

Banff, Alberta.

Sun. July 1, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Will just start a letter as we are to have an early supper so as to develop more colour films to-night. We did two rolls last evening, another couple this morning and have 4 more to do. Mostly of the Sundance in Morley, and others. So far they have been good but anything can happen as it is a most complicated process, and the time and temperatures have to be exact. Takes all my time just getting the temperatures of solutions and the wash water right, turning on the timer clock etc. Pete handles the developing tank, pouring solutions in and out. If I think of it will send you the directions, takes about an hour and a half to do 2 films at a time in a little tank, and half an hour to get ready.

We had thought of going to the Sundance again on Friday after lunch but it clouded up and started to rain and has rained most of the time since. It was just as well we didn't go for Mr and Mrs Alfred Castle called after lunch. They are our friends from Honolulu and always anxious to see our pictures, guess they have bought more than anyone. He was at Harvard for his 50th reunion this year and then they both were near San Francisco for a granddaughters wedding. Are staying at Lake Louise for just 3 weeks. Donald his wife and two boys are coming in July, he is the younger son, the older son who died was a great friend of Ebbs Newburys, when in college.

This is the big holiday weekend but the weather being wet all over the province there aren't many people up, at least not as many as some years.

Yesterday we took a wedding present over to the Painters granddaughter and ended by staying for tea. Mrs Painter always makes her own bread and it was good. Mr Painter was very ill when they went east to visit their family this spring and doesn't look too well even now, just hopes to make the wedding. We didn't stay any longer than we could help and only hope we didn't tire him too much. He was the Architect who designed the Banff Springs Hotel and the one in Vancouver, is just Jimmy Simpson's age, 79. I thought Jim was nearer 80 but guess he will be next year.

Don't know how Rusty is getting on, expect it is nice and wet up there too. We may get up this week and will try to stay a night or two. Our plans are a bit mixed as yet. Had hoped to go off on a sketching trip in to B.C. and new country but may have to postpone it. The store business is still not settled. Jackie can't make up his mind what to do exactly. He really should sell out if he can't continue to run it but he wants more for it than anyone wants to pay. Anyway we will just have to be patient and let it work out for itself. Only have to be within a day or two of Banff and where they can get in touch with us if necessary.

Monday. Still over cast, woke up early & developed 2 more rolls of film. Have done 8 - by doing an ad we figure everytime we do 8 we save enough

to get 3 for nothing. Also can do them  
right away & not wait 3 weeks to see them  
Must run now.

Heaps of love

Catharine

Anxious to hear news of Francis -



Banff, Alberta.

Thurs. July 5, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Again not much of a letter, I should have written you last night and then got shortening sleeves and listening to a very interesting program on the radio about South Africa and it was late and I lazy so thought to write this morning. Now we are thinking of a trip up to Bow Lake to see Rusty to-day so will just send this much and write when we get back.

Your wonderful letter about the exhibition of Canadian Art came yesterday and I will answer it carefully, we know quite a few of the artists and several have been here, like Fred Brigden, Charlie ComBort and Will Ogilvie and we have met some of the others, I will look again and comment on the various ones and then later on perhaps you and Mercelia will be going again and see what the pictures are like of the ones we know. In our paper it spoke of an exhibition of Abstract Art that was to tour the U.S.A. this summer and I wondered if it were the one in Lincoln but thank goodness it isn't. The ones you saw are a group mostly from Toronto and are backed by the National Gallery people to a certain extent.

Expect you are all patiently waiting to hear when Frances' Baby comes, so are we, do let us know as soon as you can.

We have been rather busy with company the last few days and other things to see to in connection with an exhibition of local artists paintings being put on by the Rotary Club in aid of the Banff Library building fund, much as they did last year. They have a silver collection and also raffle off a picture and sell a few perhaps. All a nice idea except that a man who has recently come from the old country has seen it as an opportunity to sell his pictures, which are pretty awful and he and his wife have offered to be there, which relieves the problem of getting Rotarians and their wives to go and sit at the door, but the Banff Artists don't like this other man and the way he does things, so it has been very awkward, all because the Rotarians didn't realize how picture galleries are ~~done~~ run. It's a long story.

It is about time I got things ready, so will send this along, also a few clippings about a family in Calgary who are touring Europe, might interest you.

Heaps of love,

Catharine



Banff, Alberta.

July 7, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We finally got up to see Rusty day before yesterday, a good day to go for it was rainy, mostly heavy showers and they weren't so busy, in fact it was the first slack day they had had since Rusty arrived.

We left here before eleven for we find the best time to go through the construction is at noon until one when the men are eating, took a couple of sandwiches and tea and ate those at the end of the lake, then drove into Simpsons.

Met Rusty leading a great big horse with little David perched on top, he must be 3 now and just full of it, crazy about Rusty and when we were leaving and Rusty was sitting in the Jeep with us to talk out of the rain, he came running over and climbed up by Pete's window and asked, "You aren't taking Rusty away are you?"

David is a real boy and a going concern from dawn'til dusk, but luckily sleeps soundly all night. He has red hair and a very winning smile.

We didn't do much but sit and visit, Jimmy came along and had quite a time getting a big splinter out of David's hand, luckily we had taken some strawberries with us and they helped his courage, as a prize if he was good. Tom and the other man came in later and we talked some more. Rusty seems to like it and says that was his first slack day, there is always a lot to do around horses and taking people out and I think Rusty is the kind who likes to get things done.

He said you were the only one he had heard of from so far and I expect you will write him regularly, we told him his family had been moving to Essex so no doubt would be writing soon as they were settled. He said he had sent you some amusing caricatures (can't spell it and the dictionary is downstairs.) drawn by Stewart Cameron. He does things for the papers and we used to know him, in fact met him on the trail when we went to Assinaboine on horseback years ago. Jim said they hoped he was coming this summer. Guess Rusty thought they would give you an idea of trail life.

As we left and drove along where they are now clearing stumps for the new road we met Old Jim watching the bulldozers. He said to tell Russ that last year Rusty was still a boy but "this year he has come back a man." They all think so much of him. Mary says Rusty has the faculty of making quick decisions, and she is sure he is going to get on well in this world.

We told Rusty that we might not be up for a while as we are hoping to get away the end of next week on a painting trip. The Kingmans are coming on the 12th. and Pete is anxious to know how they like the Indian Camp he is doing for them. If the weather is



nice we may go to Moraine for a night and sketch a little, as we will have three days but if there is too much to do here we won't try. It really has been rather rainy the last week or ten days,

If the Chambers friends come this week they will probably find us home and we will be glad to see them, but so often in summer people miss us as we are away so much, or just out.

We may not stay for Indian Days this year, got disgusted when they let the Government telephones put a row of poles right through where the teepees are set up, looks just awful for photographs or anything else, and now they are going to have a queen of Indian Days, about the last straw. Of course she will be a girl chosen from one of the 3 bands but even then it doesn't seem appropriate. We only get sore and upset so Pete thinks it might be better not to be here at all!

Just depends what comes about this week and then if all is O.K. we will take off about the middle of the month, no set plans as yet, might head for northern B.C. will let you know later and we may not go at all, if we have to be within call then we will head for Cowley and that district but just thought we could do more if we were away from anyone we knew and in new country for a change.

A couple of girls just came to see us, one used to live in the old house and worked at George Nobles one summer, an awfully nice girl from Saskatoon.

Will send this along and write soon about the Artisits.  
Can't concentrate that much to-day, am too sleepy.

Loads of love

*Catherine*

P.S. A nice letter from Mabel Browne but not as well written as yours. She may spell better than we do but your handwriting is far stranger. Pretty hard for you to make us realize you feel old. Remember the Coue method where one was supposed to say each day over and over "I am getting better and better," or "stronger and stronger" You should try saying, "I am feeling younger and younger" and see how it works! Rusty thinks you talk too much about being old and you really aren't old he says. So you will have to surprise him when he gets back by being even younger than when he left!

*Have been interrupted*



Banff, Alberta.

Mon. July 9, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

This is the first day of the Stampede and we have hardly ever seen it fail to be hot and sunny, this week especially. It is 80 here this afternoon and must be in the ninety's down there. The crowds of people and a hot sun make it feel over a hundred. The parade was broadcast and had I thought sooner would have gotten a tape and recorded it for you to listen to sometime. It must have been a good one. Bubby and Mr Lonsdale came in during it so maybe it wouldn't have been very successful trying to do it. We heard just the first part.

Didn't do much yesterday, so many people and cars about, Pete did some work on his Indian Camp and in the afternoon Jean Park the hostess at the Banff Springs was down, she has been on lots of cruises for the C.P.R. and also on the boats to the Orient so we talked about all sorts of things. Also had Frank Kaquits the Indian who paints, this time with a broken fuel pump for his car, he needed some money as they haven't been paid lately for the work they are doing for the trans Canada Highway so in the end Pete went with him and found a new part. The evening before Paul Francis came, He wanted to borrow the Indian suit he sold us several years ago to wear in the Stampede parade.

Shall be anxious to hear when the baby comes, a pill is new to us too, hope all has gone well for I expect by now things have happened. Your 4th. of July letter has just come.

The Indians are sensible in one way. They make their Sundance lodge out of trees and then when they are through they just leave it and it finally goes to pieces and back into the earth as it rots away. They just use trees about 15 or 20 feet high, some only 10 feet and it is just brush. The ~~one~~ lodge they made last year is still standing, a lot of dead branches leaning against the poles and around the ground are a few poles they had for their tents but otherwise no sign of tin cans or rubbish of any kind. They usually burn all papers. Wish White people would take after them.

Didn't know about Gale's boy friend, was he the one in the slides of the graduation at Briarcliff? Thought he looked rather nice. Guess Rusty isn't much on letter writing, he likes to hear but doesn't realize that only by writing back are you apt to hear again.

Just had a nice letter from Edith who said she had been out to see you. They must have a very busy household in Rockport, She spoke of Charlie being at Camp Devens, and Judie on vacation but otherwise I expect just on days off, and Bob waiting on table there. Expect with all their friends it is great fun.

Am not sure of our plans but if here this coming weekend will look for the Smiths. Had planned to go off as soon as the Kingmans come Thursday.



Don't know if I told you about Barbara. Now the kids are grown up she decided she better get a job. She used to be a school teacher in New York. Had the little colored children in the play "Green Pastures" in her class. So this spring she wrote the Alberta. Government and they investigated into her teaching degree and to make a long story short she has been offered a job in Medicine Hat in the Junior High school. It is about 50 miles or more east of Calgary and a nice small city. Jonny will go with her and it will be better for him to be in a bigger place with a good library and more competition in school. He is quite a scholar and not an athlete. Davy hopes to have a job in Edmonton, is night clerk at the Homestead for the Summer, and Harold hopes to have passed his exams and will go to a military college in Kingston Ontario. and Bubby is of course in Calgary working. right now she is having a month's vacation! They expect to rent the house for the winter and keep the basement to use weekends or Christmas.

It is nice Mrs Sohler comes to see you often, maybe she would go to the de Cordova museum if you want to check the pictures. Or if Mercelia goes again she might mark how she likes the work of the ones we know. She could probably remember (when she saw the pictures) which you liked.

*Do give an love to Mrs Sohler & tell her we often think of her.*

It is so hot guess I will do some sewing for a bit.

Heaps of love,

*Catharine*



Banff, Alberta.  
Wed. July 11, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

I guess Rusty doesn't come from a writing family except for you. It was he who sent you the set of cartoons, I know they come in an envelope which I imagine he addressed or he might have had them sent from Calgary. I think he thought you would be amused for they depict life on the trail and what can happen when the horses or tourists act up. Naturally a bit exaggerated but true in many ways. If you want another look, we will send them back. I don't wonder you were mystified, receiving them as you did. So many strange things come in the mail these days. We won't tell Rusty, and you can pretend say what you like, when you write him.

Probably none of the men write letters much and he ~~finds it~~ doesn't find a good opportunity to do it either. But I know he likes to hear from you and hadn't heard from his family except for you, when we were up last week.

Wasn't that wonderful about the party they had for Mr Daniels? Seems funny to think he has been in Concord so long and yet came after I left, think I met him once and of course you have often mentioned him and his family.

By the time you get this Mildred and Cousin Jane will be with you. Nice for you and for them too. Just had such a lovely long letter from Cousin Jane and have written to-day about a membership for a friend ~~wh~~ ( in the Thoreau Society ) He really is a friend of Gray Campbells, an ex- coal miner who lived in Canmore and who Gray knew when he was in the Mounted Police. He used to go to his little shack which was filled with books, as Charlie Thackuck was a self educated man, a great admirer of Thoreau too. I think he also raises carrier pigeons, but don't know what that has to do with it. Anyway we think he would enjoy getting the Thoreau Society papers. Please Thank Cousin Jane and tell her I will be writing soon. We were so glad to hear about the legacy Cousin Robert left her, just makes the difference in so many ways and we hope she lives to be at least 100 if she enjoys life as she is doing now.

We are having a hot spell, was really humid yesterday Had thought of going out for a couple of days sketching but have to be here to-morrow to see the Kingmans. We had waited until evening when it would be cool to pack up Monday night and were listening to the Chuck Wagon Races on the Radio from the Stampede, when Mr Reed came. They are just back from their pack trip and we didn't really know if we would see them again. He wanted to tell us all about it and also that his wife was sick, stomach flu, and she was staying in the hotel while they went to Calgary as planned with the 2 little girls to see the Stampede. So we said we would keep an eye on her which we did yesterday. I went over after the others



had left and found her still in bed but getting up soon. We lent her some books and she just loved the one you sent for my birthday of Beatrix Potter. Said she had tried to get a copy but it is out of print already and they hoped there would be a second edition. We picked her up after supper last night and took her for a drive for she was feeling fine by then, It was threatening rain and stormy effects and then all of a sudden at nine o'clock as we were driving down from Norquay there was the most wonderful red glow on the tops of a few mountains, I have never seen it so vivid, perhaps because of the dark blue gray of the sky and mountains, it was like intense light shining through a ruby as it hit Rundle.

We brought her back to the house and talked until eleven. She knows Houston who has been responsible for bringing back so much of the Eskimo Carving. He is an artist and is trying to keep the Eskimo Art from being spoiled but they doubt if they can keep it really original as there is such a demand for it, and they are apt to just turn them out to sell rather than doing it just for the pleasure of carving etc.

She is coming to lunch to-day and I am taking her to the Museum too and then the others come back on the Canadian this afternoon and we are to take Mr Reed to see the Painters. Just as well we didn't go out yesterday for the weather was so hot and the light uninteresting and it was stormy last night and to-day we would have had to come in anyway. Now we are thinking of staying for a few days of Indian Day so as to see our friends, that is next week and before then may go up to Bow Lake for a few days.

Must go now and shop before getting her. at 11. Looks like another hot day.

Loads of love and to the Cousins too.

Catherine

P.S. I forgot to mention that letter about all your callers. Must have been nice to see Miss Penn again, how is she, and then to have Aunt Julie and neice and Russ and Willis Beal and Mercelia with a friend. a busy time for you. How is Aunt Julie's back? Do hope she is O.K. after her fall in Bradford. Quite a time the family had moving to Essex, I expect being near one takes more stuff. Remember we used to have several trunks when we went to Seal Harbor, no one bothers with trunks now-a-days as there is never anyone to handle them and with flying I think people travel lighter. Rusty certainly has it down to very little, just one ~~small bag~~ <sup>medium bag</sup> and he left his traveling clothes with us. Of course he doesn't take extras like writing materials !

It is nice of Edith to drop in and see you, she wrote a long letter from Rockport, awfully good of her I thought when she is so busy.

15. Wed noon. Just got your 2nd letter about the baby wrapping & lbs so glad it came & hope other letter tells of boy or girl etc. Cartoons came too. Will send them back so you can write Rusty.



Banff, Alberta.

Thurs. July 12, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

I keep forgetting to mention things. When you spoke of the good wedding pictures that Mrs Jenny showed you, especially of you and Rusty, Why don't you get a couple from the photographer? We would love to have one. a good Christmas present.

Also when I returned the little papers of the Canadian Artists exhibiting in Lincoln, I never mentioned that I wrote about each one we knew on the back, so unless you dropped them and some flipped over you might not notice. I thought it might be easier for you that way.

Your letter came yesterday afternoon about the Baby and we are anxious to get the mail to-day in hopes that your first letter has come, it may not get here until to-morrow. "e still don't know if it is a boy or girl but are so glad it arrived and Frances must be O.K. if you are to see her so soon. Bet Gil is proud as punch.

We are returning the Cartoons for you to look at more carefully, they really are funny if you look at the details and know anything about the trail, see if Cousin Bert doesn't think them good. Rusty probably thought it told ~~him~~ what he is experiencing better than a letter could. They have a set pinned to the wall in their cabin. Did you show them to Hanna and Helga? or to Russ and Kitty and Gale? Anyway will send them with this so you can have a better look. Don't wonder you were mystified getting them in the mail as you thought from Calgary, so much advertising comes these days.

We had a busy day yesterday. Mrs Reed said she would go to the museum in the morning and Pete said " Why not let Cataarine take you. " so at 11 I picked her up and we spent nearly an hour at the museum and then to the big hotel for her to pick up somethings she had left there, back here for a light lunch which I always think takes longer to prepare than steak dinner, what with salad to make and things to wash etc. We had done the shopping earlier in the morning. Then we talked and did the dishes until three when she had to go and have her hair washed and we met the train with her husband and daughter & friend, for we had arranged to take him to the Painters. He wanted to wash up and rest so we left them at the Mt. Royal, told the Painters when they would be round at five. came back here for nearly an hour ourselves, then picked them up and mean't just to leave them at the Painters, but he insisted we come too, so it was 6 when we got back. Luckily no one came that evening. Now to-day they may drop around before going to Lake Louise, with a book. Then we meet the 10.30 train as the Kingmans may be on that. We are waiting in really for them to see the pictures of an Indian Camp Pete has painted.

*Jim the Stamp*

We can't decide quite what to do, whether to stay for Indian Days or not, We would like to see some of our old friends and yet are so disgusted at the way things go, it is not what it used to be. We also think we might be wise to go off where we don't know anyone and new country and get some sketching outdoors. So don't be surprised if we write we are going off on a bit of a trip. Will keep you posted.

Heaps of love,

Catharine



Banff, Alberta.

Mon. July 16, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

*Ed House*  
We have been trying to get away on our painting trip and one thing after another happens to keep us in another day but looks now as if we might get started to-morrow. Mrs Castle wrote to ask if we would have tea with them at Moraine Lake to-morrow and to see them was one of the things we did want to do, always a bit of a problem as we wear blue Jeans to camp and to go into the hotel *at* one should dress a little more, so this will be fine, then we will go up to Bow Lake for the night and see Rusty again and start out next morning and head North. How far we will go I don't know but we will see how the weather and roads are and what the sketching is like.

If you write us, just keep the letter until we let you know an address to send it to and if you wanted to find us in a hurry just get in touch with Eldon Walls, his telephone number *at house* Banff 3532 in the evening and his office number 2502. He looks after all our business things and would be able to get in touch with us for you quickly anytime. His address is just Banff.

We have had Concord week the last few days, have been quite busy and I can't even remember when I last wrote. The Reeds stayed longer than originally planned as he caught the bug she had. We took her to the summer school one after noon. the same time Lynn Becker came down, that was Friday. Eldon too was over on business matters. The store business is to carry on until fall anyway as long as they keep paying on the accounts they owe. We had to go up and see Syd Vallance ~~had~~ morning to find out definitely and so we now feel free to go away for a bit. That evening the Funkhauser's came to call, they are friends of Russell's. Mrs F. is such a sweet little person, knows the Jennys very well living at October Farm across the road. The two boys were awfully interested in everything and told how they had gone to see you and I think will go and see you again to tell you about their trip. I thought Peter the fair haired one exceptionally good about the Indian Bead work for he always picked out the finest pieces, showed real appreciation. The little girl with them is an exchange student from Switzerland and she too was so excited to be in a real log house. They flew to Calgary, got a company car and were to drive to Jasper and Edmonton. Then fly to Whitehorse, get a car and drive to Alaska I think, then fly to San Francisco and get another drive yourself car. Quite a trip. They stayed until about ten. a nice family. *Expect the Chambers friends anytime. They may have been here when we were out.*

Then Saturday we were busy washing, cleaning and Pete had the Jeep tuned up and Sam came and packed or made a box for the Kingman painting they have bought. ( they came Thursday night after

supper to see it, We had four people from Edmonton that afternoon for tea.) We missed the Kingmans Saturday but they left a message for us to go to the Banff Springs for dinner with them, which we did. Their



son had flown from Toronto, and he had played 18 holes of golf by the time we met them for dinner. Had a good time and they came back here so he could see the painting for he works in New York and might not see it for some time. He used to come out skiing as a little boy, a fine lad now.

~~Yesterday we were up before it was Sunday for it is usually good~~

I forgot Saturday afternoon the Reeds came around for a cup of tea as they were to leave the next day and while they were here who should drive in but Polly Edgerton and two girls, one Gretchen Eliot of Providence and the other some relation of Margory Harwood, named Betsy Perry. We didn't even know they were coming west. Had been to Cowley and stopped a few hours at the ranch to see the Campbells. So we gave them tea too and then they were headed for Lake Louise where they had reservations. They left just before six and we were due at the Banff Springs for dinner and 6.45. Quite a day.

Sunday we were up early to pack the Jeep. The Reeds came by at ten to say goodbye, we got the paints etc. stowed in for we haven't been out for a while and have to check everything. I washed out some shirts, and we worked pretty steadily at one thing or another until three. We had telephoned the 3 girls to ask them to supper for we had such a short visit the afternoon before. Before they got here the Ribey's called in. Dr and Mrs and the son Charles so we gave them tea and then the 3 girls came about 4 and they ate too. We had saved our dinner which was a big steak and with ice cream etc. made quite a meal and they seemd to enjoy it. Didn't head back for Lake Louise until 9 P.M.

There are always so many things to think of at the last minute and do. Another old friend has died but we won't stay for the funeral, sent flowers and a note. Have also left 3 letters for the Indians as Pete thought we better get away before Indian Days if possible.

Must get busy. You will have Cousin Jane and Mildred with you which is nice, do give them our love. and lots to you as always.

Catharine .



Don't expect mail too often from now on. So far haven't found a place to post things. Will write where you should write us after this. July 20, 1956

Dearest Mother.

Haven't had a chance to write the last 3 days. We have covered a lot of ground & still heading north. Are now in Northern B.C. We decided to get any work done we should have time to go into new country where we didn't know anyone & it would be fun to paint.

The Castles asked us for tea on Thursday at Moraine Lake & that gave us a deadline to work to. Monday we packed a lot, also Tuesday morning & left about 2 o'clock. Had a nice visit with Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Castle of Brandon (he has just had his 50th anniversary at Harvard) their son Donald & wife Jackie & 2 boys & Edward Fung the Swiss Guide. We all had tea together. They went back to house & we drove up to Bow Lake for the night. Had a few things for Rusty's birthday. A couple of books & a watermelon. But he was still out on a pack trip with Dr. & Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Simpson & young Jimmy. They were to be gone at least five days maybe longer. So we decided to leave early the next morning. Our plans had been changed so often & we decided not to stay for Indian Days. It's not the same as it used to be what with a line of telephone poles running right through where the teepees used to be. & worst of all they are to have a Queen of Indian Days. That seemed the final straw. a candidate from each of the 3 bands & then one crowned as queen.



We knew the Indians would start arriving on Wednesday so left notes & some money as presents for our special friends.

Remember some time ago you asked if we had read the National Geographic on Alaska. Well we got it out & since they have sort of kept the idea in the back of our heads not knowing whether or not we could take a run up & see some of it for ourselves. Looks now as if we could. It's a long way but all new to us, even the dusty roads.

Have been driving as far as we could each day for the first part isn't too interesting, though we are interested to see country we've heard of so much but never seen before. - Some very beautiful!

We camped at Bow so as to get an early start. Cooked our breakfast & were away by 7.15. Wed. July 18<sup>th</sup>. Were ahead of the morning traffic got to the Icefields by 9.30 & Jasper before lunch. It was a lovely day but getting hot as we drove east towards Edmonton. Picnicked at Pocahontas campground & then out the park gate & on to Edson. Getting there at 2.30. There was a detour because of fresh oil & knowing we could take a short cut to a place called Whitecourt via Peers, we asked the man for Peers; he said "2 blocks & turn right & keep going straight on". We did & others seemed to too. We saw no detour signs we didn't follow. but we went on & on. A car following us disappeared & we were alone & we were alone on a nice country road in the right direction. like a Carlisle road. - We went so far we finally asked a man sitting



on a path with friends. He advised us to keep on  
 "the main travelled road" to Whitecourt. It was  
 hot & dry so the road wouldn't get impossible as  
 it would with rain & on we went. There mostly  
 Spruce & Aspen. a few farms - but very few.  
 a sign to Bear Lake. not on the map. Finally  
 we saw a sign "Pioneer Post Office" down a  
 side road we went. a lady. 2 little girls & a  
 barking dog & getting hotter every minute. She  
 advised us the way to Whitecourt. about 24  
 miles from a cross roads. we found the corner  
 & a sign to Peers to the right. Whitecourt to the  
 left & north, & away we went. five miles  
 further on a sign "Whitecourt 28 miles" so  
 we kept going even if the further we went  
 the greater the distance to go.

We went 70 miles <sup>nealy 3 hours</sup> met a couple of  
 trucks & a car or so. passed a dozen little  
 houses & cleared land. the rest woods. you  
 would have liked the little winding road -  
~~Suddenly~~ - The last bit was freshly  
 gravelled & suddenly we came out on a  
 main gravel road. a filling station & garage  
 & cafe in each direction. & big trailer  
 trucks tearing along in clouds of dust.



Thursday we made an early start at 6.30 AM. breakfast at the cafe. There is little traffic early in the morning & where the roads are nearly all gravel & very dusty, it pays to drive in the morning.

There is a new road from Whitecourt to Valleyview 113 miles, & not a town or filling station all the way. 3 camp grounds were marked by streams or creeks (pronounced "cricks") a few maintenance camps for the men who scrape the roads. but otherwise it was all bush country, much like that north of Lake Superior. Some lovely woods, high spruce, aspen & balsam of gilead. other parts burned over & much muskeg & swamp land. In some places we were high & could see for miles, nothing but woods in all directions. 100 miles or more we could see -

at Valleyview (& just before) there were cleared ~~fields~~ & the Peace River Country opened up. really quite beautiful in its way. It looked so green & fertile. tremendous fields so green & lots of areas of trees which made it quite different from the prairie in Southern Alberta. Saskatchewan & Manitoba. It was rolling like upper New York state but one could see for miles. There was quite a lot of flax fields in flower. a lovely pale blue. made the landscape so varied.



Thursday we made an early start at 6.30 AM. breakfast at the cafe. There is little traffic early in the mornings & where the roads are nearly all gravel & very dusty, it pays to drive in the morning.

There is a new road from Whitecourt to Valleyview 113 miles, & not a town or filling station all the way. 3 camp grounds were marked by streams or creeks (pronounced "cricks") a few maintenance camps for the men who scrape the roads. but otherwise it was all bush country, much like that north of Lake Superior. Some lovely woods, high spruce, aspen & balsam of gilead. other parts burned over & much muskeg & swamp land. In some places we were high & could see for miles, nothing but woods in all directions. 100 miles or more we could see -

at Valleyview (& just before) there were cleared fields & the Peace River Country opened up. really quite beautiful in its way. It looked so green & fertile. tremendous fields so green & lots of areas of trees which made it quite different from the prairie in Southern Alberta, Saskatchewan & Manitoba. It was rolling like upper New York state but one could see for miles. There was quite a lot of flax fields in flower. a lovely pale blue. made the landscape so varied.



Am getting so sleepy will have to continue in my nest. The last 2 nights have been so hot I just couldn't think. It was 90 again today & such dust. Have to keep running windows up & down.

Will mail you a "Mile Post" book of Alaska & the Yukon so you can follow our trip. We have one so I can refer to the pages. 1st part of trip from Whitecourt is page 24 - 25 then on from Dawson Creek where the Alaska highway really starts page 28. We are to-night at mile 397 below Summit Lake in mountains & cool after a thunder storm.

Could you send a letter to us care of "General Delivery" DAWSON, ~~City~~ - YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA.

We should be there in a few days so send it air mail & after that if we move around much will try to wire you where to send mail. - I will write as often as possible.

To hope you are fine & having a good time with Mildred & Cousin Jane.

Heaps of love to all.

Catharine

~~7.5. Because of weekend & missing mail yesterday (it had gone when we reached Watson Lake & no more out til Monday). Never had a chance to post this - Will wire where you better write us - Are now in Whitehorse the Yukon - Sunday -~~



Dawson City  
Yukon, T.  
Tues July 22, 1956

Dearest Mother.

✕ We left Banff just a week ago today & have been on the move ever since. So much to tell you about & no real chance to write letters. By the time we stop at night, wash up, have supper, it is bed time - we have driven 2000 miles to here & most of it on gravel roads, but not until we reached a place called Teslin did it become really interesting & we may stop there on the way back.

Yesterday I sent you a booklet called "The Milepost" which will give you the best idea of where we go. It lists all the places to eat, sleep or get gas etc. If you follow the Alaska Highway log to White Horse you will see where we have been - We branched off 11 miles north to come up here to Dawson, expected to stay a day or two, but may stay until the weekend. It's really quite a place. At one time 35 thousand people lived here, now there are 800. It's full of Klondike history & the Goldrush. Remember the book "I married the Klondike" I sent Christmas? Seems the cabin we are staying in was mentioned in the book. Shall have to find out just when.

Perhaps the best way to tell about the trip so far is to start at Dawson Creek where the Alaska Highway starts - that was where they began construction & the place boomed. <sup>in 1942</sup> Actually it is a lovely spot in the Peace River country, a beautiful valley with gently sloping fields & green & fertile!



It was over 80° & pretty hot. We spent 2 hours having an oil change & talking to an Arizona man with a truck & trailer on his return from a 3 months trip to Alaska. Gave us ideas on roads.

About 4 we left & seemed to run into afternoon traffic as well as a rough road. The dust pretty thick, we kept rolling the windows up ~~down~~ when each car approached in a cloud of dust, so thick there was always a moment you couldn't really see through it. Then down with the windows as we dripped with the heat. One has to keep up with the traffic or be passed & follow in the dust ahead, so all the way we have driven fairly fast. If we pass a slower car we don't like to stop too long or will have to pass them again. It's quite funny. As a rule there is little traffic & the best hours are early in the morning when one meets maybe 10 cars or trucks in the first hundred miles. But leaving Dawson Creek seemed awfully dusty - all heading for the big center.

One of the loveliest spots was crossing the Peace River. We wound down a long hill to the bridge. From the top the valley stretched away on both sides. A wide river & sort of a bench on the opposite side with very green cultivated fields. It was beautiful but we were pressed from behind by a truck & didn't stop to take pictures. Too much dust in any case. Will try to be there early in the morning on the way back & hope it's a nice day. The smell of sweet clover was with us all that 2nd day. Several kinds of clover. tall yellow & white as well as ordinary pink.



Beyond was still cultivated land & a part of the Peace River Country, few fences & really beautiful in the low gradual slopes & lots of areas of woods & trees. ~~The~~

The whole trip has reminded us of other places but always on a huge scale - 10 to 100 times greater in expanse. The Peace River Country is something like upper New York State & its gentle rolling hills, only 10 times bigger.

Did I tell you the Flax fields were in flower. a tiny pale blue flower on a long stem. But the fields were light blue ten miles away as well as close by.

We were hot & dusty & thought Fort St John sounded a likely place to find a cabin. From reading the Mile post. As we drove off the main road we asked a man with a truck where the best cabins were. He said he lived there but didn't know of any he would like to recommend. Didn't consider any really tourist accommodation, & he was right in a way. We kept on & drove up & to the left down the main street & out to the main road again. Such a disappointment. But we have found several places hot & dusty looking at night & quite different in the cool freshness of the early morning when we too feel fresh. But Fort St John was one of the dirtiest & worst looking of any. Even some cars lined up for sale were thick with dust & a new sewer line or water main ~~was~~ being laid didn't add to things.



Pete figures that the sudden influx of construction workers & Army etc building the Alaska Highway made a boom & sort of effected all the old Trading Posts in much the same way. The old character has been lost, except maybe a few odd log buildings & the cheap hurried new construction doesn't fit & the people don't seem to belong.

We did find a motel as we entered the highway. Pan Abode Cabins, very nice at first but run down. The shower felt good & nearby a little café gave us a home cooked supper & we stayed & talked to the lady host after a days cooking & a very large part Indian good natured woman who was even more tired doing a few cabins after a Stampede crowd had used them. It was their hottest day of the year.

Next morning after cooking <sup>and</sup> breakfast we got away at 6.25. It was lovely & cool & clear. That was Friday July 20<sup>th</sup>. Most of that day we drove through wooded sections. Woods for hundreds of miles in all directions. Many burned over sections & river valleys in the distance. Mountains too, very blue. One little place with a creek & meadow we could have camped had we known. Others had a tent set up. We stopped there for gas & had to wait as the lady who ran the place had slept in. a man evidently working his way told us to blow the horn. There was quite a bit of variety as sometimes we were on top of a hog's back with



miles of forest on each side & other times in valleys. Fort Nelson was 90 when we stopped there in early afternoon. Then we headed into the foothills of the Rockies. We had seen them in the distance & later that night were in really mountain country where it was nice and cool.

We had climbed a while & came out fast on a pass very much like the Taconic Trail from Williamstown to Albany - only once more on a much larger scale. The road went across the top & turned to the right winding down through Aspen trees, not maples, & lovely blue mountains in the distance. Gathering clouds. We have had no forest fire smoke as yet & have been fortunate to see all one could of the country we went through.

One place where a spring was mentioned. We stopped & I walked up the secretest smelling little path. all moist & mosquitoey. wonderful cold water, so we filled the thermos & drank a lot as well.

Drove on to Summit Lake, but didn't think the place there looked very tempting for the night. We had been held up about 20 minutes earlier in the day when a small bridge was being fixed & talked to 2 men behind us. & saw them again at Summit Lake. Quite a few people one keeps running into one of these had worked on the road - Alaska Highway.

I forgot the most exciting part of the Friday's trip. As we drove along one very twisty bit of highway where we made dozens of figure 8's



around & between muskegs, we met a car coming too fast who passed us & ~~at~~ a little further on a man was standing beside the road, a car right off & into the ditch. The front wheels dug into the mud. We stopped thinking maybe they had been forced off the road. but they had just been driving a bit too fast themselves & the shoulder was a bit too soft & they had landed in the ditch. must have had quite a bump ~~of~~ over a lot of big boulders & round stones. but the 3 men weren't hurt.

They hoped we could pull them out but it looked pretty doubtful. It was a job for a wreching truck, but there are none on the highway. The Army now charges \$25. an hour to do it as too many people they helped previously for nothing ~~sawed~~ them later for damaging the cars. So unless a big truck happens along you spend many hours in the ditch.

Pete was willing to try & we hooked our chain to this smaller chain only to break this on the first pull & not even budge the car. By then a man from Colorado towing a great 27 foot new trailer with a small truck came along & he stopped. He was delivering the trailer to someone in Anchorage Alaska, charging 31¢ a mile to do it. He said his truck wasn't powerful enough but he had a heavy chain like ours. So they attached that. The driver & owner of the car in the ditch was a nice chap & knew how to do things. So he picked up one wheel at the back end



of the mud. Had to put the jack on rocks. Then he drove his car while Pete started to pull gradually. The car was at least 8 or 10 feet below the road level & nosed into the mud & the chains 20 feet long. The man started his car backing & had snow tires I think & Pete pulled in low compound & out it started to come with much bumping & grinding over the big rocks. It would <sup>not</sup> move until Pete pulled & it was so rough & noisy coming over the boulders Pete paused thinking he was pulling the bottom out of the car. So then they made a shorter hitch & 2<sup>nd</sup> pull it was on the road. They offered to pay but of course we wouldn't take anything. It was all quite an experience.

See that it is noon & mail is collected each day 1 P.M. So will send this much off to-day.

Think we may stay here until Saturday now & reach Fairbanks Monday. So might be time for you to send another air mail! General Delivery to us there.

Loads of Love

Catharine



Whitehorse  
Monday  
July 23, 1956

Dear Mother,

Have at last reached a post office & can tell better what we are doing. It's cool & we aren't driving as far each day. Go to Dawson City in 2 days & may stay there a couple of days, then to Fairbanks -

Send a letter to General Delivery Fairbanks, Alaska right away & be sure it's Air mail. We will write you after this where we will be so you can send your letters to us.

Having a wonderful trip, will write you from Dawson.

Heaps of love

Catharine



Dawson City.  
Yukon Territory  
Thurs. July 26 1956.

Dearest Mother.

Once more I'll try a letter. Pete is trying a sketch but it's too hot for me. We've just finished supper in the only place to eat, The Penguin Café, Chinese but very good. Salmon delicious. King Salmon caught in the river & it's 2000 miles by River to the sea. The fresh blueberry pie wasn't baked but we might stop in on our way home for that. The wild raspberries are good too, along the road side - (we did stop later & it was awful good pie)

This is the most peaceful spot we have ever struck. quiet, not a sound even in the distance at night. No telephone to the Outside, just radio messages - got until a couple of years ago this was the Capital of the Yukon. Their climate is much like ours, a little hotter in summer (about 85° to day) & - 60° in winter. A steady cold probably with no thaws as we are supposed to have. Our little log cabin has been very cool so must be warm in winter. They build a box-like thing all around the houses & I guess fill ~~them~~ it with sawdust. & They all have interesting ventilators, a hole like a stove pipe hole with a hinged round plate on the ~~outside as well as~~ inside & it's screened outside. They must seal all windows tight in winter & this gives plenty of zero air through the house as they seem to be in each room. The box thing keeps the floors warmer.

We are staying now until Sunday morning. It's been very restful after all the steady driving to get here & we didn't want to spend a week end in Fairbanks especially. The water here is nice & soft so have been washing out the dust from the



Alaska Highway. there was plenty of it in our clothes. As Pete said "This is the first afternoon we've taken off." (It was too hot & sunny downtown to sketch) & I said "What! after washing dungarees. 2 shirts, pajamas 3 towels, face clothes & my underwear?" & he took it back. He carried a good many pails of water & helped with the dungarees & I had them all ironed but one shirt by ~~my~~ five o'clock - a goodrest to be sure while they were drying.

Last little I was telling you about the wrecking job we did Friday morning. We stopped at the Belltop Café for a bite of lunch. another construction camp made over but this time run by a little old lady & lots of funny little things & pictures stuck about the one room - her kitchen at the back. In one corner by the door a clean basin & pail of water with paper towels so one could wash their hands. The 3 men came in after us, so we were glad to know their car was working OK.

That night it had been so hot for 3 days we arrived to reach the highest & coolest part of the road Summit Lake in the first range of the Rockies. A storm was threatening, but we didn't think the place at the top looked very good. It's so hard to tell for they were all originally construction camps, tar papered buildings & bare ground. Some have fixed them up quite nicely inside but hardly any have done a thing to attract one from the outside. So one really should go in & have a look. The strangest or maybe I should say, most unexpected people run them. Whether they worked on the highway or a mechanic & his wife would get a chance to take over one. I don't know. Sometimes you hit very good cooks & home made bread etc. It's first chance



We drove past Summit Lake, very lovely in its way  
 & down the valley a few miles to Rocky Mt Lodge. There  
 seemed to be a couple of cabins & they were newly faced  
 with that gray asbestos siding that is imitation stone &  
 green trim. Better than most. Just as we drove in the  
 storm came, a terrific wind & squalls of dust, but we  
 got there before it poured. In fact had taken the best  
 cabin. Very simple but clean & a toilet, though it was  
 a chemical one. & the girl handed us a bottle of hot  
 water which was best of all. We really should have  
 camped but with the storm couldn't have washed up.

Seemed to be a large Southern wife who cooked in a  
 hot kitchen. The man nice but just strolled around  
 the girl, young & 2 small children, her husband thin &  
 young too. After she had served supper & washed up  
 the dishes she & the husband & oldest child about 3  
 cranked up an old car & went fishing. They were poor  
 & sort of sickly looking & none of the people we ran  
 into like that on the highway seemed to be a part of  
 the country. They were slow to warm up & sort of  
 suspicious. Not like those here in the Yukon.

Had a good night & were away at 6 o'clock next morning  
 It was so fresh & lovely after the rain & for a day way  
 mountains. Below where we stayed we passed the  
 man towing the trailer. Camped by a stream. He must  
 have had quite a trip with such a huge trailer.  
 He passed us at White Horse Sunday night.

There had been some very bad washouts in  
 many places in the mountains. The man at Rocky  
 Mt Lodge said it only rained 36 hours but it was  
 like a cloudburst & as many of the mountains are



base or burned over the rain must have poured out. The courses of many creeks were changed & it washed out the road in several places. In fact it was closed for 5 days & people had to stay in Dawson Creek & White Horse for there is no little accommodation enroute. It was opened the day we left Dauph 9 think. So we were lucky. They were still fixing it & will be repairing some sections for the rest of the summer.

Muncho Lake was very lovely & we hope to plan the trip back so as to stop at such places for the night if we can. Have noted camping spots etc. Toad River was interesting, in a river valley & the only real farm or ranch we have seen between the Peace River & White Horse, except for maybe a tiny field. Toad River is a place hunters go out from & they must raise the feed for the horses in winter. Several buildings & nice looking. There before the high way & reached by trail I guess.

The Supplies for Rocky Mt Lodge came from Dawson Creek <sup>over 500 miles</sup> so you can imagine the distance to get things. It was about as far to White Horse. Big trailer trucks freight in supplies & we passed one that had turned over. The ditch full of lovely new potatoes & big juicy tomatoes, all squashed together. We heard about it as far north as White Horse. Seems it was an old truck fighting vegetables not one of the regular ones. Quite a life on the Road. People had gone miles to salvage what they could. Not much was wasted evidently.

There were a couple of attractive places on Muncho Lake. one we stopped for gas & the man was strong & young & a different type. Catering was to tourists



By the Milepost you will see we ran out of the Mountains after a hundred miles. Crossed several large rivers that day. The Laird is famous for travel north, for in the old days <sup>most of</sup> the travel was on the rivers into the far country. Makes one realize the distance they travelled. We stopped for lunch at Lower Post, an Indian Village. Not very interesting, a few old houses along the river bank. A little further a Hudson Bay Store & a U shaped one story building like <sup>Fort</sup> a <sup>several</sup> barracks only fixed up nicely. Inside we felt we had reached another world. White table clothes & sort of tea room service. A city couple having lunch, he had an over coat & she a silk dress & hat. Some have seemed out of place. Their car had broken down. Would have to send to Whitehorse for a new part but the mechanics might be able to weld it well enough to hold he thought. On one side of the dining room with sort of shelves between was a counter & several nice looking Indian girls & boys. The boys were dressed as cowboys! The girls like any teenagers. A music box ~~going~~ playing away. It was all sort of incongruous. Cousin Bert may remember reading of the Laird River & Lower Post etc in the Beaver Magazine.

Some places you expect to be nice like Watson Lake don't really amount to much. They are centers serving a district. There are big air stations near some of maintenance camps, or mines way back. But they seem pretty small when you get there. There was rather a good hotel. real nice inside. & when I asked about mail. It had gone that morning & none out again until Monday. That was one reason



I didn't get a letter mailed. We seemed too far from anywhere.

That was Saturday & in the late afternoon we came to Teslin. crossed the river on a big new bridge. The lake was lovely - miles long. Thought we would stop for night but at Teslin Inn (only place to stay) found there would be a wedding party & very noisy. The man suggested a good campground 15 miles beyond.

We did drive into Teslin Village. looked like an old fashioned summer place in Maine at first. At Castine or somewhere. a couple of stores, an Anglican & Catholic Church. tiny ones. & then in back on the shore overlooking the lake a little Indian Village. They said we could drive down. Tiny cabins of dark weathered logs & wood. Real Caches on stilts behind each one. There is a good picture of one in the milepost. about 4 or 6 feet square & about 8 or 10 feet above the ground on four posts with tin around them to keep animals from climbing up. Some have screening too & a roof on top.

There was an Indian store, just tiny & closed, & opposite a house, a little better looking than the rest. old windows with tiny panes. just room for one window on either side of the center door. A fine looking Indian came out & spoke to us. named Johnstone. He was very friendly, a Klugget Indian. We had quite a chat & he spoke very fine English. We would liked to have stayed. But with the whole town celebrating a wedding it seemed better to try & stop on our return.

We went into one of the stores still open & a nice couple were sitting there waiting to close

Will continue this  
they were very nice. Will continue this  
most orderly store & they were very nice. Will continue this  
Catharine  
not about the next best roads of love  
later.



Dawson City  
Yukon Territory  
3rd. July 28 1956

Dearest Mother,

We are still in Dawson but expect to leave to-morrow. The Ferry doesn't go across the Yukon River until 8 AM. but we wouldn't get packed up much earlier. It's dull to-day. has been awfully hot the last 2 days. Really too hot to sit me but cools off in the evening.

To continue where I left off <sup>Sunday</sup> We were in Teslin

it was starting to rain about 5.30 so we drove on to the Peabie Campground a little off the road in a grove of tiny aspens. a good creek of fresh water running into the lake. There were several others there too. One family set up a big tent before it rained & another with 2 boys, all wore mosquito nets on their beds. We didn't find the mosquitoes too bad. use the 612 which is good. They won't bite though they still buzz round a bit. Had a light supper & a good sleep. It rained gently all night which was good for it settled the dust.

Next morning we drove about 30 miles to Johnson's Crossing where there is a big bridge on the other side a white log building (I think it was) with red trim. It was larger than most other buildings too. Lots of aspen trees & a little greenhouse. gas pump etc. Seemed a busy place big trailer vans and cars.

The minute we stepped inside we felt the comfortable homelike feeling. A large room with sofas & chairs & lots of books & pictures. at the further end the dining room & in back a busy kitchen. Quite a few nice looking people having breakfast & a Danish lady did it all. cooked & waited on table. & was quite a good cook - Everything was good even the home made bread. We noticed lots of Danish litch plates around the wall & shelves with knick knacks like the ones Eleana Campbell has. made like this ~~like this~~

They have shutters to keep in with doors. protection from mosquitoes



It was the best place yet. The husband was a strong tall man. told us he had spent 30 years in the Yukon, came from Greenland. They have four children & now we find out they used to live in Dawson.

It was Sunday & we thought Whitehorse would be a good place for the night, expecting a rather modern town. It wasn't far so we made the side trip to Athol on a lovely long lake. Sounded nice in the milepost but was a little disappointing when we got there. The town I mean. Trouble was we picked a poor place for lunch, decided later it was the bar that they had it for. The food nothing special & the man & boy who ran it didn't seem to feel so. Later when we drove through the town we noticed a tiny log house with a sign "Cafe" & that no doubt was the place to stop.

It was interesting as a place in that there were a couple of old boats tied up & beached & several funny old buildings & mixed in a few newer ones. But Athol too has seen better days. It was the district Strang, who wrote "Never a Dull Moment" was in. Remember his gold mining days in the Yukon. You sent the book back this spring. The country is lovely. We didn't go up the creeks while the mining was.

In the Yukon & northern B.C. the mountains have gentle slopes & it gives the landscape a great sweep. Lots of woods - mostly Aspen & some pine & spruce & lovely lakes all sizes.

The trip to Athol was 60 miles in & back on the same road, but we never mind for it often gives one entirely different views. some glaciers & snow peaks in the distance & large volcanic looking mountains, one right out of the lake.



We then took the fork left via Tagish Landing to Carcross. Went over a long bridge. an old wooden one where the lake narrowed to the river. It was full of Sunday fishermen. Saw a sign "Tagish Trading Post" in the trees on the other side & never realized it too was an old place connected with the Goldrush. Will maybe see it on the return trip.

Carcross was where people stopped in the old days & built rafts & boats to cross Lake Bennett & has a lot of little old log buildings. A few big river & lake boats. Stern wheelers & the railway. We hope to take the trip to Skegway on the train on our return. I think Russ took it during the war. They say it's well worth doing. a narrow gauge line.

We were more interested in getting gas. Should have gotten some in Athin but saw the man go off for lunch & didn't realize there was only 1 pump. Found the man ~~had gone to~~ Whitehorse who owns the only pump in Carcross & the other man with a key was fishing. We asked several people walking around. all strangers in town like ourselves. But one man took Pete way in back to a small cabin & found a man named Tes Evans. a little fellow, born in Dawson & had lived in Carcross 44 years. had been to Athin & Whitehorse but never outside. he went down on the beach. (There is lots of fine sand blows across & forms great sand dunes east of the village) & into a boat they are going to launch where he knew there was a tin with about 3 gallons of gas. & put that in our tank. Didn't want to charge us for it but we gave him a couple of dollars. He was a nice sort. told us how good the fishing was too. So many come to fish.



4

From there we drove to Whitehorse, & along the road passed a group of Indians, a couple of women their hair hanging down, one with a fishing rod, & lots of children & dogs. Just as we got by we realized one dog had 3 small pups was packed. Three small bundles, one on each side, the other on top. The way they used to travel. I think there is a picture in the Milepost of such a group & they looked so much like the ones we saw we are wondering if they do it on Sundays & perhaps people stop for photographs. However there were so few tourists it doesn't seem as if it would pay to do. Maybe they had just been fishing. Was fun to see in any case.

In Whitehorse there were no cabins left in the one & only cabin camp & we don't like leaving so much in the car on the street when one stays in a hotel. So we went back 7 miles or so to McCreas, one of the fishing stations & garage. We had stopped for gas on the way in & the man seemed nice, was from Red Deer Alberta & his wife we found later was used to be a waitress at the Tangle Springs. The place didn't look very attractive outside but inside as neat & clean & nice as could be & the wife was an excellent cook. We had a delicious turkey supper. There were five other people, a couple from Maryland & 3 from California who were friends in separate cars, one with a trailer. Very lively & nice sort. They were in Dawson Creek 5 days because of the washouts but liked it there. Had a good night & showers which was nice at night.

Monday we had a look at the rapids & Miles Canyon, famous in the Gold Rush Days when the men shot them on rafts & in small boats, some on wages & many were drowned. This whole country ~~history~~ is full of history. Pete has read about ~~country~~ it mostly when a boy. Did you ever read Jack London's "Trail of '98"?



Then to the station in Whitehorse where Mr Mc Bride has an office. Sort of information for the visitor. He also has a museum nearby filled with pictures etc to do with the Goldrush. We will see that too on the way back. It's only open in the evenings. It started to rain, a very heavy shower, but we drove around Whitehorse & also looked at the old boats tied up on the river front. They are like those on the Muskegegon only smaller. One, the Yukon they reconditioned 2 years ago thinking to take tourists to Dawson. Flying them in to Whitehorse. But for 2 weeks the River was too low & they also didn't get as many people as they expected. With the result they lost too much. & now there aren't any boats at all this summer for the first year since 1898.

As ~~the Whitehorse~~ one lady said it cost \$200. round trip each & \$100 each way for a car & get to drive the 350 miles wouldn't be very much & all freight is hauled over the road.

We left Whitehorse about noon. Stopped at each place there was for gas. It was a lovely afternoon with beautiful storm effects & not much rain. We just ran through several showers. Stopped first at Carmanah on the river. A little trading post belonging to the same company that had a store in Teslin. A young couple running it. Got gas there & they seemed so hungry for people to talk to. Though in summer I guess they have quite a few. Mostly Indians in old little log houses along the river front. A church & all very quiet. Our first Ferry was there, across the Yukon & run by Indians. Very fast really. You head on & back off on the other side.



We drove about 250 miles. Carward would have been a good place to camp & something to see but the other places were just a little wooden building of some sort with "Cafe" on a sign & a pump & not much else. Even the pumps are the old fashioned kind. We had 2 more berries & had thought of stopping at the last one, but it was the worst of all, very muddy & untidy looking though the man seemed nice enough. He advised us to camp 15 miles up the road on the other side of the river which we did. 100 miles this side of Dawson. 2 cars only passed while we spent the night on a flat of gravel near a creek. Mosquitoes thick. Pete wore his net which we got from Eaton's catalogue for painting. Has a piece of plastic to see through. Pete is so afraid he will hit at a mosquito & knock his glasses off. I relied on the 612. & we had supper, even if Pete did find it a little awkward. Lifting the net each time for a mouthful! We flit the car out with the windows closed. Then after all bugs are dead open the back ones with nothing on them. Works fine.

Tuesday we were up early for the drive to Dawson. Passed only a few old cabins, most deserted & one old bridge we crossed. In the valley of the Klondike, we rounded a bend with a lovely little farm, a few tiny fields.

The growth here is very luxuriant & more like the B.C. Coast. wonderful berries, raspberries blueberries & Saskatoons.



One thing we have had all the way is fireweed - lining the roads. It was especially vivid on the way from Whitehorse & that evening the hills were literally pink with it. Certain ~~valleys~~ <sup>sections</sup> in old burned over sections but from a distance it made the mountain side rose colored. Too far away to photograph & too late that evening, & of course later next morning didn't see as much.

We came through a little mining town named Bear Creek & the houses were surrounded with flowers. Had we realized there wouldn't be another as pretty we would have gotten a picture for you. Every place seems to have a little greenhouse about 6' x 8' & Tomatoes ripening inside.

I've almost gotten you to Dawson itself. Have been writing you while Pete has been making pencil sketches so there have been many interruptions. Now we are going back to our cabin. It's after 8. The sun still shining. We leave to-morrow but this is the sort of place one gets attached to & everyone says hello or waves in a friendly way.

Will post this to-night & hope it goes soon & then I will send another from Fairbanks.

Heaps of love  
Catharine



Alaskan Mtn  
Fairbanks  
Alaska.  
Mon July 30 - 1956

Dearest Mother,

We reached Fairbanks this morning about 11  
were very lucky in many ways. Came right in the main  
road & past the Post Office, turned right on 1st One Way St  
& found a parking place & even the meter had 20 minutes  
left! Pete got the mail. A recent letter from you after mine  
from White Horse & then 3 forwarded on from Bauff. Also  
one from Eldon Wells who is looking after our mail & he  
said Rusty had been in - had seen Dr Mackenzie. He  
had to have liquid drained from his knee. wrote Eldon  
& then added "I talked to Dr Mackenzie and he said all is  
fine & Rusty has gone back to Bow Lake". So all seems  
O.K. there. Perhaps it was water on the knee from a  
bruise. Too bad we weren't there at the time but then  
we wouldn't have been in Bauff in any case probably.  
When we get home will take Rusty on a bit of a  
trip perhaps. ~~we~~ might enjoy the ranch.

after getting the mail turned right at the  
next corner & happened to see a motel. The double dealer  
type right in the heart of the city. Had passed a few  
on the ads coming in but the district seemed  
very poor & we fear it is as bad as it looks. We  
pulled into another parking spot, only one anywhere  
& Pete enquired. Very difficult to find tourist  
accommodation & they were filled up. many permanent  
guests. The girl was helpful & started telephoning  
other places. one 4 miles out near the college. & while  
waiting for the call a family gave up their room  
so she turned to Pete & said "you can have that"



So here we are upstairs to be sure but the jeep parked below. A fine restaurant in the same building as the bank across the street. The Post Office around a block & even the oil changed across the street at a good filling station!

Have had showers & washed out a few things & have been out to the museum at the college. A nice small collection of things.

Had thought of going to hit McKinley but find from the people also in a jeep who gave up this room ~~who~~ who had just returned from there that the trip isn't too easy. You can ship your car on an open flat car on the Railroad. Take it at 3 P.M. take the night train yourself & sleep in the station there waiting for your car to be unloaded. Coming back because of other freight their car was late etc. A road is being built in so we might as well wait for that some other year. There are plenty of mountains to see in other parts so we expect to leave tomorrow morning for Anchorage or Homer or Valdez. all in the same general direction. The Richardson Highway down to the Glenn Highway back.

You better send one letter to General Delivery. ANCHORAGE. ALASKA, and then start sending letters to General Delivery WHITEHORSE. YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA, and then we will keep you posted how we get on. Be sure it goes Air mail to both places.

Will write you more about Dawson maybe to night. Seems strange to have the <sup>Tanana</sup> ~~underbrush~~ more like New England than what one would expect up here. Loads of love from us both.

haven't even said how nice it was hearing from you & all

And Julie gets to bed too. She loves it so much there.



Fairbanks  
Alaska.

Tues. July 31, 1956.

Dearest Mother.

It is raining hard so we have decided to stay one more day & have something fixed on the flap. & maybe I can write letters. This is the first not written on my lap.

I think we have all your nice letters. Another came to-day forwarded from Dauff. Am glad Rusty wrote you at last. Don't wonder you felt tired after the <sup>convention</sup> ~~reset~~. Just the going on & people in the house makes a difference. Just nice to have the company. It must be fun having Gale drop in for a night or a meal. I don't wonder you get mixed who's friends are which. After all Patsy Bailey is Mrs Charlotte Braune's granddaughter as Gale is yours.

a "Stampede" is what Calgary calls it's Annual Rodeo. Started as a sort of Fair, horse races, displays, cooking & flower exhibits etc. Now it has ~~been~~ horse bareback riding, calf roping etc. ~~so famous~~ the week of the Calgary Stampede is famous.

Didn't realize Aunt Julie had broken a rib. What a hard time she has had the last few years. Do hope she gets to Bradford.

Am glad you got the cartoons. They aren't exactly pretty but are good caricatures of what goes on on trips like the Trail Ride. Also glad Rusty wrote you (See I have written that before, this is being scribbled in bits & pieces). Maybe he takes after you father in writing letters.

It will be fun having the new baby just across the road. Hope Frances didn't have a difficult time - what fun they will have with



a bay of their own.

Shall be interested to hear what you thought of the paintings of the Canadian Artist we knew. There are several fine artists up here. Some of their paintings are in the bank. Zeigler is one & Huerlin (or something like that) another.

The Finkhausers came to see us because of Russ & Kitty. He was out here last year when we were in Concord & missed us. The boys know Rusty & also you. Maybe have been at the Jermys when you were there or with Rusty or someone. They said you didn't seem to know them, but I think it was good of them to go & see you. Probably they know you by sight. One is a great friend of David Newburs, that's probably how he knew you. Mrs Finkhauser is a very nice person & knows Frances. She said she would tell you about the visit.

Remember you gave me the letters you wrote from an European trip to read last time in Concord. Remember that party with the Buperts relatives well.

Think I've answered your recent letters. Thanks too for the clippings. Haven't read them all as yet.

We aren't sure how long we will stay up here. depends a bit on the weather. It's still raining. To-morrow, Aug 1st, will head back the Richardson highway which 1st 100 miles is also part of Alaska highway. Then south towards Anchorage. We think we'd like to get to the sea & want to go to Homer at the end of that road. If time will try Valdez & Seward & then start for home. Write us to ~~WHITE HORSE~~ WHITE HORSE - YUKON TERRITORY ~~for~~ until ~~we~~ ~~only~~ to send Air Mail. then to Bayliff again.

Aug 7th



1.  
Later, July 31<sup>st</sup> 1956. Fairbanks. Alaska.

X Pete is sketching the first engine used on the Alaska Railway. The littlest one I ever saw. "real cute". burned wood or maybe oil. Pete said they called them dinkies. X

Thought I'd better tell you more about Dawson City. We really enjoyed it. At one time there were 35 thousand people in & around Dawson, those seeking gold on the various creeks & the ones providing utilities etc. Now there are about 300 permanent ones - & a lot of them old men who seem a bit like the old buildups. They live in little cabins, most of them askews due to the perma frost & some in the old mans home in the ex commissioner's residence over looking the river next the hospital. Behind the old Police barracks, for there used to be a lot of North west Mounted Police Stationed there. 60 at one time.

We got in about 11 on Thursday, a lovely warm summers day. Went right to Mrs Whitehouse's cabins & I think I told you she let us have an old log one next to this house. They had bought it & were going to tear it down, but people liked it so they have left it with the old furniture & great big air tight stove. We never had a fire, the days were warm & the late evenings & early mornings not too chilly. Never even closed the front door. Reminded me of Maine some how. Gotham perhaps. We looked out the screen door across the road to the river - (lovely sunsets) & a weeping beech tree was planted on one side which shaded the porch. Very quiet & peaceful. a little fletcher, like a shed at the back. We cooked our own breakfast on our camp stove. Had a cold lunch & then a good hot dinner & a drink at night. It stayed light until late. The sun would start setting about 9 & one night the highest red was at 10.30 P.M. Another night I woke up to see it still orange in the western sky. Seemed like the middle of the night.



We didn't do anything very exciting. Pete sketched with pencil several of the old buildings. That's when I wrote you. We went to the Museum in the old Fire Hall, where all sorts of old things had been brought, but not arranged. Mrs. Gaundron who was 50 & born in Dawson showed us around. Next day she had measles. We spoke to her father Mr. Ballentine who came over the Chilkoot Pass & has been there ever since. 70 82 or 84 I think, came in '98. Was born in New Brunswick but hasn't been back. Was working as a carpenter & builder in Boston when he left for the Klondike in '98. It's really interesting. There were others too who had lived there a long time.

The last afternoon we went through the Old Auditorium, a theater really & quite famous in its day. The stage would fascinate anyone interested in that sort of thing, the old backdrops & everything. There were 2 tiers of boxes & the old man told us a lot of stories about how the price of a drink went up as you climbed higher. Must have been very gay at one time.

Unfortunately it is hard to keep the old buildings. They are many of them tumbling down & have been used for all sorts of things in their time. Many have windows broken & sag due to poor foundations. One store still in business dropped off its ~~new~~ foundation somehow & they were repairing it & fixing it up while we were there. They were still doing business though you stepped down into it about a foot. Nearly all the side walks were board ones & fire wood & willows & tall grass were being cut along the streets but had grown up around the abandoned buildings. & such a pile of junk in some of them. as if people had poured



over the contents taking what seemed worth while. It was sad in some ways, but the people were all so friendly & said "hello" when passing on the street. Quite a few were Indians. Some of the little houses had lovely gardens or window boxes. Biggest potato plants with big white & pink blossoms I have ever seen & many had tiny greenhouses & you could see Tomatoes growing inside.

We also drove up to "The Dome" one afternoon, 5 miles & about 2000 feet above the town. A great big hill, bare on top. Other wise aspens & berry bushes, quite thick growth. The surrounding country was all hilly & covered with spruce & evergreen. Range after range of rounded hills. The creeks between leading to the big rivers like the Klondike & Yukon.

It was very dramatic the day we drove up as there was a thunder storm first a couple of hills beyond the river. Very black & streaks of rain. The hills went back & back each a different shade of blue. The river wound through & by Dawson & off to the north. We should have stayed to sketch it but expected the storm to hit any minute, though in the end it went around.

We also spent an evening with the Whitehouses & their Alaskan friends. Never did catch their name. He is head of the roads in the Big Delta section of Alaska & she at one time must have been a dancer. Pete always tells by the call of their legs, so well developed, but she wasn't a bad sort. They had a little room off our kitchen with a separate outside door. The Whitehouse daughter is taking a business course in Calgary & the son works in Dawson. a nice lad. We think they have a little Indian blood perhaps but fine sort. Mr Whitehouse has a good collection of old time photographs he showed us. He works for the road department. In charge I believe.



Friday & Saturday were too hot to suit me & a very pale sky. The previous days had big clouds ending in welcome showers. We were down town in the mornings & then during the hottest part of the day washed out some of our clothes, quite a job as we carried water & heated it on the stove.

Sunday morning we left as early as the first ferry across the Yukon - 8 A.M. It had rained earlier but luckily was only dull most of the day, a few heavy showers later on & the road quite slippery in spots. Our 4 wheel drive came in handy.

It was a most interesting trip. From the river we went right up through woods to the top of the hill we had seen the road from the Dome. Once on top we stayed for 40 or 50 miles. How they ever discovered the logs back I don't know. On both sides were slopes & valleys leading down & all heavily wooded. Yet we wound across country always on the top of a ridge. It was amazing. As we approached the boundary between the Yukon & Alaska we must have gone higher for the hills were bare & open on top. Reminded us of pictures of the mountains in Scotland. We only passed a few cars, maybe see headed for Dawson.

At the border was a white house & the Canadian Customs. A Mounted Police, with wife. His wife was French & 3 little girls. They are there first 3 months while the road is open in summer. French part was she used to be a nurse in Bauff & asked about a lot of people like Dr Robinson & MacKenzie etc.

A few miles further on we came to Landry on the Alaska side. All Log cabins, a gas pump, an emergency landing strip & a man & his wife. She was cooking, gave us a sandwich & coffee as it was too early for dinner we gained an hour. Alaska time.



while these 2 Michigan men came in. You meet  
more people - Mr Dawson got talking on the street with  
a Wyoming couple. people always ask where you  
are from. seems he was Judge Metz of Basin.  
Wyoming & they knew the Simpsons very well as it  
was there Margaret died. Maybe Cousin Bert knows  
of them. Percy Metz & quite a talker near Cody entrance.

The country wasn't quite as interesting that  
afternoon & it rained off & on. but always puts  
very interesting. one lovely purple mountain, like  
Scotland again.

Didn't know where to stop but wanted to  
get as far as we could on Alaska Highway towards  
~~Delta~~ Fairbanks so to get here in morning, better chance  
of accommodation. Had figured Dot Lake would be  
about right & then I read about one being welcome at  
the Church Services & that they were missionaries &  
being a Sunday that put Pete off. So we decided on  
Halfway Inn!

Turned out to be rather dirty, a little man  
(reminded me of Mr Smith. Mr Reyes artist friend in  
Billerica) & his Indian wife & 2 tiny little girls.  
The place very run down. One man eating supper.  
So we did too. It was very good for that sort of  
place & then we noticed some paintings on the wall  
& they were his. He studied in Seattle. started to  
warm up & talked a lot. seemed sort of hungry  
& be with another artist again. We felt sorry  
for him & decided to sleep nearby & have our  
breakfast there. He told us we could go down a  
little road to the river bank. The Tanana River  
was flowing by with great force.



The mosquitoes were thick so we got in the jeep. We are quite proficient at doing everything by moving things about carefully & making up the beds etc. & both of us setting our beds out of the bugs -

Funny part was that it started to pour during the night. Each of us had the same thought. The little road up the hill could become very slippery. So we decided to move up to the main road. Shifted things back & about 3 AM drove up. Then once more moved the stuff like Cameras, Thermos of water & Paul. Box of Zita food. Pete's city coat & my best sweater in a cellophane bag etc all onto the drivers seat & went to bed again. We were right next to a big trailer truck also parked in front of the Inn.

It was still pouring when we got up about 6 & we even managed to wash inside. With real System. It works fine. Had a good breakfast & were on our way. Seems about 12 road construction men were staying there & they had just finished their breakfast when we went in for ours.

Oh yes. In got the afternoon before helped by pulling another car out of some loose gravel at the side of the road. A man with his wife & 2 kids.

I'll probably think of other things I meant to tell you but this is enough poor handwriting to figure out. Oh yes. The man at Halfway Inn said he hoped to sell place. Had other investments in Fairbanks to live on & then could paint again. We tried to encourage him all we could.

Loads of love from us both

Catharine



Homer, Alaska.

Sat. Aug. 4, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Am not doing very well in writing since leaving Fairbanks. When we are on the move it is hard to get a chance. We really are having a wonderful trip. But are covering more country than doing much sketching & on the whole have been so lucky with weather. Even if we don't get many sketches we will know where to come another time.

Think I told you we stayed over a day in Fairbanks as it rained nearly all day off & on. Had thought of getting a new something not too important on the Jeep but they were too busy. Pete made a pencil sketch of the first engine of the Alaska ~~Highway~~ Railway at the Station & we snapped a bit. I wrote letters.

Thursday morning I was starting to clear. We were up early. Had a good breakfast at 6 o'clock when the Café opened & left before 7 in a line of cars for the Airfield. There are 3 important ones there & for the first 25 miles the speed limit starts at 15 miles an hour, then 25 & finally 35 so everyone gets a bit impatient. It's nearly 100 miles to the ~~Far~~ Delta Junction where we turned off on the Richardson Highway - new to us from there on.

The road went up gradually for a long way & as you looked back you could see how really tremendous the Delta is. It was clear enough for us to see well, only a few clouds on certain peaks. It was lovely Alpine looking country, very green & tiny lakes. A high hill on our right we could easily



climb, probably higher than it looked & open slopes  
 & then on the left distant peaks we couldn't see for  
 clouds. However further on we went through very  
 interesting mountains. So different from ours.  
 Tree line is at 3000 feet (ours in the Canadian  
 Rockies is 7500) and so above that the slopes are  
 green. Bush & grass. Also they have lots of reds  
 & more color in the soil & rock. Many are volcanic.  
 The valleys are low in altitude so the mountains  
 seem enormous & peaking ~~above~~ the clouds & often  
 in behind the nearby range will be glimpses of  
 icy peaks & glaciers.

Luckily we waited over a day as otherwise  
 we would have had rain & seen little. It was  
 all very interesting the streams & glaciers etc.

At noon we drove along a lake, a wonderful  
 mountain & glacier off in one direction & open slopes  
 in others. Great hunting for big game. Stopped for  
 gas at a tiny place. There were 2 small places  
 moved behind the little white building. Saw  
 the Café sign, so decided to have a bite there.  
 Found about 6 stools at a counter the kitchen  
 right behind. A very pleasant lady cooking.  
 The man was a guide, spoke a little & they went  
 out so we chatted while we ate with the lady.  
 She was there for the summer. Her son has been with  
 the Signal Corp in Alaska for 4 years so she came  
 up & cooked at a hospital for a while. She was a  
 wonderful cook, home made bread, delicious salad,  
 spaghetti & meat balls & the best lemon pie we have  
 ever had. She lived in Montana & Washington & other  
 places. When we said we came from Sauff. she had  
 never heard of it, but wondered if it were near  
 Sitka, Alaska!



From there it was down hill & into wooded & musky country & lots of lakes. An awful lot of country only good for hunting. It rained a bit later on. We headed for Valdez thinking to take that trip before going on to Anchorage. At first we went up a ~~road~~ wide valley following the Copper River & then there were mountains on either side. They got higher & the valley narrower & the stream in a canyon in one place. We hadn't expected particularly wonderful scenery in that part but it turned out to be the most exciting & dramatic of any. It was so green the lush undergrowth & the sides of the mountains almost tropical looking they were so green & wet & fresh with rain.

We are used to spruce trees & lots of shale slopes & rocks. But the Alaskan mountains have green ash & a sort of alder bush & lots of willow & are green grass right up to the tops of all but the most rocky or snow capped mountains. They seemed high & very rugged. Nice shapes too & graceful slopes. So all so green in the rain with clouds around the tops making them seem even higher.

The road was all paved except for a few miles they are working on & no dust on the trees along the roadside. We climbed higher & higher, winding about, one very lovely glacier at the head of the valley & still we went up. Past rushing creeks from either side into the main river & past the sheds where the snow plows must be kept. We noticed tall 12 foot stakes along the road to show where it was for plowing. & still we went up right into the clouds. It was a terrific climb to a long day & we did enjoy it.



Finally we were right in the clouds as we went over the pass & all we could see below us was land as the bank dropped down steeply. The grade was rather steep. Pete was driving & had to follow the yellow line in the center of the road for everything seemed to melt into each other. The gray road, rocks & cloud.

I caught glimpses through clouds of green way below & gradually we wound down into another valley. It was really thrilling. For as we went down rising way above us were more glaciers & peaks ahead. I just can't describe it. We seemed to be the only car for it was about six o'clock by then.

At the bottom of the long grade we entered a narrow gorge. a rushing river & barely room for the road. The walls of the Canyon on either side very interesting rock formations & everything so green where anything can grow. We even went through a tunnel in one place & in another high waterfalls came crashing off the Canyon walls. 3 quite close together. Everything up here seems to grow bigger in size, the flowers extra large. There were ferns growing too & all sorts of things.

Out of the Canyon we drove nearly ten miles through large Cotton woods. high mountains on either side. glaciers & snow coming right down to sea level in some places.

We were in Valdez a little village, the most northerly ice free port & therefore an important shipping center, especially in winter. Great fleets of enormous trucks go up over that road & come roaring back down for more loads. Luckily



we didn't meet any in bad places. In fact met  
but 2 all day but that evening heard about 10 or 12  
going out of town. They are the biggest transport trucks.

It had been raining the streets all puddles &  
pot holes but it had a lot of character. Little  
peaked roof houses & very paintable. There were  
two hotels & one motel, but that was full so we  
decided to camp as others did out on a flat level  
place near the sea. An old landing strip for planes.

Had supper in a very good place full of others like  
ourselves. 2 girls from Toronto sat with us & we  
had fun comparing notes. Then drove out & turned  
in. It stays light all night & makes it easy camping.

We did think of sketching next morning but spent  
too much time looking for good spots & in the  
course of driving round saw a stream with the  
Salmon starting to spawn. Some go hundreds of  
miles up streams & others as these only a few  
hundred yards <sup>from the sea</sup>. They were thick. Great big  
salmon & seemed in some cases to be fighting for  
certain spots. The sea gulls waiting near the  
sea for those that died & floated down. There  
was quite a few people watching too. more fisher-  
men than we were. One bear was coming down to fish  
but ~~was frightened off by the people~~ they just scoop them out.  
We finally decided to move on as it wasn't  
good light for sketching & unless we stayed several  
days we might as well get on past Anchorage  
for the weekend. The roads are too crowded Sundays for pleasure.

It was lovely again on the drive up through  
the mountains. Not as spectacular as the clouds  
& light the evening before but we could see more



of the mountains. Drove up to the glacier which had the bluest crevasses I've ever seen other on down the valley. Had a picnic lunch.

Once more we had entirely different scenery towards Anchorage. Could look way across a flat of trees & even to a range of the Chugach mountains & regular river of ice seemed to be coming out in a couple of places with snow capped peaks rising right out of the ice.

Even saw 9 Dall sheep on a slope in the other direction & there were many little lakes. The road high on one side of the valley.

It's always hard to know where to stay & we passed a couple about 4 that looked good but it was too early to stop. Later the places were most unattractive so we finally camped out. Found a good spot near a river in a grove of balsam of Pileas & cooked our supper.

We also went through a valley & could look down on the Matanuska Glacier. It didn't seem real. The ice was a chalky white & a long tongue of ice across the valley from our road. There were great storms or squalls of rain & rainbows & all sorts of strange effects, all very lovely to see.

Friday we were up early, made breakfast & left for Anchorage. Lovely country. Mountains sometimes like B.C. near the Fraser valley & others like Hawaiian mountains, volcanic & tree covered & very green.

We drove along the edge of the Matanuska Valley where they brought in many families from the dust bowl in the thirties. There is quite a list about it in the National Geographic.

Continued in next letter.



Wonderful lush growth & hay & tremendous potatoes grow here. I expect New Englanders would have suited the country better as the land has to be cleared. It is nice country side, lots of trees & attractive little places. Never realized before how near it was to Anchorage. It also is on an arm of the sea.

Anchorage itself has a good location on high ground. The approach not too attractive as in Fairbanks with little messy bars, cafe, trailer parks & garages. But the city itself was very clean & modern. It is the fastest growing city in North America. About 65,000 now.

We enquired at the Police for the Post Office. They were exceptionally nice (but the people are all very friendly up here) then drove into the center, found no mail so left for Homer. Will stop in again on the way back though.

From Anchorage we had another spectacular drive along Turnagain Arm of Cook Inlet. The road was above the railroad & a wonderful Panorama of Peaks, distant glaciers & the tide out, with lovely sweeping patches of sand. We were over an hour driving around the Arm & then down a flat to Portage. From there up into the mountains again. Entirely different other valleys. This one nice spruce & alpine meadows & green & lovely. None of it seems very northern or bleak looking. & still lots of fireweed, wild marigolds, dark purple & like the garden variety, & bellabore. Almost the size of shrubs. We have it in the rocks in certain places. Like tremendous Queen Anne's lace & is lovely mixed in with the fireweed. Lovely patches of lupin too.

The road was paved & good until after lunch. We stopped at yet another Summit Lake, a lovely one in the willow & aspen country. It was overcast then.



A family ran the place. Year round & an attractive log building. Relations there in the summer, the man fishing rooms upstairs & his wife waiting on table. By the size of all of them including the plump little girl we could have guessed the food was awfully good.

About 5 miles beyond there we turned off onto the Sterling road & for 5 hours had plenty of rough dusty gravel road. The country wasn't as interesting either so we began to wonder if we were making a mistake. The first part was along lakes & rivers & nice country for summer cabins. People seemed to be doing a lot of fishing & all the way we had more traffic than before. Then a large burned over area & construction with a detour. More fishing places & then we came to Cook Inlet & could see the row of Mt Peakers on the further shore. On our side was a large slope & no mountains. We could see eventually it will be good farming country & even now there are little homesteads & a few cows. Wonderful fishing & big game. In fact we passed through one section a national park & game preserve on the Kenai Peninsula.

It wasn't quite what we expected. We drove down into Nisilichili (?) a picture is in the Mile Post but it wasn't as picturesque as we thought it might be. The most interesting thing we saw were 2 volcanoes which rose above the row of Mt Peaks on the opposite shore. They were way above a band of cloud & looked out of proportion they were so big, 10,000 or more feet high. An awful lot from sea level. Iliamna & Redoubt. It was really the rough road with so much wash board that made it a tiresome drive. We passed 3 Radar warning stations. The towers up but other construction work going on & between them were lots of trucks going much too fast.



I think it was about 6 when we got to Homer. Really a nice spot & we were very lucky to find a nice Motel. Little neat log cabins where we can cook too. The water is hauled in so we dip it out of barrels, & lovely Aluminum sided & roofed privies. All under large Spruce trees. A nice couple from Fairbanks run it. However there isn't enough water to wash out clothes though we had some things done at the laundry yesterday. They hope to get a new well, 10. a foot to dig.

The village is all scattered through the trees & it's very dusty. Nothing very picturesque about it, though each place is good of it's kind. In back of the town is a bunch with little farms & tiny ones, vegetable gardens or a little hay & cabin's perched just off the road winding up the hill. All very individual in character. Some shacks & others nice little places. Look like summer cabins. They hope this will become a popular summer & tourist place & once the road is paved it may -

It overlooks ~~Kachemak Bay~~ <sup>Kachemak Bay</sup> with the ~~Kachemak~~ <sup>Kachemak</sup> Kenai Mountains on the opposite shore. Must be lovely over there with seven huge glaciers & lots of little islands too. but quite a way across, maybe 20 miles. They have a chartered boat trip which takes a full day but the light has been very bright, sort of diffused & hard on the eyes. We are wondering if it is always like this. There is a Spit which goes out from Homer  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles into the Bay. An Airfield on the first part & the docks at the end of the real spit. Lots of gravel & black & gray sand not too pretty. The Pier isn't very interesting & too many old trucks etc left about.



There is a cannery or freezing plant at the end too & truckloads of crabs still wigging were there ready to be done. Two maws ones as large in body as this page.

We ~~had~~ took a drive yesterday morning up onto the hill back of Homer. Skyline Ridge & a lovely view across the Bay. Lots of fireweed & euporbia too & hay 4 to 5 feet high. Then we tried a sketch of old boats but found the light hard. Had fried crab legs at a little Inn on the Spit, a most attractive place & the other couple there with a man were remarking how it reminded them of Nantucket. - Martha's Vineyard. It was delicious & we are going back to night. Too much for a meal for more than once a day.

On the way back we went to the Wild Berry Place & sent you a box to try. The couple preserve all sorts of wild berries & some specially grown & combine them. Have made a real business of it. Thought you & Mercelia could sample them. They have a wonderful kitchen just behind & a little gift shop all native things, a lot of very amateurish pictures painted & decorated on things etc.

Didn't go out in the evening too many young boys tearing about in cars with dust & rocks flying. So we are staying over today too. So far the light hasn't been very good. Sort of dull & flat night improve later on.

From here we leave early in the A.M. for Seward. May stay there a night if we like it. Then to Anchorage for mail. From there we head back the Glenn Highway to Whitehorse with a side trip to Fairbanks. Should be home next week sometime via Bow Lake.

Will send this in 2 envelopes. First part is in other envelope. You can write from now on to Banff. Goods of love

Catharine

Active volcanoes in the Alaskan chain area & we are wondering if that makes it very here. Fog came in a day further up the Bay yesterday.



Seward Alaska,  
Mon. Aug 6, 1956,

Dearest Mother,

We are having an oil change in the Jeep so just thought it a good chance to write you, or at least start a letter. We have run into rain & as we can't see the mountains at Seward will not stay over night. It looks like a settled in rain. In fact all day yesterday at Homer it seemed to be threatening a storm. It was dull & sort of still & last night began to rain. Rained all night & all today but it was better than the dust & we had seen the scenery pretty well on the trip out so didn't mind missing ~~the~~ it on our return. Wasn't much compared to Valdez - Distant peaks & ranges & the 2 Volcanoes across Cook Inlet. So big they were unreal. Actually we had to keep our eyes so glued to the road to see the holes & washboard we hadn't much chance to look about.

Think I wrote Saturday from Homer. Yesterday was Sunday & we were up early thinking we might sketch. But the light was so hard on the eyes we didn't. It was sort of hazy, even brighter than straight sun light. We are wondering if the 32 Active Volcanoes in the Alutians might cause some of the haze. It was still too. In fact we have had very little wind any of the time, just a few times on mountain passes.

We made our lunch in the cabin & I wrote some letters etc. We also fixed a few things & in the evening went out to the drift wood run for more fried Crab legs. They were just as delicious also some local clam chowder. Two girls (sister-in-laws run the place) one cooks, the other serves &



they do it very well. The one who serves has a Southern accent, but we notice lots of Southerners up here. When we were leaving they asked if we were going to move to Homer. I guess most people stay just one night.

There seem to be quite a few little houses that look as if people had built them to retire to. The couple who ran the motel came from Fairbanks had worked hard all their lives & still have a house here. Came to Homer last summer on a trip & fell in love with the place. Decided to buy the little log house & 5 cabins they could operate each summer & then go "Outside" each winter & travel a bit. I guess quite a few do that sort of thing. Homer has the feeling of a place in Maine like Castine or Wiscasset perhaps. Fishing & a Crab Industry, a Cannery on the Pier.

This morning we got up when we woke about 4.30 & left at 6 after cooking breakfast. Took us 6 hours to do the 137 miles stopping for coffee at Kenai Junction. We missed the traffic by leaving early. They are building 3 radar stations, part of the DeW Line I guess & we found going to Homer there was lots of traffic between those & road construction crews & the group had just tear down in government cars. There were also lots of fishermen going & coming but today was better. Holiday fishermen looking for Salmon & Trout.

We wanted to see Seward & it is only 35 miles from the Junction so just drove down but the clouds are low & we can't see a great deal.



after writing the other pages the oil was changed & jeep greased so we started off again. The clouds were lifting by then & we got a pretty good idea of Seward. A lovely situation for a town. Mountains all around & nice little houses. Evidently bombed during the war & a camp was there. All these Alaskan places show the effects of the war. It brought in a lot of people, not always suited to the Country.

The drive was quite different going back as we could see more but it looked as if the clouds would shut in again any moment. Some of the mountains were so green & one valley just lovely - meadows & spruce & green slopes above.

We got to Portage about 5 o'clock I think & drove the 7 miles out to Portage Glacier. It was real stormy & raining up that valley. Had been a construction camp during the war for a Tunnel on the Railway to Whittier a port - but that has been removed & it is now a recreational area & a new hotel is to be built.

It was really an amazing sight. The glacier ice breaks off into a small lake which empties into the river & it was full of big blocks of ice bobbing around you might say. All sizes & shapes & some a lovely blue - like bluing in a laundry. Then in back were two long ice blocks the size of a house & in between up on end a tall ice block. Hard to visualize the size. But it stood up over the hill the parking space was on. Looked like this -





all around mountains & glaciers, very indistinct in the rain. It was cold too

but a remarkable sight.

From there we drove on about 20 miles to Indian house on Tern Again Mkt. Capt Cook came up looking for the North West Passage & turned there. It was lovely the other day with the tide out & we thought we might see the Tidal Bore that comes up when the tide starts coming in.

Indian house looked fairly nice & only place we saw out side Anchorage. So got a cabin. Wash + too clean but the bed was fresh & nice. Then we had dinner, not bad but discovered it was a roadhouse principally for selling drinks & not as advertised, open until 2 A.M. but no breakfast until 10 A.M. & one reason we thought it nice was having a bathroom in the morning. Tide was in -

We turned in about 9 o'clock & realized with a noisy engine making electric power we would never sleep. It was terribly loud & so loud we would never hear if anyone monkeyed with the jeep. The people seemed nice enough but the women & boys had come & looked all over the car. The more we thought the more we didn't like it. So decided to camp instead. Got up again, dressed. Told the man it was too noisy & we had washed up etc. & "turned again" & drove back up the road. It was 10 o'clock by then & not too dark. But the place we had noticed full of fishermen by a creek no longer had a tent up & only a car parked & some one drinking. So on we went. It really was funny. About 14 miles up we noticed a road across a flat & drove up that to a baricade & the railway line. Then backed up



half way (seemed hundreds of yards as I do the backing  
 for it is hard for Pete to ~~turning~~ round to see well enough)  
 Then turned without too many "backs & forwards" & spent  
 the night there. Not much trouble. we just put the extra  
 strips in the front seat & the beds are all ready with  
 2 canvases over them to keep the dust out.

Had a wonderful quiet night & woke to the  
 freshest, sweetest morning so far. Actually the  
 first really nice day we've had in Alaska. Cooked  
 our breakfast there & are now in Anchorage waiting  
 for the Post Office to open at 9 A.M. Then we will  
 head for Whitehorse & home.

3 nice letters from you. One July 25<sup>th</sup> to Bayff  
 + 2 to 1 forwarded from Fairbanks & one addressed  
 here. So think we have them all. Will ask in  
 Whitehorse. Should be there in a few days  
 but are taking side trip to Haines from Alaska  
 Highway. Glad you are following us on map.  
 Did you ever get Milepost. That describes each  
 road. Mercelia might help you there.

Think Rusty is O.K. no news from Bayff  
 to call us back.

Heaps of love & may not get a  
 letter off again until Whitehorse.



Whitehorse Y.T.  
Fri. Sep. 10 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We got here this noon. dustier than ever. Both us & Whitehorse & the Jeep. Were lucky & got one of the <sup>only</sup> 10 Cabins here, & it even has a bath. Both had one before lunch & as Pete said might be a good idea to have another tonight to make one feel really clean.

Found a nice letter from you written the 5th. telling about seeing the baby grow & that you were going to Essex. Also one from Russ forwarded from Bayff & strangely enough written the day he received mine from Whitehorse on our first trip. I'd forgotten he spent a whole week here during the war!

We have been on the go pretty steadily but find it much nicer camping. Funny when in Anchorage Pete got the mail. Then he wrote Eldon & I finished my letter to you & Pete went back to mail it. We had read in the one Anchorage paper we bought of an artist from Los Angeles doing portraits of Eskimos & figured by his name ~~he~~ & picture he was a man who had called on us several years ago, friend of a friend. When Pete walked up to post the letter he ran into him on the street. Probably



the only man we knew in Anchorage! He was glad to see us & quite as surprised as we were.

It was a lovely day - The first nice one for sometime in most places we drove through. They said 2 or 3 days rain etc. Made it nice but then we have been lucky so far.

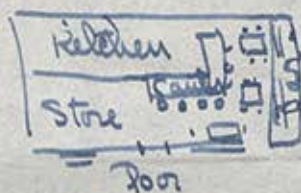
As we crossed the Kink river it was really in flood. Seems each year a big lake builds up behind a glacier & the water keeps working away at the ice & finally starts breaking through & then comes down & floods. Rose 17 feet I think. We noticed chunks of ice coming down the river which the road parallels & then crosses. In some places it was almost over the road & highway men were putting up iron poles 12 feet high to mark the edge of the road. It was quite exciting & a number of people photographing the ice in the river. Funny part was the mountains around there look just like Honolulu - are Volcanic & green lush slopes. But the ice was out of place. They were flying trips over the glacier. Perhaps the Washburns did that. No sort of a phenomena. We were glad to be on the south side & on our way.

Saw the country very well where we had had rain showers before & made good time too. Went from Anchorage over the Glenn Highway. crosses the Richardson Highway &



ends at Tok Junction on the Alaska Highway -  
 We even saw the tops of the huge Wrangel Mountains  
 sticking above the clouds from miles away -  
 Could hardly tell them from clouds at first -  
 Later we went closer to the clouds hid them some  
 what. but that night camped in a gravel pit &  
 one peak was quite clear at times. Well snow &  
 ice covered.

Had a funny time at supper. Stopped at a  
 place called Chistochina - a log building quite  
 nice looking. the kitchen, counter, tables all at one  
 side & a store at the other like this: very compact.



A man sat playing with a baby  
 bird & drinking beer at the right.  
 Another young girl (who we just  
 thought might be the wife) sat  
 with a little boy at the center table.

A young girl very sweet looking like Molly Haulow  
 at the 3rd table & little funny about 5 peeked  
 out the door & was quite friendly. Pauline an  
 Indian girl was cook & evidently left in  
 charge while the man & his wife had gone to  
 the next place up the road nearly 50 miles  
 further on. None of them said anything. they  
 weren't unfriendly, just shy perhaps or didn't  
 care.

We sat at the counter & decided Hamburg  
 was the best bet. so Pauline got busy &  
 cooked a very good supper though a bit greasy.



All the time a conversation went on with the 4 kids. In the middle of it the cat caught a mouse outside. Much excitement by the 2 little boys. & Mary the younger girl for Jimmy touched it. When he came in he got a good scolding from the Indian girl & "You touch a dead animal. You dead too." & he was ordered off to wash his hands.

Evidently they were all concerned about when the parents would return in case they forgot about some meeting at 7 o'clock. We finally asked Pauline about it & she said it was a "Pentecostal meeting" & they were first going to see what it was like. Had it been a 4th of July dance it couldn't have caused more discussion.

It really was funny - a whole play going on while we had supper. 2 Indians came in for groceries & Pauline asked the older girl to peel the potatoes which she objected to "right in the middle of the love story" she was reading. The Parents didn't return while we were there, so we probably never will know what they were like. The kids were nice ones but you knew they had come from somewhere else. & as we drove along the road we noticed a <sup>little</sup> cabin marked "Pentecostal" or something "Mission" first newly built.



From there we drove another hour & found a nice gravel pit on top of a hill with a view of Mt. Drum or Sanford of the Wrangell Mts. & few mosquitoes.

So few cars travel at night, maybe 2 or 3 truck will go by & that's all. It's very quiet. I guess if they got stuck or anything they know it would be morning before anyone came along.

We had a good day Wednesday driving along the Alaska Highway. The weather good & that part new to us, but not as exciting country as we have been through. Stopped in one place for Spring Water mentioned in the mile post. 2 cars with small trailers each & 2 big black Chow dogs were parked also getting good water. The dogs lying in the road. Suddenly the one man said "We better get going" (he was a California the other New Mexico ~~Leisure~~), they were off before we could pull away. We didn't mind thinking they would travel faster than we do. But for 50 miles they were first ahead & they raise so much dust we had to hang back. They went slow up hill & fast down & on the level. so we kept over taking them. Got a little away as we go the same speed all the time up hills & down. Then we saw one car & trailer parked ahead taking a picture of Mt. Logan. So we got by. Then first thing we knew we were catching up to the first one. Suddenly they stopped at Burwash campground & we got by only to have a big truck start catching up to us. So in spite of wash boards & rough spots we kept ahead.



until the first filling station where he turned in too. That night we found a picnic ground on Klusane Lake. The sign was gone so no one else noticed it so we had it to ourselves & with a wind it kept the mosquitoes away while we cooked supper. A lovely spot, & even nice clean privies.

Yesterday Thursday it cleared off after an overcast evening. We have had only one really brilliant sunset & that was in Dawson. We decided to try the Haines Cut off. Built in 1948 I think from Haines Junction to the sea at Port Chilkoot & Haines. 158 miles but very scenic.

First part passes several lovely lakes & not too interesting mountains. They lots of ups & downs as one climbs to a high plateau above timber. About 20 miles across open tundra I guess. Low bushes & grass. Must be full of flowers earlier. Mountains & glaciers on both sides. Further away than at Valdez but lovely just the same. Then the steep descent down into the Coastal Forest of big spruce & hemlock. The lovely glaciers & mountains seemed to be extra high as we drove down to sea level & lovely green slopes. Very spectacular really.

The Canadian Customs was 42 miles from Haines. Mr McLaughlin was the customs



man & when he heard we had been in Dawson where he was for 20 years he was anxious to talk. Couldn't have been nicer & seems he was one of those starting the museum there.

I don't know why we get talking to people so often & how they remember us. Today I went to the Bank where I cashed Travelers cheques 3 weeks ago & the girl asked about our trip. we had chatted about Banff & Dawson before.

Pete asked for <sup>mail at</sup> Luchorage on our way to Valdeze & Homer. There was none. So went in on the way back. quite a line up by General Delivery, & the girl said a letter had come just a day after we were in. & went to find it!

Anyway we finally pulled ourselves away from the Customs & drove the 42 miles of pavement to Haines & reported in there to the U.S. Then had the worst meal of the trip. Tried to get fresh sea food caught there & are sure it was first frozen. not as advertised & the American food is far more expensive than the Yukon or B.C.

We then drove round for it is a lovely spot. Took an 8 mile drive to the Cemetery & beyond. It was so like Maine in many ways. Like those little roads around Frenchmans Bay. There is a long Peninsula ~~with~~ Spruce covered, looked like Somers Sound only just when there seemed a Typical little fishing place, gray & weatherbeaten &



a lovely cove, one looked across the Bay to towering mountains & snow peaked like Switzerland & then out between 2 dark evergreen slopes a big glacier coming right out into the sea. All very lovely. We could look right down the Lynn Canal. You ask the Neiburgs if they were at Haines. It's on the way to Skagway. Further up another inlet.

One interesting place at Port Chelcoot the harbor for Haines & really adjoining. There is an old fort, Colonial looking double 3 storied houses for the officers & below barracks for the men. Must have been a fairly old time Garrison of the vintage of the ones in Hawaii & Diamond Island.

It has been sold to Veterans & they with their families are developing a tourist village. Several of the buildings newly painted. The windows have small panes which gives an idea of its age. They have a craft shop in one of the buildings near the pier. Will be interesting to see how it works out. There were a number of attractive little cabins on the drive we took.

It is also part of the Old Dalton trail to the Klondike & we saw several really old cabins & buildings. It's fun seeing some of the old trading posts. Today a couple with bad roofs but too dusty for good pictures. What really



amused us were some "old trading posts" built in 1905 & 1906. Sure made us feel ancient. Best it is remarkable to think of the distance in real wilderness country that people went just for gold.

We left about 4 from Haines & drove until 8 before we found a good camping spot. We passed one big oil truck at Customs traveling with a full load he would just crawl up the steep grade. Another truck we saw coming behind & let him pass, later & later we noticed he had pulled in to the only place on the road for supper. We camped just beyond that & made supper. & pretty soon he drove by & gave us a special toot & a wave & this morning the Petroleum truck went by as we were washing & also blew the horn as a signal. Everyone is friendly that way.

The mosquitoes were thick this morning so we waited & had a good breakfast at Haines Junction & then got to Whitehorse about 11. Decided I couldn't wait to wash up & reorganize for when we leave here we will go straight home in 4 or 5 days. Looks as if it might be hot & dusty. Rained we heard from other tourists coming a few days after us & they had trouble getting through new construction at Valleyview. So we were lucky.

Have just had Chinese supper & are going to see the Museum only opened evenings by volunteers.

Loads of love & may not write until Dauff.

Catharine



Dawson Creek.  
Mon. Aug 13 1956.

Dearest Mother.

I always seem to be visiting you when we are getting an oil change for the Jeep. We have one every thousand miles & came to the same place here in Dawson Creek where they did it so well before.

Have had quite a trip since leaving Whitehorse. It was pretty hot there & awfully dusty. The streets are extra wide & it's such a busy place & a center for the Yukon & trucks & cars are in & out. With no rain you can imagine the dust. I feel sorry for people housekeeping there. We didn't know in the end whether the bath was worthwhile or not.

That evening we had Chinese supper & then went to see Mr McBrides Museum in an old log building. All sorts of historical things connected with the Klondike, awfully interesting & he was there & explained everything to us as well as to others.

Next morning we had breakfast in the Cafe attached to the Motel run by Chinese. The tables were all set up with Tomato Juice & men kept coming in. We discovered later they were all truck drivers. We think the ones who drive the silver-lead (Galena) <sup>con</sup> from Mayo down the road we took to Dawson. It is the Silver-lead concentrate with the rock taken away. They pack it in boxes of 2500 pounds each & up to 15 or 18 tons on one truck load. They are limited because of



the 3 ferries + road. We met a nice young miner at noon who mines up there + he told us the mine keeps the road in good condition + the truck drivers work on a schedule having so many minutes apart. Because of the valuable cargo they pick a time when there are few on the road. They begin wide on the narrow road + the first one we met we went almost into the ditch. After that we were careful to give them all the room we could. The miner said they know if you go into the ditch they can pull you out, but their load is too valuable to take chances. a nice thought! They are all good drivers luckily.

Saturday We had a good day ~~but~~ found the road much rougher than when we went up + more traffic. It was a beautiful morning + we stopped in at Teslin to take some pictures of the Indian Village. The old couple came out as we drove in + remembered us. Then opened up the little store. It was just as neat as a pin inside. all the canned goods stacked in rows on the shelves.

The whole place gave one the feeling of it being in miniature. The little houses + store + bare in a way but neat. We met the chief + a younger man ~~and~~ named Frank Sidney + Pete complimented them on the neatness of the village + he said it should be better. They were all so friendly + anxious to please.



Mrs & Mrs Frank Johnson showed us some coats & moccasins she had made so we bought some & eggs. asked the Chief how to spell the name of their tribe but he couldn't. However he did the adding up of what we bought. ~~The~~ Frank Johnson had his distant glasses on & was getting all mixed up.

The Chief had never heard of Banff & Calgary but knew Edmonton. Pete told him of the Steneys & our friends & he asked if they were more "civilized" than those in Teslin. It was a nice visit. Pete also told them we came from a place with lots of tourists & quick as could be he said "and now you are one yourself" & Pete had to admit he was.

The day was quite a dusty one & being Saturday afternoon we found lots of local traffic especially between the Cassiar Mines & Watson Lake. There is an Air Force Station near there & they all "go to town" Saturday nights.

We thought of having supper at Watson Lake but was doubtful when we saw lots of cars parked in front of the rather attractive log hotel with its cocktail lounge as well as dining room & maybe a beer parlor. Had just drawn up in a 2nd line of cars & Pete was going to have a look. When we heard someone say - "So you're yellow?" & there was a scuffle & through the door I could see one man hit another & they moved back & forth. The man in the car next us had just gotten out & was



locking the car door, when he saw the fight too. So he got back in & we both backed away & went off. Looked a poor place to be on Saturday night.

There was a public camp ground a few miles further on so we drove there. About 8 other stations. Bagnus camped there too. They are nice <sup>camping spots</sup> a closed in shelter & 2 privies. garbage cans & a stream for water. They have nine on the Alaska highway in the Yukon. We felt safer being with other campers. 2 families were parked near us. had a fire going & the 2 wives were cooking. The men fixing up the beds. Air mattresses etc. & the 2 or 3 girls helping. They moved about in such a leisurely manner. no hurry or fuss & each had his or her job. There was no rush & they seemed to enjoy it all.

We made supper & the mosquitoes seemed to find their big group better tasting for they never bothered us at all. We turned in early being tired. The heat, so much dust, a very rough road & lots of traffic.

Got a pretty good start next morning Sunday but again the traffic was 3 or 4 times more than before. which made the dust more & a following wind kept it on the road a long time. One big van, as big as a hot car was most aggravating as it would pass us in a blinding cloud of dust & we would slow down until it had settled a bit. think that was the last of that van.



when next place we came to, there it was, taking orders no doubt for the return trip, as all provisions are freighted in by truck. Then before long it would pass us again going enough faster than we drove to make the stops in between. Must have passed us 5 or 6 times.

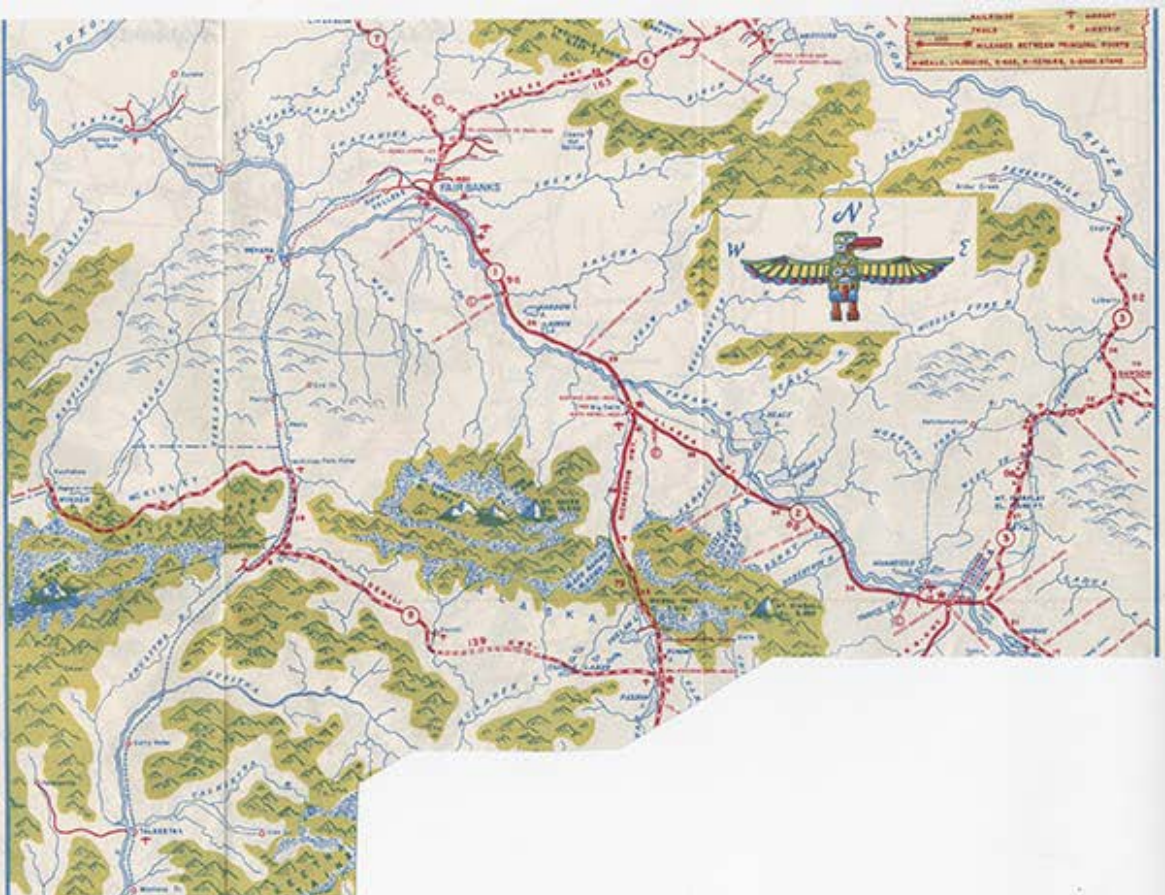
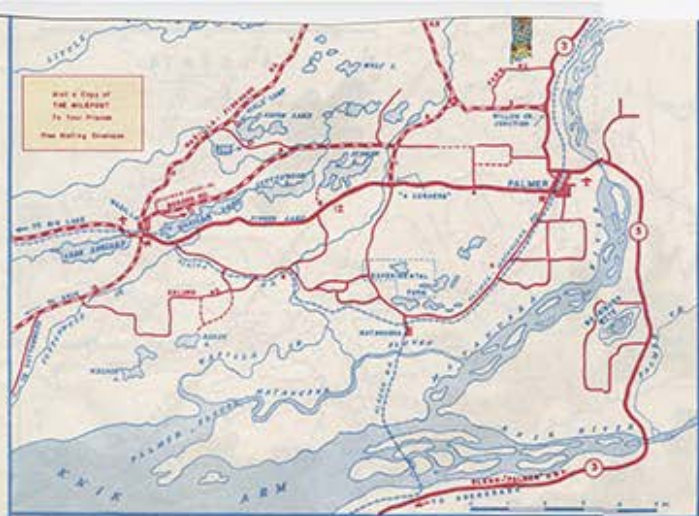
We looked forward to Muncie Lake & the mountains which had been so lovely the morning we first saw them but they too were hot & dusty that afternoon.

Wednesday Aug 15<sup>th</sup> Just 4 weeks ago to-day we drove north - will send this from Jasper when we get there. We camped near the Entrance. Made good time yesterday & hope to spend to-night at Ban' & Rusty not out on another trip.

Loads of love

Catharine









### PRINCIPAL MILEAGES

With main routes from U.S.A. through Canada to Alaska—here or to Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada—Mile to Alaska Highway

From	Via (Route)	To	Miles
Dawson Creek, Alaska & Glenn Highway		Anchorage	1640
Alaska Highway		Fairbanks	1520
Alaska, Glenn, Seward-Anchorage Hwy.		Seward	1770
Alaska, Glenn, S.A. & Sterling Hwy.		Homer	1870
Alaska & Richardson Highway		Yukon	1370
Alaska & Haines Highway		Haines	1170
Alaska Highway		Whitehorse	917
Alaska Hwy. 2, 34, 43, 16, 2		Edmonton	370
Hart Hwy. 2, 34, 43, 16, 2		Calgary	540
Hart Hwy.—C. 97, 91 & 1		Yukon	710
Hart Hwy.—C. 97, 1 & U.S. 99		Seattle	840
Hart Hwy.—C. & U.S. 97		Wenatchee	980
Hart Hwy.—C. & U.S. 97, & U.S. 10, 40, 2		Spokane	940
Alaska 2, 34, 43, 16, 2, 3 & B.C. U.S. 95		Spokane	1030
Alaska 2, 34, 43, 16, 2, 4 & U.S. 91		Great Falls	835

Note: Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada, is used as the principal point in the Alaska Highway, on the route through British Columbia and Alaska, except here at the start of the Alaska Highway. Alaska Highway mileage begins at Dawson Creek, and ends at Big Delta Junction, where the Alaska Highway joins the north end of the Richardson Highway (Alaska 142)—the terminal end of the Alaska Highway. The remaining 97 miles along the north end of the Richardson Highway to Fairbanks through general maps is referred to as part of the Alaska Highway, in reference to mileage and mileage road this way, as usual.

### NEW "PLAN-A-TRIP" MAPS

The highway maps that show all accommodations along the Alaska Highway, the Highways of Alaska, and connecting roads, including stops for meals, lodgings, gas & oil, car repairs, groceries, and public camp grounds. Airports and airways are indicated by large and small "plane" symbols. These maps are revised and brought up to date annually by Alaska Highway Research Co., Box 2175, Anchorage, Alaska—Publishers of the famous—

#### MILEPOST

Porter Guide for Alaska, The Yukon, Alaska Highway & Highways of Alaska, & Access Routes from U.S.A. via British Columbia & Alberta, Canada.

**LOCATION OF HIGHWAY ACCOMMODATIONS**  
All lodges, gas stops, phone calls, are located on these maps with reference to the nearest milepost, which read from Mile "0", Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada, to Mile 1520, Fairbanks, Alaska. Same system adopted for Highways of Alaska.

**SYMBOLS FOR HIGHWAY ACCOMMODATIONS**  
All highway accommodations are designated by simple symbols, by milepost, and by name. The symbols indicating facilities are the first letter of each word—M (Meals), L (Lodging), G (Gas), & O (Oil), R (Repairs), I (Ice cream), S (Store), & P (Phone). This permits planning your trip ahead.

**DETAILS OF ACCOMMODATIONS & POINTS OF INTEREST ARE GIVEN IN THE HIGHWAY LOGS IN THE MILEPOST. A "KEY" TO THESE LOGS IS SHOWN ON INSERT MAP TITLED "MAIN TRAVEL ROUTES U.S.A. TO ALASKA."**

MAPS ON THIS SIDE END AT THE ALASKA-YUKON BORDER.  
Note: For the complete Alaska Highway map, see the Alaska Highway Research Co., Box 2175, Anchorage, Alaska.

For "Highways of Alaska" Maps, See Reverse Side



Banff, Alberta  
Fri. Aug 17, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

This won't be much of a letter but Pete is developing film at the moment and so shouldn't need me for anything and also I ate too much salmon for lunch and feel like sitting down. Have the Blue Jeans in the washing machine and as it looks a bit like rain won't wash out the woollens until maybe to-morrow. Should tidy up the kitchen as it is still a mess of papers and what not after unpacking the Jeep but will do that after writing you at least this page.

Won't try to tell you about the rest of the trip until I have more time. We got as far as Jasper Tuesday night and into Bow Lake at lunch time on Wednesday, one o'clock really. Rusty came right over from the Corral but we hadn't time for much of a visit as he was to take the young boy and girl from the Argentine out riding. Big Jim had gone to the Saskatchewan crossing with a load of horses in the truck, we met them as we drove into Bow. Then I guess a load of provisions etc was to go up later, a distance of 25 miles and Rusty was to go and spend the night with the equipment and Big Jim I guess and no doubt help find the horses in the morning, I don't know exactly, but anyway there didn't seem much object our st staying over if he weren't there.

We are going to make a point of going up next week and staying a day or two so we can visit more for the following week they will all be busy preparing for the big hunting trip that leaves Sept. 1st. From what Rusty said he is to go on that, so while he is away we will go to Cowley. We also had a letter from ~~Bradford Washburn~~ Russell that Bradford Washburn was touring the Northwest with his family and might be in Banff the last week in August and would look us up. so we will have to stick around unless we hear more definitely. I wrote to Russ and asked if he could find out when they might be here for last we knew was seeing a picture in an Anchorage paper or maybe it was the Fairbanks one, 2 weeks ago, and at that time Brad W. was waiting for the weather to clear off McKinley. If he is driving from there they might do as we did and go to Jasper and the Icefields and stop in at Bow Lake but when I asked Rusty he hadn't heard anything about their coming. We hate to just sit in town if they don't come at all, maybe we will go to Bow again for we can always come down from there in a few hours. Took us just 2 hours to drive down Wednesday, it's about 60 miles. The only trouble this summer (and the last two in fact) is the construction, for sometimes one can be held up, if dry it is very dusty and if wet, muddy, so we don't go over the road any more than we can help.

Yesterday we were up at 6.30 being used to early rising and right after breakfast started to unpack the jeep. took everything out and then vacuumed out the dust and washed it down. Took us nearly 3 hours. In the afternoon Pete washed the outside with a little help from Jonny who had come over while I was washing out the first batch of clothes. Got them ironed after supper. Also 2 letters written, and Pete got some things done to the Jeep, fan belt changed etc.



Ethel Fulsher came to see us about 4, she is visiting from Honolulu the one who the Bartletts met. She has been a month in California getting to know her daughters two boys. Had a wonderful time. The daughter died when the 2nd boy was born and the father I think married again so Ethel hasn't seen much of the boys except for one summer. She is here in Banff visiting as she used to live here in the old days, was one of the first nurses.

She left at six and then after supper the Morants dropped in as I was ironing so it was quite a day. This morning got the dust washed out of my hair and we were over town from ten until noon, saw so many friends and they all want to hear about the trip and we have to catch up on all sorts of things going on here.

Think I better get busy now on the cleaning up. A nice letter came from you about Mabel Browne coming out and telling about her trip on the freighter, which wish we could have heard her, just as well she isn't going through the Suez now.

We didn't think Rusty seemed homesick, for a couple of weeks when he first went up they were rather slack and not enough to do but then they have been so busy lately it has kept them all on the go. Also the first couple of weeks he was there the only person who wrote him was you, perhaps he doesn't realize unless you write a lot, you don't get many letters. Maybe he isn't the letter writing kind.

After our next trip to Bow which should be longer we can tell you more about it.

Lots of love and will be writing again soon.



Catharine -



Banff, Alberta.

Mon. Aug. 20, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We have been awfully busy the last few days trying to get things cleaned up and the coloured films developed. Sometimes excessive heat changes the exposure so we didn't want to leave them too long. There are six chemicals and one you use twice so it takes about an hour to mix those. Pete did that Saturday morning while I vacuumed the house upstairs and down, luckily it hadn't gotten very dust while we were away. Then as it was showery that afternoon we did one pair of films, and that night another pair, ~~Then~~ We also went up to the Morants and borrowed a tank that would hold 3 films and yesterday got up early and mixed chemical again (you can only use it so much) but there wasn't time to develop any films as it takes 2 hours by the time you get the chemical to the right temperature and we had asked Ether Fulsher to dinner at noon. She came a little early so it was just as well we hadn't started, for once you start the process you have to keep going.

Had time to dust the living room and clean my desk Sunday morning after helping Pete. Then cooked dinner. Steaks and fresh peas, strawberries and ice cream. ~~Ether~~ told us some stories of the early days for an hour and we recorded those. She left about four and we started in then to do 3 films at once in Nick's tank, then a quick supper and three more, then from 8.30 until 9.30 we spent mixing the chemical for to-day. We were both tired.

This morning we did 3 more rolls and if no one comes hope to do 3 to-night. So far they have come out O.K. Not any wonderful pictures for we didn't have many really bright days for pictures but a pretty good record of what we saw. Will have to take them east to show you next time we go.

About ten<sup>AM</sup> we finished films and I washed out the 4 woolen shirts and 18 socks. Then over town for mail etc. and after lunch Pete did 2 rolls of black and white and I washed out the rest of the laundry, had done that used on the trip Friday. Then the shirts were dry enough to iron so did those and by then the cotton things were pretty dry so ~~they~~ at 3.30 it ~~was~~ all done and I have even done the bills.

We hope to go out to-morrow or the next day to Bow Lake and that is why we are working more steadily to get the 15 rolls of film done. The weather has been lovely yesterday and to-day so hope it keeps nice.

Will write about the rest of trip first chance I get. Hope you are O.K. and having it pleasantly warm

Loads of love,

Catherine



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Aug. 26, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We have had rather a busy time since returning from Bow Lake On Friday. It was another nice day and when we went over to the Corral to see Rusty found he had left at 7.30 with a fishing party, so there was not much use staying longer that day and we knew there was a lot to see to ~~here~~. The Vallances went off to the Peyto Lookout and then back to Banff so we left about ten and got home in time for a late lunch. Got the mail and nice letters from you.

Thanks so much for enquiring about the Washburns, we will stay around Banff this week in case they come and try to leave notes on the door when we go out. Sam Ward is coming to fix the ~~ex~~ valleys on the roof so they won't freeze up as they did last year and as they leave for England in September we thought we would try and get it done now. Hope the weather stays good.

We went up twice to find the Morants and return the developing tanks we borrowed. They were out the first time so we saw Nellie MacKenzie who lives across the street, and next time the Morants were there but had other company so we didn't stay. Got home to have Erling Strom and Jean Park from the hotel call, they came at five and we told them we expected a family from Bow Lake about 7 o'clock. Had asked them early because of the small children. Erling told of his trip to Norway and Europe this summer and it was 6.30 when they left, just time for us to have a sandwich and some soup.

However the others didn't come until nearly 8. There was a grandmother and a great aunt (her sister) with 5 grandchildren staying at Bow Lake when we were there and we noticed them because of the well behaved children. They had the octagonal cabin, Bobo (Barbara) was 5 and a little boy John 6 Or 7, Myrnah about 8 and Bruce maybe 9 and Ted 13. They all lived on farms in a place too small to be on most maps and not far from Whitecourt where we came through, about 80 miles from Edmonton. Pete got talking with the boy 13 who told him about their crops and how they raised pigs and the trouble they had after the pigs routed in a pasture they figured had the minerals washed out by too much rain, for later they lost several litters of pigs. He talked like an old hand and so sensibly, an awfully fine young lad. He had great fun with the boy from Venezuela, Gillian, who is going on the hunting trip with Rusty and the young South American girl played with the younger children so they really enjoyed Bow. The two older women take them off each year on a trip when the parents are too busy on the farm and next year they are going to try and arrange to take a bus and all the school children who never have the opportunity to get away. They started talking to us when they heard we had been to Alaska. They also are very interested in starting a museum in their district as it is on the old trail west when the fur traders came out. They



have all sorts of books about the early days, and also have the one about Carl Rungius with reproductions of his pictures. Little Bruce was sick with flu last winter and that was his favorite book to look at. He is about 9, and when they got to Bow Lake and were sitting in the dining room he looked up at the picture of the Grizzly and asked in his quiet slow little voice "Isn't that a picture by Carl Rungius?" and sure enough it was. We all thought it pretty good of a child that age to notice.

They were late getting in so only the Great Aunt and Ted the oldest boy came over ~~Friday~~ evening so we asked the others to come Saturday afternoon about 3.30, for as soon as she saw the house she couldn't wait to have her sister see it because of the little museum they want to start. Ted the boy was interested in all the things we have from the cross bow and knives and pictures etc. Farm kids like that who have little opportunity to see much are so appreciative when they do go anywhere. *He told me when leaving that someday he's going to build a log house to live in & Pete wondered why he asked all about the construction*  
Saturday was sort of rainy so we were glad to be back, got the house tidied a bit and then went over town to shop. Ran into Lillian Gest from Philadelphia and she said Mrs Belmore Browne, Tibby (George's wife) and the two children were having lunch with her at the Upper Hot Springs so we said to bring them down later if she could though we had a funeral to go to at 2.30. Then we came home for an early lunch and began to think we should have set a time for with the other people coming at 3.30 it might be they would all land here at once. So as we needed milk decided to go over and telephone them at the Upper Hot Springs. Didn't stop to even do the dishes so as to catch them, and as we drove along the river road saw a New Hampshire station wagon or truck parked on the grass with two girls heads. Just wondered if by chance it could be Evelyn Browne and her friend who were in Alaska with Mrs Browne, who flew up while they drove. So Pete stopped and I sort of walked over and took a peek and sure enough it was Evelyn and Barbara Newmann and they were just on their way back from Alaska and were to have the car serviced at one and just waiting after eating a picnic lunch. Had looked at our house earlier and didn't think we were home yet.

So we followed them to the Service station while they left their car and brought the two girls and two dogs with them back with us. Then decided to have Evelyn telephone the Upper Hot Spring which she did and left a message for her mother. (as it happened because of the rain they ate at the Banff Springs instead) So the girls came back here and we had lots of fun comparing notes of where we had been and they are sure they passed us on the Glenn Highway as they noticed the Jeep from Alberta and Evelyn recognized me but was thinking of something else until it suddenly dawned on them it must be "Pete and Catharine" too late to turn and catch us. Was funny. We thought Mrs Browne would soon be down but they never came, so Pete took the girls to the service station in an hour and went on to the funeral and I waited for Mrs Browne and the others, and sure enough they came. They knew that Evelyn might be in so telephoned from the Hotel they were in town and to wait at the garage, and got there just as the girls did. So Mrs Browne and Lillian Gest visited here while Tibby and the kids shopped with Evelyn, and Barbara drove the truck on to Sebe with the dogs. Pete called up the Bow Lake friends and asked them to come after five so we could be free to visit with the Brownes and they all landed



here for tea, Luckily I had rais<sup>en</sup> bread to toast and plenty of cake and cookies for the other people. For there were 5 Brownes & Lillian. I forgot we also had Vic Ball another friend drop in when the girls first came, he had come up for the funeral so we took turns talking to him in the kitchen.

The Brownes had just left and we washed up the tea things when the two ladies arrived with the 5 children and we gave them tea and the kids gingerale as we had Tibbys little boy and girl. They stayed until 6.30 I think and all had a look at everything and were so appreciative. The ladies took down titles of the many books we have on Indians etc. that they hadn't seen before, one you sent of paintings reproduced in Arizona Highways including Remington and Leigh, many of the pictures they had seen exhibited at the Grand Central Galleries in New York. We talked ourselves out. It was quite an afternoon and we went to bed early.

Now it is Sunday and trying to clear. I have gotten all ready to mount slides of the trip and we were up at the Wards this morning and this afternoon are half expecting the Ken Thompsons from Edmonton, It was his father who died.

It is good of you to want to have my letters typed on the trip to Alaska. There might be a few things I forgot to tell you about that could be added in. Anyone copying my letters would certainly improve on the spelling and maybe if you gave them a map they would be sure of getting the place ~~names~~ names right. @ better still give them "the Milepost." It was interesting the girls liked Valdeze best too.

Must go over now for the mail. Quite exciting Waddy Owen getting married and it was nice to have the letters to read, have a lot to answer this week.

Loads of love,

Catharine



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BOW LAKE, ALBERTA

Via LAKE LOUISE POST OFFICE

Thurs. Aug 29, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We are having quite a thunderstorm & it seems a good chance to start a letter to you. I'm all mixed up what I've written about & what I haven't. But at least you will know we are home & at present on a trip to Bow to see a little more of Rusty.

Think I mentioned that we worked hard to develop all the colour film not wanting to leave it too long in case the heat affected it as sometimes happens. Did 3 rolls Sunday afternoon & 3 more at night & also mixed fresh developer for Monday & that takes an hour to do. Then Monday we did 3 rolls first thing in the morning & I also washed the books & guess I wrote you that day when the rest of the laundry was doing after lunch & even got the ironing done & we went up to tell the Vallances we were coming up to Bow as they asked us to let them know next time we were here so they could come at the same time. They thought it would be fun & arranged to come Wednesday noon. Then we developed the last 2 rolls that evening.



Tuesday was a lovely day but hot, as it has been lately, so we decided if we could get packed up we'd come a day ahead of the Vallancees, as they would bring their own car in any case. Were just putting things in the Jeep when Barbara came over all excited. A telegram from Harold that he had passed the tests for the Airforce. Couldn't get into Kingston (which he had hoped for) but could go to any University of his choice. So Barbara was telephoning him in Westbury where he went to visit his grandmother while east for the R.C.A.F. tests. Harold called back later & will choose Univ. of Alberta. Guess his expenses will be paid & he will get training in the Airforce as well.

Barbara leaves next week for Medicine Hat for the winter. Is to teach in the Junior High. Has an unfurnished suite with 2 bedrooms so will take enough from the house to make it home-like. Jimmy will go to high school there & they are renting their house. So it all should work well.

Then Peter Tasker came about a camera & it was lunch time before we knew it. I also had to make a short call on a Mrs Oliver who's husband has recently died & she is very much alone like Mrs Souier, in one of our suites. So it was about quarter to four when we got away. Worked just right for we came through the construction between 5 & 6 when they eat. Saves lots of dust & passing trucks.



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BOW LAKE, ALBERTA

Via LAKE LOUISE POST OFFICE

That night Rusty & Jimmy ate supper with us - & we talked afterwards until he got too sleepy - He gets up around 5 or 6<sup>15</sup> to get the horses in each day. Big Jim told us that they left Rusty with the horses & equipment at the Saskatchewan Crossing for the night before they went to the Freshfield Glacier with some Geologists. They trucked the horses from here & when Jim got there early the next morning Rusty had all the horses saddled & ready for them. He was very pleased. Now they are getting ready for the hunting trip. They leave earlier than originally planned on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Mr & Mrs De Vries, a boy 20, a girl 18 and a younger boy about 15. They are German from Caracas in Venezuela & were up here last year. They take three guides & a cook & Claude goes as Wrangler. Rusty as cook's helper. but guess he will help pack etc. Should be a wonderful experience. They are getting things ready now. Yesterday we sketched in the morning & the Barrens from Wainwright who we've met other years came along & we talked so much we didn't



get much painting done. Then the Vallances came about 12.30 & we had lunch with them. Spent the afternoon taking pictures & saw a bit of Rusty too. He was down at the lodge after supper as well but I think went to bed early. We listened to Jim & Syd tell stories of early explorers & it was ten when we went to bed! The moon has been full & so really lovely at night. So light.

Today was lovely & warm & we walked up to the falls at the end of the Lake. Were just going for a morning walk & then when we took so long the first part taking pictures I came back for bread, butter, sardines, fruit juice etc & caught up to them. Made it nice taking all the time we wanted. As we finished lunch we noticed white billowy clouds start coming up over the glacier & then saw they were forerunners of wet ones - so we started back! Next thing we knew there were rain clouds on all sides & it was pouring just behind us. It's about 2 miles but very steep & slippery in parts & it's hard for Pete in uneven places to see well enough & Syd has to go slow too. We could see it pouring at the lodge & we got just a few large drops & then there was blue sky behind us & the rain went either side & we never got any to speak of. We were all lazy when we got back & have washed up & ready for supper



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BOW LAKE, ALBERTA

Via LAKE LOUISE POST OFFICE

Hope you got my letter from Jasper we posted the day we came through. Not too exciting but told of the last part of the trip. We found the road from Whitehorse to Dawson Creek much rougher than when we drove up. The surface a good part of the way was worn right off & the big rough rocks were hard to drive on. It was dusty too & far more traffic. Doesn't seem as trying now as when we drove it. Suddenly we went the extra 40 or 50 miles to a place called Steamboat Mt. instead of stopping at 4 in the afternoon. I had eaten something that gave me cramps & the rough road made them worse. Anyway we decided to get a cabin if possible. Almost turned into a pretty side road to camp & 2 cars passed us together. One blew his horn he was so surprised when the 2nd car passed him going much too fast. 2 <sup>negro</sup> ~~negro~~ women from Alaska who had passed us on a curve earlier in the day. So we missed the little road. It was the place like the Teconic trail near Williamsburg. - 7

Pete went in about the cabin & got the only one left. \$8.00 & next the Priors but nothing



6

but a double & single bed. a basin you had to empty down a drain & a pail of water. a couple of straight chairs & a table & stove. However a storm was coming up & all I felt like was to stretch out & lie down. The people said we could park across the road & camp if we liked.

A little later there was a noise like a truck approaching & along came a big helicopter. So low I could see the man plainly waving. He circled & next thing we knew he returned & landed right in the open place we might have camped in. Another car there looked real surprised.

The man said he wasn't really lost but looking for some mining camp. So he filled up with gas & the attendant told him not to follow the road but the river & with a whirr of the propellers away he went.

Pete was getting a sandwich when the helicopter came in. Heard the mother call her children in out of the way. Seems the week before one dropped in & misjudged the distance & cut the top of a big tree off & one blade broke & went through a cabin porch & I don't know how much damage was done. It was all quite interesting.

Next morning we got a good early start cooking our own breakfast & I was O.K. from then on. Careful not to eat too much. It wasn't dusty after a heavy rain but pretty slippery.



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BOW LAKE, ALBERTA

Via LAKE LOUISE POST OFFICE

Soon it cleared & we didn't have dust until later after lunch.

Made rather a long day. Stopped at Fort ~~Nelson~~ St John where we spent the first night in a Motel group up & ate in the same little café & the lady remembered us. She was busy cooking for a lot of oil men living & boarding there. Nice fellows. We had a good supper then went on to Dawson Creek thinking to get an oil change & get a motel if possible.

Got in about 8 o'clock & stopped at a nice modern motel, a "Vacaney" sign outside. We hardly dared believe there was one. Pete went in & the man came right out & turned the sign around to read "No Vacaney" & we had gotten the last one. For \$7.00 we had a good sized living room. sofa, 2 upholstered chairs. table & other chairs. Kitchen at one end, nice propane stove, Monel metal sink. Nice dishes & cooking utensils in the cupboards. Behind a big bed room & bath. Nice air from the cross draft. all very modern & plenty of hot water. Quite a contrast to the one the previous night.



Had lunch when we went for the oil change & had that done by nine or a little after.

Next morning we were away by 7.30 after cooking breakfast. It takes us just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the time we get up, dress, cook & eat & pack & wash up. & ready to start.

It was a lovely day & the roads good in some parts. paved in others & quite a bit under construction. The stretch from Valleyview to Whitecourt was fine. most of it newly scraped. & we made good time. Took a better short cut to the Edmonton-Edson Road to Jasper. & even that had more gravel. A lot more of the main road was paved & we got right to Jasper Park & a picnic ground near the Entrance where we camped.

Next day we came on to Bow Lake & got here for lunch, as I think I've written already. Just 4 weeks to the day. Another time we would take at least 6 weeks but we know the places we would like to return to.

The Game Warden. Pete Tasker & his wife are coming to supper with us & the Vallances & Rusty. They have quite a lot here to-night.

Almost supper time. We go back to-morrow & next week will be around Banff in case the Bradford & Goldbourns come. Will also try to get Sam to fix the gutters on the roof as he & his Ward are going to England in September. & loads of love Catherine.



Banff, Alberta.

Wed. Aug. 29, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Your nice letter with the clipping of Mrs Washburn and the two children arrived yesterday morning. It was a lovely day and we thought we might have an early lunch and go down to Seebe to see the Brownes and Georges summer painting.

First Eldon Walls came to talk as he has been on his holiday and we hadn't had a chance to catch up on things. and while he was here, just before twelve the Herrowns from Willmette Illinois dropped in. They are the family that go to Bow Lake each year. father mother and boy 13, little girl 8. They are great talkers and I guess didn't realize what time it was and we hadn't enough to really invite them to lunch, but they stayed until nearly one o'clock, just saying one more thing. They are a nice couple, (there is a picture of them in Glacier Parks in the May National Geographic, the last two on horseback on the left in a group on a trail) We had lunch then and Harold came in, just back from New York and wanted to tell us all about that. We told him where we were going and to just watch out for a car in case the Washburns arrived while we were gone, as we knew it was this week they were due. We also left a note on the door "Back in late afternoon" We got our things together and Pete was just going out the door when a little telegram boy arrived with a wire for Bradford Washburn, care of us. So then we were pretty sure they would be here before long and gave up the Seebe trip and stayed home the rest of the day.

I mounted slides and Pete read up on the north country but no sign of anyone before supper. So we had ours and waited some more. Decided about 9.30 they wouldn't be coming when there was a knock on the door and sure enough there they were. The children were in bed. They had had a long day leaving Radium Hot Springs in the morning and going to Jasper and back and up on the Icefield and even into Moraine Lake, then the kids came back from Lake Louise on the train to have a ride on a dome car and the train was 2 hours late. They stayed until about 10.30 and then came back at nine this morning and we went with them to the Museum which they enjoyed seeing and then they left for Calgary and we telephoned the Seebe store to let the Brownes know if possible that they were coming in to see them. It was fun seeing them and meeting Barbara Washburn for the first time, she is such a nice person and the kids are too, they had time to look around the house a bit this morning, unfortunately it was raining, but may have cleared later for them. *Gave her picture of my paper. She said John Malone of Concord took it at Mt Hood. He is Margo's husband.*

We also went down to Pearl Moores to see how Ethel Fulsher was making out and Fern Brewster came in and then Norman Luxton so we left and got home just in time to have Eldon come for the talk there wasn't a chance for yesterday.

To-night we may develop 2 rolls of color or I may mount more slides. Barbara leaves to-morrow for Medicine Hat and Jonny on Monday and as this is the Labor Day weekend I think we will



stay in town and finish up things here and then go down to Cowley the first part of next week to see how the cabin is and what we will need for it. Ralph Pilling has it all finished and the Privy too.

This isn't much of a letter but I am a bit weary and stupid I guess. Maybe I can blame it on the weather.

The Herrowns said it was a wonderful sight to see the Hunting party start off with 30 horses, from Bow Lake so hope they aren't having poor weather. They left Monday when it was nice but think it may have snowed a little up high last night when it rained here.

Heaps of love,

Catharine

P.S. I certainly was stupid putting American Stamp on letter posted in Canada. We went in + out of States & both stamps looked right. So glad the pins & fillies arrived. Interesting to think of the business they built up way up there in Homer. Just north of Hawaiian Islands.



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Sept. 2, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

This is the Labor Day weekend, last year we had several cloudless days and were camped at Moraine Lake but this year it is cloudy and cold and they have been predicting "snow in the foothills" and frost, but don't think there has been a killing frost as yet. We like to stay off the main roads on weekends but hope if the weather clears to go to Cowley the first of the week for a couple of days and see the cabin and what we need, Have an Air tight stove to take down.

Have been doing odd things like getting the Jeep tuned up and finding Sam to fix the valleys on the roof, we want to make them wider for winter, and ordering the copper etc. Also seeing people. The weather has been very unsettled and some showers and quite cold but not really bad.

Think the last time I wrote was after the Washburns visit. Thursday Barbara left for Medicine Hat. We have been trying to get down to Seebe before Mrs Browne left and also to see some of George's painting before he sent it away, so decided instead of waiting until after lunch in case people came we would take a couple of sandwiches and go before. Partly because we saw Ted Goodall over town but he didn't see us and we know he likes to come around each year.

The road is at last paved from the park gate to the rail way crossing at Anthracite, in fact they finished that afternoon and did the last bit while we were gone. Made it much quicker. Tibby Browne ( George's wife ) told us to ask directions at the store, but when we got to Seebe we found the store closed, so we sat ~~xxad~~ and ate our lunch until another couple came along in a station wagon so asked them and they had just come by the Brownes and saw a strange station wagon there and a tent so were sure they were home. One now has to cross the new trans canada highway and they are in the process of grading that part. Don't think the Brownes are too keen to have the main highway go right by but in some ways ~~will~~ be more convenient.

We had never been to their place before and it didn't look as if they were any of them home, so we decided to wait inside the gate half way between the two log houses. Belmore Brownes is the larger one and George and Tibby built one about 300 yards away. All was quiet so we thought we might as well knock at Mrs Brownes just in case some one was there and sure enough, she had been lying down reading. So in we went and she built up the fire and we had a good talk. It was a cloudy day but the weather evidently changed with her spirits.

What a time they had had that week. Evelyn had left for the east the day before and Tuesday when we had been going down after lunch they were to have a birthday party for little Isabel when the Scotts with 2 children arrived for a visit. They used to be stationed at the forestry camp and are old friends. So there were some 10 kids and goodness knows how many grownups and Evelyn and her friend knew how to get them playing games etc.



Then of course Wednesday the Washburns arrived and stayed to lunch and they had a wonderful visit and then Evelyn left and of course it was quite a let down for Mrs Browne. We talked about all sorts of things, then she took us over to George's to see him a minute, he was busy painting trying to finish a picture by a certain date, so we went back to Mrs Browne for a cup of tea and more talk. We really went too early and stayed too late but saw Tibby in town yesterday and she told us that it had cheered Mrs Browne up no end and all she could talk about was the visit. She gave us two lovely photographs that had been given to Belmore, one of a negro in Nassau taken by Fred Armbrister years ago. The one we knew and stayed with. and the other by Walter Wilcox a famous early photographer here. We are so glad to have them both. It cleared off into a lovely afternoon and I think that might have raised Mrs Browne's spirits more than anything else. As we came back and I opened the gate before one crosses the Railway tracks, the Canadian came along with Barbara on it. so we waved though we couldn't see her.

Friday we had a funny time in a way. In the afternoon thought maybe we should see one or two people and every where we went they were out or we couldn't see them for some reason. The Painters were having company for tea so we said we would go another time, he isn't at all well. Then we started for the Morants about something and passed him in a car on the road so no use going there. Started for Astas and saw Sid Vallance and wanted to tell him about his colour film we developed with ours and caught up to him on the main street waiting for Doris having her hair done. Sat and talked in our Jeep and Erling came along, more talk and so it went. By the way. Ask the "ewburys if they have seen Lowell Thomas's " Seven Wonders of the World " on Cinerama Mrs Browne said it is the most wonderful thing she has seen. The Taj Mahal etc. Maybe you could see it too. the pyramids etc.

In the evening we went up to see Carl Jungius we haven't seen all summer and he was out. Went up to Asta's and she was out and so we came home and I did more slides. Quite a job as it takes about 2 hours to mount a roll of 20 and we have 15 rolls to do. Takes an evening for one by the time we are through supper.

Last night I was in the midst of doing a roll when some Indians arrived. George McLean, his son Bill and grandson George and Ernie Labelle about ten and his father Louis I think. They just came to call and borrow a little money but we had a wonderful visit. I made tea and got toast and ginereale too and George was in a talkative mood and told us quite a bit about the early days and how he had been a scout when he was young and trying to catch some horse thieves. Bill is interested in the history of the Stoneys and told us one of the young dancers had been down to Sheridan Wyoming and met a lot of Indians who spoke the same language as the Stoneys, they were as surprised as he was.

Jonny goes to Medicine Hat to-morrow and we are to see him on the train, he is working to-day at the filling station where he has been all summer and is coming to dinner with us.

This is more that I expected to write, once I get started I keep on going.

Loads of love,

Catherine



Banff, Alta.  
Fri. Sept. 7, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Just a very hurried letter for we only returned from Cowley last night, had three Indians as I was cooking supper, but Pete told them and they will come another time and last evening the George Nobles of Ponoka, Alberta and Ethel Fulsher came to see us. a nice evening but we were fairly tired having left Cowley at 11 A.M. and driven pretty steadily until we reached Banff at 5.30. Then at 7.1 A.M. the fire siren went and we got up and dressed to see where it was, never found anything and wonder now if it was the Police siren! Anyway my head is rather stupid this morning.

We had a wonderful trip down to the ranch, left about 11 on Monday as it looked as if it would clear. Labor Day was so miserable and we had a steady line of company. perhaps I wrote you. Bev for a tent in the morning as she and Cliff and 3 year old boy are going on a camping trip and stay at Motels too for a month Down the Rockies to Denver and New Mexico and back. (That is Pete's brother Cliff's eldest son and wife and child. ~~E~~ and they live in Pete's mothers house and run the filling station.) She stayed and talked quite a while, then Dr Riley came as we had lunch and in the afternoon we took Jonny and Tuppy the dog to the Canadian which was an hour late in the end, quite a wait at the station. Took most of the afternoon. ~~In the evening~~ I forgot Sam was down before noon and after Bev and ~~Max & Scott & Max & Max~~. Then in the evening I was mounting slides and 5 Indians arrived about 9 PM. and stayed until after ten. We made tea and toast for them. George McLean, his son and a brother in law and two boys, perhaps I wrote you about them. Anyway there wasn't much time to get ready for the trip to Cowley.

Tuesday there was enough blue sky to look like clearing so we began packing stuff in. Got groceries & went to the bank etc & left about seven. Reached Cowley by supper time. Will write you all about it all over on the main street & writing this on my lap, not too easy while Pete does errands.

Had a lovely visit of 2 nights & a day. Quite exciting as a man came to dig for a better water supply. Had good weather & loved the cabin built for us. When we returned, in the mail was a lovely long letter from Mercedes & the Ogunquit Art Exhibition folder. When Pete read it he remarked "Makes the trip to Homer really worth while. bumps and all - getting a letter like that!" It was such a



rough road on the Renai Peninsular we had  
wondered if it was really worth it at the time -  
but usually afterwards one remembers the good  
parts, not the unpleasant things.

Will send this as Pete is coming now  
Loads of love

Catharine -

P.S. Am glad you & Mercedes like the jams & jellies  
a good sort of present & I admire the people  
making a business out of something like that.



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Sept. 10, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Sam Ward and Norman Tabuteau are here to fix the valleys on our roof, they are to be widened so the snow and leaves don't get stuck and frozen in as they did last year and make it easier to clean out. The shakes have to be taken off first, then new and wider copper fitted in. We just hope it doesn't rain, was clear as a bell this morning early and now has all clouded over so I am keeping my fingers crossed.

Thought I had better put in a new ribbon so please excuse the smudges.

About the trip to Cowley I promised to write you. I thought I had told you that when we were down there in June we discussed building a cabin that we could use when we went down. Ralph Pilling who lives on the ranch with his family and raises pigs is a very good carpenter and has built houses for some of the ranchers and it helped him to have work he could do when not busy with something else. So we all got to-gether and chose a good place at the back of their group of trees where it is hidden from anyone driving into the ranch, has a good north light and a lovely view as well. We thought 16 x 20 a good size with a 9 foot ceiling and really left the rest up to Ralph. It is built of veneer and well insulated, so naturally we were anxious to see what it was like. Would have gone down earlier but for going to Bow Lake to see Rusty.

Tuesday, the day after Labor Day we got packed up and left about 11 A.M. Had a good lunch at Eamons just before Calgary thinking we would then need no big meal at night and were at Pincher Station about 5 P.M. The day had started nice but big snow and rain squalls from the north had come in and there was a very black one towards the mountains and another almost as black with white snowy streaks over the Porcupine Hills, we figured we could just make it before the roads got too slippery for it is 20 miles up from the main road at that point. We were within a few miles when the first drops hit the windshield but the storm looked worse than it was, I expect the sun shining in some places made the black seem darker. Anyway we had no trouble and got to the ranch just about six. They were surprised to see us thinking we might not get down until Wed. but we got a terrific welcome from them all, little boys especially. they were all grins.

They were just about to have supper as they have a hot meal at night when the boys take their lunch to school each day, but just when we were about to eat they discovered some horses had gotten through a gate left open and a couple of cows, Dane and Timmy were soon off on their horses to round them up which delayed their supper a bit and we all waited for them, and in the end ate another big meal with plenty of real thick cream. It was too dark to see the cabin that night so we decided to wait until morning making it seem somehow like Christmas.



It was cold and frosty but had cleared with the stars all out and in the fun of talking we had forgotten how quickly it gets dark now so had to make out beds up and stow things away with the jeep light, however we are pretty used to doing it. Next morning there was a heavy frost on the ground, must have been 27 or 28 but it cleared the weather and was a lovely day. We had breakfast with Gray and El after the boys left for school at 8 and then with the Pillings went over to see the cabin. As I said it felt just like Christmas morning going in to see the presents.

The cabin is really just right, very simple and a nice roof. Ralph had put a lot of thought into it and the mouldings around the windows, the little cupboard by the chimney, had chosen nice veneer and finished it off simply and easy to keep clean. The little perky privy was just like the cabin, boxed in eaves and all. and the special touch of a cover for the one holer made in the shape of a pallette, we were really very pleased with everything and are looking forward to spending more than just a day or two at a time down there, If it works well we can paint inside during poor weather and it is very private, as Ethel Pilling remarked no one goes by there except to hay.

We had taken a stove up with us and Ralph put that up and also we figured where we wanted the privy and he dug the hole and set that up, we were just thinking how quiet and secluded it all was when there was quite a comotion and up the trail came a big truck with a Bantam crane on the back to dig for water across on the other hillside. We all laughed for the very first day there was a good deal of traffic and excitement.

In fact it was a very busy day on the ranch, Gray had gone to cut some alfalfa and old Mr Carney had started swathing the 80 acres of oats in the fields below. Very exciting for it is the best crop in the district and they hope will bring over 60 or 70 bushels to the acre. Will mean so much if all goes well. They were so afraid that it would snow and flatten the crop over the weekend but Mr Carney and his machine worked all day and when we drove down later had only the center of the field to do. They swath it in rows and it is safe once it is on the ground like that, where it lies for 10 days or so and then the harvesting machine picks it up and takes the oats out leaving the straw to be baled later. Wonderful what machinery does, saves all the stooking they used to have to do.

In the meantime Romeo ( somebody or other ) ( his wifes name is Juliet, believe it or not ) ~~was~~ had arrived from a neighbors to dig for water. His machine was pretty large with a powerful shovel thing on the back which dug out a deep ditch or hole in no time. He was nearby and so it cost less for him to come over and try. He and Gray had looked at likely places the day before so he got his shovel set up near some tall grass up on a slope on the other side of the little valley where our cabin is. El was to have had a picnic lunch with us, was also making bread and other things, but in the end had to make lunch for Romeo and then he started to work. El and Gray were so sorry the kids weren't there, and the Pillings felt the same about their children, All us grownups had the fun of watching the crane work. The first hole he dug down about 10 feet but it only got dryer. They figure if they can find a spring and pipe the water across the little valley they will then have a constant supply of water. Their



well doesn't give them as much as they would like at present. Romeo figured they should try another spot so he and Ralph looked around until they found some grass which often was a sign of water underneath and he got his truck moved, not easy on the hillside, and started in again. El and I looked for more patches of the grass above the willows that grew near the bottom of the hill and I found one patch. It is a round spikey grass with the seed head growing out of the side about  $\frac{2}{3}$  two thirds of the way up. never noticed it before. There is lots of wild mint there too, smells nice when you tread on it. and above under a rock is where we found the little ferns in June.

X Romeo was very obliging and when they suggested breaking off for tea in hopes the kids would be back from school in time to see the machine work he agreed. So we all went back down to the house and El was able to get her bread in as well and not miss any of the excitement. Once again he tried a hole, the 3rd one and close to the willow and this time Gray was there having come back from his work. As he got deeper it got wetter and finally the water oozed out and it was really quite exciting. ~~The kids were back about then.~~ I guess it was when they first struck water that they broke off for tea so we could see how much had gathered in the meantime before he dug down further. and then the kids arrived and ~~El~~ Ethel saw them in time so they just galloped up the hill and got a big kick out of it all,

X Actually not a great deal of water was running in, though there was quite a stream puddle by suppertime. We made our own meal and Romeo had supper with Gray and El. We had also gone on a quick trip with them to see how the oats were coming. We joined them for Saskatoon berry pie and they began talking about the Water Witcher. Seems in Cowley when they were trying to get a water supply this summer for the town an outfit came and dug a couple of holes very deep, a hundred feet or more and then this water witcher came along at someone's suggestion and he found water very soon and only 17 feet down, so Romeo wondered if it would be a good idea to get him, for he felt he might find the underground source. So we all agreed it might be the best thing to do and he telephoned a Mr Evans, an Austrian really who had been in this country many years. He would come the next morning.

X That was Thursday and sure enough about 9.30 Romeo arrived with Evans and two v shaped willows, quite long, 3 or 4 feet. They had to start with coffee in the house but by about ten he was ready to try. We went up with El and Gray but didn't go too near in case we spoilt the spell, but he didn't seem to mind and in the end showed El how to do it.

X They went by car to the foot of the hill, he got out, held the willow one end in each hand, the upper hand about the height of his chest, the lower hand in a line directly below, about 2 feet apart. the V pointed ahead. He sort of followed it up the hill as the v pointed this way and that until he got above the willows and it turned right around him, he then went back and forth to see where it was the strongest pull. Then he held the willow closer to the V and horizontally but firmly until the end of the willow turned right around in his hands and pointed to the ground. He did quite a bit of trying different places to see where the water came from and then when he found the strongest pull he again held the willow upright and let it swing towards the point where he had found the water to be best. It swung back and forth slowly and then stopped. He counted each time it swung each way until it was



14 and that he said would show the depth they would find the water. El tried and the willow would swing round for her too but didn't turn in her hand. It turned right over in his until you could hear the bark squeak. He was a jolly old fellow but had to go back so off he went with his best willow having discarded the other. Gray went with him and Romeo to Lundbreck. Ralph and Ethel had left earlier with a truck load of pigs for the market and we wanted to get started back. Stopped at the house for me to change into a skirt and while waiting El showed Pete how the man had used the willow, (for Pete had gone up the hill close. ~~El tried it~~ El had run back and picked up the 2nd. Willow to show Dane and try a bit of witching herself.) The willow worked for both of them near the house, between the house and their well. They would walk ahead and the willow would turn right around in the other direction, against the wind too. Then Pete tried holding it close to the end as hard as he could and much to both of their surprise it turned right over and pointed to the ground, Pete couldn't ~~hold it~~ keep it from turning. It really is amazing. Some say it has something to do with the electricity in your body.

Now of course we are anxious to hear if they found water where the old man said it would be, for they weren't to dig until afternoon and we came on home, getting back about 5.30.

The men are all working outside so I must get this off in the mail.

Heaps of love and do hope you are feeling better than when you wrote last. but then I don't wonder you were tired with so much going on and company over Sunday.

Catherine



Banff, Alberta.

Wed. Sept. 12, 1946

Dearest Mother,

As far as I got yesterday was to write the date! and as far as I have gotten to-day was the line above. Now it is nearly five in the afternoon and don't know if I will get much further. Have had a number of people dropping in, and each evening have been mounting slides, have all the Alaska trip done at last.

It is now Friday so you can see I am not making much progress. Have just had a fresh trout brought to us for lunch caught by the Jock McCowans at Assinaboine.

It doesn't seem as if we had done a great deal this week though we did get one valley in the roof widened. Monday morning Sam Ward and Norman Tabuteau arrived about 9 ( Sam doesn't start at 8 as most carpenters do as they have so much company and many late nights ) They got the scaffold up and ripped off a lot of shakes ( which are the extra large kind of shingles we have. ) Had to take them off all one side and up to the dormer on the other. Then the plumber came to bend the copper for the valley and we all had tea to-gether outside. They worked hard and got a number of shakes back on. Then Tuesday they both came but Sam wasn't feeling well, effects of his inoculation for going abroad, so went home and slept all afternoon. Norman worked alone that day and then on Wednesday Pete was able to get Jon Smit, a Dutch lad to come and give Norman a hand so they finished the one side, just as well for it rained that night.

It is now after lunch, Harold has been over to tell us what he has been doing, he leaves a week Sunday for Edmonton and the University of Alberta. Has four years there in Engineering and then 3 in the Air Force.

Monday the McQueens were down and asked us up there in the evening. Mr McQueen drove the 2nd car into Banff and has been coming here ever since, used to take Pete with him when he drove to Calgary and they would start about 5 in the morning and do well if they got to Calgary by midnight the roads being just trails. So we made an effort and went up and had a very nice evening talking.

Today Mr Scott (who lives in the old White House above us) is going east to visit numerous relatives so we are taking him to the train to-night, he was down last evening to sort of say good-bye and I guess we will be taking the Wards to the train on Monday for they are going to England, haven't been for 25 years and ~~for~~ Sam has several sisters living near London. Cis and brother and sister to see. Then Tuesday we go up to Bow Lake to see if the Hunting party with Rusty is in. Were going to Cowley this week but didn't want to leave the roof half done and also there wasn't much time, we will maybe go after Rusty leaves, unless the color is extra bright and we have a chance to paint a bit of that. Have been doing all sorts of odd things and people dropping in, like Pete Tasker to show us a new



camera yesterday and we had coffee and then Nellie MacKenzie and Patsy came down to return a tent and they had coffee too, and Erling to borrow the viewer etc.

The leaves are starting to turn in patches but we will have to have stormy weather before we get real Indian Summer.

This isn't much of a letter, so many odd things I should be doing. Have gotten all the slides we took in Alaska and the yukon mounted which is something. 15 rolls and takes me an evening to do each roll.

We had fresh trout for lunch, maybe I told you that. it was very good.

Lots of love and will try to do better next letter.

*Catharine*

P.S. Maybe I better tell you a hunting story. A man was out hunting big game and when he returned he was telling his experiences to some friends. Seems that he was in a canyon and a great big Grizzly came along, It wasn't very far away but there was a tree between him and the Grizzly and he had only one shot left in his gun. So he had to do some real figuring, finally he decided the only way to hit the bear was to ricochet a bullet off the canyon wall to hit the bear behind the tree, So he figured the drift of the wind and the slant of the rock etc. and took careful aim and fired. then he paused and the friends asked. " Did you kill the bear ? " and the man replied, " No. I missed the Canyon Wall."



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Sept. 18, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Another nice letter from you came to-day, all about the Navajo Indian paintings. I meant to ask before if you had been to see them for we got the notice last week. You sent us the book "Spin a Silver Dollar" several years ago and since then we have been awfully interested in seeing the Navajo's work. When we drove through New Mexico in 1953 and stopped in Santa Fe we went to the Art Gallery or Museum but all the Indian pictures were stored in a cupboard, some other exhibit was being hung, However the lady in charge was very kind and took us in a back room and let us look through a stack leaning against the wall and we bought one of a Navajo girl on horseback going to market, by Harrison Begay and have it framed upstairs. It is so beautifully designed. We would just love to have another for a Christmas present. If there are any you like particularly am sure we would too, as your taste is always good. Thanks so much for thinking of it.

Have just gotten out the July Arizona Highways and there is only one in it by Harrison Begay, the "Phepards at the Water hole, not as nice as ours! The Frolicking Navajo Girls" is very interesting. But we shall have to leave it up to you to decide. The ones of B. Yazz are lovely. Don't you think the little things like the bushes are fascinating the way they design them? Guess you saw in the London Studio an article about the Navajo art. Haven't had time to more than glance at it yet. But I can't help but think as a group they are producing the loveliest and most original works of art being done to-day.

We read somewhere that in Santa Fe they have a wonderful school for the Indians where they can come and paint and work at other crafts but aren't taught, just directed I guess you would call it, so that there ~~own~~ way of painting developes. The only trouble is that sometimes the imitators follow and copy the really original ones but so far there are many really good artists among them. You couldn't get us anything we would like as much. xx

We had a letter from the Campbells yesterday, so busy they wrote a line each day almost to tell us that they found water in both places the old man told them they would. Now they are planning to dig a trench down the hill about 20 feet and put in the new plastic pipe that is recommended, looks like stiff rubber tubing, and then run the water into a trough for the cattle, as they pasture there in the winter, then in a year they will have a god idea how much water runs and if it is worth running it across the valley into their place. *The lower hole had the most water -*

The oats were cut while we were there but they weren't safe until then so they hadn't dared order a granary to store them in before they were cut in case snow or hail came while the oats were still standing and ruined the crop. The granary was ordered the day we left and was to be delivered Monday, it didn't come until Tuesday evening about 9 P.M.



The truck driver telephoned from Cowley so Gray and Ralph went down the road to meet him and unload it near the field where they are to put it up. Ralph was to do that but had to first build the cement foundation according to specifications. Gray was also lucky and got a 2nd. hand tiller for ~~\$125~~ \$150. which they are now asking \$250. for. and with that hitched onto the double discs and harrows and then a seeder, Gray can do three jobs in one, a great time and money saver when you have 95 acres to do ! He had already done 35 when he wrote.

I will quote from his letter " Yesterday I started seeding again but kept one eye on exciting developments at lower place " ( this was where the granary was to be erected, it comes knocked down and ready to put to-gether. ) " Soon Ralph and Ethel " ( his wife ) " roared in with truck, barrels etc.- then "leanor with boxes of food. I stopped seeding, hooked tractor to cement mixer and away we went. The girls worked as hard as we did and it was a larger job than anyone figured. Ralph thought it would take 3 or 4 hours but at 8.30 last night we were as frantic as beavers with headlights on- had only stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour at noon and the girls between shovelling sand and gravel made us coffee and tea. But 12 hours pouring cement is hard work and we are all tired to-day. last night the aches were really delicious. the satisfaction and excitement is wonderful. Ralph so proud he is building and the neighbors all interested. Must go now and haul bales and try to seed when it dries." They had a rain that ~~next~~ night.

Yesterday we had a busy afternoon going to a funeral, seeing a friend off on the train and numerous other things. Saw Larri Simpson who is getting her house ready for winter and she expects Jimmy in to-day. Mary will be down to-morrow and probably they will bring a truck load in Tuesday when Rusty will come, so we don't have to drive up to Bow Lake for him. No word when he plans to go east. Ray Legace was also hunting and met them out on their trip and that is how we know when they will arrive at Bow Lake. They had gotten 2 rams. Larri seemed to think that Rusty will go east this week but as soon as we find out will let you know.

We hope the weather holds so we can get the roof done and then as soon as Rusty goes we will go back down to Cowley with all the things we need for the cabin there. We won't take much but use our camping things, but will take some folding chairs and an old rug etc. Expect it will be a carful!

The Campbells house is small and if they have company they move out of their own room or sleep on sofas or in summer the boys can sleep outside, but they work so hard outside during daylight hours we don't like to make any extra work indoors, as one is bound to no matter how hard one tries to be "no trouble at all." Having a cabin of our own we will be independent and can do as we like and not get in their way. One is apt to talk too much when they have work to go and do.

We went up to see Carl Rungius this morning, first real visit we have made him this summer and then brought him back for steak which he enjoys rare. He was in great spirits and really enjoyed it, ate 2 helpings of everything, even a little more steak. He hasn't been here for ages. He looked at the painting Pete did of David Bearspaws burial and told Pete it was " outstanding " which coming from Carl pleased Pete so much. He also remembered the portrait we call the Red Squaw which he had Pete exhibit in the ~~Royal~~ Academy in New York, said it was still an " A " picture and he said to me " I love it." which



sounded strange from him , but he mean't it. It was interesting hearing where he went in the Yukon and Alaska, was hunting out of Dawson City on Coal Creek in 1901 and his last trip was 7 years ago when he went by plane to Whitehorse, Fairbanks and Anchorage and fished 100 miles north of Mt. McKinley.

Told us too how he painted only the white Dall sheep he hunted in the Yukon at that time, then he got a letter from Jim Simpson saying " we have good sheep out here too." or something like that, and that is how he happened to come out, here to the Rockies.

Didn't mean to type so much this afternoon but wanted you to know how much we would like to have one of the Navajo paintings if there are any left.

Lots of love,  
Catherine

P.S. I won't forget that Gale likes the boxes, you tell her to start collecting and I will leave her my collection. Just got a lovely one this summer from England, a china one with painted flowers and very old I guess.

By the way - If you think of it. put our P.O. Box 370 on our address. The Post master is new & likes us to use the Box numbers - Haven't seen Mavis but there are some interesting articles in our paper on the subject -



LAKE LOUISE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS,  
CANADA

Westward from Banff, a visitor will pass through the Bow River Valley and climb a modern highway to Lake Louise, a gem of amazing beauty. Beyond the lake rises Mount Victoria with its glittering glacier. Lake Louise is a favourite spot from which hikes or trail rides may be taken to Lake O'Hara, Paradise Valley, Consolation Valley, Plains of the Six Glaciers, and to the "Lakes in the Clouds" — Mirror and Agnes. Within a half hour's drive of Lake Louise is Moraine Lake, which gleams in indescribable hues of sapphire and emerald. North of Lake Louise and accessible by the Banff-Jasper Highway, is a remarkable region of almost primeval beauty. Facing Lake Louise is the luxurious Chateau Lake Louise, and a short distance East are several lodges, bungalows, camps, and campgrounds.

**BY AIR MAIL**  
**PAR AVION**

ADDRESS ONLY

Message in



Mrs Edith M. Robb

Box 306

Concord

Mass.



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(13)

LAKE LOUISE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CANADA





Barryff -  
Wed. Sept 19<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Mother.

just a very hurried  
note - Rusty came in last night  
& has just gone back to Bow Lake  
for a couple more days with  
Jimmy - Have been waiting  
round for the truck to come at  
3 or 3.30 & it is now 4.30 PM,

Looks as if he would stay  
with us over the weekend &

then leave the first of the week -  
24<sup>th</sup> or 25<sup>th</sup> for home -

They had a fine trip, The DeFries  
got 2 moose. 2 Sheep & 3 goats  
which is considered good for 3  
weeks on the trail at this time  
of year. Rusty will tell you  
all about it.

Lots of love from us all  
Catharine.



Banff, Alberta.

Thurs. Sept, 20, 1956

Dearest Mother,

This has been rather a busy week. Monday Norman Tabuteau and Bill Wilson were here by 8 A.M. to start doing the valley on the north side of the roof. We went up to the Wards to see if there was anything we could do for them as they left that afternoon for England. Pete stayed and helped Sam drain his water system etc. and I took Cis to do a couple of errands and last minute things. Later in the day we went up at 3 to take them to the train at 4 P.M. In between we saw Eldon Walls and did a couple of errands and after the train pulled out we went to see how the road east is coming along. and seems to me someone came that evening but can't remember who. We made tea for the men and gingerale for their 2 kids. that afternoon, I remember now.

Tuesday we had lots of company, Started early with Pat MacKenzie with some tent pegs to return, she left later for Vancouver University of B. C. Before she went Dorothy Weldon and her daughter from Edmonton dropped in for nearly an hour on their way to Calgary and after they left we went to the train to see Patsy away. First break in their family of any of the 4 children going away and I think they all felt it a bit. Patsy went alone on the train as no one her age is going there this year from Banff. Then errands and back home We had several people during the afternoon. Gave the men tea about 3 and Verne Castella appeared so added some water and gave him some, then Amos Amos of Morley arrived to see if we would buy a coat, and I added more water. Then Nick Morant so I made fresh tea when he appeared. He stayed for quite a while, until supper time nearly. The men finished the roof that day thank goodness before it rained.

We had just finished supper when Rusty arrived having gotten in from the hunt and driven to Banff with the cook. So not having much milk on hand which he craved after 3 weeks without, we went overtown for that and ice cream and more bacon for morning and then cooked him up what we had in the frig. Ham and pineapple and some mixed vegetables and he had a good quart of milk, and we joined with the ice cream and peaches. He seemed fine and had had a good trip. The De Vries ( don't really know how to spell their name) enjoyed it and want to go again next year or the year after. Mr DeVries shot a goat, a moose and a ram and the elder son, a goat and a ram and the wife a goat and a moose, or visa versa, Anyway they were all pleased and Rusty said they got them only with Jimmie when he went with them. He wasn't sure whether Jimmie wanted him for just two more days to help with the start of the next trip or whether to have him go with 8 of the horses to the winter pasture, so we told Rusty that his family would like a wire and took him to the station to send it that night.

He was tired so we went to bed before ten after a bit of a chat. Next morning was dark so we all slept in and it was after 8 when we got up, breakfast was a bit later than usual. Then as Rusty needed a hair cut I took him over town, he also wanted to get a Dinky Toy for David and said he would go up there, to the bank and back for lunch as he rather expected to have Jimmie pick him up after lunch on his way back to Bow Lake.



Pete stayed home in case Jim came around to say the exact time he would get Rusty and I got a big steak, more icecream and peaches for lunch. We got everything ready and no sign of Rusty, I kicked myself for not saying what time we would eat and we figured if he didn't come by 12.30 we would eat ourselves, which we did. Had baked sweet potatoes too. We had just finished our steak & potatoes when Fern Brewster came about something, and by the time she left Rusty showed up so it was just right. We cooked his steak and he ate a couple of the potatoes and then we all had ice cream and peaches to-gether, but it took a good 3 hours, getting, eating and cleaning up lunch. Then Jim came to say he would be back at 3 or 3.30. So Rusty got his things to-gether and we waited until after 4 before Jim and Ken Jones showed up. By then we felt we had spent all day doing a lot of waiting round.

Pete hadn't left the house all day so we went out for a bit of a drive and had a couple of things to see to as well. Rusty told us that when he came in he wanted to spend a couple of days with us so we are trying to plan our time to suit his. Have asked about plane reservations and because of heavy traffic just now and some convention they weren't sure what they could get, but have made a reservation for Sunday night and he could take the six-fifty train from here for Calgary and catch the plane for midnight for Toronto and should be in Beeton the next noon, on Monday the 24th. When we find the exact time will wire Russ.

Jimmy wants Rusty to help to-day with the horses they hope to truck up to the Saskatchewan river and then he starts out on his next hunt to-morrow. Mary has to go to Cochrane soon with meat for the deep freeze and so will bring Rusty in with her and we hope will telephone when she is coming, might be to-morrow or Saturday.

Last night we called on Pearl to see if Ethel Fulsher was back and she ended up by coming back for supper with us. Then this noon Harold came for fish, he leaves Saturday morning early by bus for Edmonton and we have promised to take the Morants to the morning train and see Sean Park away. In between all this we hope to get our things figured out for Cowley for we are anxious to go down and try the cabin for a few days and see how it works out.

Better post this and get busy on other things.

Heaps of love,

Catharine



Banff, Alta.  
Sept 25, 1956

Dearest Mother,

So stupid of me not to write a letter on Sunday for Rusty to take to you, would have been the quickest one yet for he left at 6.30 and you probably saw him the next afternoon.

Can't remember when I last wrote for this past week was rather interrupted and confused. Rusty came in Tuesday evening, and then went back up to Bow Lake with Jimmie and Ken Jones Wednesday afternoon. After he left we went out for a bit coming home by Pearl Moore's to find out Ethel Fulsher's plans ( she is the one visiting all of us from Honolulu ) Pearl came back with us for steak, we had some left from dinner, and really enjoyed it while we had our regular supper of soup and salad.

Thursday was quite a day, I put Rusty's laundry through the machine as it seemed too horsey to pack, we went to the train to see another friend away and then Harold came for salmon dinner as we try to have each of the boys for one good meal before they leave for college or school. They did pretty well batching after Barbara left. Harold said he had washed and ironed his clothes but putting the shirts through the wringer broke some buttons and wondered if I had some, so told him to bring them over which he did later in the afternoon. We had been out doing errands and seen both Pearl and Ethel and after getting back it was rainy and dismal, 3 of the school girls arrived. Lona Becker, Penny Warren and Mary Lee. Their arms were laden with school books as they are in grade 12 now. Like a senior in High school, and wanted to borrow boots for an overnight hike the school were taking Saturday. We were all having coffee and cake and gingerale when Harold arrived with 2 shirts on a hanger and a pair of socks, as he said just enough to give each girl a job and nothing for me to do. Mary Lee refused and their was much kidding, but Penny darned the socks and Lona took on the changing of buttons and made a very good job of it. She was a girl friend of Harold's for a good many years and may still be, though he went with another girl in his class the last two years so he wouldn't be teased. We gave the girls a ride home later with the books and boots and Lona said she was quite surprised what a good job Harold had done, she said the shirts even smelled clean and he made quite a good job of the ironing! Harold plans things out ahead of time and was all packed Friday to leave on Saturday.

After taking the girls home drove by the station and a man had been hurt trying to jump on the caboose, a C.P.R. man and while we were hearing about it Nick and Willi came along and later back here, But they wouldn't stay for supper as they had stew to eat up and we told them we would take them to their train on Friday as we were waiting for Rusty to return for a couple of days before we left town. Wick was headed for Glacier park. where we stopped in B.C. in 1916 and watched the trains go under the snow sheds for a morning or maybe a whole day. in Nick has pictures of trains to take and he and Willi will stay in a caboose, wanted us to go over for a day but we figure we haven't time.



for we are hoping for some fall color here to paint. so far it hasn't been brilliant as it is most years, but may come yet.

That same evening Erling Strom came to borrow our slide viewer. Then Friday morning we did errands before picking up Nick and Willi cameras and other baggage for the 11.20 train. Also saw Jean Park away and other C.P.R. staff from the hotel. We asked Jimmy ~~and Rusty~~ to telephone when Rusty would be down ~~and whether he would be going~~ and leave a message for us, but hadn't heard so figured it would be Saturday perhaps. Had a busy afternoon, seeing various people etc. Then Eldon Walls came over to talk business and we also went over to have some shirts of Rusty's dried. I put them through the washing machine in the morning but it was so damp out and looked like rain we thought maybe they had better be dried at the laundry. Of course after that the weather cleared so we needn't have bothered! Anyway it was just about six and we were starting supper when Rusty came.

He had gotten a ride to Lake Louise unexpectedly and caught the train down. Am afraid we didn't have anything very exciting for him to eat.

That evening we started showing him the Alaskan and Yukon slides when Erling Strom came, he finds the big hotel pretty dismal when most everyone has left. He has a room there so stay in when he comes in from Assinaboine. We started the slides again and he was interested in them as he had hunted in Alaska in 1928 and had some good stories to tell. At least we thought they were good but am afraid Rusty got too sleepy or perhaps he might have been bored for he went off to bed before Erling left. Erling climbed Mt McKinley on Skis in the early 1930s and knows Brad Washburn well.

Saturday we had promised to take Harold with his bags to the bus for Calgary, he was to spend the night with Bubby and then go up to University in Edmonton Sunday morning. Actually quite an occasion but we were the only ones to see him off. Davy is back, (that is his older brother) but Harold said he was still sleeping and he wasn't sure if he woke up even when he said good-bye to him. Not that Harold minded, and Rusty and Pete and I gave him a sendoff anyway.

Rusty then told us that Mary and Mrs Simpson would be picking him up to go with them to Cochrane to put the wild meat in the Deep Freeze and then stop at Seebe to see George and Tibby Browne and some of George's painting. They came about 10.30 I guess, at least Mary arrived. and off they went. We did errands and had an early lunch and then Pete and I drove up the west road to see how the color was and had great fun on the way back for we tried the new Trans-Canada from Eisenhauer Jct. back to Banff. There was no sign to stop us so we ventured through the construction and as the various men on trucks and bull dozers beckoned us on we kept going. It was fun to us as it goes down the south side of the Bow and an entirely new route, and on the opposite side of the river.

Got back to Banff just at four and had told <sup>Mary & Mrs</sup> the Simpsons we would give them tea but thought no doubt they might have it at the Brownes. Hadn't been home more than 5 minutes when George and Tibby and their two children knocked at the door. We were so surprised. First time George has been up to Banff since May he has been working so hard and first time Mrs Simpson had tried to go to Seebe. They had seen the Simpsons over town but it was too bad in a way. However Rusty came home in time to have tea with them here and so met George that way.



That evening after supper Rusty decided he wanted to see the movie, forget the name so went to that. Pete finds the movies tire his eye a bit, especially if he has been using it in other ways so we didn't go, but Rusty said it was a real good one. It was too bad that Harold ~~maxx~~ had to leave just when Rusty was here for they might have had fun to-gether. All the other boys we know are away now or at school or something.

Sunday Rusty packed up his things and then we drove up to Norquay to the Ski grounds, it was a beautiful morning and Rusty went up the Chair Lift, which he seemed to enjoy, then back here for steak, and sweet potatoes and ice cream etc. a good big dinner. There wasn't really much to do Sunday afternoon and I am afraid it was rather stupid for Rusty, we did go up and say good-bye to Lari Simpson, Jimmies wife, and drove around a bit and the Mackenzies, Nellie and Billy dropped in for a few minutes. Then I remembered the color slides we had taken for you of the murals so fixed those as best I could to have Rusty take and soon it was train time. With all the traffic on Sundays going to Calgary we didn't care about driving down and then it mean't spending the night there and the train connection was so good with the plane. Rusty said he didn't mind and it dád make it better for us.

This is more than I mean't to write for we must go over town now. The weather is so unsettled and usually we need a good cold storm before we get real Indian Summer weather. Don't know how good it will be this year.

Loads of love, from us both .  
Catherine



an enclosing interview with Ethel Felscher, our friend  
Rose from Honolulu - Harold took her for a lady of 60 or  
65 rather than 75 -

Banff, Alberta.

Fri. Sept. 28, 1956

Dearest Mother,

The colour is lovely in spots and at last we got out sketching yesterday, it was good to smell the paint and the autumn leaves. It was cold in the shade but the sun quite warm, The day before was overcast and then it poured in the late afternoon, we thought we were in for a three day storm, after which it often clears into a beautiful stretch of weather, but after raining hard for an hour or so it started lifting and the loveliest light as we finished supper, So we left the dishes and drove up the west road, It was weird somehow, still stormy in the east and a golden light from the west making the yellow trees even more intense. It didn't last long but was quite wonderful to see.

Last night was clear and cold but this morning cloudy again, not settled yet. We are always having " Pacific disturbances" crossing Alberta, which brings cloudiness and showers. Maybe we won't get real Indian summer after all. We feel that in the past we always had a few days of glorious colour and weather to go with it, but year before last it was all dirty and last year we missed it going east. Remember how lovely it was around Concord last fall. Is it nice this year too?

We had Davy over to eat Moose steak, day before yesterday. He is waiting to hear the results of his physical tests for the Air Force Band in Edmonton. Davy's one interest, or chief interest is music, which he has picked up mostly on his own. He plays the flute, cor Anglais, saxophone etc. and when in School got a band together for dances. We weren't too keen on that type of music but he also likes "Classical Jazz" which I guess would be Gershwin and others. The last 2 years he went to Westlake School in Los Angeles, the 2nd year getting a scholarship equal to \$1,500. but he can't get a job in the states until he has his military service and to take it there he has to become an American. So he wants to join the Edmonton R.C.A.F Band which is a symphonic band, and they go all over the country and even to Europe giving concerts, Sounds rather good for him. As he said there is no other way he can be paid for learning. They need a flute player and he passed his audition tests for that and two other instruments. He would get \$180. a month and all his expenses etc. Has to join up for 2 years and take the 2 month basic training first near Montreal. We hope he makes it alright for it will be a good thing for him. He is rather shy and quiet but really enjoyed the dinner. He is Barbara and Jackie's eldest boy, now 20. Says he's interested in symphonic music using instruments like Saxophones etc.

Don't know just when we will go down to Cowley but after the best of the colour. There are patches of it there but not enough to really paint as there is here. but there are wonderful windblown fir trees on the hilltops which we have our eye on and surely we will get some nice days next month. Hard to realize the summer is most over.

Loads of love  
Pete & Catherine.



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Sept. 30, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

We are still having cold and unsettled weather and it rained hard yesterday afternoon, off and on again to-day and the leaves are blowing off fast and some not turning. Looks as if we wouldn't get the blaze of colour we had hoped for this year.

Were lucky in one way yesterday, were busy all A.M. Pete working on films and I on housecleaning and the laundry etc. which for some reason I seem to do Saturday mornings when I change the bed. Then in the afternoon we took some flowers up to a friend in the hospital. Also found the road west is open at last after the paving was finished the afternoon before, and had to try that, and also see how the one to the Upper Hot Springs was coming along. It was getting darker and wetter and I might have gone to a church tea but didn't. and instead of making a call we came home, had just sat down to a cup of coffee when Ted Gotki the furnace man dropped in. He is one of the nicest people and I call him Doctor Gotki as he tells you the reasons for the furnace acting this way and that just as if it were a patient. He had coffee too and then looked at our chimney. We were concerned as Norman Tabuteau had looked down and found the fumes were coming up the flue we thought was closed off and not the one with the lining. So Ted got the ladder which Pete held while I helped him out a tiny upstairs window where he could just reach the top of the ladder and so onto the dormer and examine the chimney. He has it all figured what to do to prevent the ~~the~~ moisture forming etc. Seems there isn't as much heat from the gas as from the coal or oil and so the chimney stays colder and doesn't dry out etc. so he measured it up and will make a cap for it and bring it up in another 2 or 3 weeks. We hunted for him all last week and left word at the hotel but we so easily could have missed him, so that is one more thing done.

To-day Sunday I wrote 4 letters of sympathy which took me the morning, then we asked Davy over for Sunday dinner as he is still waiting. He received a very good report from the Westlake School of Modern music, in his last half year he got all A's. but is waiting for the one from Edmonton, then he gets his medical exam in Calgary. I thought it was word from that he was waiting for. He practises every day so that is something but we figured he would like a little attention from us as he is batching.

We had just finished the steak and mushrooms and were wondering whether to go for ice cream when Lennie Becker and Bonnie Smith came in, they offered to go for us and came back with 2 packages. and we all ate ice cream together. Then two new little neighbors dropped in to see us and Pete showed them around while the girls helped me do the dishes and Davy teased them and they Davy. Later he went home and we went for the mail, met Mrs C.M. Walker and took her out to see the new road which she hadn't seen before at all and her husband was chief engineer before he died. Then dropped them all at home.



Think I forgot to mention the wonderful letter we had from Rusty, written the day after he got home, and while sitting in the hospital with Gale. He spoke of having lunch with you that day and that you seemed "down hearted", We do feel sorry about that, but think perhaps your letter of yesterday saying that you hadn't felt well for the last week or ten days, might account for that.

He also thought that the only possible way of cheering you up was for us to take the Super Constellation east sometime soon, He really has done his best to urge us to come and now to-day comes your letter wanting to see me about a lot of things. It looks as if you two had got your heads to-gether at luncheon. We would love to see you but it is not always easy for us to leave, so we will just have to wait and see how things go.

Do hope Gale has gotten on allright with the wisdom tooth operation, it must be such a painful kind with both sides and up and down in ones mouth sore and swollen. Didn't Russell have quite a time with his too years ago? Sometime I expect I will, for I have two that showed on an x-ray over 20 years ago, the other two are out.

It is now Monday, still not very sunny, Steam Watt was here and has gone back for some plumbing folders as we are thinking of putting the kitchen sink into the darkroom and fixing that up more efficiently so we can do more work there this winter. Ethel Culsher was over and is coming back for lunch as she leaves Wednesday for Honolulu, and Verne was down to borrow a wrench so you can see I am a bit interrupted.

Will be writing soon again.

Lots of love,

*Catherine*

P.S. So glad you were able to get the Navajo painting, Why not get one for yourself too, to hang and enjoy.



Banff, Alberta.

Wed. Oct. 3, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

This won't be much of a letter for there are still a few odd things to do before going to Cowley. We are another day late but the weather still isn't very settled, lots of wind and most of the yellow leaves have fallen or turned not too bright.

Your letter about the Indian Paintings came, am so glad you are to get the Froliching girls for yourself, I think you will get a lot of pleasure out of it as we do ours.

We had a nice letter from Edith to-day to say that she and Bob had been out to see you and her mother, and evidently she hasn't noticed that you have begun to lose your mind as you so often think. In fact said you were as "Alert" as ever, so that was good to hear. Am afraid you won't get any sympathy from any of us when you are still so smart. Maybe you get tired quicker, but so do we all from what we were ten years ago. Sam Ward wrote us a card from the boat and he had been talking to the Physical Instructor in the gym, Sam is about 73 I guess and the man told him he didn't see why he wouldn't live to a hundred, upon which Cis said "who will look after you?" Sam doesn't look or act more than 60 unless he gets tired.

Did I write Sunday, yes am sure I did. Davy was here for lunch. Linnie and Bonnie later and we gave Mrs C.M. Walker a ride Monday was dull and we had a busy morning. Bob Watt came down to pick up some copper left over and we got talking sinks, as we want to move the one from the kitchen into the dark room and get double ones for the kitchen, so Bob went back for his books to order from. Then Verne came for a wrench, and Ethel to see when she would see us and we asked her for lunch, so she said she would come back. As soon as Bob returned and we figured the sinks, we rushed over town for food, then Ethel for steak left over from Sunday, a nice visit. (Did I ask you to please return the clipping about her. Dr Atkin would like it.) Then took her to see new West road and to Mr Parises where we left her for an hour, did some errands and then I went back, picked her up and took her first to see Ivy Paris and then to the Atkins where we had tea. Dr Atkin is the one who operated when Ethel was nurse, he is over 80 and the perfect country doctor. So then the Afternoon was gone. and not much getting ready done. We also were asked to a party on Tuesday and promised to stay for that.

Tuesday was yesterday, and we did gather the clothes together and packed the food we will need and Pete got the painting and photographic things figured out. It always takes the same amount of time to be sure we have all we need, whether we go for a few days or a month. Then got dolled and cleaned up and at 5.30 went to a cocktail party the Sowdens gave for Ethel. a very nice party, about 20 there and inst ad of leaving at 6 we all stayed until nearly 7.30



The smoke was rather strong and Pete notices it, Also people stand too close when they talk and he finds they are out of focus unless he looks through the bottom of his glasses which is awkward. He thinks he will take green onions next time and munch those so people will stand at a distance ! It sort of tires his eyes, so this morning we decided not to try and hurry off but wait one more day and see Ethel off for Honolulu this afternoon. Just as well we did for we started by picking her up to take her picture about ten and brought her over here and took her a few places, and had forgotten that the grocery stores close all day Wednesdays now so could do no shopping for things to take.

Saw Bev after lunch to hear a little about their trip for they drove down to Denver via the National parks and took little Cliff who was good as gold with them, he is just 3. They were camping in Yellowstone Park in our large umbrella tents and evidently the wardens were trying to catch a marauding bear that had broken into a trailer the night before and wrecked the inside. had also ripped open several tents. They had turned in and were in their sleeping bags when the bear started in their tent. Big Cliff chased it from the door, it happened again and once more he shouted at it. Then the wardens really came after it and the bear came right inside the tent, got confused and went right through the tent, ripping the seams but not the canvas. It is an old tent used in the 1920's and the seams went first. The wardens shot the bear about 10 feet from their tent.

Then we went to the train and saw Ethel off on the Canadian with a lot of others, gave her a real good sendoff. Pete is loading film and I have ironed some things and we have eaten most of the things in the frig and we hope to get away to-morrow. Don't know how long we will stay, depends on the weather and how much we get done.

Must write one more letter, so all for now.

Lots of Love

Catharine  
P.S. How is Gale? Must be awful having all sides swollen & sore at once. Nice Rusty could be home to cheer her up a bit.  
How is the baby? Has he teeth yet? I never can remember at what age things happen.



7c - Ranch  
Cowboy, Alta  
Sat. Oct 6. 1956.

Dearest Mother.

Just a very hurried note as I think  
Dean is going in to town. We got away about  
10.30 Thursday morning. took a while to get every-  
thing packed in as we had more to bring than usual.  
but made a good trip down & were here by 5.30.

They hadn't known when to expect  
us & Ralph had had to stop working on the beds  
& cupboards to do outside work & make a big  
granary for the oats, so his tools etc were in the  
cabin & sawdust over everything.

By the time we drove over & opened  
& dosed a couple of gates we found the Phillips  
working like mad to try & clean up & numerous  
little boys running in & out with sticks of wood  
etc. We didn't mind of course & helped too for we  
wanted to get unpacked before dark.

Most important thing was to  
right the privy which in a high wind the  
other day had blown over the fence. The barbed  
wire broke the fall so it didn't really hurt  
it. Only trouble the bolt had slid & the  
door was locked from inside. The only way -  
for Wayne Phillip to climb underneath as we  
held it at an angle & crawl up through the  
hole. First time he had his coat on & nearly  
got stuck & next said he had too many things



in his pockets. but while Ethel, Dave & I held  
it from falling over & Ralph pushed up one end  
Wayne slid the bolt & crawled out through the  
now open door. Then we maneuvered it back  
into its proper location over the hole in the ground.

Yesterday we spent most of the morning  
straightening things out. Reup some old curtains  
we brought etc. Now we are going to wash windows.  
Pete is doing the front ones outside standing  
on the tail gate of the Jeep -

Will write more fully later. You better  
just keep writing to Barry for we won't be  
here very long. Loads of love -  
Catherine -



Expect to leave for home fairly soon. in  
another day or two.

7c - Ranch  
Cowley Alta.  
Mon. Oct. 8, 1956.

Dearest Mother.

Thought I'd better just start a letter to you. though it's hard to know where to begin. To-day has been lovely, sunny & clear & to-morrow clear & frosty. We are very cozy in our cabin & it is all very quiet & peaceful.

The cabin has turned out even better than we expected. Ralph Pelling who lives in the Ranch cabin here with his wife & 2 children. Dawn about 14 & Wayne 8, built it for us. They have been here about 2 years & are raising pigs. Gray raises the feed & Ralph looks after the pigs & also built the Pig house. But some day they hope to have a place of their own. They haven't made too much on the pigs, as they ran into some rather bad luck. Letters when it was -40° below zero & all sorts of things. Then Gray's feed was hauled out the first year so he had to buy feed instead. So Ralph does a bit of carpentering on the side & he built the cabin for us.

It is 16' x 20' feet & just one room. has 3 windows across the front facing south & the view & 3 across the north end where we can paint in bad weather. 2 little windows to east & west & a door in the center of the east side, an airtight stove in the middle. We have used all our camping stuff so far. for cooking & sleeping & have a big table under



the windows facing South. The sun pours in & so far we have only needed a fire in the evening & early morning as the cabin is well insulated. Have an sleeping bags & air foam mattresses of rubber & first 2 nights slept on the floor but now have two cots of wood. Then Ralph made a place to cook in the east corner. & we have an outhouse outside & a fence all around to keep the cattle out. We hear them walking by & sometimes bawling back & forth. We first walk through the grove of balsam of gileads to get to the Campbell's back door & can see their lights but can't hear them except if the dogs bark. The Phillips are as far in front of us but we can't hear or see them either.

Most of the time so far we have been fixing up the cabin. Cleaned it of sawdust first day & have hung up temporary curtains. Bought an oil rug, washed windows etc. Also have helped a bit with the jobs going on. Such a lot to be done & always unexpected things happening.

We came Thursday. Talked a bit that night & heard a bit of all the things they had done since we were here before.

Friday we spent the morning getting organized then in the afternoon went with Gray & El & Jane to bring up some of the seed pots from a pile near the new granary about 3 miles from here. They built the granary just recently



not daring to order it until the 80 acres of oats were reaped. for then they were pretty sure of having them. Ralph built it all present of ply wood. They made a cement floor - that had to dry. so in the meantime they had to harvest the oats & pile them on the ground. They borrowed an auger thing to put ~~them~~ regular oats in the new granary. but one smaller field had such fine oats they kept them separate for seed & put those in a smaller granary up here.

There were only a few loads left. In fact they expected to haul them all Friday afternoon. Gray went down with the big tractor with rubber wheels like yours but larger, & used a big borrowed trailer ready to break down any minute. It looked so old, & Dean had the Jeep station wagon with their own smaller trailer.

First we loaded Grays. Their small auger loader is in a 16 or 20 foot, six inch pipe. A little but very noisy engine on top which turns the screw thing inside like a bit. They put one end in the pile of oats, the other over the top of the side of the big trailer & all you have to do is shovel the grain over the end of the ship & it worms it up. Saves lifting & throwing it with a shovel. though one still has to keep shoveling it onto the pile end so it has enough oats to pull up.



We helped a bit taking a turn. Some sitting on the pump to hold it down & starting & stopping the motor. He is the eldest boy aged 12. but as useful as any man.

Suddenly all 4 dogs appeared having followed us down & then we were ready for the long pull uphill back. Gray being slower with the tractor. He first got to a corner of the barn & one rubber tire on his old borrowed trailer ~~went~~ started to go flat. He went as fast as he could but it was flat before he could back it ~~into~~ the Granary at the Ranch. So we unloaded the little trailer first. Then we tried pumping up the flat tire enough to back ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> for unloading. They had a pump that works off the Jeep engine.

Took a lot of air but it did come up but they still couldn't back it well enough with the tractor, so Gray set off for the <sup>new</sup> water supply where a little tractor had been left for work there. Pete drove him up & he was soon back. We pumped the tire up as far as we dared & kept it pumping while Gray backed the old trailer & we just made it close enough to unload.

Were in the midst of unloading (for it takes two to shovel the oats over the end of the loader) when John Carney arrived in his truck. He wanted some feed oats which Gray owed him. So off Gray went back down to the Granary



to get him some from 2 small piles. We figured there was another small trailer load of the Seed oats left to haul & could have done it that afternoon had it not been for the flat tire delay in things.

Next day Gray started off to farm. & Dore with the little tractor to bale straw. It was Saturday & all the boys home. In fact Termy was the only one who went ~~to work~~ <sup>to school</sup> Friday as Jan had whooping cough & Dore a cold last week.

When Gray got down to the road by the granary he found 6 steers in the pile of oats left on the ground. They had messed it all up as well as scattering it but worse still it might kill them. Eating a lot of oats like that when not used to it. Pigs will only eat as much of anything as will be good for them. But cattle & horses have no sense at all & will eat until it kills them. Gray evidently rushed back to the nearest neighbor as fast as he could & telephoned El. who sent Tim aged 9 & Dore down on horse back to bring the cattle back to the corral. Dore & Jan I guess kept them out of the oats & tried to clean up the mess a bit. The cattle were kept in the corral all night & seemed alright so were let out next day. But one steer died as a result of the oats. His stomach was crammed full of them.

That was Saturday morning so Gray got no farming done & they were all late for dinner. It's hard for them to get meals on time so many



unexpected things happen. That afternoon there was mail to be gotten off etc. & they wanted to give the boys a treat as they had all worked so hard. El wasn't feeling too good with a cold so we offered to take the boys to town for a milk shake. After all it was the Canadian Thanksgiving weekend & Monday a holiday. Timmy asked if he could stay with us as he hadn't seen much of us so far. So we washed windows on the cabin. El had a nap. Gray went farming with the big tractor. Jane took the little cat & the baler to bale straw while Jan aged ? sat on the back of the baler to watch the twine & see it kept going alright. We were to pick the 2 boys up at 4 & go to town for the treat thing. Timmy too <sup>to where they were being</sup> gentle a

We had to go across the fields <sup>to where they were being</sup> way & discovered more cattle in the winter wheat where they shouldn't be. So after picking up Jane & Jan we went over the hill & found Gray told him about the cattle & he had to drive home get a horse & ride down to take them back where they belonged. Later they had to go over the fences again & find where they were getting through.

In the meantime we had the "spree" in Cowley. First time Jan had been to town for a couple of months. It was very exciting. They didn't say a great deal but evidently got such a kick out of it all they told Gray all about it next day in great detail.

to be continued, Loads of love  
Catherine.



Tuesday Oct. 9, 1956

to Cayley Saturday

We went partly to take the tire to be fixed off the borrowed trailer. so left that with Morris Senire who set his father to fixing it right away. Then to the Chinaman's for milk shakes. A bachelor was in doing some shopping, felt pretty good & gave each boy a chocolate bar. We did a few errands & started home at sunset. The mountains very blue & the light low & lovely. We really had great fun all the way - a big success. It seems the tire all fixed to going back. so Gray could return borrowed trailer before more work was done.

Sunday was to have been a day off but the fences had to be fixed so the cattle wouldn't break through. They have 12 miles of fences to keep in shape, all barbed wire stretched between posts about 10 feet apart. While Gray & Jane worked on the wire, Termy was out checking on the cattle & he couldn't get one other to move & it died right then & there. He got his father but nothing Gray could do. He had eaten too many oats & bloated. A real loss. but such things happen.

El had killed 7 roosters the day before & invited all of us for Thanksgiving dinner. but instead of eating at 1 o'clock it was nearer 2 P.M. when Gray arrived. & we were just finishing a wonderful meal when a car drove up. Dr. Medlicott & his wife Audrey & tiny baby. Not long out from Ireland & now doctor in Richer Creek. A very nice couple & great



friends of the Campbells. Gray went back to fencing but El was kept busy & we too tried to help as much as possible. If they hadn't come we might have gotten the last load of oats up. All that was left after the cows got into them.

Tuesday That night we were to show the slides of Alaska & of Cowley we had brought with us. Iau spent most of the afternoon with us, while I cleaned them a bit & then after an early supper we went over. The Pelleys coming too & Mrs. Gorch, Ethel's mother. They really enjoyed them. even if we only had a sheet to show them on. Made quite an evening.

Monday - Thanksgiving day. was another clear day. a good frost but real Indian Summer weather. Ralph made a doorstep & we used some of the blocks of wood as stepping stones & a sort of place to step down on & save treading in dirt. At ten everyone came along with a big water trough for the cattle. Ralph had made it & they hauled it up to the new water supply on a big stone boat. Kids & all were helping & they also had a load of rocks to put under the trough to level it. We had to go along too & help. Took quite a while to place it right on the side hill, for evidently cattle are very stupid & will even get in the thing to get water. We were there until nearly one when we ~~made~~ <sup>returned for</sup> our lunch, as we find it's better for us if we can stick to more or less regular hours. The others soon followed. Then in the afternoon while Gray & Dave fenced. we went with El down to the



January to see how many oats we could pick up. By scraping around we managed to get a whole trailer full. That is the small trailer pulled by their jeep. & also made little piles of what was left for feed. & to-day (Tuesday) I went back & got that as well as the rest of the lumber.

X To-day was again clear & not a cloud all day. Pete & I finally got started sketching, everyone else was busy & the kids in school. We drove in our jeep way up high on Squaw Butte & on a ridge overlooking the valley between the Porcupine Hills (where we are) & the range of the Rockies. We could see for miles - probably a hundred. From the Peaks at Glacier Park in the South up towards Calgary - & in the valley all the farm lands. Great fields of grain making a nice pattern of color! even some winter wheat which is quite green & others of dark brown & orange to contrast with the yellow & orange.

X We had our lunch with us & it was a lovely day all round. Warm & no wind to speak of. The weather we had been hoping for in Banff when the color was nice. There are still some yellow trees here in sheltered valleys.

To-night the Campbells have gone to a Danny Kaye movie for the boys. Even if it is a school night they wanted to take them as they have had so few treats this summer & it was a movie they thought they would enjoy. We weren't keen to go. It's a good 24 miles or so & we enjoy just being quiet here.



Seems strange the sweet peas & stock beside the house are still blooming. I picked up a lovely bunch & then when Fay came over to see the cabin he offered to get us another. Thought it would look better with more flowers. All the days are very thoughtful. His bunch had pansies, a nasturtium, bachelor buttons & stock. They are so bright & pretty for October. The heaviest frost was when we were here early in September.

Guess I shouldn't have scribbled so much. Will try to get some pictures to send of our cabin.

We don't know how long to stay. never expected such lovely weather, but there is a lot we should do at home too before winter starts. So maybe we will go back in another day or two. It's been good to get the sun & exercise & nice to have such a comfortable cabin to stay in.

Hope you are fine. We miss not getting your letters but didn't dare have mail forwarded when we didn't expect to be here very long.

Heaps of love.

Catharine.

P.S. We are really enjoying cream so much it's hard to pour. Fresh bread I make. Ethel's muffins, & raw vegetables they have given. I is always sending over some thing she has made.



Banff, Alberta.

Friday, Oct. 12, 1956

Dearest Mother,

We are back home for a couple of nights, thought we better check on what was going on and get our mail etc. so in Cowley yesterday morning were up early and packed up everything in case we didn't get down again for a time, ~~okay~~ but now we think of the weather is good we may go back down to-morrow for a day or two ~~more~~.

The day before, Wednesday we went up to the top of the ridge back of ~~their place~~, driving up in the Jeep. It was very smokey in the distance but we each made a sketch, it was windy too. Then after a picnic lunch we drove back down and onto the Cabin Hill road which is awfully pretty, winds up and down and around steep hills and gives lovely views across to the mountains, then we made a circle through the valley and to Cowley as we are anxious to see the various parts, and back home. We saw someone walking along the road and it was Gray, his tractor had a flat tire and nothing to do but walk home, so when we left yesterday we took the tire to Cowley to be fixed and El was to go in and pick it up later. ~~no~~ helped a bit.

We left about ten and came straight home via Calgary getting here at 4.30, It is nearly 250 miles. but the oftener you drive it the shorter it seems. We found a whole weeks mail, quite exciting, There were three lovely letters from you, and the clipping all about the old north bridge, Rusty mentioned something about it but didn't know a great deal, it was nice he was home in time for the ceremony. We were so glad to hear about Mrs Derby. Yes I remember her, she was the mother of Jarvis Derby who I remember well and there was another boy I think. I didn't realize she was still alive, she must be real bright and spunky. When you go up there again you send her my best wishes. I ~~must~~ think we used to see her when I was a little girl and Jean took me over to Aunt Sarah Buttricks farm.

We got letters from all over, one from the Wards in London, real summer there and all the flowers still blooming, 2 from Honolulu, 3 from Vancouver, 1 from Glacier B.C. 1 from Edmonton, another from New York state, 2 besides yours from Concord, one being Cousin Berts with the booklet by one of the passengers on the trip with them which we will enjoy reading, and the offer from Martha Chase. and another from Ponoka, Alberta and Cowley. The only discouraging part was that most of the letters I wrote the week before going to Cowley were answered, and a few ~~others~~ that will need answers!

Don't worry about forgetting things, I figure that as one gets older things that happen or that one hears don't make as much impression as the things one did or heard or saw when young and there was lots of room in ones mind to remember things. Just use it as a good excuse if you forget, no one will mind really. I think you remember a lot and we always enjoy your letters.



You haven't mentioned Rusty except that he came home and you saw him that day and seeing him with Gale. We will be interested to hear what he plans to do, though I imagine he is enjoying just being at home at present. It was nice for Gale to have him there when she was getting over the wisdom tooth operation. I should have thought all those teeth removed at once would be an awful jolt to anyone, but trust she is O.K. now, if they went off for a weekend.

Have had a very busy day to-day, seeing people and doing errands and washing ourselves and the clothes we used in Cowley. and now we may go back down for the weekend. Will see what the weather is like, Makes one feel good to be outside when it is nice as it has been.

Have a number of bills to look over etc. so all for to-night.

Heaps of love,

Catharine.



Banff, Alberta.

Tues. Oct. 16, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

A nice letter came from you yesterday, we are awfully sorry that you aren't feeling better, just hope you keep well enough to do the things you want to most. Are you still able to see Frances baby often? Must be fun to watch him grow, won't be long before he can come over and see you instead of you going to see him. In another couple of years he will be able to go to you on his own feet.

It wasn't very long ago that you were winning money at the summer bridge club so hope you can keep on playing a while longer, you enjoy it so much, after all bridge is primarily a game so the others shouldn't mind too much if you make a mistake now and then.

What fun the family must have had up in Maine. Russ wrote that he and Rusty went Lobster fishing with Billy I bet they all enjoyed that. Have you seen much of Rusty since he returned, or perhaps with Gale home he has stayed there more, to do things with her. Russell mentioned that Rusty goes into the services a week to-day. Shall be anxious to hear all about it.

I thought I was going to do so much this last week-end in the way of letter writing but never got one written. It was stormy when we woke on Saturday so we never went back down to Cowley as we had planned. We were all ready and packed too. I think the weather has been better than ours, we have had rain and showers of snow and very dull ever since we came back last week.

Saturday I did the usual cleaning and we had errands to do, looked for Gotki the furnace man to fix our chimney as he is making something to go inside for the gas, but couldn't find him. Charlie Beil came down to return some stretcher things and we had coffee and talked and then Rita Bannerman came, she has been at the coast. She is the one who had her eye operated on last fall. and then Pete Tasker the game warden from Bow Lake came. He is very interested in photography and painting and he was here until nearly six, so the afternoon was gone. *They he & his wife Joan & Day came again after supper & stayed until nearly nine.*

Sunday we spent most of the morning copying some maps in color to go with our slides of Alaska, something was wrong with the mirror in the focusing thing for we couldn't seem to get all the map in focus and kept doing it over and over, that is moving the board with the map on it. finally we stopped for lunch and as we finished ours, Dot Lyman, a cousin of Petes from Calgary came in. she had gotten a ride up, she is a daughter of Aunt Maggie and brought better news of her. A few weeks ago she had slight hemorages of the brain but that has cleared up and the last week or two she has felt fine. She is in a nursing home, is blind and



having broken her hip a few years back has to use crutches to get about. She is 89 now. We didn't realize she was that old. They go and take her out in a wheel chair but she gets pretty discouraged at times. We cooked the rest of the steak for Hot which she enjoyed and warmed up some vegetables and she had a good dinner. Then later on I drove her up to Jackies and left her to visit there and we went back to the copying of the map.

It took lots of patience and practically all of Sunday before we got it just right. Couldn't figure what was wrong ~~at~~ the first ~~xxxxxx~~ one we got in focus easily and that was why we were persistent in getting the other right. But later we figured the mirror in the reflex housing had stuck and was throwing it out of focus on the top and bottom.

Yesterday Pete cleaned the workshop and I tackled the studio. Last fall we never really got them done properly as we were east and in the spring Pete was using them both. Things have been stuck in here and there and the various carpenters come to borrow tools and rarely put them back where we would. Once we get things in order it is easier to find things and to work.

Must go now and finish the studio. Mr Lonsdale the minister brought his sketches for Pete to look at yesterday afternoon and while we were finishing tea, Jake Two Young man and Annie Beaver his wife came with a little girl and I made more tea for them. and last evening Eldon Walls came on business with his two little boys, they had been to the library first.

Now must get started again.

Do hope you feel better soon, don't get too discouraged for I have an idea all people as they get older find they can do less and less before getting tired.

Lots of love  
Catherine



Banff, Alberta.

Thurs. Oct. 18, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Am. listening to the opening of the first Atomic Power plant in England to produce electric power (I think.) It is rather interesting and Pete enjoys such programs as he can sit and rest his eyes. Speaking of eyes, just thought you might find it easier to read <sup>my letters</sup> if I make the lines further apart.

The program is over, was about Calder Hall where they convert Natural Uranium through re-actors into Electric power for industry. a stable and safe fuel as well as reliable and economical, so they said. First large plant of it's kind in world.

We are still having unsettled weather but have done quite a lot of things inside, cleaning and tidying and writing etc. Yesterday the Vallances came by and we made them come for tea, they are going to Honolulu at the end of January for two months. Then we went to the train to meet the Morants at six. They have been in Glacier Park B.C. where we stopped for two nights years ago in 1916. The hotel is torn down but they had a baboose to live in while Nick tried to get pictures of "the Canadian" for the C.P.R. The Trans-c Canada Highway is to be built through there too next year. We brought them back here for supper and then later took them up to their own house with about 20 boxes and bags, cameras etc. They even had celophane glowers they ~~used~~ planted in the grass to make <sup>the pictures</sup> it more summery looking. Haven't seen what they <sup>flowers</sup> look like.

Nick can have the train stopped for about 5 minutes for the pictures and the one good day they had in the first two



weeks they got all set up in a certain spot. Willi ( his wife) had " planted " the flowers inthe foregraound, they had 100 flash bulbs set up all along one side to light up the shadow side of the train and everything was ready. The train came along on time at 10. A.M. and they suddenly realized that the sun wasn't high enough in the sky to shine above the mountains, no use taking a picture, so they signalled the train not to stop and it went by. They hadn't had a good day before to check on the light. The sun came up at ten minutes past ten and next day the train was later 15 minutes but it was raining again that day! The troubles of a photographer. *Will have to take that particular view another year.*

Pete Tasker was in again to-day, he comes to ask Pete about Leica Camera things. He is quite an enthusiast. Frances and Mary Chamberlin will understand. A week or so ago he bought a 2nd. hand lens worth \$140. for \$90. Then he went up to Syd Vallances to return a book and Syd gave him an old finder worth \$12. new but he didn't know just how it worked. The only one he could get was a \$30. new one. and so Pete showed him it would work perfectly for him, the one Syd gave him for nothing. So we figured he was doing quite well, Then Pete gave him an old tripod which saved him buying a new \$18.00 one. So he saved enough to pay for the lens !

Pete is the game warden at Bow Lake and he said that the snow on the Bow Summit now measures 22 inches, so I guess it is there for the winter. The hunt came in but they will have quite a job getting the horses out to the winter pastures. They got all the game they wanted but haven't seen Jimmy yet. Rusty might be interested if he hasn't left yet in the amount of snow up there. 18 inches in one fall.

Not much of a letter. Hope you are feeling better and how is the baby across the street, and what is Gale up to this winter.

*Lots of love Catherine*



Banff, Alta.

Tues. Oct. 23, 1956

Dearest Mother,

This is the day Rusty leaves for the Marines and we hope he really likes the Service and "finds himself" so to speak. We thought he seemed rather lost this summer, more so than last. We couldn't find out anything he was really interested in, though he claimed he liked to discuss religion and philosophy but no doubt he is just at the growing up stage and hasn't found the one thing he will like above all else. I always remember Morris Longstreth's book about Daniel Chester French and how the family tried everything but it wasn't until he was fascinated by carving a carrot (I think it was) and got interested in Sculptoring that he knew that was the one thing above all else he wanted to do. It is nice that <sup>Rusty</sup> he has a friend in the Jewel Boy to go with, are they about the same age, I forget? Nice that he had lunch with you before leaving and do hope he gets some time off at Christmas.

We were awfully sorry to hear that Cousin Sergeant is no better, we knew he had a couple of operations and just hoped they had caught it in time but many times they can't. I always liked him and he ~~was~~ is the youngest of the family. Your letter didn't sound very encouraging but it will be nice for Cousin Bert to go out even if it is a sad mission.

Is Gale taking a regular business course or just short hand? I always thought that would be a hard thing to learn, expect she types well for most students get in in school sometime if they want it, must help a lot.

We are having rather chilly weather, snow way down



on the mountains and to-day started out sunny but is all overcast and looks like snow anytime. Ted Gotki is here putting a cap on our chimney. We had trouble with condensation last winter and hope this will help.

Had quite a day yesterday. Pete swallowed a cap to a filling so went to get an appointment at the dentist and noticed when he passed the Prossers house a car with a Quebec license so we were pretty sure the Campbell's friends were in town. I had done the washing when the Morants arrived, and Pete came back. They stayed until almost noon talking photographs etc. & then Pete ran over to ask Dave Prosser when we might expect the Watertons and if they were coming. He thought right after lunch and they actually arrived just as we were eating dessert.

Bill Waterton was a test pilot for Gloster Aircraft in England after the War and was the first to fly the C.F.100 which I believe is one of the fastest jets and made in Canada. He was born in Edmonton and lived in Camrose, joined the R.A.F. where he flew with Gray Campbell and met his wife at the same house Gray met El in England. So they are old friends. The Campbells were anxious we meet them but we missed when they were in Banff before and they were in Cowley the weekend we came home.

For a person who has been through what he has you would never guess it from his manner. He is quiet and unassuming, quite large with a mustache but not an English accent, a good sense of humor and has just written a book about test flying "the Quick and the Dead" which caused quite a furore in British flying circles as it was evidently very outspoken.

One plane he was testing several years ago, blew up in the air or disintegrated or something but he managed to save enough of



the instruments or things and brought them down in his arms with a parachute or else crashed and somehow got them out. But anyway it was considered such a brave thing to do he was given the George Cross. The top award in peacetime. So it was really fun to meet him. His wife is a delightful sort of person, likes to paint and seemed more like a young girl, though they have a daughter ten, a boy two. The parents are on their way round the world and seeing Canada, left for the coast yesterday where his mother lives. and then to Japan and China. and back to England. They are trying to decide where to live and we hope they come back here.

When they were still looking around at the pictures and all. Pete was talking to Bill Waterton about skiing in Camrose and she was saying how few Moose and animals they had seen when she spied 4 or 5 lovely white swans sailing down the river. The loveliest sight. They were wild swans, I think Whistlers or really "Whistling Swans" We told the men ~~and~~ to look and Bill Waterton said they looked like ordinary swans to him, just like the ones that went by their house in Tewksbury England. But we don't see them very often here and never have seen them going down the river like that.

It was a nice visit, they were here about 2 hours and then Nick having left his coat here in the morning we took that back. They were busy outside watering newly planted trees, they wanted us to come back in the evening at eight, which we did. and Willi showed us some old newspapers of 1894 about the train accident in which the engine boiler blew up and her <sup>Grand-</sup>father was killed. One was a Medicine Hat paper and the funny part was, ~~there~~ in this same paper a long article about Percival Lowell building the observatory at Flagstaff Arizona and Mars. and it quoted both Pickerings, William and the other one and even mentioned an observatory at Aruequipa in Peru



where the Morants were photographing this spring. Sort of a  
coincidence. *both things about her grandfather & mine!* Also a news item that the George Vauxs and sons  
were en route to the mountains on the C.P.R. *in same paper.*

Must go now.

Heaps of love,

Catharine



Banff, Alta.  
Thurs. Oct. 25, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Have been quite gay to-day and went to a tea, It always seems a bit of a nuisance to get dolled up but made the effort anyway. It was in honor of Pearl Moore who flies round-the-world leaving the 7th of Nov. and Pearl Harmon was to be there but wasn't, no one you know, she is going round South America on a freighter, and a new bank manager's wife, Mrs Lapper. It was at the Vallances and just women. I would rather have finished the windows but maybe we will get another milder day. It was up to 40° this afternoon and we did the front windows & storm ones and a back one. Pete was working on the Christmas card and Verne Castella came, he is coming again to-morrow to measure up the dark room for we want to put something on the walls that won't catch dust and make some shelves etc.

Am so glad you went to Anne Buttrick's wedding I don't think I would know her by sight, is she the oldest girl? and what is the husband like or what does he do and where from? She writes a nice letter.

Expect Mildred is stopping off on her way back from the wedding, almost wish she wasn't so she would write you all about it and then you would send the letter to me to read. Maybe she will write me, would love to hear. I like the sound of the girl Waddy is marrying, if they live near Concord most likely you will see them though night school will keep him busy.

Now to answer some of your letters. Barbara didn't really give up her home, she rented it to one of her best friends with



6 kids, 4 boys and 2 little girls. A nice young family and they hadn't a very good place to live so it is wonderful for them with a big house and yard. Barbara has kept the basement for any of them <sup>whites</sup> to use and they will probably all be home for Christmas, they have a suite down there. Barbara loves teaching and Medicine Hat, and Jon is having a wonderful time at school there, so it is working out fine.

Be sure and let us know how Sergeant Newbury is getting on and if it is only a matter of time or if he has a chance to recover after this last operation?

You spoke of suburban trains being given up, cities seem to be changing and with these big shopping centers lots of people don't go in to the ~~centers~~ big cities as often <sup>except business men.</sup>

Why don't you join the winter bridge ? and if not why not get 3 friends to come once a week and play not too seriously. you love it so it is too bad to give it up.

The color must have been wonderful again this year, remember how lovely it was last fall ? I agree it does often seem brighter on a dull day. I think perhaps because it is one solid color and a real contrast to the dull surroundings whereas on a bright sunny day some is in shadow, some in light and everything is bright and sunny so the color doesn't stand out as much.

Friday. Looks like winter this morning, a light fall of snow during the night and about 20 above, not cold but wintry looking. Expect it will warm up once more for a day or two but not very warm, Still have upstairs windows to do, but they aren't hard just fly specks. Have lots of things to put away and look over so should get at those.

Lots of love and hope you are having nice fall weather.

Catherine



Box. 370  
Banff, Alta.  
Sun. Oct. 28, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

It will soon be time to go for the mail, (the Post office lobby is opened Sundays between 2 and 4 PM which makes it nice ) so thought I would just dash off a letter to you. Pete is busy in the dark room showing Pete Tasker the way enlargers work, he is going to try and rig one up to work off a car battery as the Taskers are up at Bow Lake all winter and no electricity and if he could enlarge his Leica pictures it would give him a wonderful interest for winter evenings.

Well you really did find some exciting news in your last two letters about Elizabeth Darling, how nice for her when she is living alone. Maybe you should invite them both to Sunday dinner and so get a little acquainted with the gentleman. Wonder if he too is an outdoor panson, they may end by having a farm of their own. Anyway I am very happy about it and expect they are !

At last our weather has cleared into a lovely day . It was -1° below zero at Bow Lake this morning so the Taskers say but here it was warmer, 12° above at 8 o'clock. We were really lucky for Calgary had a light snow Friday morning and it turned the streets into such a glare of ice the traffic got all bawled up, busses as well. Then more snow so that they now have 8 inches. A very quiet Sunday in Banff for I guess most people stayed in Calgary expecting it would be worse up here and we have only the lightest sprinkling of snow which is going in the sun. It is nearly 32° out now. Says " milder " .

Some time this coming week we should go to Calgary



Always seems such an effort somehow but little odd errands to do and at this time of year one wants to pick good weather.

The Morants went down, had dinner with someone so it was midnight when they started back. too late we would think and the snow was just starting, very fine and not piling up. they got back at 2 A.M. Next day some friends, the Ormes, went down and the roads got slippery near Calgary and it took 4 hours down and 4 back, just twice the usual time and was awful. However we may get one more nice mild spell before winter really sets in.

Pete has been working on our Christmas card this last week, thought we would try and figure the colors so we wouldn't have to do any hand coloring and also get it done earlier than usual. We also hope Verne can come in the afternoons to sheet in the dark room as the old wall boards have shrunk so and we never did have a real finished wall on it, just ship lap. Think we will veneer it so it won't catch dust and easy to clean.

Time to go so will try and write a more interesting letter next time. Heaps of love,

Catharine

Thanks for clippings & letters you sent. about raccoons etc.



Box 370  
Banff, Alta.  
Oct. 31, 1956

Dearest Mother,

This time I have a present for you. Day before yesterday Doris and Syd Vallance came down with these two pictures she took last summer at Bow Lake when we walked up to the waterfall and she thought I might like to send them to you. Which I thought a nice idea on her part. The First one was as we set out along the lake from the Simpsons, it was a lovely day. We hadn't mean't to go all the way to the waterfall that you can see in the distance but in the end we did, and the 2nd photo is just after we arrived. As Pete says. "Old Grumpy" in the centre.

He hates having his picture taken and couldn't look right into the sun anyway, but then we didn't Either. The one on the right is Syd Vallance.

To-day we are in the throes of getting the dark room cleaned out so Verne can put wallboard or veneer on the walls & ceilings. At first Pete had ideas of just moving things from one side to the other while Verne put the board on the empty walls but I was glad this morning when the material hadn't come or Verne that we decided to take everything out and start fresh. So much quicker and easier in the end and you can sort things as you put them back. Took us all morning to carry the things in boxes up stairs. but it is ready now and Verne is working on the ceiling.

Mrs Painter was just down with some books. and I must go out to the Post office, It is Halloween to-night and we have about 2 inches of snow and yet sunny preiods.

We were glad to hear you are paänting a lot of tupips



this year for next spring. And I am glad you put the new ones up by the house, then you can see them more easily. Makes us wonder if it would be better to go east in the spring but you seem to prefer a short visit this winter. We will have to see which will work in best

We hope you decided to keep George, even if he doesn't seem awfully busy, still you have him ~~him~~ when you need him and he does look after the cars as well. If you use Pietro to run errands then you will need another person in the garden. Somehow I think Father would have wanted you to be as comfortable as possible and to have all the conveniences possible, After all he provided plenty to do everything you want. If you ~~will~~ think that you aren't using him enough how would it be if you had him take others places, as long as he understood the reason for it. I guess you and Russ have figured it out by now.

One interruption while I helped hold the ceiling board up while it was being nailed and now must go over and post this and be back in time to make tea.

Lots of love,

Catherine



Banff, Alta.

Mon. Nov. 5, 1966.

Dearest Mother,

We had rather a busy day yesterday so I never had a chance to write. and Saturday was almost as bad. Verne Castella has been coming every day, about 10 o'clock in the mornings and stays until after four or maybe five. He is getting old and his legs aren't as good as they used to be, he is 74 or 75 I think and quite heavy but he is good to come and does good work. A bit slower but such a wonderful person we enjoy having him here.

He has been putting veneer on the ceiling and walls of the dark room as the boards we had originally, shrank and formed big cracks. Will make it more dust proof. We got a new kind of varnish to put on and yesterday morning ( this is as far as I got so will try once more ) Yesterday morning both Pete and I put the varnish on, It didn't take 2 hours, I did the ceiling and lower parts, Pete in between, just the first coat, we can do the <sup>2nd coat</sup> ~~best~~ some evening. Luckily had an early lunch and had just finished washing up when Mr Clarke of the local news paper came for us to go over and see about the Christmas card. We were there an hour I guess, Then as it was a mild day we washed the big front window upstairs. I was glad to get that done, there was nowind and a perfect day to do it even if it was Sunday afternoon. We take the inner windows out so as to wash both sides and then can reach around pretty well to do the outside of the outer ones. I have some more to do this afternoon and a funeral to go to but thought I would write some sort of letter to you while our lunch is settling.

This morning we were at the Crag and Canyon for



nearly 2 hours <sup>standing round, so tiresome</sup> while they set up the cuts for the Christmas card and mixed the right shade of blue for the sky. Mr Clarke has his own way of doing it which is kinder slow but we daren't say anything as it only confuses him. We go back again Wednesday afternoon while he does the other colors.

Erling Strom was down Saturday night and Norman Tabuteau last night and then we have been listening a lot to news these days, found the debate at the United Nations very interesting and have listened to a lot of the speeches. Also to the rescue of the coal miners in Nova Scotia. That was very interesting as they told about all that was going on during the rescue operations.

Thanks so much for Rusty's address, Miss Burditt had sent it too and the whole thing so when I wrote, had the right address. Davy left on Friday for his training in the Canadian Air Force, he goes to "Manning Pool" near Montreal for 9 weeks so will be through there about the same time as Rusty gets through his initial training. Davy is going to play a flute in the R.C.A.F. band <sup>in Edmonton</sup> which is also a symphony band which interests him, as he says he will get paid and everything found while he is learning. Hope Rusty likes his new life, will be quite a change for him.

It was good of Mildred to write such a wonderful letter about the wedding and her visit with you, was very much like one of her famous Christmas letters and we did appreciate it.

This isn't much of a letter but should try and do the bathroom window before going to the funeral. Mrs Tommy Kelly, no one you would know. She had a stroke 2 years ago and never has been herself since. So sad and such a drain on all their savings too. At times she would be quite rational and the next minute not know what she was saying, and paralysed too.

Lots of love  
Catharine



Box 370  
Banff, Alta.  
Nov. 10, 1956

Dearest Mother,

It is Saturday and almost supper time but thought I would just start a letter in case we are busy in the morning. Yesterday I went to Calgary and had quite a day, always a big job!

Thursday Jonny arrived with a friend from Medicine Hat for the weekend. They were having a teachers convention and so got off Thursday and Friday and have the holiday on Monday, Armistice day. A nice long weekend. Are baching in the basement at the house and I guess Shirley Styles is also keeping an eye on them. The Styles have rented the house and they have 6 children and there seems to be another little boy boarding there too.

~~Sunday~~ Sunday. Well I never got any further yesterday and last night Pearl and Edmee came over and in the end we showed them the slides of Alaska trip, making a fairly late evening. This morning we were late getting up, tried to fix stuff on windows and Pete worked on cards. Then as Jon and his friend are still here <sup>and over</sup> asked them for dinner, got extra milk and ice cream and was just getting things started, the potatoes peeled when Jim Simpson arrived with a big Moose roast. Looks as if we would have to cook that tomorrow. He had hardly gone when the Dr. Rileys dropped in with clothes for the Indians and skates and fat, so Pete had to help put that in the shed while I talked to Mrs Riley and went on doing potatoes. Dr Riley and Charles their youngest boy came in and we talked a while until Jonny and Bill arrived. The Rileys finally left and we concentrated on getting dinner. Nick Morant was also invited as his wife is away and he appeared at 12.30. Just in time.

We had a big meal, two cookings of steak, potatoes, mushrooms string beans, milk and later tea, ice cream and cake. They all seemed to enjoy it. Nick was on his way to Calgary and we thought going right away but we all kept talking and so didn't do the dishes, though the boys offered and we could have easily done them. Then there was the Armistice service at the cenetaph we always try to go to and when we got home the dishes to do. So there hasn't been much time to write to-day. We are off now to mail this and I will tell you about the Calgary trip in my next letter.

Heaps of love,

Catharine



Box 370  
Banff, Alta.  
N8VX3X1336.  
Nov. 14, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

I seem to be slowing down with old age or some thing for I don't get as much done in a day as I used to. Maybe it is the season of year, in the spring one does seem to accomplish more. But then there are always so many little odd things to be done and they all take time. Have just been trying to straighten out the desk, can't figure which is best, to answer letters now or do it with the Christmas cards, might do a little of both. Pete has most of the cards done, a hundred more to do. and I have the addressing yet.

Was going to tell you about my trip to Calgary, not that it was so very exciting but amusing in a way, especially my looking for a new hat, felt just like Grace Keyes.

The bus leaves now at 9.15, getting one in at quarter to twelve, would much rather it left earlier and got home earlier for it was 8.30 at night we got in and dark all the drive home. Going down <sup>saw with</sup> a Mrs Birkett, originally from Scarborough Eng. a widow with 3 married daughters in Calgary, but she works at the Upper Hot Springs, a very nice sort of person and we had a good talk, makes the time go faster. Coming home <sup>met with</sup> Ken Wheatley who was a prisoner of war in Burma and flew with the R.C.A.F. He was in Indian and China and told me quite a lot about it. liked the Burmese people very much. *Takes 2 1/2 hours, lots of time to talk for you can't read very well on a bus.*

As soon as we got in I went upstairs to Dr DeRenzy's office, very convenient being in the Greyhound building. Got an appointment at 3.30 to have my teeth cleaned, then a quick lunch of stew to give me strength for shopping, always believe in a good meal for walking the sidewalks. Did a number of errands, even took in an Art exhibit in a new gallery. A lovely gallery but the same old thing, poor examples of well known British artists and some awful antique ones. and a new Canadian painter which was better than most.

Then needing a new hat to replace my black one which I was wearing and which I think I got when Pete was in the R.C.A.F in Ottawa, I ventured into the Hudson Bay. Such a crowd by that time of dressy women who had nothing better to do than try on the extreme models and see what it did for them. Looked as if that was an afternoon's entertainment, for they often went in pairs and egged one another on to try an even more daring model. There were a few serious shoppers trying desperately to find something to suit and the salesladies were all busy. I have an extra large headsize which makes ~~it~~ it difficult. Just happened to see a hat very similar to the one I was wearing so picked it up and held it until I could find a mirror free. In the meantime Mrs Ernie Watt of Banff came along, she was very down in spirits as she was on her way to the hospital to have a Gall Bladder operation, so I chatted with her a bit but didn't want to buy hats with anyone helping, they could talk me in to most anything.



She finally moved on and I found a saleslady and a mirror, she put the hat on my head, we both thought it looked O.K. so I said I would take it, never even looked at another, and it was \$3.98. and when I got home even Pete thought it would do! Grave Keyes has nothing on me.

I wasn't as lucky at the dentist for he thought I had must come back 3 or 4 times before Christmas, so will try to go down again this week and as soon again as possible. What a nuisance. Trouble with our dentist here, he fills holes alright but doesn't clean them properly.

Pete was having a very busy day at home. I never go to Calgary but what all sorts of people come to call. He had 5 or 6 including Mrs Simpson, Nick Morant and goodness knows who else.

Think I mentioned that Jon was home for the weekend with a friend from Medicine Hat. Bill Roxboro, We had them for a fish lunch the day they came, Thursday, then steak on Sunday which was Armistice Day and Nick Morant came too as Willie his wife is with her mother in Winnipeg, she has just had a cataract operation and Willie promised to stay with her to cook etc. after she came out of the hospital until she gets her glasses. Trouble was when she made a big effort and hurried down she found that her mother was not going to her home but to her brothers, so actually Willie could have stayed here a week or two longer and helped Nick finish his pictures. He has gone off to take some in B.C. and we know he will have a hard time without her as she takes a lot with a smaller camera and does a good deal of work besides. They really work as a team.

Jim Simpson came about 11.30 with a roast of moose.

Anyway just as we were starting to get lunch at noon. the Rileys dropped in with things for the Indians, It is such an awkward time and we hadn't really enough for the 3 of them too. Then after dinner there was the Armistice service at the Cenetaph to go to. It was a lovely sunny morning but in shadow & cold by 2.30. Peral and Edmee came down that evening and we showed them the slides of the Yukon and Alaska.

Then Monday as we had the roast of moose to eat we asked the boys for lunch again, cut it into steaks as it was too large to eat as a roast we thought and then they wanted to go for a swim before the train. They found their way up and we went up to get them. It was snowing by then. We have just enough to make the ground white. about an inch.

Verne is working on the cupboards in the dark room and comes each day about 10 and stays until 4. He is slower than he used to be, is over 70 and finds it hard to get up and down. It is good of him to come and he seems to like working here and we can leave him and he doesn't bother us at all.

What wonderful weather you must be having, it is mild here too for November and the river isn't frozen over yet. I thought that a clever way to ask for things for your fair. Nice you had so much you could send of knitting. You certainly do a lot.

When is Elizabeth Darling to be married ? Must write her.



I thought you would like the colored photographs. Couldn't figure at first who "the Man Alone " was. But it must be the one of me by the lake as we were starting out. ~~The time~~ We were just going for a morning's walk and then when we took so much time for pictures I decided we better have some food, so went back and got out of our car a loaf of bread, butter, a tin of fruit juice, one of stewed tomatoes and sardines, so that is what we are eating, and a couple of peaches.

Am glad you are to keep George for it would be foolish to let anyone as good as he is go. Even if he sat all day it would be worth it to have him when you want him. So nice to have someone who knows what you want and where you get this and that and all your friends and relations. How is George Foss getting on?

Am glad you like the new bridge, it sounds lovely. Maybe it was one of Sted's dogs guarding it.

We still haven't made any plans but will let you know as soon as we know what we can do. No promises yet.

Better get this finished as I have so much I should do

Loads of love,

Catharine



Banff, Alberta.

Sun. Nov. 18, 1956

Dearest Mother,

It was ten above this morning and looks a bit like snow so guess winter has started. The days seem very short as it gets dark so early.

That was a very hurried letter yesterday afternoon about Asta Hauge going on to help you out. and we hope to hear from you soon whether or not you want her to come. We sure hope you do, unless of course you already have someone.

There wasn't time to write about our plans and we still don't know what we will be able to do, but every since you wrote saying " please come for Christmas " we have been trying to figure how it could be done. It is rather a difficult time to leave Banff and a busy time of year to travel, we would have to make arrangements to have the house looked after, the roof watched in case of heavy snow etc. Pete had thought of going up to Edmonton to see Dr. Marshall about having his other eye operated on but we could postpone that until January.

The important thing for you to decide is whether you would like us to make a 2 or 3 week visit in the spring or go for a short trip of a week or ten days at Christmas? We couldn't be away longer than that on account of leaving things here. So a lot will depend on what you prefer.

We just had a letter from Russ and he said if there was a chance of their being with Rusty at Christmas they might go down there to South Carolina, in which case we could be with you and see them before or after Christmas. There are so many things to consider, but there is still quite a bit of time.

It is wonderful to hear how Rusty is taking to the army life, I have an idea he likes it better than book learning and he certainly must be doing well to be chosen ~~next~~ as a squad leader. He seems to like to keep busy and work hard and gets on well with other men, all of which goes well as a soldier.

Had quite a day in Calgary. I always seem to have good people to sit with on the bus. This time a Mrs Bill Bryan who I have known for 25 years but just to pass the time of day with as she is rather shy and not much to say. But Friday we ~~sat~~ to-gether both ways and for the first time I found out she came from Boston. She lived in Chelsea ~~before the fire~~ at the time of the fire, was a little girl and remembers it well, then moved to Brookline and when she was 16 came to Edmonton. Remembers certain things about Boston like the Children's hospital where she was for 3 weeks and Scollay Square etc.



I was lucky at the dentist, went early being near there, at quarter of two and he had no one so took me then and I was there an hour, so really had two appointments in one, but it takes more out of you in a way. Got a few errands done but when trying on a dress was too tired to think or make up my mind! But did get a coat, sort of all purpose one, hope Pete likes it. The material was lovely and soft and it is interlined, I haven't had a dark winter coat for several years as I rarely use one, for we don't go to the city much, but will be handy when we do go out.

We are planning to go down Tuesday again and just hope the weather is good. The last two Fridays have been perfect so we can hardly expect such luck again. If it is bad will take the bus and if good will drive. Pete has to go to the Dentist to have his teeth done and I have to go once more later on.

Time for lunch and must write Russ too before mail time.

You just let us know which you would rather we did, a long visit in the spring or a very short one at Christmas time?

Lots of love

Catherine



Banff,  
Tues. Nov. 27, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Well that last letter didn't tell us very much, not many lines to read between either, But expect that the Thanksgiving weekend was rather busy for you to have " nothing left of me." Funny part was that I wrote you <sup>about</sup> someone to cook for you if Mary left, on Sat. the 17th. Then on the 18th, the day after, I wrote asking when you wanted us to go east most. We had your reply about Asta, the cook <sup>written</sup> on Tuesday by Thursday the 22nd. but so far haven't received an answer to the next letter ! Now I am wondering if it was lost in the snow storm in upper New York state or in the Thanksgiving rush or whether you were just too busy to answer. or maybe you can't decide.

Since then we have been doing a lot of figuring and with the world conditions so unsettled and all, we think it might be just as well to go east for Christmas and be sure of the visit. The weather here has been just perfect for the last 9 days, 55° and 60° in Calgary and Cowley, a bit cooler here but just as sunny and bright. The roads to Calgary are dry and one never knows when one might get a storm suddenly, so we decided to just go down and see what reservations we could make before ~~the~~ it is all booked up. We waited until yesterday thinking we might hear from you, and then when your short letter arrived yesterday morning we had to laugh. Were all set to go down so went ahead and now we have plane reservations made to fly to Boston, arriving Dec. 19th. and leaving to fly back January 2nd. which will give us 2 whole weeks there. The part from New York to Boston has to be



Confirmed yet but will let you know what time we reach ~~New~~York  
Boston the 19th. a Wednesday. So just hope that will work in well  
with any plans you have.

We had quite a day, left here about 8.45. Got to Calgary  
by 11, had the reservations made before noon. Did a bit of  
shopping and met again at 2, then to see Pete's Aunt Maggie in a  
nursing home and back home by 5.30. Found a message that the  
Campbells, Gray and Al and the new adopted baby would be in Banff  
for the night and would we have supper with them at the Prossers.  
We didn't do that but went over later, but before they arrived and  
then Gray and Al had breakfast with us this morning and started  
back about 11.AM -

Must post some things, so all for now. Will be busy  
getting ready for Christmas and getting the cards sent too.

Heaps of love and see you soon.

Catherine



Banff,  
Alberta.  
Nov. 22, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Mean't to write you this afternoon and then as it was above freezing wanted to put stuff on the windows. May have told you we put clear plastic on the inside of some windows so that frost doesn't form in the very cold weather, got mixed and put it on the inside of the inside windows and found frost still formed on the inside of the storm windows, so got busy, it being mild and re-did them. Took all afternoon for it is a fussy job.

*which came to-day* Sort of waited to write knowing we would have an answer soon about Asta. Whether or not you would like her to go on and help out with the cooking. Lucky for you Mary has decided not to go to Maine in a hurry again, for it must be upsetting to have her take off in a hurry without giving you time to arrange for someone else. You never said if the house burned down, or up? Thanks for telling us so quickly for we were able to tell Asta this afternoon so she can make plans for the winter. She may go to friends in Phoenix, Arizona, <sup>she</sup> was up looking after the Beckers children while they are in Calgary, and my but the cinnamon rolls she was baking smelled good.

Now we are ~~gim~~ looking for your next letter to see what you would like us to do. Whether to go east for Christmas or wait until spring. Then we can plan accordingly. I have to go to the dentist once in December, *I have some Christmas shopping yet.*

Tuesday was a lovely day and we drove down for Pete to see Dr deRenzy. He had been to the local dentist on Monday to have his teeth cleaned but he doesn't do it thoroughly enough and Dr deRenzy worked 3/4 of an hour doing the same thing! Getting the tarter off, or "scraping" them really well.

We left about 8, a beautiful morning and no ice on the road until we got to the Ghost River, and you could see snow on the hills there and sure enough there was snow and ice on the road and 3 or 4 inches in Calgary. very slushy later on as it was warm enough to melt. We went right to the Garage to have the Willys people check the clutch Pete was wondering about. They felt it would be O.K. so we ~~were~~ went to the Parkade which is so convenient, right handy to everything. One good thing about Calgary, most stores are only a few blocks from one another and from the parkade you can walk over a bridge to the Hudson's Bay. Easy too to go to car and put the bundles in and Pete had an extra half hour so went and sat in the Jeep and read the paper. We did quite a few things but hadn't much time after going way out to the Jeep place. I also tried on a couple of dresses and that takes longer than anything else for me.

We were through by 3.30 and so started home before it got icy and were in Banff before six, just at dark.



P.S. Mean't to return this nice letter of Rusty's  
right away & put it in stamped envelope  
all ready but never wrote letter to go with it!

Banff, Alberta.

Thurs. Nov. 29, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Your letter just came written Monday as the cousins were leaving, I don't wonder your head was tired after such a big weekend. Had we realized that Thanksgiving was last week and not this we might not have gotten you so confused with questions. I wrote two letters close to-gether, the first about the cook and the next about our visit. not realizing the 2nd. would arrive just before Thanksgiving.

You know some time ago you wrote " Please come for Christmas." and ever since then we have been trying to figure how it could be done and whether it would be better to be sure of a visit now or take a chance on the spring. But with world affairs so upset there is no telling what nations will be up to by then so we thought perhaps we should try on a trip for Christmas.

It is very unusual to have such good weather at this time of year, this is the 12th day of clear sunny skies and so warm in Calgary and Lethbridge. We were sure we would hear from you last week a couple of days after the other letter and decided if we were to fly as you suggested we had better make reservations before the rush began. So while the weather looked good drove to Calgary on Monday and went to the T.C.A. Office. They were so efficient that within 20 minutes they had the tickets all figured out for us and just to-day we have the confirmation in a letter of space on the various Airlines.

Christmas and New Years being on a Tuesday and sort of in the middle of the week we figured we better get there the week before and leave right after New Years. So will be with you 2 whole weeks. Does that sound a good idea? Please don't put anything in the Journal this time as sometimes the wrong people find out, well not exactly the wrong ones but not always the ones you want to see most. Then with everyone pretty busy you will have more chance to see us. Maybe it will make the winter seem shorter for you.



Banff, Alta.

Sun. Dec. 2, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

Well I don't wonder you wrote us from "in bed," what a lively time you had over Thanksgiving, you really did well with so many visitors and all the excitement and planning for everyone. Just hope a good rest revives you.

We are wondering now if we carry out our plans and go east for Christmas and New Years will it be too tiring for you? Be honest and let us know, for we wouldn't want to make you ill with too much excitement and things to think of.

Actually we don't want any entertaining, for the trip is just to be with you and we can see other people when you are resting or go to bed at night. We just trust you are glad we are going at this time.

Expect Mildred will come for Christmas as usual which will make it livelier and more holiday like, we enjoy her and can entertain her evenings for you, if by then you are "done in". Of course if you would really prefer we go east later on, the reservations could be changed but not hearing from you sooner we thought we should get space on the planes before the rush and so went ahead and planned to go and have most things pretty well organized.

Were quite gay last night. The Walter Phillips asked us to a buffet supper. He is the artist, went at quarter to six and after cocktails etc, had a buffet supper. Mrs Phillips is a good cook and I think made everything, rolls, baked ham and roast turkey, tomato aspect made with Vegetable juice and then "Cheese cake" for dessert, it was all very good. Must have been about 20 there, then Mrs Powell comes in about 8 to wash up, a good way to give a party really. We all stayed until 9.30 and just talked.

Have been busy this week trying to get letters written with the cards for England and now must do the others this week, have one more trip to the dentist in Calgary and just hope the weather isn't too bad. We have had without a doubt the best November weather anyone can remember. Two whole weeks of clear sky and little wind, (except last night and the night before) and we expect a change this afternoon for there is cold and snow coming from the north. But on the prairies it has been between 50° and 60° every day and just like summer, dry and lovely. though of course the days are short.  
*Has just dropped 20 degrees in an hour in Calgary 43° - 23°. we are 33°*

I really think you did awfully well with all that went on during That week of Thanksgiving and Mary going for good made an extra problem. It was funny but we just had a nice letter from Frances asking about Movie cameras and she mentioned that she had a nice older woman (most likely my age!) from Prince Edward Island, living with them this year so if you have a friend of hers



helping you it should be nice for both of them to be near to-gether,  
Nice for Mary Morrison to have a fellow countryman as well when  
she comes out.

Where were Russ and Kitty and Gale for Thanksgiving? Perhaps  
in Philadelphia with the McCouches or maybe to see Rusty, though  
I don't expect the Marines give any time off they don't have to.

It is getting near lunch time so will send this along.

Hope you have recovered sufficiently to enjoy a  
visit from us, we will try and keep it a nice quiet one.

Lots of love

Catherine .

Just got your letter of Thursday the 29th & we will  
come for Xmas but don't think we can  
come in the spring too!



Banff,  
Alberta.  
Tues. Dec. 4, 1956

Dearest Mother,

Have just copied our flight schedule so you will know our plans and hope it will be convenient for George to meet us at the Airport that day and not his day off or anything. It will be on Wednesday, Dec. 19th. at 1:26 pm if we aren't delayed anywhere by bad weather and make our connections O.K.

When we decided to fly the weather was so lovely and clear and mild and then Sunday afternoon a cold north wind came along and yesterday was a regular blizzard all day, snow and a very gusty wind and well below ~~xxxxxx~~ zero. To-day the wind isn't as strong and the snow has stopped but we have real winter, big drifts and about a foot of snow. Quite a change. But as Pete says the plane we take from Calgary is supposed to go non-stop to Toronto so shouldn't be delayed once it is in the Air. We did think of going by train but they can be delayed too and we really don't want to be away any longer than we have to as it is an uncertain time of year to leave the house.

This is sort of a birthday letter too, almost forgot that in the excitement of going for Christmas, but did send you a book we hoped you would enjoy reading and then can give back. Hope you have a very happy day and just enough visitors to make it nice.

Guess by now you will know we are really coming and can keep our presents there, don't give us anything much for we can't bring a lot back by plane!

Must run and will write a better letter soon

Heaps of love and a Happy Birthday

Catharine



Banff,  
Alberta.  
Fri. Dec. 7, 1956

Dearest Mother,

The time is slipping by and so much to be done, am about half through the Christmas cards, always getting interruptions. Have to go to Calgary once more, next week and want to get all I can done this, Still have parcels to the coast and the ranch to do yet.

We certainly had a change this week from the past two, Then it was 25° degrees above normal for this time of year and now it is 25° degrees below normal. Started Sunday afternoon was about 25° below I think on Monday and yesterday morning was - 46° below. Really cold for this time of year, 40° above the week before. It did warm up to - 25° below yesterday and was sunny which helped, and to-day it was about -25° when we woke and I think up to -5° now. We are hoping once this cold spell is over it won't be too bad while we are away.

Also had a foot of snow which blew into drifts so it looks like the middle of winter, Pete is working now getting the valleys in the roofs cleaned before they start to pack and melt. We woke up Monday night about midnight and could hear strange noises, thought it was an alk hitting the window but then it sounded like a shovel scraping. It turned out to be Mr Crosby next door cleaning a big drift off the top of his green house or conservatory. He worked about half an hour, it was way below ~~zero~~ zero and he had a serious heart attack several years ago but the family are away and I guess no one to stop him. The old people are sure hardy around here, also the little kids, for everyone was out as usual yesterday in spite of ~~12~~ -35° or so at the time.

Don't you think you could tell a few well chosen friends that we are going to try and be there for Christmas and New Years? We just mean't not to put it in the paper so we wouldn't have unexpected people like Stanley Woodworths brother drop in. No one has mentioned any plans about Rusty but don't expect we would be lucky enough to have him get home for a few hours. Russ said once they might go on to see him.

Must go and help Pete with the ladder, I came in my legs were cold not having gotten my ski pants figured out yet.

P.S. The Campbells adopted a little girl as they couldn't have any more children themselves and thought a little girl would be nice to round out the family. Grays sister adopted one who visited them once and the boys just loved her. This baby really is a beauty.

*Soads of love  
Catherine*



Banff, Alta.

Dec. 15, 1956.

Dearest Mother,

First of all we will arrive, we hope,  
at the Boston Airport at 1.26pm on Dec. 19th.

Perhaps by now you have our schedule  
I typed out which you can give to George so he will  
know which flight it is, As they list the arrivals  
by flight numbers, ours will be # 658 Eastern Air  
Lines.

Such a lot as we seem to have to think  
of and no doubt this will be my last letter and just  
hope you get it, yours came very quickly in just two  
days, the one you thought would be the last one.  
and with your telephone number which is good to have  
and if we are delayed we will phone you, Russ suggested  
the same thing. We may have to take a train too and  
if we do get delayed in New York will try to take  
the ~~one~~ <sup>train</sup> he does if possible.

Anyway it is all very exciting but  
never before have we gotten ready for Christmas and  
a trip too! have most of the cards sent but such a lot  
of people dropping in and all sorts of unexpected  
things to see to and more snow coming down though  
it is mild luckily.

To-night even if someone comes in I  
shall get the Alaskan slides figured out to bring,  
have about 10 presents to do up and 6 notes to write  
and all our clothes to gather to-gether and the house  
to tidy up so all for this letter which will be my  
last.

Loads of love,

*Catharine*  
So glad we can all have Christmas together,  
P.S. Thanks for telephoning about Calendars  
can send them from Concord.  
Remember it's 1.26 P.M. on one thirty  
we arrive. We leave New York at noon.

(over)



Forgot to tell you. Mildred wrote <sup>when</sup> she got  
my note saying we might go east & she  
said this year they have a pageant the  
Sunday before Xmas & it was going  
to be very hard for her to get away, so  
she thought she shouldn't go to Concord  
this year unless you were to be alone.  
So I left it for her to write you. She said  
you hadn't mentioned Christmas to her  
and afraid this sounds involved but might  
be better if she visited you later this year.