough to get another letter.

Lots of love & hope to see
you sometime this summer.

Catharine.

Barry, Alberta.
Wed. May 31, 1944.

Dearest Mother.

I forgot to mention Decoration Day which was yesterday, am glad that Cousin Jane was there so it wouldn't be too lonely a day for you. and while I'm remembering things, I never mentioned Mother's Day, but you know I don't really think much of it. I prefer to think of you every day rather than especially hard one day a year. It always seems as if the stores made a lot of Mother's Day in order to sell more.

Well I know little more to tell you about Pete. I wired him the evening we got his wire (saying he had been appointed a War Artist) that was night before last and this morning a message came back from Ottawa saying that he had left the same day he got there, for Calgary, or Vancouver. so my wire of congratulations went undelivered. So Pete may reach Calgary to-morrow morning. Rather a long way to go ^{to Ottawa} for one day! No letter has arrived yet for the train connections with the Airline are none too good. I rather expected one this noon. maybe will get one in the morning. Its sort of funny not knowing when to expect him and I don't know whether to put the furnace on or not. am still up at Mums. but may move

down to the house to-morrow. I didn't in case
Pete wanted me to meet him in Calgary. I
have most of our things unpacked & put
away & the lawn mowed etc. but no food
in yet. and no water. but the lights are on.

Last night Mom & I went up to the bands
for a game of rummery. The Jack Rabbits were
there too and we had rather a hilarious game.
Seems to me a simple game no one takes
seriously can be lots of fun. We laughed
a good deal & it was nearly midnight when
we came home after sandwiches and coffee.
Pete Rabby is a carpenter too. Jean Marie
will remember him. He was the short one who
was working on the apartments when she was
here. Their daughter is now working in
Ottawa & Jack said it was too hot for him
there. Then he added "I used to work in Boston
at Irving & Carsons". It was back in 1913
I think he said (he was all through the last
war) but he found it too hot a climate.
used to go to City Point to swim. Said there
was an Englishman who came from London
with a special machine to put worm holes
in antique furniture. He got \$200. a month
for it and that was a lot of money in those
days. Jack said the holes even had the dust
left in them & the man knew just where
to put them, but he wouldn't let any
one watch him. Is Irving & Carsons
still going? He would like to know.

Monday night I was up at the MacDonalds. Mary & her mother & the baby are to be in the little red house this summer & Mrs Mac's brother & family are renting the large house, which will make it nice for them. There were some other ladies up there from Vancouver I think. I left a little early as there were two bears around, one black the other cinnamon & I didn't relish meeting them in the dark & the others were on bicycles. As it was, I was walking along the road, when the dogs all round the neighborhood started barking & first thing I realized was that a man was chasing the bears away from his back door but up towards the road. I walked as rapidly as I could but they didn't come near me.

Mrs Simpson & Mary were down from Bow Lake the other day & stopped in to see us. Mrs S. is so relied on the fact that Jimmy has to be in the Air Force & she blames the Government & goodness knows who else. She is very vehement & really people are avoiding her these days as she keeps bringing the subject back to "why should her son have to do this & that etc." Mary is to be here all summer. She has been working hard on the Ice Capades.

is Skating director. Plans the numbers, costumes & routines. except for the few leading acts. Then she has to train all the girls & understudies & be able to fill in any place herself. Says some nights as many as 20 will be sick or unable to skate & you have to be able to fill in with others! She was working awfully hard.

Marion & Mavis are coming over to play Rummy. Mom loves it & doesn't often get any one to play of an evening. Until I hear from Pete it is hard to settle into anything & every few minutes it shows so isn't so good for raking. My but it would be nice if Pete was stationed in Calgary a while & could be home a few weekends. Its hard to wait until he can tell us all about it.

I'm sorry to have to put off my visit to you, for it did look for a while as if it would work in very well. but perhaps a good chance for me to go east will come later on.

Thursday, no letter this morning either so will send this along. I may head to morrow. I have the furnace going & the house warm now.

Heaps of love

Catharine

P.S. Later June 1st.

just got a letter from Pete & he said if he got a chance & was allowed to - he would go down and see you for a day or two. but of course they may not let him go.

X He really has a wonderful job. He is to stay a Sergeant for the next 3 months and paint for the R.C.A.F. historian in Ottawa. He will do his painting in Alberta, and is his own boss. under orders from Ottawa. so he will be free to go & come as he likes. At the end of that period ~~he~~ if all goes well he will be commissioned & sent overseas! It really sounds better than we expected. Being on your own like that. you are free to paint the subjects most interesting to you, and so should do your best work. I will write more about it when I hear the details. but that will mean being here for the summer and then if Pete does go overseas (the war might be over by then) I can visit you in the fall. I'm not very good in hot weather as you know and don't want to catch measles again. and the summer will soon go.

Must mail this now.

Loads of love

Catharine

P.S. your first letter to Bauff just came.