



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,

Tues. 9 Jan., 1945.

Dear mom,

At last!

I fully expect your next letter to be a philippic or a diatribe concerning my tardiness in writing. But allow me to make this slight apology, or explanation, before I trackle completely in the face of your trenchant censures: it was neither a crass indifference nor a phlegmatic disposition towards my promise to write to you last Saturday, but rather an inclination to await developments which might permit me to compose a paper about my examination results that has kept me from corresponding earlier.

But alas! The developments of the last few days have palpably disclosed that no paragon is justified. On the other hand, indeed, my marks would seem to indicate the need for a mordant maternal (or paternal - or both) lampoon (more than a chastisement) for the feeble results. But one more exhortation - if you must fling inordinate scurrilous rebukes against me, please do not calumniate my name in public. And after your initial cogent appeal for me to revive my moribund brain, please revert to your erotic epistles, which you are wont to write.

The bad news! A miserable 55 in Eco. 10; a B in French; a B in Politics; a A in Philosophy (of all subjects)! To top it off, I wrote an exam in 18a which diffused its obscene and foul stench to the nebulous

altitudes (stank to high heaven).

An explanatory discourse. Actually, nearly, if not all, the class failed in Eco 10; but instead of sending in the low marks, the Prof averaged the mark on the question which was done best. I spent my time nearly completely on No. 1 and got 18 marks for it - and 26 for No. 2. My total would have been 44. If I would have had 5 minutes more I could have passed. Other fellows who spent all their time on the second question (because they didn't know how to do the first one) ~~and~~ got ~~a~~ mark somewhere in the 30's, these received percentages in the 60's and 70's - getting A's and B's, while I (who would have beat them on the original system of marking) got low C. I haven't received any of the other papers yet. The results in 18a should be up in the next two weeks - It'll be lucky if I get a B!

As I told you at home yet, I have stopped working at the library. Ross Babion got back to-day and he was to see Mr Kyte about the money which is due me.

To-day we had our first C. O. T. C. parade this year. The University Air Squadron is being disbanded and will join the C. O. T. C.

I shall have a rather busy week, for I intend to hear a speech on Canada's National Income to-night; go swimming to-morrow night; and also do some shooting to-morrow (to count in the C. O. T. C. hours).

Well this is the end of the product of my intrensigent and forward will to palaver. Please do not make a logomachy out of it.

Promising to renovate my methods of study and ultimate results - not by sporicism, but by long rammeration of academic pabulum, I remain,
Yours truly, Bell.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,

Wed. 17 Jan. 1945.

Dear mom,

I received your letter to-day.

Hardly have time to compose a fine
letter.

Am in the best of health. Hoping that
the family is likewise. I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

P.S. I could use some jam.

Well actually that is about the limit of my inclination at the present time for letter-writing. It's after eleven now; therefore, I won't mail this letter till to-morrow morning and it will come a day or two later.

As I said before concerning my marks, I got a C in Eco 10, B in Pol 2, B in French 1, A in Phil 1. The mark in Hist 18a has not been turned in yet. This history mark is the only very important one; and I did poorly on the examination.

I have tried to buckle right down this term on Hist 19a, but find that its minutes and hours fly away quickly. I have started to work on the term essay — my topic is Cromwell's Irish Policy.

I paraded to-day, and am to parade again to-morrow and Saturday. This C.O.T.L. business really takes up a lot of time. As I think I said before, the University Air Squadron has been disbanded and joined the C.O.T.L.

While I was in a drug-store to-night, I noticed a Star headline proclaiming that Warsaw and Krakow had been captured. Evidently Ilya Ehrenberg wasn't kidding when he said that the Red Army was going to Berlin. Right now they are only 15 miles from German Silesia. Hope the war's over by spring.

Wishing dad a joyous birthday (letter late than never — and sorry that I didn't get a card) I again remain
Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

344 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.
Sat. 3 Feb. 1945.

Dear mom,

I am crushed. Despondency, despair, and defeat are my bed-fellows; gloom is my fall. My spirit has trickled off.

The cause of this melancholy state is, of course, my standing in Hist. 18a. Mr. Gibson has seen fit to give me only a B. I have somewhat improved from that state of stupefaction which gripped me when I was informed that my worst fears of not getting an A had been realized. Even yet, however, although I manage to keep my heart erect on C.O.T.C. parades, my heart is in my boots.

I don't know exactly what the results of the other 16 were, but I do know that there were 2 A's and several C's. One of the fellows who got an A didn't think he deserved it. He got a B in Hist. 16 last year — I got an A. But he has had Gibson before; he has done well on other courses; and I think that Gibson goes as much by reputation as by the written exam. Remind me to give you my ideas (prejudiced now, of course) on his marking sometime when I'm at home.

I shot my January D. C. R. A. competition target and got 96. This placed me on Queen's C. O. T. C.'s first team of five men — there were two 97's and two other 96's. I confidently expect that this will place us pretty well near the top in the Dominion set-up since the score this year is much better

than last year's. Last year in the January match I made the first team with a 92.

I had the pleasure of learning to-day that my pay as C. S. M. is retroactive to include the time I put in as a Sergeant. I will get \$2.60 for a six-hour day and I have to put in 110 hours — figure it out for yourself.

No swimming classes are offered this term, but I manage to find time to go down to the pool for about an hour twice a week — and incidentally thus getting my bath. I am slowly beginning to work in breathing with the arm and leg movements of the Crawl.

Outside of this and Church on Sunday morning, I have very little recreation. I do manage, however, to spend about half an hour each day reading newspapers in the library. I employ all the spare time in the afternoons

in the library stacks digging up material for my best essay. In the evenings I make a habit of covering 10 pages in my history text-book, doing a minimum in my other courses, and working till twelve or later on my essay. One month has vanished. Already the exam timetables have been posted. I hope they are revised soon, for otherwise I would write 4 exams in 4 days.

The one glorious triumphant feature that redeems the troubles of the last 14 days has been, of course, the Russian offensive. They may be in Berlin before this letter reaches you. At any rate the prospects of a termination of the war in the near future has relieved my mind somewhat of worry over whether I should offer my services to the Canadian Army in the spring. I hardly think so.

Yours truly,

Bell

P.S. 1 Thank Loren for her sweet jam and charming letter.

P.S. 2 Would you approve of my going to Langbrack ^{happy occupations!} this summer for a 3 weeks' course? I have had no offer.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Sat. 10 Feb, 1945.

Dear mom,

I have not received your letter this week, but am writing all the same, since Saturday is correspondence-day for me.

As I have often implied before in my letters, Kingston weather is fickle. At the beginning of the week it turned mild; the heat of the house upon the roof caused the ice which had crept back under the shingles due to a plugged eavestrough to melt and drip down just on the inside of my window. On Wednesday about three inches of snow fell and it was fairly cold. To-night it is raining.

I had two short tests this week; one in French and the other in Economics. I got 65 in the Fr. (not bad in comparison with the rest of the class); and I think I did better in the Economics.

I am hoping to get a good deal done on my Hist. essay this week end since I am somewhat behind in it and since I have to work all next week on a Politics essay.

I went out quite a good deal this week. One night I went to see some movies in Convocation Hall: they were Flowergirls at War (about 20% on Queen's); War Birds (on the carrier pigeons); The Great Lakes (in technical - having some fine scenes of the lakehead elevators - also showed one of the foremen whom I worked with this summer loading a ship with grain); and H. M. S. Lovette Port Arthur. None of the shows were very long - the whole works about 2 hours.

On another night I went to hear an inter-collegiate debate on: "Resolved that the salvation of Canadian democracy requires the implementation of the C. C. F. program." Queen's affirmative team (of whom Ross Babion was a member) debated here at Queen's against McMaster; Queen's negative team debated at Ottawa. Both of Queen's teams lost.

On another night I took an hour's lecture on the pistol from Capt. Frick; and on the next day I shot down at the range and passed my test.

This week the Glee Club is putting on The Mikado; and next week the Drama Guild is showing Twelfth Night. I would like to see both, but I don't think that I shall have the time.

During the last week I've been questioned on two journal polls of student opinion. The first was whether ~~the~~ an armed league of nations was the best safe-guard for peace. I said that it might be, but that it was impracticable because no nation would yield its sovereignty — nations don't trust each other enough. What do you think? Well anyway, the affirmative was in the majority. On the second poll I was asked for which of the 3 major parties I would vote in the coming ^{national} election. I said the Liberal because it was the only party fit to wage a total war effort. I think that the results showed a slight Liberal edge over the Conservatives. Well, that's about all.

Hoping that you'll be my valentine,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bell.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

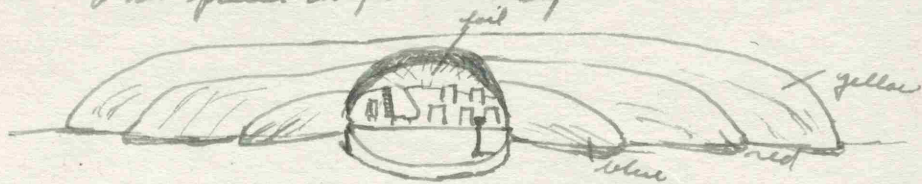
Mon. 19 Feb., 1945.

Dear mom,

As last week, your letter arrived Monday instead of Saturday. This has thrown my whole correspondence - writing schedule off stride. It really doesn't make much difference because I haven't much to write.

Last Friday night was the Science Formal - the Dance of the year. It was held in the gym which is at least three times the size of the one at P.A.C.I. Around \$3,000 was the total of the expenses. The ceiling ^{was} draped with black cloth; the walls with red. The band-stand ^{in the shape of a saucer} was lined with aluminum foil which by trick lighting changed in the intensity of its technicolor as the music

varied. On both sides of the band-stand stretched wing-like structures which had to be placed in position by block and tackle.



Across on the other side of the floor was a miniature waterfall - the water flowing in troughs towards both ends of the floor, through the floor(?), and back again to make the waterfall. Trick-lighting made this colourful too. There were just two of the special features. With the lights out the place would really look beautiful. Bob Strong's orchestra played. The tickets were $\frac{5}{2}$ 7.50. During intermission a display was put on in the pool. The name of the dance was Music in Technicolour. [Of course, I wasn't there.]

One would think that the Science men ran the C.O.T.P. for they wheedled Major Brown (because of the Form) into calling off Saturday's parade and I think that we get credit for it, too.

I managed to get my short Pol. 2 essay written last week, but now I am swamped with the Hist. ones. The more I read the more muddled I become, for the Irish question seems to be about the most controversial in modern times. I have over 40 full-size pages of condensed material, most of which I will use in the essay. The essay should be around 3,000 words! Jhu!

With this essay to work on, I now have to start shooting again. I've postponed it as long as possible, but the match will be coming off next week, I suppose. I don't expect to be anywhere near the top this month, however,

because to-night will be my first practice
in February.

Don't worry too much about the army
course because I haven't heard a thing
about it. But I would like to go for the
3-week P.T. course at Longbranch. If
I had the opportunity to go, I think that I
would go by boat — i.e. work my way
down.

I am eating a lot — in fact, I think
too much. I withdrew \$50 from the bank
to-day; and there is left \$287.59. In January
I spent \$54.89. Closing with these mercenary
matters and wishing the best for the whole
family,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.

P.S. The pin can is empty — already!



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Tues. 27 Feb. 1995

Dear mom,

I received your letter at about 5 o'clock to-day, but am not answering till 8:45 since I thought that I would have some good news to tell you about my match shooting. Like the rest of my great expectations this year, this has proven to be a disappointment. I got a 93 — very bad.

Last week I had the pleasure of seeing The Rainbow. It was a dandy show — fine direction and superb acting, realistic, too. The companion feature was Between the Girls, a light comedy which contrasted well with the sober Russian film. It was, indeed, one of the best theatrical programmes

that I've seen in a long time.

On the other hand, I've been missing a lot of good performances at the University. The Glee Club put on The Mikado; and the Drama Guild, Twelfth Night.

The International Student Service, a campus branch of an organization which helps students in Europe, sponsored an Aquacade in the Gym pool with much imported talent. This afternoon the speaking contest was held. A non-credit public speaking course is offered by the University; it consists of about one evening a week at a certain professor's home. Because of its few students taking the course this year, the contest has been thrown open to all students. The prizes are numerous and large, ranging from about \$80 down. Such

money for a five minute talk seems pretty easy enough, doesn't it? I may take the course next year.

I warned you about the Longbranch courses before: now I've got the goods. I have the opportunity to attend any course any time I please. The courses range from 4 to 2 weeks since I had to notify them immediately if I wanted a course right after the close of school and as I didn't know what your attitude would be, I told them that if I did decide to take a course, I would like to have it right before C. O. T. C. camp. Capt. Frick seems to want me to take a 2-week course in Rifle Coaching; I had most of that stuff in the last ~~camp~~ course, however. Personally, I would prefer the 3-week Physical Training Course. This would not only make me the only qualified P. T.

instructor in the C. O. T. C. and give me a
badge of crossed swords to be sewed on the
sleeve of my tunic; it would not only en-
able me to give P. T. to the fellows at C. O. T. C.
camp; it would not only make me a man
and teach me how to defend myself; but it
would also, I think, be of some benefit if
I should ever apply for a High School
teacher's post. Now try and argue against
that. Nevertheless, please give me your
frank opinion - Yes or No - in your next letter,
so that I can begin arguing with Capt. Frick.

I am now hopelessly befogged in
my Hist 19b essay for Mr. Babion. When, I
get through, I bet it will be almost as long as
Babion's M. A. thesis. Between Mabson for 18a
and Babion for 19b, I figure I've squandered the
\$60 tuition fees.

yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

344 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Tues. 6 Mar. 1945.

Dear mom,

I received your parcel the day after I mailed my last letter and was thus unable to acknowledge it. Thanks a lot; please thank grandmother for me.

I have been working away at my essay and certainly expect to get it finished this week. During the week-end I hope to get a Politics essay written. If I could only get those assignments out of the way, I might be able to spend the rest of the month catching upon my courses proper.

Last Saturday afternoon as I was coming home from C.O.T.C. parade, I was

stopped by the Shawdnyrs. Mrs. and the
two sons were in the car. They enquired about
my school-work, about the family etc. etc.
All three of them looked awfully downcast
and dejected for some reason — the day was
beautiful.

Now that King has promised that the
war with Germany will be over by June, I
don't see any purpose in breaking my
University career by joining up.

I've been doing some thinking about
taking a Reading Course this summer. I
have three Reading Courses to take altogether,
and I thought that if I took them during
the summer I could get extra courses during
the winter at University. The Reading Course
which I am contemplating taking this summer
has seven books. There are no assignments

or exercises to be sent in throughout the summer.
The exam is written in the first few days of
October. Please give me your opinion.

The weather in Kingston has been extremely
mild for the last week; and a great deal
of the snow has melted. To-night, however, it
is turning cooler. Some morning last week
I heard a robin chattering.

I don't finish my C. O. T. C. training
till sometime next week: we have to put in
all 110 hours. The Officer Commanding of
our Corps has resigned; and we have a new
one now. He is a major and a veteran of
this war. He teaches English in the Engineering
Faculty.

You say that you are very busy — going
out every night, etc. Take my advice, mom,
and take it as easy as you can. I was

reading an article in some newspaper, which
claimed that doctors were all agreed that
an overactive life may lead to fame and
fortunes, but never to a long life or happiness.

My news has petered out; so wishing
the best of health for the family and offering
special congratulations for all the times that its
family name got into the paper, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

344 Brock St.
Kingston, Ont.

Tues., Mar. 13, 1945

Dear mom,

I suppose you've been listening to the radio and reading the papers very carefully and possibly wondering whether I was in the hospital or in jail. As a matter of fact I'm perfectly all right. I was in the hall-way of the Ots's building all the time that the fight lasted — a spectator, not participator. There were lots of Artsmen like myself who stood on the side-lines and watched the fighting going on all around. Many such innocent frock, however, were taken outside and given a going over — haircuts, face-wash in the

snow, yellow paint on their faces and clothes — when the Engineers had quelled all active opposition. I didn't participate because I don't enjoy getting knocked around (esp. when you're outnumbered 10 to 1), because I don't derive much pleasure from knocking anyone else around, and because I had no special desire to get my suit all ripped and painted. Now that I think of it, however, I am rather surprised that I wasn't picked on — since after all I am a Sergeant-Major of a Company, many of whose members are Second Frosh.

The Briton who died put up a real fight didn't number 20. Don't imagine that it was a mock-fight. Teeth were knocked out; and there are still pools

of dried blood on the second floor of the building. It took about 30 Engineers to hold down Rudy (a sergeant in my company, by the way). Like the other fighting Briton, he really got hit. While his arms and legs were being held, he was hit from all sides, hauled down stairs, thrown down on the floor, and while he was held there he was booted about — someone clipping him just above his eye, necessitating three stitches. He's very painful, however, and whenever he got one of his arms loose, he just struck out in any direction and was sure to hit some Engineer. Jeff Bruce, our year President, got hit pretty bad, too. They tried to quell him by knocking his head against the wall.

But it's only 4 years since the last inter-faculty brawl.

I've finally turned in all my essays
and am realizing that I have a terms'
work to catch up in ~~the~~ three courses.

The snow has practically completely
disappeared; and the warm sunlight
resembles ~~the~~ now and more that of
early April exam days. The mere thought
of exams is chilling. Frankly, I'm sick
of school. — maybe it's because I'm not
working hard enough.

Hoping that this letter gets through
all right and that the family is taking
things easily, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

P. S. Thank Loren for the $\frac{1}{2}$ letter.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Wed., 21 Mar, 1945.

Dear mom,

As I rather expected, your reactions to this little brawl at Queen's were those of a person who does not know college life. This is the only excitement on the Campus in the last 7 yrs (i.e. since the last brawl). You fail to realize that the fight only lasted for 15 minutes and was then over. That was the end of it right there: I don't think that there are hard feelings harboured in any Artsman's or Science-man's heart. After all, they eat, work, and play together. It wasn't anything like the old pre-war rows when fire-hoses, tomatoes, eggs etc. were used: twenty years ago some Valetamen painted on the new wooden Hydraulics Lab, "Tool House." About five years ago, some movie-men taking pictures of Queen's, got the old profs to come out and trace out the letters again so that they could take pictures of the good old days. Well, all damages have been paid (including hospital bills); and no one even talks of the incident any more.

I'm beginning to buckle down to studying; but it's a 50/50 chance whether I'll be able to get my courses reviewed. I've just been assigned an essay in Phil - the only one all year, mind you - to be handed in on 26 Mar.

For some reason or other, I seem to be worrying more about this summer than I am about the exams. Do you know of any good jobs? Ronald Thomson is going to work in a Hydro plant some 80 miles S. of Hudson Bay - 125 a month minus board. The pay is no hell, but he needs the experience.

I haven't decided yet about Longbranch or the reading course.

There is no snow in Kuqstern. Sunday was a glorious day, but Monday and Tuesday have been windy and wet.

Hoping the best for the family (esp. Lovern in her exams), I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

349 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.



STAMP
OUT
VED



Mrs. Wm. Peruniak,
Box 492,

Port Arthur, Ont.

347 Brock St.,

Kington, Ont

Wed. 28 March, 1945

Dear mom,

Thanks a lot for the sweets which arrived on Monday. I was rather surprised to find jam within the parcel, seeing that I hadn't asked for any. It was all welcome.

My first exam (Pec 10) is only a fortnight away. Then I write on the 16th, 17th, and 18th and finish up on the 23rd of April. Don't expect me home right after my last exam as I won't begin packing till I'm all through.

Dr. Trotter was back last week and took our lecture yesterday. We were all hoping that he would give a lecture since we were tired of having essays read (for the past two weeks), but, right off the bat, he handed over my essay to me and I read like a fiend to get done within the hour. I have been working on history all last week as well as this week and have reached the end of my text-book. Now it remains to learn it — cold.

After deeply considering the pro

and course of a summer Reading course, I have finally concluded not to take it. If I remember correctly, I didn't have very much spare time last summer; and anyways, those seven books, hanging over my head like the fabled sword, would ruin the summer properly.

Spring seems to be here to stay. The grass is green; tulips are in blossom; and robins build their nests. My storm-windows have been taken down; and the window is wide-open — it's that warm.

The news has been getting better, hasn't it? I wonder if the war with Germany will be over before I get home? Ending on this note of optimism, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

844 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 4 April, 1945.

Dear mom,

As the dreaded days draw near, despondence floods my soul. It is not that I have fears of failing (that might indeed in some ways be a blessing, for it would unequivocally demonstrate that I was unfit to proceed with a college education); I am tortured rather by the thought of missing by so much the lofty goal that I had set up for myself last year — and previously. These and other depressing thoughts continuously distract me from my studies (flagrantly behind-schedule) so that I cannot do in a day what I was wont to accomplish in three hours last year. If I get any A's this year, I shall truly admit that I am completely incompetent to estimate my own ability or knowledge. I fear that my chief trait, however, is an overly-analytic mind; that I have diagnosed my troubles only too accurately; and that if the necessary remedial actions are much

longer delayed by my indolent over-confidence
(based solely on unadulterated egotism), the dreaded
result which I have forecast will come true.

I am Hepidus — as never before.

I know not whether to congratulate you
on your lay-off or condole you. I suppose you
are haunted by thoughts of going back to work
on the farm — I hardly blame you. From
your statements concerning moving, I infer
that we shall probably spend all of this
glorious summer season in that musty
antique heirloom, firmly entrenched (as well
as stunched) by the murky logs of the
inter-city frog-puddle and coal-yard.
Somehow I should prefer the swamp at the other
end of town, but don't let that worry you.

Re spring-coat, I already have one in
the rain-coat I bought last fall.

I spent \$49.45 in March. Closing this
dreary epistle, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

347 Brock St.,
Keington, Ont.,
Wed. 21 April, 1945

Dear mom,

I am afraid that this will have to be very short as I have nothing to write about. I have already lost hope completely. I have only to-morrow in which to cover virtually the whole course in Lec. 10; I write it on Friday. Then there are only Saturday and Sunday before my next three exams which fall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. At the present time I have no course in shape. With the loss of hope, a listlessness has fallen over me so that at times I almost convince myself that I don't care. But really I do care very much.

It is glorious spring weather. Violets are in bloom in the shelter of fences. Thelips surrounds many houses. The lawns are the most refreshing green.

Promising to send you the bad news next Wednesday, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bill.

349 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Peruniak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ontario.

341 Brock St.,
Kington, Ont.,
Tues. 11 Sept., 1945.

Dear mom,

I scribbled a little something to you on the back of a post-card from Toronto this morning; and now I am writing again. This is undoubtedly the first time in my life that I have written to the same person twice in one day. In the morning I had very little to say for my prospects were unsettled and bleak; this evening I have more to write for my every expectation has been realized.

As you may have deduced from my address, I am once more staying at Mrs. Maxwell's. When she opened the door and saw me standing there, she said, "Why, Bill! You're the last person I expected to see here." I still haven't found out why. Perhaps she misinterpreted my indecision and hesitation about my future plans last spring as an indication

that I had disliked rooming at her house and would not return. At any rate, Harvey, whom she confidently expected to arrive, is not coming; and I, whom she did not anticipate, have come back and am occupying Harvey's former room.

Harvey's marks turned out good enough to give him his Pass B.A., but not satisfactory enough to enable him to continue with his last year of Commerce — at least with any degree of assurance of passing in April. Besides, last spring he and his fiancée, the nurse, broke up their engagements; and this probably also was a contributing factor in his decision not to return to Kingston. He has entered O. F. C. in Toronto hoping to become a High School teacher.

As I told you at home, Harvey's room is a good deal smaller than the one I had last year, but it is still much larger than the one I occupied at Mrs. Horner's.

Consequently, the inevitable price that I must pay for it — arrived at algebraically —

81
is neither \$4 nor \$3 but \$3.50 per week.

Mrs. Maxwell refused payment for the two weeks while I am away at camp. Thus, the three weeks' payment, which I gave her, will see me half way into October.

And now another surprise. Our military training is not to be held in Ottawa, but in Peterborough. Since there are barracks in Peterborough, there will be no need for an advance party from our contingent to proceed to pitch tents; therefore, I do not leave Kingston till Saturday. I shall have plenty of time to unpack and to get my military equipment in shape.

When I was bringing some of the C.O.T.C. supplies back to the Quartermaster's store, Capt. Frick got me to help him to fit out the fellows who were going to camp: there were about 15 who reported this afternoon and drew their equipment. Capt. Frick told me in confidence that Major Brown and he had drawn up a list of

fellows whom they wished to see commissioned before camp. But the Officer Commanding, Lieut. Col. _____, declared that he would commission the men only after they had proved their merit at camp first. Frick said that I was on the list of potential officers.

Believe it or not, I came back from the Q. M. S. with more junk than what I had returned, including a magnificent brand-new kit-bag, a couple of shirts, a new sun helmet, my last winter's greatcoat, two pair of new woollen socks, a pair of shoe-laces, etc.

After returning home, I wept myself, regretting very much the fact that the showers in the Bym were broken down and the pool was drained. I put on one of the shirts which I had drawn and sat down to supper, comprising of: 1 whole bottle of ginger ale (the big size), cheese, beans, and grapefruit. Apples are scarce.

57)
After supper I took a bus to the station,
found my trunk and bob, found a
cartage man to bring them over, and then
strolled home. While I was back on page 2,
the cartage man delivered my baggage.
Neither the bob nor the trunk seem anythe
worn for their travels.

It's high time I began unpacking. There-
fore I'll stop writing right here.

Yours truly,

Bill.

34 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Peruniak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Thurs. 13 Sept., 1945.

Dear mom,

Having nothing particular to do and so much time in which to do it, I thought that I might use my time profitably by writing another letter to you (you know how often I'll be writing once I become immersed in my studies).

I bet you can't guess what I left behind at home, that I should have taken with me. Well, it was my army coveralls. If you remember, when I first took them out of the kit-bag, dad said that he would wear them and hung them up in the porch someplace I think. I forgot all about them. I will send you my Peterborough address as soon as I learn it; and I would appreciate it a lot if you would mail the coveralls and my other army shirt to me immediately i.e. to my camp address.

Gradually I've been learning how truly fortunate I've been in regards to finding a room. It's still two weeks before the beginning of school but already there are long lines in the Registrar's office of students who haven't been able to find rooms. I've heard on good authority that Principal Wallace tried to obtain some barracks out at Barriefield for accommodations for the students. He was also attempting to acquire the women's residences at the Aluminium plant with regular 10-minute bus service. I don't know if he has succeeded yet.

The rooming situation is accentuated by the influx of discharged service-men. There are so many servicemen entering first-year Engineering that Queen's (and all other Universities) is refusing entrance to all applicants from High Schools except those with exceptional records. This situation exists, I believe, only in Engineering Faculty.

After mailing my letter to you on Tuesday night, I went to bed and slept till after 10 next morning. Having groomed myself, I took both suits to the dry cleaners and was just in time for dinner.

By the time I had finished my lunch (salmon) all the stores were closed (Wednesday afternoon); and I couldn't do any shopping. But in a radio repair store I dug up a screw-plug (for 10¢) where I could plug in my iron (for the only electrical outlet in my room is the light bulb socket). I spent the remainder of the afternoon ironing my uniform.

In the evening I suddenly decided to see a movie. Now of the five Kingston theatres I had to pick out the Odeon whose feature presentation was "Three's a Family." There was nothing the matter with this comedy except that I had seen the play of the same name last winter put on by Queen's Drama

4)
Guild. I think I enjoyed the play much more than the show.

This morning I got up in time for dinner again. For all practical purposes I frittered away the afternoon — talking to acquaintances, strolling on the campus, playing ping-pong, etc. To-night I'll probably buy a paper and maybe take a walk.

For the three days that I've been in Kingston the weather has been quite sunny. This seems to be the first real summer weather that Kingston has seen this year. Mostly it has been high wind and rain.

The maples are generally still green, but already the gutters are littered with leaves; and street-cleaners shovel them onto horse-drawn vehicles.

Well I guess you know my letter-writing techniques well enough to realize that the weather means the end.

Yours truly,
Rill.

P.S. How do you like this Parker Quink Blue?



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Perumak,
189 Pine St.,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name C.S.M. Perumak
Unit Queen's Own Cent. C.O.T.C.
No. No. 9. Infant. Trng. Bn.
Peterboro, Ont.



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ON (ACTIVE) SERVICE
with the
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Mon. 17 Sept. 1945

Queen's Univ. Cont. C.O.T.C.

No. 7 Infantry Troop. Bn.,

Peterboro, Ont.

Dear mom,

I would have written you before now, but I have been kept uncommonly busy.

We travelled ~~west~~ from Kingston to Peterboro on a special troop train which really covered ground. Then we marched to camp accompanied by the martial strains of the Queen's Pipe Band.

There are only about 25 instructors at this camp. They have been doing no training for so long that they were stupendously pleased to have a battalion of semi-recruits once more to instruct.

Of the 311 officers and men of the Q. U. C. C.O.T.C. who came to camp only some odd 28 volunteered to take training this coming year — including myself of course. This special N.C.O. platoon of ours (including all ranks from Capt. to Cadet) has

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no less than 6 instructors. I think that the Colonel got the shock of his life when he realized just how tired the men were of the C. O. T. C. — that barely 1 man out of 10 volunteered to continue in it. I thought that I might as well stick to it because I would have to take P. T. anyway — without pay. Besides, if I should get a commission, it would really count as something in civilian life to be able to say that one was an officer in the militia. The Colonel said that, on good authority, he had heard that all future officers for any future Active Canadian Army would come from the University C. O. T. C.'s only — not as in this war when men off the streets became officers overnight.

Being in this special closely-supervised squad has kept me busy continually — what with scrubbing my web equipment, polishing every single piece of brass, shining my boots, ironing, washing,

Think

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making my bed etc. [They carried us with
four blankets, but it is still cold at
nights.] I've been so busy that I haven't
been in Peterboro yet once despite the fact
that I can stay out till 12 p.m. and
the camp is in the middle of the town.
Well I've still got a lot of work to
do.

Yours truly ,.

Bill



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Peruniak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

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"Keep in touch with the folks at home"

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Wed. 20 Sept. 1945

Dear mom,

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to come into our hut after a half-day of rifle drill and bayonet practice and find a package lying on my bed — from home. But it was almost a knock-out blow to see my sister's name at the very beginning of a long article concerning her essay, which, upon reflection, I recollect caused her some undue consternation in its composition. Please extend my heartiest congratulations to her for her well-deserved good fortune.

I had intended to see the town yesterday evening, but it rained all day; and by the time I had cleaned my equipment, it was time to go to bed. Since there is a movie in camp to-night, I shall not leave camp. Thursday evening will be spent in scrubbing and polishing for the inspection of the Inspector

Think

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General on Friday. Friday night will be devoted to the preparation for an sham on Saturday. As you see, I shall not be able to paint the town red till the week-end at the very earliest.

To-morrow night the men (i.e. cadets ^{corporals} ~~sergeants~~ or officers) will hold a dance. Girls will be provided for every man by a Service Center downtown. On Thurs night next week the sergeants will hold their dance, but they will bring their own women. I'm definitely not going.

Actually, I hear, it is the simplest thing in the world to find a girl in Peterboro, for they parade up and down the streets in flocks. This, however, I am only quoting from other fellows' accounts as I, myself, have not yet been downtown.

The meals in the Sergeants' mess have been a continual source of wonderment to me. For breakfast, we have apple or grape-fruit juice; shredded wheat or Grape-nuts flakes;

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2 pieces of toast; an egg with bacon or ham; loganberry jam; coffee, tea, and milk. For dinner and supper we occasionally have soup, healthy helpings of meat or stew; vegetables as potatoes, corn-on-the-cob, tomatoes, peas, etc.; and all the bread and butter we want.

Desserts have consisted of ice-cream, jelly, custard, maple syrup, water-melon, raisin-pie, fruit, etc. We sit at two long, linen-covered tables and are waited on by men or clerks.

The training is rigorous and is making a fine regiment of the C.O.T.C. It is indeed a rare thrill to see scoundrels, who wouldn't do anything right at school under C.O.T.C. N.C.O.'s and officers smartly executing every movement given by a G.S.-badge Lance-Corporal. Last night in the rain the Regimental Sergeant Major hauled the living day-lights out of a group of cadets for not having made up their beds properly. He would have given them a couple of hours

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of smart pack-drill ~~with~~ in Battle Order if it had not been raining.

In my last letter I said that our special platoon had six instructors. Since then we have been joined by another three - instructors at least - including a First Div. C.S.M. who gave us the bayonet practice to-day. If I do say so myself, we really are smart.

Thanks a lot for the note and parcel.

Yours truly,

Bill.



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Perumak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name

Unit

No.



"Keep in touch with the folks at home"

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with the
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Fri. 21 Sept. 1945

Dear mom,

It's two days since I wrote my last letter to you — despite the fact that I dated my last letter 20 Sept. and to-day is only 21 Sept. I had hoped to receive a letter from you to-day, but none came. Of course, there is only one drawback to receiving letters from you; and that is, once I get a letter I know that there won't be another one for a long time. Thus, if I had received a letter from you to-day, I would have nothing to hope for to-morrow.

We passed through the gas chamber to-day — first, with respirators on, and then, with respirators off. It was a small unfurnished room, in one corner of which an electric heater stood on a shelf. Upon the heater rested a small dish containing capsules, which gave off white fumes — C.A.P. tear gas. Our instructor, a corporal,

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made us do head and body exercises to prove his point that respirators were sure-proof protection against gas. Then he marched us out, had us remove our respirators, and then marched us in without them. In just two seconds the gas had inflicted a smarting burn on the eyes. Tears poured (I mean it) down our faces. We stumbled about, holding onto the shoulder of the man in front (it was our tears that blinded us, not the gas, for it becomes invisible after coming off the capsules as white fumes). The men who had already gone through this torture stared through a windowed gallery to see us in our suffering. I tilted my steel helmet over my face, so that they could not see my blinking inflamed eye-balls. The gas seemed to affect my throat, for I gasped and sputtered. Finally, the corporal opened the door; we rushed out; and he said, "Now perhaps, you will fully appreciate the effectiveness of your respirator." We only wept copiously at his words and thought some very unkind things about him.

Think

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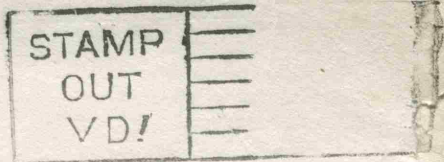
I am still spending my evenings scrubbing, rinsing, and polishing. I've done so much washing that my right index finger's skin has become very tender; and big chunks of flesh come off during the ceaseless rifle drill. I sweat a great deal, especially in bayonet practice and must change my stockings and underclothes every second day. I shave every morning; and my face is red and sore. The unending supply of hot water, the lovely showers, the countless taps, the toilets, etc., lessen the discomfort of keeping oneself clean. I brought so much stuff with me to camp that, since we are not permitted to leave any articles on the shelves or floor, my kit bag is in an awful jumble containing everything from my spare boots to white ~~handkerchiefs~~ handkerchiefs, and from bottles of Brasso to lefted socks.

To-night, after washing my equipment, I shall see a movie ^{in camp} and then prepare for an epam to-morrow.

Sorry to cut the letter off so short, but it's 6:45 and the show starts at 7 (and I need to visit the toilet), I remain,

yours truly
Bill

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Mrs Wm. Peruniak,
189 Pine St.,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name

Unit

No.



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Sunday 23 Sept 1945

Dear mom,

Saturday's exam was quite easy; and I confidently expect an A in it.

Since Saturday is a half-holiday, I pressed my uniform, shone my shoes, and at 2 o'clock went into town with two sergeants and another C. S. M. We marched along very smartly, two abreast, embarrassed occasionally by such remarks from passersby as, "My but they're young to be sergeants - Major!"

Peterboro is a clean city with paved boulevards, fine houses, and splendid trees lining the streets. Towards the east we occasionally caught glimpses of water — lakes evidently created by the building of the Trent canal.

In 15 min. we were in the midst of the business area. In a Kresge store one chap bought himself a black tie and I purchased a 15¢ toothbrush for cleaning the crevices and sights of my rifle.

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Then at a football field we watched some high school team practice hitting big canvas bags with their shoulders, obviously in preparation for the coming rugby season.

We strolled by a beautiful stone cathedral, up a high hill, and finally, back down into a cool park where we rested for a while.

After enjoying a malted milk in a dairy, we decided to go to a movie; but since the movie would not let in any more patrons till 3:45 we wandered down to a Service Centre and played bridge till it was time to get in line at the show. The two pictures were My Favorite Blonde, starring Bob Hope, and The Birth of the Blues with Bing Crosby: they were pretty fair.

Since, when we got out, it was too late to have supper in camp, we dined in a cafe. I had breaded pork cutlet for 55¢. Then, once more, we went to the Service Center and at 7:30 saw a movie entitled The Brighton Strangler. By the time the show ended, there were a lot of girls, who evidently had come as dancing partners. But we were so tired

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that as soon as the picture was over, we immediately headed for camp and after a quick malted milk and hamburger at a hamburger joint, arrived at camp at 10 p.m. Sergeants and higher can stay out of camp till 12 p.m. without passes. As the last of our party of four left the guard-house at the gate, one of the guards said, "My, my! Just look at that street." So you can see that we're pretty sharp.

^{file's} ^{morning} ^{attended church parade} ^{and pressed my} I had a shower, ate breakfast, and pressed my uniform. Then I began polishing the brass on my web equipment; and became so involved in this occupation that I was late for dinner and missed out on a delicious chicken feast. Next, I scrubbed the web and placed it around the box-stove to dry. I also scrubbed my mess-tins and cutlery with which we were issued yesterday for to-morrow's dinner, as we shall be on the firing-range all day; and the range is 4 1/2 miles from camp. We will be marching there - in Battle Order.

The time right now is five to four.

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194—

Living the Army way, I naturally hear a lot of Army jokes. Here is a typical erudite one (but I know you're not fussy):

A male and female friend decided that they would color their conversation somewhat by addressing each other by fictitious names.

The girl would call the man "X" and he would call her "Y." During the evening the man asked the girl to fetch him his coat. She came back with it and said, "Here's your coat, George."

It took me a little while to figure it out, too.

I'll be going to bed early to night since we leave camp at 7:30 and I want to be in fine shape for the shooting.

I haven't received any correspondence from you for several days now, but am still hoping. If you reply to this letter, I think you had better address it to Kingston.

Yours truly,

Bill.



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Peruniak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name

Unit

No.



"Keep in touch with the folks at home"

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Mon. 24 Sept. 1945

Dear Mom,

I received your letter - very short - which was post-marked in Port Arthur on the 21st of Sept., this afternoon when I came back from range shooting. There was also a letter from Evelyn, but it must have ~~been~~ come yesterday, since it had been mailed a day before yours.

In your fourth paragraph your words indicated a certain peevishness on account of my neglect to inform you that I had written to Evelyn. Most certainly I was not trying to keep any secret from you. It just happened that I wrote a letter to you first; and ^{afterwards} ~~having~~ nothing much to do, I thought I would write to Evelyn. I expressly requested her to obtain my camp address from you; and the following day when I learned what the address was, I sent a postcard containing it to you - not her. Besides, by now I have learned that it is impossible to keep secrets from you.

Think

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This morning at 7:30, our company (all 21 of us), preceded by the Pipe Band, set out in a brisk march to the ranges - 4 1/2 miles away. The band piped us smartly through the town; but by the time they approached the rifle ranges their heads drooped and their feet dragged - in unconditional defection. But we also, who had left the camp singing and laughing, arrived at the ranges with our tails between our legs.

We were given a short rest. I opened my water-bottle and laid it down empty. For the rest of the day I had to "scrounge" (an Army word meaning "to mooch") water from the other boys. I did fairly well in my rifle shooting, but badly in the Sten Carbine. I also fired 2 rounds from the 9 millimetre Browning pistol.

For dinner we were served with a horrifying mess of greased beans and carrots, potatoes, and two slices of bread. There was also unsweetened tea and cake and sauce. It was the worst meal I've yet had here.

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3/



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If a light shower had not come up and Captain McBride had not procured 2 trucks for us, I am positive that Lieut. Babcock would have marched us back. From to-day's little jaunt I got a cold. If things continue this way, by the end of the week I'll be down with double pneumonia. From the small pack, which I lugged on my back, I also have a very sore spine, and confidently expect to be overcome with arthritis in the next few days.

One consolation to this type of field exercises is that we are no longer expected to keep our web clean. A very great load has been lifted off my shoulders.

Yours truly,

Bill

P.S. When they felled up my mess tent with that garbage to-day, how delightful it was to think of the lunch you prepared for me on my trip, with its refreshing fruit and wonderful sandwiches.



STAMP
OUT
VD!



Miss Lavern Peruniak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name

Unit

No.



"Keep in touch with the folks at home"

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with the
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Tues., 25 Sept. 1945

Dear Lavern,

This afternoon I received a letter from mother which she dated as Sept. 24 - i.e. yesterday. But the Port Arthur postmark read Sep 24, 3 A.M. Consequently, I am led to believe that mother really wrote the letter on Sun. 23 Sept. and erred in dating. In a date it is always wise to give the day of the week.

I find it difficult to comprehend your hesitance in writing to me. If you are overburdened with scholastic or domestic work, then how can you find time to attend movies or play the gramophone hours on end? If it is, as mother writes it is, that you can find nothing to say, then you positively must write to me; I am sure that your letter will be a master-piece, for I recall that you could find nothing to say about the beautification of Port Arthur: and yet your essay won the first prize in the contest. Either you are over-modest, or you are a prevaricator: or else, nothingness as a rule appeals to the public (e.g. bathing suits).

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Seriously though, you have missed an excellent opportunity of corresponding with me, for I shall be returning to school in a few days; and there, I am most reluctant to devote my precious time to correspondence.

Yesterday afternoon when we arrived in camp from the Rifle Ranges, Mr. Babcock divided us up into syndicates of 4 men each, gave each syndicate a map of the Peterboro district, and asked us to plot and write out on paper an 8-9 mile route march from camp to the Ranges. Our syndicate planned a delightful march along the Trent Canal, by another river, along several lakes, up a scenic drive, and past several factories and mills — mostly on paved high-way. We looked expectantly for a fine tourist joint to-day.

But it rained this morning; and the drizzle lasted all day and still has not stopped. To top it off, each syndicate received another syndicate's route plan. My syndicate received a course that took us cross-country most of the way through swamps and lowlands. The groundsheet, draped over our bodies, Battle Order, and rifle, hampered our movement,

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but we grimly marched on in single file. We passed two stores and dropped into bottles, buying 4 lemons, 3 oranges, 1 can of apple juice, and 2 Peeps — as we were not sure that we would get to the Rifle Ranges in time for dinner. We took our time, resting often. On one farmer's porch we played three hands of bridge before going on. At another farmer's place (at 12 noon) we asked for some hot tea, got it, and paid for it. We finally arrived at the Ranges at 1:30. The other four syndicates had been there for hours already. When the officer noticed us approaching, he informed the fellows in the shack, and they ran out and gave us 3 loud cheers. All that was left for us to eat was a few pieces of cold beef, some bread, a pound of butter, and a raisin pie. But we weren't hungry very much. We were wet. Ask me some day to tell you of the details of the march and some of the sights and characters we saw.

Yours truly,

Bill

P.S. I liked the pictures — and I don't look like Gandhi.

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STAMP
OUT
VD!



Mrs. Wm. Perumal
189 Pine Str
Port Arthur
On



Canadian Active Service Forces

Name

Unit

No.



"Keep in touch with the folks at home"

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with the
CANADIAN FORCES

Thurs. 27 Sept. 1945

Dear man,

Quite a good deal of novel experiences have come my way since I last addressed a letter to my home.

The morning after our map trek we marched to the ranges to throw grenades. Each of us threw 2 #36 grenades, which are the deadly type that break up into shrapnel. While I have thrown these before, it was fun all the same to crouch behind the sand-bags and hear the shrapnel whine overhead. After that, we threw #69 grenades. These grenades are made of black plastic which shatters into millions of pieces, but they have practically no killing area whatever. We stood within 30' of a high wall of light cedar logs and threw them at the wall. They explode on impact with a terrific crash; they are used in advanced training to simulate the explosion of shrapnel grenades.

After that, we waited for dinner — in the field. We waited till over 300 men were served before we came into the line. The way they serve the food reminds one of a veritable assembly line. A man starts out

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with two empty mess-tins; as he walks by, things are thrown into them; he finally ends up with two mess-tins full of garbage. Murder, what it? But what is more murderous is that having a keen appetite, he gobbles the mess up and comes back for more!

In the afternoon we watched some mortars laying a smoke screen; and then we fired the Brens. We rode back in trucks.

At night Sergeant-Major Kilpatrick and I went to a movie, showing To Have and Have Not and another musical show. I went to bed very tired.

In the middle of the night (1:35 a.m. this morning) I awoke to find the lights of the hut turned on, everybody in a state of commotion, my throat smarting, my lungs coughing, my eyes blinded by tears, and someone shouting, "Gas, gas." As I recall it now, I sat up in bed, put my head in my hands, and tried to figure out whether it was all a nightmarish dream or not. In a second I was fully conscious, for there was no dismissing the tears and sputtering as part of a nightmare.

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I realized that I had to put on my respirator, but I didn't know exactly when it was (actually, it was way up on the shelf) and besides the tears rendered me blind. So I sat there, stunned by my plight, somebody (I couldn't make out the features) came by my bed and handed me my respirator. I whipped it on.

Seeing everybody dashing out of the hut, I thought that maybe I should get the shell out also. It was very cold in the hut — especially for me who had nothing on, but a respirator [since I neglected to bring my pyjamas, I had made a habit of going to bed completely undressed]. So there I stood, perfectly nude except for the respirator on my face and the canvas container on my chest, not knowing whether to dash out or to put something on. Finally, the cheviots triumphed, and I slipped on my coveralls and a pair of slippers. I went outside and found everybody from our hut (including the R.S.M.) and the members of the band, who share the other half of other H-hut, weeping, chattering, and bellowing.

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I soon learned that some frankites had lit a generator of C.A.B. tear gas in the ablution room i.e. in the connecting part of the H-hut. The fumes spread to both halves of the hut affecting, thus, the band members (who, poor beggars, didn't have any respirators) as well as the sergeants.

Those of us who had respirators went back inside, opened wide all the doors and windows, started the air moving by flapping blankets and towels, and brought out clothes for the bandmen who had dashed outside in their undies.

Later, some of us went to the men's mess and partook of hot tea and oranges. When I went back to the hut at 2:30 the gas was still too powerful to allow removal of the respirator. Accordingly, I crawled into the blankets with my coveralls on, pulled my canvas bag out on top of the blankets to permit the entrance of oxygen into the canister which is connected to the tube, and fell asleep with my respirator on. I slept with the respirator till 6 a.m. when the bugle blew. The face piece had made impressions

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on my face, but not as badly as I had expected. To-night the characteristic odour of tear-gas is still prevalent in the hut. It won't disappear completely for quite a few days.

We had a tough morning to-day, and a whole afternoon of practical exams. I am completely pooped out. The sergeants are having their chance to-night. Obviously, I am not and will not be there.

Hoping to pass a gasless night to-night,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.

St.
Kingston.

KINGSTON
10 PM
SEP 29
1945
ONTARIO

SUPPORT GET
YOUR
COMMUNITY



Mrs. Wm. Pereneck,
189 Pine St.,
Port Arthur,
Ont.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.,
Sat. 29 Sept., 1945.

Dear mom,

At the Outer Station a great sign read Welcome Home, but it wasn't for us. Instead we were pulled up a siding to the Inner Station where we disembarked. As we smartly marched up Kingston's main drag behind the lilting tunes of the Pipe Band, crowds lined the streets to gaze upon us. But there were no cheers; someone indeed shouted, "Hey, the war's over!". When we arrived in front of the Orderly Room, we were casually broken off — without any welcoming speech, without any farewell address, nothing at all except "Turn in your rifles!" I turned in my rifle; I found my kit bag; I went home. I took off my uniform, put on my "civies", and said, "Hell with the Army. From now on, I'm a Queensman."

I neglected to mention in Thursday's letter that that same evening there had been a pay parade and I drew \$42.00 — ⁸2.80 per day. A second lieut. in the Reserve Army gets only 15¢ a day more.

I went to bed early on Thursday night and slept so soundly that I didn't hear a bit of the commotion caused by the Sergeants' returning from the dance. I learned later that most of the fellows were drunk and the R. S. M. took his woman into his cubicle and they stayed together there for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

On Friday ~~we~~ were turned over to a paratroop officer who taught us some Platoon tactics. Besides firing off some odd 40 rounds of blank ammunition each, we all got drenched by an all-day drizzle. There isn't a person in the C. O. T. C. who

hasn't got a cold.

I spent Friday night polishing and scrubbing. There were rumours about that the Sergeants' hut was going to be invaded again by pranksters; and consequently, we set up a guard. My watch ended at 12 p.m. Nothing unusual occurred during the night.

We were awakened at 5:30 and began packing and turning in blankets, ground sheets, helmets, respirators etc.

We had a morning Battalion parade; and I was placed in charge over C Coy. We had dinner at camp and marched out to the Peterboro station at 12:30. We were in front of our Orderly Office in Kingston at 5:30.

At a downtown cafe I had supper. The soup was dishwater; the prime ribs roast, which I ordered, arrived in the form of baked side pork; the

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peach pie was made of rotten peaches.
The milk had water in it. But
what can you expect for 45 cents?

I haven't unpacked yet, as I
wished to write this letter before I
took my shoes off.

Hoping to hear from you soon (I
haven't received a letter now for 5 days),

I remain,

Yours truly,

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Mon. 1 Oct., 1945.

Dear mom,

As I was leaving the house this morning, I nearly stumbled over the mail lying on the floor in the porch. There was a letter and a small package for me. I went back upstairs, read the letter through carefully, and then scanned the package. On the outside, inscribed in bold decisive handwriting, were the words, "Photo only"; on the inside, was not only the photo, but also a letter. While I was only too delighted to receive this other piece of correspondence, yet I could scarcely stop marveling at the astuteness and duplicity of whoever it was that saved a 4-cent stamp by enclosing the note within the photo and then topped it off by aggressively asserting, "Photo only". Pretty good. By the way, the portrait looks good except that I think hovern dominates the scene a little too much; she makes the rest of us look like shrimps.

Your talk with Mr. Anderson was quite revealing, for it suggests the possibility that if Grandmother hasn't enough wood to haul during the holidays to keep me busy, then I can spend the remainder of my leisure moments "assisting" Andy at his camp. But since Christmas is still a long way off, I won't start now to be uncharitable with my help by refusing before I have been expressly requested for it.



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I forgot to mention in my last letter that the two suits had returned from the Dry Cleaners. They charged .95¢ for the blue one and $\$4.35$ for the tweed. The creases on the tweed suit are something to regard with reverence and admiration — they're so sharp, no kidding.

I also neglected to make a request of you in my last letter. Please send up my skates, if you can find them.

On Saturday, Mrs. Maxwell told me that I had no sooner left for camp than Harvey Bradley arrived in Kingston seeking to continue with his last year towards a B. Com. degree. But he was 17 marks short of the necessary standard; and they refused him. Mrs. Maxwell said that she wasn't sure whether he was going to go to O. F. C. or accept an offer to work on some private yacht sailing to Bermuda. He does seem to be in a fix, doesn't he?

I went to bed around 8 Saturday night and didn't get up till 10 minutes to one Sunday afternoon. Just think of all the meal expenses I would save if I could pull that stunt off every day.

To-day was proclaimed a civic holiday in Kingston in honour of the return of the local regiment, the R. C. H. A. (the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery) whose R. S. M. overseas, by the way, was the same one who was our R. S. M. at camp. As for most holidays the weathermen let down



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a continuous shower that still has not subsided. I felt sorry for those five or six platoons as they marched, soaked to the skin, through the be-puddled cobble-paved streets of Kingston.

All day to-day and to-morrow morning were reserved for the registration of Freshmen. I don't register till to-morrow afternoon. You have no idea how crowded the campus is. I don't recognize one face in ten. Jack McKelvie is back at Queen's from the R. C. A. F.; George Senclair is going to Varsity.

In one of your earlier letters you mentioned the mix-up ~~to~~ over Plaskey's funeral. I would be delighted to hear all the intriguing and blood-curdling details concerning his burial. Isn't it strange that the deceased care less about their own burials than ~~do~~ their survivors?

I have only a mild trace of a cold; but I am beginning to suspect that my bed harbours bed-bugs or fleas or some such vermin.

Closing, as usual, on some topic of bodily discomfort, I remain,

Yours truly,
Bell.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Thurs. 4 Oct., 1945.

Dear mom,

Registration is finally over; and to-day I had my first lectures. To me the most significant aspect of registration was the huge crowd; I have never seen the campus teeming with so much life as it is this fall.

My courses for this year are: Hist 13 (British Colonial), Hist 20 (Canadian up to 1812), Hist. Reading Course 1, Leo 12, and Pl. 30. My fees amounted to \$173.00.

Up to the present, I have not yet bought any text-books and do not expect that I shall buy more than \$15 worth. Incidentally, I find that I shall require two books which I already have but left at home. One is Wittke's A Short History of Canadian People; the other is Burpee's Atlas. Lovern, perhaps, knows where they are. I would appreciate it a lot if you sent them to me.

On the whole, I have a pretty fair course this year, but since the courses are all honour courses (numbered over 10) I shall have a very great deal of work to do. I also have an excellent set of professors, the most dubious being Mr. Grantham, a U. of B. C. graduate, who is lecturing in Hist. 20. He began by giving us a whole page full of books to read.



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There are only 7 of us taking Hist. 20; this is a very nice size. In Eco. 12, however, the class is at least 4 times the size of last year's class of 15 or so.

I have only 12 hours of lecture a week, since the reading course is carried on by the student alone. This afternoon I drew up a schedule of reading for myself; and I found that I will have to do at least 23 pages of reading (^{making} summary notes, of course) in the prescribed texts every day for 15 weeks to cover ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{reading} course. It may not seem much, but it is really quite a chore, especially when the essays are being assigned one after another.

As you have already surmised, there will be no initiation at Queen's this year. Everyone is quite agreed that it should be so. But there does seem to be some doubt as to whether Freshmen should wear tams or not.

There are quite a few hakehead fellows down here. Some day, after I learn their names, I shall let you know who they are. This reminds me that at Peterboro we had a Sergeant instructor from Ft. Williams. While a boy, he lived in Ft. Arthur on Franklin Ave. His name is Rudman (or something like it); and he attended Cornwall School. — Now the \$64 dollar question — Do you know him?



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You say in your letter that you laughed when you pictured me standing completely nude in the hut except for the respirator. I am afraid that I fail to see the joke. Scarcely you have seen me without even a respirator on. What was much more hilarious was the motley congregation out on the road dressed (or undressed) in varying degrees and weeping their heads off as if the end of the world had come. Of course, they would have failed to appreciate the humorous aspect of the situation, especially, the R. S. M.

To-day I filled out an application form to stay on with the C. J. T. C. for another year. Perhaps, I made a mistake. I shall be able to tell better when the year is over.

I am purposely neglecting to mention the weather.

Yours truly,
Bill.

P.S. I'll try to fold these sheets without ripping the envelope as I did in my last letter.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Tues. 9 Oct., 1945.

Dear mom,

It was ^{with} a great deal of pleasure that I received your and Lavern's letter this morning, but it is with typical reluctance that I compel myself to reply. Since you probably experience the same feelings as I do in regards to these two aspects of correspondence, there is no need for me to expatiate.

To save myself the trouble of duplicating much of the material and at the same time to save stationery and postage stamps, I am in reality addressing myself both to you and Lavern. Therefore, let it be understood, that Lavern has full privileges to peruse this letter.

And I would say to Lavern that although she may feel unduly pressed by all her activities, yet there lies ahead in the future holidays for her an immeasurable happiness when she can gaze back with satisfaction at an academic year, whose time she has utilized to the full.

I drew infinite delight from the account that you gave of the nocturnal incident in which Bill's attack was followed by Galmer's counter-charge, for it recalled to mind an affair which cropped up last winter in Prof. Curtis' Eco. class. He had raised a query concerning an economic proposition, whose fallacy we could all plainly perceive, yet whose verbal refutation presented a perplexing problem. It was my luck to be picked upon to give my opinion of the theory. Not seeing any direct way of disproving it, I parried the question by a question of my own, the answer to which would show the fallacy of the original proposition.



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Dr. Curtis came back smart as a whip with the words, "Yes, Mr. Perunich. Offence is always the best defence." The class found it highly amusing. Amazed as I was by Bill's ingenuity, yet I take my hat off to Palmer for that parting retort — ironical advice, indeed.

Re your remarks that many tears were wasted at Dark's funeral, I should like to suggest that many of them were probably of the crocodile variety, which are easily replenished.

Since Monday was a holiday, I had a rather long week-end in which to accomplish something. As a matter of fact, I did manage to complete my first book (rather small) on the reading course. That leaves 6 to go — 2 of them being huge.

This, my junior year, is undoubtedly my toughest since I have no courses which I can afford to let slide as I have had in previous years and shall have next year (Geology I). I must get at least 5 B's, and preferably 5 A's — if possible.

In reply to your query, Varsity is the University of Toronto!!!!

I was stuck as to how to answer Dr. Trotter to-day when he asked me whether I would consider taking on a job as a history tutor — i.e. marking papers. He wasn't really offering the post to me, but was merely desirous of knowing whether he could count on the junior-year men in history in case there weren't sufficient graduates to fill the gaps.

I know only 3 fellows in my year who are on an Hon. Hist. course.

I vaguely replied to Dr. Trotter that I had rather a stiff year ahead.



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When I asked my land-lady several days ago if there were any bed-bugs in my room, she turned white as a sheet. She has an ungodly fear of bed-bugs. The solution that was ultimately resolved upon was the theory that Teeny, the cat, who haunted my room for several nights had lost some of her fleas in my apartment. For a couple of days after Mrs. Maxwell had aired and beaten the blankets and sprayed the rug with Fly Top, the nightly ravages ceased. But they were resumed last night; and in the last two days I have seen two of the pesky little things. Both times they leaped in time; and I lost sight of them. The one that I saw this morning was on my foot as I got out of bed. They bite all over the body; and the mark of their bite remains for at least a week. The bumps are extremely itchy. I don't think that cat fleas can live off a human being, but certainly they are trying hard enough. Following your suggestion, I bought half a pound of moth-balls (10¢) with which I liberally doused the clothes in my dresser and the remainder of which I shall take to bed with me as a sort of talisman.

I had a haircut this afternoon and then a shower and swim to get the ^{cut} hair off my body.

Yours truly,
Bell.



347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Mon. 15 Oct., 1945.

Dear mom,

As you surmised, I'm writing only 1 letter per week now; and consequently did not reply to last week's letter, but am answering the little note that was enclosed in to-day's parcel. Thanks for the books.

I hardly know what to say concerning the affair Lovern vis-a-vis Evelyn. Towards the end of my stay at home I had thought that their growing estrangement was due to me. But my absence does not seem to have remedied the situation. I can only offer the humble suggestion that neither one of them has so many friends that they can afford to be picky with the one or two which they have.

My week-end has really been crowded. On Friday night I went skating with Ronald Thomson. I have never seen an area so congested with moving people as that ice-sheet was. I found skating on ice a thousand times more difficult and more painful for my feet than I found roller-skating. I don't think that I shall be going skating much more before the open-air rinks begin — so that I can have more room.

On Saturday afternoon Queen's played their opening rugby game — a warmer-upper — against the Army team from Vimy. Queen's won 34-5, but, in my opinion, they are still going to have to improve a lot to stand up against some of the other college teams.

Sunday afternoon, from 1:15 to 5, eight of us — 2 officers and 6 N.C.O.'s — executed a tactical problem of attack outdoors



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of Kingston - without troops, of course. Then, individually, with magnetic compasses we took bearings on a water-tower, a church steeple, and radio-tower; and in the Orderly Room, by the use of the back-bearings we traced out on the map the exact location from where we had taken the original bearings.

To-night, again, from 8-10, the officers and sergeants had an informal meeting in the Kingston Armouries discussing the future of the C.O.T.C. We were divided off into four companies: there remains now the job of securing 96 men for each company. Same job!

To-morrow night is organization parade in which we learn just how many men we have got. That means another night shot.

On Thursday night my company, F Coy, trains in the armouries from 7-10. That is another night.

Saturday afternoon the rugby game Queen's vs. Varsity is a must.

Sunday is going to be spent on Barriefield ranges, firing rifle, Bren, 2" mortar etc.

Incidentally, to-night when reading off the results of the instructors' course at Peterborough, Capt. Beswick (our new training officer) began with my name, which might mean that I got the highest standing.

Besides the various activities that I have already listed, I must also find a night to take out my Fresh for dinner.



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I withdrew the first \$50 from my bank-account to-day, which still leaves \$616.53.

You've mentioned your search for work several times, but you haven't offered me any good arguments supporting the necessity of your being employed.

I should like to qualify your remark concerning my hearing all the news of the world in Kingston. If I learn any news, it is by reading, not hearing; and what I do read is generally vague. For instance, I was reading about the nationalist anti-European revolt in Japan, which was being partly suppressed by the Japs and partly by the Allies. From what I've read, I am completely unable to "take sides."..... I suppose very few people regretted the execution of Laval to-day.

In your next letter you might expatiate on your sentence, "Porch is getting a different look to it." And, by the way, where is the pop-stave?

Yours truly,
Bill.

P.S. I'm sorry that I can't mail this to-night since its ten minutes to 12.

I won't be going to bed very soon, as I've still got quite a good deal of work to do yet.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Mon. 22 Oct., 1945

Dear mom,

To say the least, it has been very flattering to receive your compliments on my snap, but I cannot help feeling that a great deal of it is uncalled - for since that particular picture is quite typical of me - stupidly grinning and blinking at the sun. My boots weren't even shined. Incidentally, I'll send those snaps back as soon as I receive the sixth picture from that roll, the one I took of you.

It has been a great week-end at Queen's. On Friday night the students held a big rally at Leonard Field. Over a big bon-fire was burnt the effigy of an immense beaver, in token of the coming defeat of the Toronto Beavers on the morrow. The effigy cost \$50 for the mattresses alone with which it was stuffed; it weighed over 600 pounds. At the conclusion of this ceremony some of the students proceeded to a dance in the Gym, while others caroled madly in a snake-dance down Kingston's main drag. We entered the lobbies of two theatres, gave a few cheers, and quietly withdrew. No damage was caused anywhere.

Saturday morning was Convocation. The climax of this pageant was to have been Gen. Crener's speech. While there was deep thought behind his ideas on war and peace, there was much to be desired in his terse, clipped, Army-style oratory.



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KINGSTON, ONT.

On Saturday afternoon, of course, was the big game with Varsity. There was no admission for Queen's' students. The bleachers and grandstand were overcrowded with enthusiastic football fans. In the few opening minutes of the game, Varsity gained a 9-0 lead. But then Queen's got clicking on some lovely plays and finally won 19-15. It was a splendid game.

There were countless graduates present for the week-end. One of them was Harvey Bradley who is attending O. C. E. in Toronto. He spent the two nights on Mrs. Maxwell's couch in the living room. The fees at O. C. E. amount only to \$98. Harvey claimed that there is a lot of hard work to do, but he is enjoying it thoroughly.

I spent Sunday from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. at Barriefield Ranges. It was a perfect day for firing. Lunch, consisting of coffee and sandwiches, was served out at the ranges. Since 6 hours constitutes a day in the Army, we were credited for $1\frac{1}{2}$ days pay. As a C.S.M. in the Reserve Army I earned \$4.20. If I could make that much every Sunday with as little work, I would gladly hop to it. My next parade is Thursday night.

To-night three of us upperclassmen took our Frosh out to dinner. Mine is Donald Fulton, who is a veteran of the R.C.A.F. of over 5 yrs. He is a Bluecrosser and is married; his wife has infantile paralysis, but will soon be completely recovered. He is a Commerce man.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

You can have no idea of how I am pressed for time. I already have three essays to work on and am beginning to lag behind in the assigned reading.

This evening I brought a Toronto Daily Star when I noticed the head-line, "New Act Sets Up Canadian Nationality." Two passages were of special interest: "The requirement that applicants speak either English or French will be retained. But there will also be a provision that this is not necessary when the applicant has resided in Canada for 30 years," and "The bill gives to women the right to repatriate national status." I should think that Grandmother can now stand a good chance of getting her naturalization papers.

In the same edition are the impressive gains of the Communist Party, under Maurice Thorez, in the French election. It should be quite interesting during the next few years to compare the achievements of the leftist governments in England and France.

Yours truly,
Bill.

P.S. Thank however for the sketch.

P.S'. The fleas have reappeared.

47 Brock St.,
Kingston.



Mrs. Wm. Peramuk,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ontario.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 24 Oct. 1945

Dear Havern,

I was very much surprised at receiving your letter to-day. The thinness of the envelope at first led me to suspect that it was a joke — that it was empty. But upon opening it, I found your note tucked away in one corner. I was astonished at the amount of information that you were able to impart on three small pages. My general technique is to say very little upon very much paper.

I am ungodly busy these days. There are volumes and volumes of books to be read as well as two term essays to be written. I am not going to attend any meetings this year as I did previously. My only extracurricular activities are C.V.T.C. training and swimming. I go in the pool every second day.

Indian Summer is over at last. It has been quite cold the last two days. Most of the leaves are down; and the wind sends spirals of them whirling around corners. It should snow any time now.

Would you please ask mother to send me a few loose jam coupons? My grocer said he would take them loose if I came in when there aren't any other customers in the store. He gave me one jar of jam already on his own coupon (or rather his baby's, who doesn't need it); therefore, I really owe him one.

I'm glad to hear that mother is reading Library Books.

I don't think that you get enough sleep.

Yours truly,
Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 31 Oct., 1945.

Dear mom,

After six days of desertion, I was swamped to-day by a deluge of mail. In the morning I received a letter from you and one from Evelyn; in the afternoon the parcel arrived containing two more notes, one from you and one from Lavern. All this more or less tends to make up for the absence of my regular Monday letter, which I have been accustomed to receive from you.

Now for the bouquets: I must indeed applaud the superb way in which the parcel was packed. The Banana Cake arrived whole and fresh, each delicious morsel steeped in its own tantalizing fragrance. But, alas, every tender crumb and every wisp of scent are no more — for I've eaten it all. Please be sure to thank Grandmother for her "sweet" donation, but ask her to give more to her other grandchild, for I could not eat the chocolate if I thought that I had deprived Lavern of her rightful share.

Offer my condolences to Lavern concerning the nearing departure of her "boy-friend", Alfie. Perhaps some other rash youth will move in who also will madly fall for her. In the interim, why doesn't Lavern go skating with Evelyn occasionally? If I remember correctly, Lavern promised me in the summer that she would learn to skate this winter. It isn't as easy as she may imagine, but it should be a lot of fun (and hard exercise).

Re your thoughts about buying up real estate, I am afraid that despite my having taken three Economics courses, I can give you very little advice. I hear that one Economics professor at



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

Dalhousie University has prophesied that, unless Canada goes communist and cancels all her war debts (bonds, etc.), in two or three years the worst depression in history will strike us. While I fail to see how such an action on Canada's part alone will forestall a world depression, nevertheless the theory of this professor is not to be scoffed at too hastily. If there is an element of truth in it, then perhaps you should hang on to the farm so that we may "go back to the soil" during the crisis. My own Econ prof., Professor Knox, who has worked in an advisory capacity in Ottawa during the war, on the other hand, is a staunch supporter of the official government economic philosophy. He claims that if a depression began the federal government would undertake to pay out of its treasury the wages that the unemployed had been previously receiving while working; that these labourers would naturally spend the money on commodities; that this would create a demand; that factories would reopen and rehire the unemployed; and that as a consequence, there would be no depression. Pretty neat, eh? Now if what he says is true and there won't be a depression, then perhaps there will be no need to return to the farm. From here you've got to do what you think best.

The little insignia enclosed is a marksmen's badge which I earned at Barrifield Ranges. It should really be on my tunic, but since it is a very common badge, I haven't taken the time to sew it on. Many of the fellows got an Expert rating which gives them crossed rifles and a crown on top.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

I thought the joke in Science 47's advertisement was pretty good.

The day before yesterday I was asked by a girl in Arts 48, who takes three courses with me, to take her to the Arts 48 Halloween Party to-night. Now it is quite usual for girls to ask fellows to escort them to year parties since only members of that year may attend, i.e. may extend invitations; but what surprised me was that she should have asked me who only spoke to her a few times and am still not sure of her name. I turned the invitation down on the grounds of having too much work to do. I hope she doesn't think that I'm a "stinker".

As you probably have heard, Queen's was trounced in Toronto at the rugby game — chiefly due to the absence of Jack Perry, the Queen's star. Over 1000 Queensmen, half the student body, went to Toronto for the weekend to witness the game. This coming game is in Montreal. Probably, as many will again go to see the game there, as an indication of how seriously the sport is being taken. I may point out that the manager of our team, a veteran in Arts 48 taking Honours History, has bet his whole year's tuition fees on the game with Western to be played here on Nov. 10. For his sake, I hope Queen's wins.

It has been lovely sunny fall weather during the past few days, but the increasing cold has vanquished my nocturnal tormentors. Praise be to God.

Yours truly,

Bill.

P.S. I'm still waiting for your picture



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KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 7 Nov., 1945.

Dear mom,

I received your letter this morning. Confronted with the task of wording a reply I find myself hamstrung by a dearth of material.

Incidentally, if you are troubled by neglect on my part in writing on some special phase of my activities, which especially interests ^{you}, then why not phone me up? The telephone number is 9147. You had better call me after 10 p.m., for that is the only time that you can be reasonably sure of finding me in; and don't reverse the charges.

My landlady is redecorating her dining-room and half of the living-room. The pungent odour of turpentine and paint pervades the whole house. She covered the wall-paper in the dining-room with two coats of some peach-coloured mixture. After six months she can wash the walls with water. It doesn't look too bad. Does our kitchen look as fresh and clean as it was when I left?

The cat must have been up in my room again, for the nightly attacks of the fleas have reoccurred. They had ceased for quite a spell prior to these fresh ravages. I told her about it to-day; and she promised to spray the room with fly-tox. She also said that the cat was going to be put to sleep (by gas) as soon as she gives birth to her family — in the very near future. She ^(my landlady) seems to have some qualms about killing unborn kittens; but as soon as they are born, they will accompany their mother to Paradise — or the other place.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

The orderly room posted the results of the shooting at camp; and according to them I qualify as an Expert and thus am entitled to crossed rifles and crown — a higher standing than what I made here at the Barrisfield Ranges.

Enclosed you find the documentary results of my training at Camp. I heard in good authority that I had the highest mark in the practical test on drill — I got 90.

Capt. Frick asked me to do some indoor shooting on Friday night in competition with a team of 5 crack C. W. A. L. girls from the local barracks who challenged the C. O. T. C. I turned down the invitation because I have too much work to do.

Along with the names of most of N. C. O.'s who took the Instructors' Course, mine has been submitted as a candidate, for a commission. If it is accepted by District Headquarters, I would get one pip, but my rank would only be Provisional Second Lieutenant until I had qualified by writing the required exams. I harbour some very keen doubts as to whether I shall be accepted for one prime condition is that the candidate must be 18½ yrs. old, which I am not. Oh, well (sour grapes).

By contrast with your reports of the prevalence of icy blizzards at home, I have to comment on the exceedingly mild weather that we are experiencing here. The sun shines from an



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

unclouded sky; it doesn't even rain. The leaves, instead of rotting in the gutters as in normal years, are crisp and dry. It is indeed remarkable and astounding.

I am discovering many things in my courses. Some of the strangest facts crop up in Lec. 12. Did you realize that the bold figures which the banks print on their windows as their total deposits represent liabilities, debts? Those gold figures show how much money the bank owes to its depositors. It is a queer psychology that the banks employ in encouraging greater deposits; when a potential depositor views those astounding figures, he becomes convinced of the bank's soundness and promptly opens a deposit account in that bank.

On Saturday comes the final rugby game. It will be the toughest, for Western is unbeaten so far. Our star, Jack Parry, won't be playing, either.

Last Saturday I went to see Rhapsody in Blue. The music was good: the acting lousy.

Yours truly,

Bill.

P.S. Where's the picture that I've requested?

P.S. Proficiency.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 14 Nov., 1945

Dear mom,

Your letter was dated Nov. 10, 1945; yet you asserted that there were only 42 days till Christmas: does the city of Port Arthur celebrate Christmas on Dec. 22 this year?

You have mentioned the train fare at Christmas in your last two letters now. I don't think that there will be a students' rate; and I shan't be able to travel in uniform. If, considering the precariousness of dad's job, you do not think it advisable to spend so much money for such a short holiday, then please be frank and say so. It would set my mind at ease; and I would stop wasting my time in anticipations of yule-tide revelry at home. Moreover, I could put those two weeks or so to very profitable use on my courses here in Kingston. Let's have your candid opinion.

Re Bill's souvenir, you neglected — you seem to have a habit of leaving your topics only partially discussed — to say whether it came with the body or was found separately. Boy, were those sandwiches you gave me for the train good!

Concerning the nuptials, your acute observation about the feminine technique recalled a similar one of Oscar Wilde's that I came across recently: "Woman begins by resisting man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat." I am not sure how true the former half was in this particular case, but certainly the latter portion seems applicable.



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KINGSTON, ONT.

By contrast to your blizzards at home, the weather here has been so mild that my landlady has taken one quilt off my bed.

There is a considerable amount of construction going on around about my rooming-house. A great 3-story store is going up remarkably quickly on Princess St. — just $\frac{1}{2}$ block away; it is built of steel, concrete, and stone. Up the street a ways a basement with a concrete floor and tile walls is rapidly nearing completion for a home. To-day city line-men tore down the poles of an abandoned electric line that ran along Brock St. The absence of the tall poles seems to make the street wider.

I am beginning to get into working stride. I find that I can stay up till 12 o'clock without fatigue. I still weigh $158\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. as I did $1\frac{1}{2}$ months ago.

To-morrow I have a mid-term test in Res. 12. For some inexplicable reason I am not worrying about it — certainly not because I knew the course cold.

Last Thursday night I was up before an army board examining officer candidates, composed of a colonel and a major. I was the last to be interviewed. While I was waiting, Captain Beswick, our chief training officer, told me that he had been reprimanded for sending in my officer candidate's application when I was not $18\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. old. ^{He hadn't noticed this fact.} He, therefore, warned me not to expect too hopefully to be approved by the board. The colonel was at a loss to know what to do. My record in the C. O. T. C. was pretty good, but the regulations are explicit concerning age. He asked two questions concerning my family. He asked me in what year my dad came to this country: I didn't



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know. Then he asked me what he did for a living: I said he was a farmer. He remarked that farming was a good occupation; if he hadn't been a colonel, I would have openly disagreed with him. Finally, they decided that they would let my application by and hope that the general or somebody else doesn't notice the lack in years. Thus, I shall have officers' exams to write on Dec. 18. I'm going to have to do a considerable amount of studying.

Filling in the gaps with clippings (with the excuse of having to utilize my time for preparation for my exam to-morrow). It remains,

Yours truly,

Bill.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONT.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Tues. 20 Nov., 1945.

Dear Lovers,

You may have taken a week to ^{write} your letter, but in the end you had a veritable siecle or romans; it was undoubtedly the longest letter I have received this year — on the smallest amount of paper.

I enjoy very much the style of your narrative and admire especially the coherence and unity of thought that your letter demonstrates. But before you can ever become a renowned literary celebrity, you must learn to spell. You must acquire the technique of carefully perusing every word in every sentence and the interrelation of words to make sure that the spelling is correct and the meaning clear.

It has been raining the last two days; and the bad weather finally culminated last night in a slight snow-fall. I'm beginning to wear my tam and scarf now.

The coming of bad weather was accompanied by my acquiring a sore throat. As it hadn't improved in two days, I went to see the school doctor down at the General Hospital. Students are examined free of charge. After peering down my throat with a flashlight and eyes and enquiring if I felt sick — to which I replied in the negative, he wrote down a formula on a slip of paper for me to take to the Hospital Dispensary.

After writing down my name, he asked what my racial origin was. I told him it was Ukrainian; to which he remarked that he couldn't understand why we had such long surnames and then adopted such short given-names as Bill, etc. I was going to tell him that I didn't pick my surname and



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that I considered Bill as elegant as any such weirdy name as Ferdinand or Ezekiel, but my voice choked; and I said nothing.

At the Dispensary I was given 12 white pills the size of aspirins for 10¢, I was to suck one after each meal and before going to bed. I've had one so far; it is as hard as granite and takes an interminable space of time to dissolve. Don't labour under the misapprehension that I am seriously ill or anything of the sort, for I eat like a horse and go swimming every day. I weighed 161½ to-day — a gain of around 3 pounds in the last few weeks or perhaps it was just "something I eat."

My complaints are not physical but mental ones. Academic labours beset me now and now. I don't seem to find enough time to do each course as conscientiously as I should wish. But, of course, this has been the scholar's perennial plight. The malady quickly vanishes when holidays arrive.

Mother has repeatedly asked me to write on both sides of the stationery paper; and I have consistently persisted in being extravagant. Well, this is the last page in the book; and next time I'll buy some thinner paper.

Yours truly,
Bill.

17 Brock St.
Kingston, Ont.



Miss Tavern Perumak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ontario.

317 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 21 Nov., 1946.

Dear mom,

I don't know if the card will arrive on Saturday, but whether on time or late, Happy Birthday, mom.

Your last letter was one of the finest that I have received. I don't know who was more surprised at its length — you or I. I appreciated the candid style.

I am happy to inform you that I was neither taken nor invited to the Ladies Hawkins' Drag. There would have been no expense, for the ladies pay; but I just haven't got the time.

The exam time-table has been posted up; and my last exam falls on 23 Dec. Classes are not resumed till about 7 January.

We were assigned a term essay in Pol. 30 to-day. It is to deal with some aspect of Canadian government or politics. Those students whose fathers are M.P.'s or who are intimately acquainted with M.P.'s have a decided advantage over me.

My throat is getting better; the weather, worse.

Yours truly,
Bill

347 Brock St.
Kingston, Ont.



Mrs. Wm. Perumak,
189 Pine Street,
Port Arthur,
Ont.

34 Brock St.

Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 28 Nov. 1945.

Dear mom,

You may be able to estimate how much I enjoyed the fruit cake from the fact that there was nothing left at the end of four days. I am not exaggerating when I declare that your fruit-cake was the "fruitiest" that I have ever eaten. Don't be afraid of laying up a supply of such cakes for the Christmas holidays; they won't go to waste.

In my letter to Lavern I had narrated that I had procured some pills which were effecting a cure for my sore throat. Alas, after sucking the whole dozen of them, my throat was little improved. It felt very raw; and I had no nose-cold. I went to the hospital again; and this time the doctor prescribed 10 pills costing 80¢ — penicillin. I was to suck one every two hours which meant that I was sucking all the time for one pill would easily last 2 hours. The pills soothed my throat and also uncovered a cold in my chest. They seemed to go right to the root of the trouble. My throat is fine now, but I have a rather bad nose-cold; to-day I used 6 handker-

I mentioned my throat trouble to my landlady; and she said that there was no better sore throat preventative than a weak solution of baking soda in water gargled in the throat. She should know for she has almost died from septic throat troubles several years ago. The specialists told her to keep a box of baking soda handy by the sink and use it whenever she feels the slightest irritation in the throat; this she does. She also told me that epsom salts are wonderful in a solution of water as a bath for inflammations of any sort. She bathes her eyes with it. Her husband once lacerated his finger at work; and after bathing it in this solution the swelling went down. The mother of a baby had been trying to remove some blennishes from the infant's skin by various salves, but was quite unsuccessful. Upon trying Mrs. Maxwell's suggestion of bathing the baby in an epsom salt bath, the skin cleared up immediately. Mrs. Maxwell's doctors had told her that it would be a boon to mankind if the price of baking soda and epsom salts were raised to $\frac{1}{4}$ per ounce so that people would become aware of their merits. But perhaps you know all this.

I am happy to inform you that the fleas have deserted en masse. The weather may have had something to do with it although my room is quite warm.

Snow has fallen and remains unsettled. A light hail is coming down to-night. Generally, it is cold and miserable. [Of course I'm wearing my winter flannels].

You enquired about my marks. Unfortunately or fortunately there are not as many tests in the upper years as there are in the first two. In the Eco 12 test I got 55 which is pretty poor. In two small assignments in that 20 I got B and A.

I expect to do very poorly on the Christmas exams since the essays are taking so much time from my regular studies. We have just been assigned a big essay on some phase of Canadian politics which is due before the end of February. I have one due on Jan. 20; one on Dec. 8; and a fourth for next term, ^{date due} not yet assigned. There's no doubt that I am working more systematically and persistently this year than I have previously, yet I seem to get as little as ever accomplished.

On Dec 7 and Dec 8 I have to write two exams in the C.O.T.C. to qualify as an officer. I shall try to do a little studying, but I can scarcely afford the time. In any event, if I miss them, I shall be able to try them again in March.

Being a Provisional 2/Lieut. I had to turn in most of my clothing, such as, shorts, drill trousers, belts, shirts, etc. I still owe them one shirt; I'll take the one at home that is dabbled with green paint when I'm home at Christmas. Nothing was said about the green paint on the other shirt and the two pairs of shorts. As you may have gathered, I have in effect traded in my green-spotted shirts for the two that I drew on issue this fall before going to camp. I think that it was a shrewd exchange. As an Officer Candidate I also have to buy my own boots and winter cap. The Army only charges half price from officers. Consequently, I shall be soaked only about \$2.60 for a pair of army boots.

Last Monday night I had the pleasure of ^{& rector of Queen's University} hearing Dr. Sandwell, editor of Saturday Night,

gave a speech entitled "The World's Greatest Need."
 His keen sense of humour made the talk most enjoyable.
 The burden of his message was that Canadians are too
 unconcerned with the vital issues of the day. He said that
 in his day the only question on which Canadians would
 get excited was the High Tariff and the Low Tariff. He
 suggested that the enthusiasm of Canadian youth might
 be diverted to ~~such~~ ^{criticism} of such gov't policies as the immigration
 laws affecting refugees and the deportation of Japanese.

Among his other remarks was that revolutions are
 nothing new, but that we are all the product of
 past revolutions. He asserted that political democracy
 had once been as revolutionary and violent as
 socialism (economic democracy) is to-day. He said
 that England of 19th cent. was as interested in fostering
 liberal parties in ^{and other countries} Italy, and aiding them to overthrow
 the existing autocratic political system as Russia
 is interested to-day in fostering her own ideas of
 democracy in such countries as Spain and Yugoslavia.

But he claimed that the division between supporters
 of socialism and advocates of private enterprise was

a very superficial one, for even such a staunch capitalist as C. D. Howe had made the T. C. A. state-owned and there was an astonishing amount of private enterprise in Russia. He urged that the people and their parties face the issues of the day according to their moral standards of good and bad; he seemed to give the impression that socialism as advocated by the C. P. F. and Labor-Progressive Party was not concerned with ^{such} moral standards of good and bad.

He had a good point in his assertion that democracy does not flourish in a state because of its political institutions, but because the people are constantly engaged in protecting their liberties and moulding the policies of govt. He urged Canadians to be more protesting against govt policies which they considered evil and to write more letters of criticism of national trends to newspaper editors.

Since it's 12:20 a.m., I'll stop.

Yours truly,
Bill

Wed. 5 Dec., 1945.

Dear mom,

Thanks a lot for the parcel which I received several days ago. The gum will last quite a long time since I'm not chewing as much this year as I did last. I still prefer your birthday cake; this one is too hard.

You have little idea of what a quandary I am in concerning the Christmas holidays. I am exceedingly anxious to go home; yet I am aware that if I want to get good standing in my courses I ought to stay here and work. Right now, I am writing an essay which is due on Saturday, but I honestly don't expect to get it completed before the exams. I have 73^{half} pages of material. (I get more than twice the amount of words on those $\frac{1}{2}$ pages than I get on a page like this, since I write very fine). The problem of organization is terrific; but the job of composition is tougher still. It takes me four to five hours to muddle my way through two or three $\frac{1}{2}$ pages: I find it extremely difficult to express my ideas. It is obvious that at such a rate I would have to spend the whole 24 hours of ^{each day for} a couple of weeks to get the essay done; but

I have other work. Now, for next term I have 3 such essays, one each in History 20, History 13, and Pol. 30. During December I am not working on my Reading Course, but next term I shall not merely have to get all the remaining books read, but must also review and study all of them for the exam. I will also have much more assigned reading in the other 4 courses. Obviously, if I leave all this work to the second term, I shall either have to sacrifice an A1 job in my regular reading or on my essays. If I worked during the holidays, I might get one essay done and possibly read one or two of the books on my reading course. This would be a great help.

But when I think of loafing around home for a couple of weeks in the middle of winter, I must admit that my resolution wavers. When you mentioned the wall-paper, I almost signed an unconditional surrender, for there is nothing I would enjoy more than some physical and artistic labours after all this intellectual strain. Combined to this a continuous gorging, long hours of sleep, and the pleasures of the snow in the country and you see why the call of duty grows faint.

Mrs. Maxwell told me that if I stayed over I could have Christmas dinner with them. But what is one turkey dinner compared to all the feasts at home? Or what compensation is a turkey dinner for a couple of weeks' work in the library stacks?

Still, if I want any A's in April (and I really need 5 of them), I should stay over.

Following your instructions I shall not do any Christmas shopping this year. You, on your part, don't do any for me. I have already bought myself a couple of expensive presents and shall possibly buy one or two more. You'll see them when I come home.

My throat had definitely improved completely, but my cold is still bad. I'm taking Robert's cough Syrup and generous applications of *Valentolatum*. But don't get the notion that I'm sick. I think that I look after myself pretty well; I don't go hungry: I seldom have less than 7 hours' sleep. Some fellows only have 4 or 5 hours of rest a day, but I don't like my work that much.

For some inexplicable reason the D. P. S.

(International Students' Service) asked me to canvas in their campaign to raise at least \$2,000 to aid university students in Europe. They are asking \$1 per student.

I have 5 boys to canvas in my year. They have all paid me except one chap who didn't have a dollar with him when I asked him several days ago. I haven't met up with him since.

I also have a .25¢ Arts fine to pay as my share of the \$486 bill which McGill University presented to Queen's for damage done by painters during the rugby game. The A.M.S. court has tried several fellows who had painted up Toronto University buildings, but it didn't find them because Varsity didn't present a bill and also because there were many other culprits who had not been apprehended and it was not fair to punish only a few and allow the rest to go scot free.

This coming Saturday and Sunday I have 2 Officers' Candidates Chem. It's going to be pretty grim.

Yours truly,
Bill.

347 Brock St.,
Kingston, Ont.
Thurs 13 Dec, 1945.

Dear mom,

You seem to have worked yourself up into a frenzy of anxiety over a very minor matter; all that happened was that I forgot to mail the letter on Wednesday, but mailed it on Thursday. Therefore it arrived a day late.

Last Saturday and Sunday I wrote my two C. O. T. C. exams. I'm pretty sure that I got the first one, but am far less certain concerning the second. To pass, we only need 150 out of a possible 300. Since the papers are going way over to the Pacific coast to be marked, we won't know the results till next term.

You may be surprised to learn that I settled my essay problems for this term at least. After I had done $\frac{2}{7}$ of my term essay on the Jesuit Missions, I felt that I couldn't afford to spend any more time on it. Accordingly, I recopied and handed in what I had done - only some odd 13 pages. Actually, this is about the minimum

length required and is not much below, if at all, the average ^{essay} length in the class. When I explained to Mr. Grantham that if I took time to finish the essay I would have a thesis, he said, "Well go ahead and write your M.A. thesis"; but I didn't take him seriously. Perhaps you can understand why I am so worried about next term when I have 3 term essays to write while this term I only had one — and I didn't even finish it. I think that the trouble is that I am too conscientious about it; for instance, it only took me two afternoons to write up a 7-page report on a certain explorer: now this is $\frac{1}{2}$ the length of my term essay, yet it didn't take a fraction of the time because I wasn't too particular. Nevertheless, when I read the report in class this morning, Mr. Grantham complimented me on it. Strange, isn't it?

For the time being then, I have no essays to worry about — only the exams. I am considerably behind in all my courses. I'm going to try to

catch up and do as well as I can ~~for~~ the exams, but since there are no fixed requirements for these exams, I'm not going to lose too much sleep over them.

You need have no fear that I am getting emaciated from hunger and sleeplessness, for I have cared for myself better this year than I have on previous years. My cold is better. I don't cough; and my nose doesn't flow as much.

I still haven't committed myself definitely as to whether I am coming home or not. As the holidays draw near, I am gradually weakening; therefore, don't be surprised if I pop up at home during the early hours of some morning of the week after next.

How much snow is there at home?

Yours truly,
Bill.