

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.

Thurs. 31 Jan., 1945.

Dear mom,

By the time this letter reaches you I suppose that you'll have read or heard all the details about the Queen's girl who got lost last Tuesday morning. Nevertheless, I'll rehash the story for you.

The girl was a very hard worker. For some reason she took sleeping-pills. While still under the influence of these pills, a person is like drunk — groggy and irresponsible. She was awakened on Tues. morning in time for an 8 o'clock lecture; the last time any <sup>one</sup> remembered seeing her was in the vestibule putting on her coat and gloves, but with no books.

On Wednesday afternoon, all classes in the Engineering faculty were called; and the boys went on searching parties throughout the city and beyond. Vague reports of her drifted in from various sections of town, but the most tangible evidence were tracks on the ice of the harbour, chocolate wrapping, a bag of muffins, and the reports of three different people that they had seen a girl out on the lake Tuesday morning. It was conjectured that she had brought the food in a store and gone for a walk, a favourite pastime of hers.

The most remarkable thing, to my mind, is that tracks could still be discernible on the ice after the severe snow-storm which we had Tuesday night. An explanation given to me was that as her feet compressed what little snow there was on the ice the wind and fresh snow made little mounds over the impressions.

Some people stayed up till the small hours of this morning in organizing and planning a search on the lake. When I was having breakfast at 8 this morning, a chap got up and addressed those who were eating, saying that everyone was needed on the search and that they should fall in at Ben Rich Hall. Credit for attendance would be given. Accordingly, I went home, put on my army trousers, parka, ski boots, three pairs of stockings; took my skis; and proceeded to the rendezvous.

Here a colorful mob of milling boys and girls, with and without skis, was assembled. Presently, group leaders were assigned; and some sort of order grew out of the disorder. I found myself in a group of 25 "fast and experienced" skiers. We went out in the second convoy of army trucks, which had been lent by army.

When we got out of the trucks, we could see a line of pedestrians on the ice about 2 miles long, a 10 yd. interval between persons. The ice had very little snow on it - about 2-3", hard-packed, and in many places completely uncovered. The task of our patrol was to go to Snake Island (merely an islet), continue in the same direction to Simion Island, search Simion Island thoroughly and return to Kingston by way of Wolf Island.

It was pretty easy going to Snake Island, for the surface was smooth and the wind blowing from our right. From Snake to Simion Island, however, the ice was jagged. Evidently the water was relatively shallow here; and the breakers had torn up the newly formed ice, which had promptly refrozen again leaving sharp rugged ridges on the surface. We had been given brief instructions on the dangers of cracks and holes and on how to form a chain by grasping ankles in order to fish anyone who might have fallen in the water. It was not a chery thought that a person could only survive for 25-30 seconds in that water. It took me  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to reach Simion Is.; and I was the first to step

on both Snake and Simeed. The tail end of our line didn't reach Simeed Is. for another half hour. We were given sugarcane tea by a farmer's wife, whom we paid. The poor girls were really pooped.

When approaching Simeed Is. we encountered a party of three skiers, including Gerald Sovereign of Ft. William (Kaministiquia), who were going in the opposite direction. They claimed to have followed footprints for half a mile in the vicinity of Snake Is., but had lost them as they led through the rougher surface towards the open lake.

In combing the 3-4 mi. long Simeed Is. we got into a rough line across it. I don't know how wide it was, for there was a ridge in the centre; I did not see  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the group for the rest of the expedition.

My course took me along the shore. For a time I followed a bluff, over 30<sup>+</sup> ft high and  $\frac{1}{4}$  mi. long, which was swept by such a fierce wind from my left that I found it impossible to keep my left ski-pole on the snow and just left it dangling in the wind. I was extremely appreciative of the texture of my parka.

The island, like all the country-lands in the East, was cleared, with a few trees and bushes along the shore and hollows. The only things of interest were a lighthouse and two abandoned ones. I found a dead owl on a field. At the other end of the island we came across two hunters; and while we were talking to them, a fox ran out of the brush hotly pursued by a dog. The fox headed out straight across the ice; and as they faded out of sight the dog was getting farther and farther <sup>behind</sup> beyond.

For 2 or 3 miles we scudded on the lake with the help of the wind. Some fellows held out their parkas or coats on either side of their bodies and merrily sailed along. Those girls who could skate on skis soon got ahead of me. But in the last 3-4 mi. when we were headed for the city with the wind blowing from our left, I was in front again — not because I was fast, but because I kept a long regular pace. I think that of our particular section I was the first to reach the city. It was around 3 o'clock. I had only had 3 oranges and the cup of tea since breakfast.

I figure we covered about 15 mi. Was I feeped!

As I was getting into town, another group of 75 persons was setting forth to cover a sector of the harbour. Off on my left in the direction of Snake Island, an aeroplane was flying low searching also. My landlady told me to-night that the aeroplane had perceived a body lying far past Snake Island not far from open water. An ice-punt <sup>is going to be</sup> ~~(sent)~~ sent for the corpse. It may not be the missing girl or it may. I hope it is, for I wouldn't go on another trip like today's because I have too many blisters on my feet and because I feel that I cannot waste another day.

I don't know whether I thanked you for the last parcel containing the raisin pie and chocolate or not, but thanks anyway. The pie is all gone.

Yours truly,  
Bill

P.S. I was so tired to-night that I missed C.O.T.C. parade.

347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.  
Wed. 9 Jan. 1946

Dear mom,

To express myself colloquially - I've had it.

My examinations results have rocked me.

In Hist. 20, which I considered my best paper,

I got 47. Since the term's work is to be taken into account, the mark handed into the Registrar's office

will be 65. I consider that I was very unjustly marked in a question worth 70 marks and I told

Mr. Brautchen so in yesterday's class. To-morrow

I'm going to carry on the argument where we left off.

I hope I don't get expelled from Queen's.

In Hist. 13 I got 64. I doubt very much if there were any A's.

In Geo. 12, the worst paper which I wrote and one in which I was confident of a failure, I got 74.

It's pretty bad when a person can't judge how well he does on his exams.

We're still to get Pol. 30 back.

I'm really cracking down on my courses - and no guff. But I took an hour out this afternoon to press my army trousers in readiness for to-morrow night's parade.

I rather suspected that it was raining at home on Saturday, for it drizzled all day on the journey. When we arrived at Sudbury at night, it was really pouring. There isn't a speck of snow in Toronto. Sunday in Kingston was just like a day in April — warm, sunny, and snow only hidden by houses, bushes, etc. This afternoon it has started raining again. This weather doesn't seem to bear out the predictions of the scientist who envisaged a cold winter with lots of snow on account of the sun's spots. Perhaps those were just fly spots on the telescope lens.

I managed to eat all the lunch on Saturday, but I found the fruit much more difficult to consume. I still have 5 oranges left. The bag was certainly an inconvenience in getting off and on trains. The newsboy on the train said to me: "So you're another one of those people who cheat the newsies by bringing their own sandwiches". He was only joking.

Yours truly,  
Bill.



397 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 16 Jan. 1946.

Dear mom,

Express to dad my greetings and felicitations on his birthday. I had planned to send a card last Thursday so that it might have been delivered on Monday, Jan. 14, but the idea slipped my mind; and I did not think of it again till I started to write this letter to-night. I am extremely sorry about the oversight. Is dad still working?

As in Port Arthur, the weather here has changed drastically. A light powdery snow fell on Monday accompanied by a wicked wind and a fierce frost. The frost on my storm-window has not melted in the last three days.

I fear that it is too late to think of switching my major and minors now. Besides, I am not at all sure that I would want to, even if I could. I think that there is going to be a glut of economic experts, for as Prof. Lorry, my politics professor pointed out, the intelligentsia has turned from law to economics: many veterans are majoring in economics. Straight economics prepares a person

for little more than government service. A three-year Commerce course is of far more value for anyone planning to enter the accounting or business fields. But in the field of politics and statesmanship, it is not very often that either economists and commerce-students rise to the top, for the English maxim is generally followed which says, "Keep the expert on the job, not on top." After all, Prime Minister King is an honours graduate in History from Varsity.

My arguments with Mr. Grantham made more of an impression than I had hoped for. After I had ended my dissertation on the proper interpretation of the question and the most mature method of marking, he was speechless for a moment and then said that if I became a lawyer, I would have little difficulty winning my cases — but he still wasn't convinced. The question read: "Potestate the chief factors of the slow growth of population in New France." His scheme of marking — a high-school technique — implied that the question read something like: "Enumerate the factors . . . ." The more factors, the more <sup>marks</sup> factors.

I argued that the question required historical interpretation, a discernment between the chief and the less important factors; but he still disagrees with me — I don't know why — and persists in placing all the factors on a par, which is, of course, a fallacy and doesn't answer the question. Imagine my surprise and astonishment when in the following lecture, Dec 12, Prof. Knox expounded to us how an examination paper should be written and expressed those ideas which I had so vainly attempted to convey to Mr. Grantham. Knox said: "Strike the nail on the head — one, two, three, and stop. I give marks to people who know what to leave out. I take for granted that you've done the work and learned the text; I want to see in the examination if you understand it." Perhaps you'll agree with me that the system of marking more than anything else accounted for the disparity between 47 in Hest. 20 and 79 in Dec. 12.

I had expected about 65 in Hest. 13 and got 64. That shows that I have Trotter's techniques of marking pethomed pretty well.

My Pol. 30 mark has not come out yet. I expect a high middle B.

I've been working pretty consistently on my Hist. 13 essay and am a little more than half done. In the last two days, however, I have grown weary and frittered away my time — for that, I'm going to study up late to — night. It is an interesting and absorbing essay topic — Burma — but so full of intellectual problems, involving human psychology for instance, that it takes me a very long time to clarify my thinking to the point where I can express a coherent thought on paper.

Incidentally, the fillings I procured over the holidays have cured my "sweet" tooth; and I find that I can once more consume chocolate and ruminate on gum. This is a hint.

I wore my turban of fur to C. O. T. C. parade last Thursday; and I was the envy of all the chaps there. Someone did remark, however, that it was a bit bulky, jutting out 6" in the front and all the way around. This coming Saturday

is the C. O. T. C. formal, but I am not going. Last year I was ticket-receivin at the door, but I am too busy to take that ~~job~~ job this year. I've been so busy in fact that I haven't gone shooting this year yet though the match for this month will begin in a few days. I guess I won't have any high scores this year.

Yours truly,

Bill

P.S. Did you get my card and did you recognize the scene? Or did you?

347 Brook St.

Kington, Ont.

Thurs. 24 Jan. 1946

Dear mom.

I'm afraid that I have very little to say in this letter; and therefore it's going to be relatively short.

I'm sorry to hear that dad was laid off. There doesn't seem to be a shortage of carpenter's jobs here in Kington, for my landlord has got a new job. But, of course, he is an exceptionally good carpenter, having been a contractor for house building in his earlier days. Most of the very fine wooden furniture in this house was made by him.

I had intended to go to to-night's Variety Night for Artmen only, but I forgot that there was a P. O. T. O. parade to-night. I think that I'll go to the parade, for not only will I save the 25¢ for the ticket, but also earn something for being in attendance for training. Next Sunday we leave at 8:15 for a scheme some place out in the country. We will have dinner brought out for us. I understand that I shall be a syndicate leader, but I am not sure of the details. Parkas, skis, and snowshoes will be in order. I drew a pair

of horse-hide ski mitts (unlined) from the stores. They seem pretty tough. If they don't cost too much, maybe I'll keep them.

I've been down at the range three nights for shooting — and am verry, very bad. The match comes off next week; I'd be lucky if I get a score in the 90's.

My essay on Burma, which was due last Monday, is still incomplete. But I think that I'll have it finished by next Monday. After that I have two more term essays to write — from scratch. There are no classes for literature this Saturday because of the Arts Formal; therefore, I should be able to put a good deal of work in.

You might be interested to know that my brown trousers go very well with the brown sweater which I bought in the fall — the "flashy one."

Canada's Secretary of State, Paul Martens is to speak at Queen's, but I don't know the date or the topic.

last Sunday night the cold water froze in the pipes in this house. By the time I got up - around 10 - Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell had thawed out the ice. Mr. Maxwell put a heater key the bend where the water pipe enters the basement, while Mrs. Maxwell poured hot water down the drain - the two pipes run close together; this process' movement resulted in the utter demoralization and annihilation of the ice.

You may be surprised to learn this, but I need a haircut already. Therefore, I'll have one this afternoon and then a shower in order to wash all the loose hairs off my head and neck.

Yours truly,  
Bill.

P.S. Tell Hoover to take some Cod Liver Oil.



347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Friday, 8 Feb., 1946

Dear mom,

It is putting it mildly to say that I was surprised when, after writing over five pages in my previous letter on my gallant exploits in the quest for the lost 20-ed, you accuse me of insufficient expatriation about my personal activities. Fine gratitude, indeed!

No, that's not my room; it's Ronald Thomson's. We took the picture two Sundays ago after I returned from the C.O.T.C. schemes. It was supper-time when we returned; and instead of going home and changing dress, I went to Ronald's house with two brothers who have a room in the same house and who were out on the scheme. All four of us generally have Sunday supper together downtown. I left my small pack <sup>of parka</sup> there and picked them up after supper. Ron of course is not in the C.O.T.C.

The picture is a bit hazy, but what do you expect from an indoor picture with only two lights turned on? It looks clearer if held at arm's length. To the right of my head is a portrait of an Indian

standing beside a large tree. Just above me is one of the pictures of 12 seductive girls in Esquire's 1946 calendar. Just below it is a metal plaque which the boys took off a telephone pole reading, "1000 Volts

Danger  
H. E. P. C."

Pretty ingenious, eh? The big things on my hands are the horse-hid <sup>mitts</sup> gloves I once mentioned.

This week, like last, there was no Thursday night parade, but we're making up for it by another whole-day scheme this coming Sunday. I understand that they are going to give us 50¢ for dinner — and 2 hours in which to get it. The other Sunday, hot stew, bread and butter, tea, and pie were brought out to us in the country. We ate in a cheese-factory which is idle in winter.

That means that another week-end is blown, as far as academic work is concerned.

I had planned to spend all this month just on my two essays and use March to catch

up in my regular work. My intention was to spend 2 weeks on each essay: one week, gathering material and the other <sup>week</sup>, writing. But I only finished my reading for the first essay to-day; and what with Sunday shot, I don't see myself finishing the essay by the 14<sup>th</sup>. I have to spend to-night preparing for some sort of test in History so to-morrow.

I had a rather minor catastrophe in school this morning. I discovered at the beginning of my first lecture that my trousers were ripped in the seat. I felt rather foolish walking between classes holding my leather <sup>behind my back</sup> portfolio over the hole. When I came home to put on the other pair of green trousers, I found that there was the beginning of a hole in them too. Consequently, I had to resort to my third alternative, the brown pair. After two years of seat rubbing the fabric in the two trousers has just disintegrated. It will take all the trouser material you have at home to patch the gaps. If you send it along, I can have a tailor fix them — if he can. In the

meantime, maybe I'll buy another pair of pants  
— perhaps, to-morrow.

The weather has been tolerable this week  
on the whole. There was a shower which tanned  
the snow to slush; then a sharp frost froze  
it all. The last two days have been quite mild.

I noticed in last night's paper that  
Fort Frances really got a blast of winter.

What is dad doing and what are his  
intentions? This summer if I am confronted  
with a choice between deutor and bush, I think  
that I'll take the latter. Despite all the incon-  
veniences and hardships involved in spending a  
summer peeling pulp, there is this great advantage  
— there is lots of fresh air.

Yours truly,  
Bill.

P.S. Thanks for the cake which arrived on Tuesday  
and which is no more.

347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Thurs. 14 Feb., 1946

Dear mom,

You certainly must have been in an enquiring frame of mind when you wrote the last letter, for you are all questions.

I had hoped to give you the pleasing news that I passed both of my officers' exams, but your intuition beat me to the draw. I got 223 on one; and 175 on the other. They were out of a possible 300. Three of our chaps failed one. They can rewrite it in March, and again in December, et ad finitum. Since we only learned the results last Sunday, I can hardly be blamed for not having notified you sooner.

About the '47 year picture, it seems to me that I told you once before that I missed out on that — I hadn't read the notice on the bulletin board. But maybe I didn't. At any rate I'll try to be in the graduating year picture, that is, if I graduate.

I paid \$8.45 for a pair of blue tweed trousers, which I'll pick up to-day. Actually, they're not so hot.

I'm surprised that you don't recall the occasion when I bought my "fleshy" sweater at Post Arthur just before going to camp. It's the brown one with buttons down the front.

To-day is another typical Kingston twenty-four hour exposure of wind and rain. Much of the snow has disappeared, but the ice on the side-walks is very slippery. The wind almost tears the coat off one's back.

Well, it's the middle of the month; and I've only got half of my first essay written. Nevertheless, I'm going to begin reading for my second essay to-morrow and try and finish up the first in my spare time — keep big joke.

I'm afraid there's nothing else I can write.

I think that I'll go pick up my trousers and then have a shower to remove all the loose hair from my head. I had a haircut this morning — of the Inroquois type.

Yours truly,  
Bill.

347 Brock St.,

Kington, Ont.

Fri., 22 Feb., 1946.

Dear mom,

I had intended to write this letter last night but I was so busy that I put it off to this morning and am now writing it before going to breakfast.

I finally got my Hist. 20 essay finished.

I sweated all afternoon in the library getting the darned thing written over; and then when I came from C.O.T.C., I began to erase mistakes, underline book-titles, draw up an essay plan, make a bibliography, etc. I didn't get to bed till almost 4 this morning; and the essay is only 30 pages. According to the schedule which I outlined to you some time ago, I must get my Pol. 30 essay done in the next 6 days. I can confidently say that that is now impossible. The trouble is that I can't find enough material on my topic, "The Compact Theory of Confederation", and have to look in all types of queer sources such as the debates in the colonial legislatures around 1465-7 etc. That takes time.

My whole exam time-table is posted now, I write on 5<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>, 18<sup>th</sup> of April. My two

history courses come right together at the end — don't I always get the bum seats? I'd also like to have my Reading Course, which is on the 3<sup>rd</sup>, postponed to the 22<sup>nd</sup>.

It seems that it is impossible to buy test-books in Plot 19B; and one chap asked me if I would send home for mine. They are two books entitled: The Early Stuarts and The Later Stuarts. Would you please mail them to me at your earliest convenience? I'll see to it that he pays the postage.

You might also send me a couple of pink jam coupons. I offered the yellow ones to the grocer for a jar of peach jam, but he said that they had expired. He gave me the jam anyway — I've got a good reputation. Please don't send me as many as you sent before because some of them will again be wasted.

I haven't taken my trousers to the tailor yet as I had hoped that you would find the material. But since it has not arrived yet,



I think that I'll sacrifice the rest and have the pants mended in the very near future.

If work is as scarce at home as you indicate perhaps I should try to obtain a job through the Employment agency here at Queen's. It was set up primarily for undergraduates in science courses, but there are spots available sometimes for others. The Bell Telephone was asking for men a few days ago. I don't bother sending out the details; perhaps I should have.

A cold snap has fallen on Kingston following this mild spell. Snow fell two nights in a row; and the temperature hovers around zero.

Louise seems to be quite busy with all her extracurricular activities. How is she getting along in Trig?

Sorry, but I'm getting hungry.

Yours truly,

Bill

347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Wed. 27 Feb., 1946.

Dear mom,

While I shudder at the speed with which April and its days of reckoning are drawing nigh, you, on the other hand, in a fit of unbounded ecstasy rejoice at pegging the <sup>calendar</sup> "gap" between the present and Easter by ticking off the yesterdays. Although in some respects I am as happy as you that my academic term is rapidly ending, yet the immediate future holds in other respects none but the gloomiest prospects for me. To cover a year's work in five courses in barely a month would prove to be a herculean task for the best of scholars; how I am peculiarly handicapped by my native indolence, tardiness, and indecision you were <sup>made</sup> fully aware during the Christmas holidays.

I have, for instance, still one book and a half to read and summarize in my

reading course. After that is done, I must go over the notes I have made on the six books until I know the facts cold. Then I still have to copy out eight or nine previous years' papers from old exam-books and plan my answers for the questions. Believe me all that takes time — and in the reading course I have least of all to catch up. Moreover, there still remains my Pol. 30 essay to be written. I had resolved to do a mediocre job on this essay and spend the time on my courses, but I have such an ungodly topic that I am finding it extremely difficult to discover anything to say — mediociously or otherwise.

I was rather surprised to find the letter and parcel when I came home after seven to-night. It seems that parcels receive speedier service than does the more run-of-the-mill mail. I had no trouble in recognizing dad's technique of doing up

a parcel and his handwriting in the address. For a moment I thought that the package contained something for me; but only a couple of history books revealed themselves to my hopeful eyes — except, of course, the ration coupons which I almost overlooked. Thanks a lot.

I'm afraid that I haven't the foggiest notion of where the rifle licence is. I remember that we inspected it over the kitchen table and observed that it was still valid for a few more years, but from where you obtained it or where you placed it I fear I cannot recollect.

I took my trousers to a tailor the other day. He expressed some serious doubts as to whether there was sufficient material in the vest to do a proper mending job. They will be ready a week Saturday.

On Monday I withdrew another \$50 from the bank leaving \$364. I started off with \$839 in Sept. The balance by the end of April will probably be around \$300.

To-morrow night I'm going to the Art's Banquet for which I have paid \$1. As the Banquet doesn't begin till half an hour after the commencement of C. O. T. C. training, I hope to get attendance credit at the parade and then bezz off. If Captain Beswick lets me wangle that, the pay that I'll draw for the three hours will more than pay the \$1 ticket.

Old man winter has jumped into Kingston with both feet—snow and frost. It has been quite chilly in my room for the last two days, but it's fine to-night. My fur hat has completely displaced my Sam as head-gear; while lots of ex-servicemen have fur hats, I think that mine can claim the distinctiveness of being the biggest "in these byar parts".

Yours truly,

Bill.

347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.,  
Wed. 6 Mar., 1946.

Dear mom,

Looking over your letter, which came yesterday, before making my reply, I have just observed that it was neither post-marked nor its stamp cancelled. You didn't drop it in at my rooming-house without mailing it, did you?

It gives me infinite satisfaction to be able to announce that I have at last turned in my last essay for this year — a modest 15-page affair, full of quotations glued together in one God-awful hurry. I'm beginning to wonder what I'll do next year when I have 6 of them — if I'm back next year. I spent yesterday which was my first essay-free day in reading one of the books on the reading course. I was able to get it done; thus I am left with half a book to read — that stiff one that I began at home.

As you have probably heard there was a student rally at Queen's last week to protest against the Govt's deportation of the Japanese. Besides several student addresses, a speech was delivered by Sandwell, our rector. I had predicted that there wouldn't be

a thousand signatures to the petition; and my prophecy was born out by the statement in yesterday's Journal that around 550 students had signed. I had based my judgment on the amount of racial prejudices current about the campus — not only towards Japs, but towards all who are not Anglo-Saxon generally. I did not sense this intolerance during the war years; it seems to have been brought by the returned men. There is also a lack of spirit about the institution. The lack of freshman regulations has resulted in no unity or cohesion among the first year students — the largest in Queen's history. Principal Wallace calls this maturity, but I call it apathy. More than half of the freshmen have not paid their year fee; some were brought up before the Arts' court for not paying their 25 \$ fine for the damage done at McGill during the rugby series; there were only 115 Artsmen present at the Banquet — from a faculty that numbers well over 1,000; the people in the first year don't know each other or what Queen's stands for. I am not suggesting that freshman regulations should have been imposed on returned service men, but I think that

Queen's will be committing hari-kiri if they are allowed to become extinct. There is much talk of offering athletic scholarships to attract athletes to Queen's much as Western and the other universities are doing; a little old school spirit would be much more effective and cheaper. The only spirit one hears about now is the stuff that is drunk in the down-town hotels by Queen'smen.

— About the petition, I signed it of course.

The parcel arrived on Monday. Please thank all contributors, including yourself.

In all your letters you have not told me whether dad was drawing unemployment insurance. Is he?

The weather has been very mild. There is little snow. I suppose we'll have snow again when the tulips start coming out — like last year.

I guess that sort of winds things up.

Yours truly,

Bill.



347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Wed. 2 Oct., 1946.

Dear mom,

Your letter dated Sept. 30 arrived to-day in the second delivery.

There has been decided improvement both in yours + Tavern's typing, but it is still far from perfection — which I expect for my essays. If you really want to get typing practice, you may write me a letter every day if you wish.

After getting to Kingston at noon on Saturday I proceeded to the rugby game, where I saw a poor Queen's team defeat a still poorer team from Loyola College.

Sunday morning while coming out of church with Shirley and Mrs. Beull (her landlady) and her daughter, Marion, I encountered Bill Wegman conversing with Miss Elliot. She is teaching now at Kingston Collegiate + Vocational Institute.

On Monday + Tuesday, Shirley and I went shopping and doing other small jobs in preparation for the academic year. I bought an

overcoat of dark blue fleece for \$33. I might have delayed buying it, but it turned beastly cold over Monday night; it snowed nearly all day Tuesday. Big limbs of maple and elm, overladen with snow and foliage, crashed down to the side-walks. There was so much snow on the ground that I had to buy myself a pair of rubbers.

To-day we registered. What a greueling line-up it was. I am taking four history courses and Geology I, which probably will be the most interesting. My fees come to \$178.

Incidentally, the suitcase is at a shoe-makers and will be ready by Monday. I noticed quite a good deal of luggage in the Kingston Stores, but it never entered my mind that I should buy some. Leather goods are very expensive just now. A fellow at camp had a suitcase exactly like mine, but of genuine cow-hide, which cost \$40. Shirley got a birthday present of two small brown leather suit-cases which cost \$70. Do you think that I should really buy a gladstone now? What do you think I should set as a limit?

There is an entirely new C.O.T.C. program out, by which fellows are entered as P/2nd Lieut.

The first three years are devoted mainly to theory in the form of lectures. My status has not yet been defined; I am in my fourth year and have the practical exams to take in order to get my commission qualified. If he so desires, a student can be attached as a P/2nd Lieut. to a Permanent Force unit for 16 weeks during the summer, at \$135 per month + board + lodging + medical care.

I may yet be soldiering all next summer, instead of swinging an axe. By the way, the uniform will be ~~as~~ good as long as present styles last.

I'm afraid that you didn't give enough information about the school car business for me to be able to make an opinion. Is it a railway car or an automobile? Does it operate in the summer or winter or both? Shirley says that she would like nothing better than to get married after graduate both teach together during the summer, and then go to O. C. F. Does that sound feasible? Do they have more than one teacher to a school car? What qualifications are necessary? From what source did you get your information? and just what are the possibilities of my (or our) getting the job(s)?

It wouldn't take me long to learn to drive as I have had some experience with carriers which have 5 different speeds requiring double clutching (besides, Shirley can drive). I had also some experience in outdoor cooking as we had a night bivouac. We camped in a farmer's yard and prepared our supper over an improvised open-air oven. We had two good meals. The Col. appointed me Quarter-Master, so that I was responsible for the grub. I made some delicious apple sauce for the boys from some apples off the farmer's apple tree.

You can congratulate me for having tied first place with Major Frick in the rifle shooting. I understand that the unit is going to give some small prize.

As usual, I am preparing my own suppers; and I would be much obliged if you could send me enough coupons to buy some jam — so that I could buy bread. If I spend the Christmas holidays with the Walroths', I'll have to bring some sugar as they are short on this (and only this).

Yours truly,  
Bill.

347 Brock-St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Thurs. 10 Oct., 1946.

Dear mom,

Thanks a lot for the coupons. The jam and bread certainly put a different complexion on my "suppers". I couldn't afford the time to wait in the long line-ups in the Union twice a day. (There are over 3,000 registered here this year). Besides, with all the extra expenditures on entertainment, I must economize somewhere; hence, my preparation of supper, the improvised stationery, and the stamped envelopes (purchased at the P.O. — 25 for \$1.05).

I suppose that by now, if you've done any cogitating at all, you have probably recalled that the "O" in C.O.T.C. stands for "Officers" — Remember?

I honestly wish that instead of questioning my intentions about staying with the army this summer you had given me your own opinion. I have already applied to join this new C.O.T.C. set-up; and my case is being sent to Ottawa for a decision. The point is that anyone enlisting in the C.O.T.C. must promise to devote two summers, not one, to army training; and the Army is most hesitant about accepting anyone who is in his final year because he would need to promise to go to camp after graduation.

And in my case, I have to promise to go to camp after two graduations, from Queen's + from O. C. F.

The only thing in my favour is that, unlike a graduate engineer, I cannot begin working in my chosen field immediately after graduation i.e. my second summer is unoccupied till the opening of the High School term.

The attractions of this new set-up are varied. We only put in 30 hours of lectures this winter, for the last 20 of which we get paid \$10. The C.D.T.C. will no longer have a D.M. store; there will be no uniforms, no parades for us; it is all theory in the winter session.

The C.D.T.C. ball <sup>dance</sup> and rifle shooting are two other inducements. The unit has around \$75,000 with which it doesn't know what to do; therefore, it is offering unit prizes in the rifle competition besides the prize money to be obtained in the Dominion rifle shoots. There are also plans for a C.D.T.C. basketball team which would engage other military teams in the district.

The summer employment at \$135 per month clear for four months is, of course, the chief factor. If I were in the Infantry Corps, I would be stationed at Camp Borden. There would be 2 or 3 weeks holidays between the close of the school term and the beginning of training, in

which I could be at home and perhaps earn a little money. If you know of any prospects for more lucrative employment in the summer for me, be sure to tell me at once.

And, of course, there is the final point that a commission in the Reserve Force would be an added qualification for me as a High School teacher.

You are probably now aware that these new plans have given me a raw deal as far as making use of my office equipment is concerned. Since ~~we~~ will be going to lectures in cities I'll have no opportunity to don my new array. I am especially troubled about my serge suit. I am wearing the trousers already, but am undecided whether I should have the tunic remade into a civilian coat. It wouldn't be too difficult; and if dyed a deep blue, I think it would look quite ~~good~~ <sup>well</sup>. But it will depend on how all my C.V.T.C. plans pan out.

About the luggage, Shirley told me that her so-called "brother", Orlo, does the ordering for the store of such goods from Carson's Leather Goods in Ottawa. He gets it wholesale. He is getting some luggage for Isabel, and Shirley told me that I should ask him to put in an order for me also. What and how much should I ask for — one gladstone, two gladstones, or one gladstone and perhaps something smaller like a club bag?

Re Loren is going to Normal next year, I still think that you should send her for at least one winter session at a University first. After all, a person has only life to live; and the first year at college is definitely a great experience. It will also mean that she will have fewer courses to work off towards her B.A., that she will have fewer Summer Schools to attend, and that she will have a first-hand knowledge of University standards. But, first, she must get her Senior Matric.

Shirley is leaving to-day for Boston on the visit that my coming down to Sharbot Lake had cancelled. She is not over-eager about it, but her mother keeps telling her that it will probably be her only opportunity to make such a trip in a long time to come and she should make the most of it. She will be back Tuesday; and since Monday is Thanksgiving, will not miss too many lectures.

As far as my lectures are concerned, I could go on the same trip without missing a single one. I only have lectures on Tues., Wed. & Thurs. Rather a long week-end, isn't it? The reason, of course, is that I have 3 reading courses.

My four history courses have proved to be infinitely tougher than anything I expected.



Biology I is my only consolation. It is a dream of a course. And one learns so much so quickly about the rock.

Here are the particulars about Shirley's pictures. The Walroths<sup>2</sup> evidently haven't got their own camera. Shirley had a couple of snaps taken of her by other people, but they were pretty poor — Draw them. She is going to have some graduation pictures made of herself this fall and she will send you one. In the meantime, if you send the camera down, I am reasonably confident of being able to obtain the film and will take pictures of her, of the locality, and have some taken of myself.

Shirley and I have been out a good deal during the last two weeks. Besides shopping, registering etc. we've gone to two movies and two dances. We couldn't very well let the dances slip by because they were both free — the first, financed by some surplus funds of the summer students and the second being the Fresh Reception. With Shirley going away for this big week-end I intend to start ploughing into my first essay and keep at my studies steadily henceforth (I keep telling myself).

We may go to see the Queen's - Varsity game on Oct. 26 in Toronto. Classes have been called on that Saturday at Queen's in order that students

can go. There will be a special train for the Queensmen  
 & women, leaving Fri. night & returning Sunday. Prices  
 will be \$4.65 return. If Orlo decides to go, we may go  
 in his car. Shirley is confident that we will be invited  
 to stay with a friend of hers in Toronto, whose parents have  
 a 3-floor apartment. The father of this girl is the C.P.R.  
 supervisor between Fort William & Halifax. If that  
 doesn't work out, I can stay with a friend of mine,  
 Ben Eagley, a veteran taking history like I am, who has  
 friends in Toronto. On Saturday night, following the  
 game, Queen's Alumni are sponsoring a dance in  
 the Royal York — \$ per person admission. It isn't yet  
 very definite, but I think that I'd like to go, as this is  
 my last year at Queen's.

The shoe-maker's bill is for 40 cents. I haven't  
 bought a suit yet as I have been waiting for the  
 arrival of a large stock to a certain store <sup>to-morrow</sup> here. They  
 promised that they would have a sufficiently wide  
 variety for me to find what I wanted.

Yours truly,

Bill

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Fri. 18 Oct., 1946.

Dear mom,

It is surprising how our opinions on the various topics which you discussed in your last letter coincide. We are in agreement re tennis, trousers, army, baggage, and studies.

It struck me as a very wise precaution on your part not to send the camera till I had secured some films — but, as it turned out, quite an unnecessary one, for after receiving your letter yesterday I went directly to two drug-stores and bought four rolls. I, therefore, expect to receive the camera next week.

About last Saturday's score, I'll have you know that the score was 8-0, not 16-0, for Western. Don't forget that they are last year's champions; and we had several injured players. It rained all through the game; and I suspect that it was then that I got the cold which I am now trying to cure. I am taking cough medicine.

Shirley said that she didn't have too good a time in Boston. She spent 3 days on trains and only 2 days actually visiting.

To your query about the dances I must reply that I dance after a fashion. Shirley says that I learn the steps quite quickly, but that really isn't quite true.

Don Melroy, whom I was supposed to have visited at Smith's Falls while at Army camp, has only attended lectures for a day or two. A reaction to his appendicitis operation set in forcing him to go home to bed. He got back Wednesday of this week, but has gone home to get his tonsils out over the week-end.

I finally got measured for a suit — \$64 with only one pair of trousers. Rather steep, isn't it? But the tailor said that it was very good quality material — worsted. The suits are actually made by Lombardi's of Montreal, which is reputed to be one of the best houses in the field. It should be ready before Christmas — if they haven't run out of the material.

It is a very dark grey, almost black, with some blue and thin stripes of light brown. It isn't exactly what I wanted, but as you know the choice is small.

About the graduation picture, how many and what size should I get? Would you like both some large ones and some small ones? It is customary to trade small pictures with graduating friends.

One picture is also needed for the Tricentennial which contains the pictures of all the graduates, of all the student committees, of all the various events of the year etc.

That seems to be about all,

Yours truly,

Bill.

immense

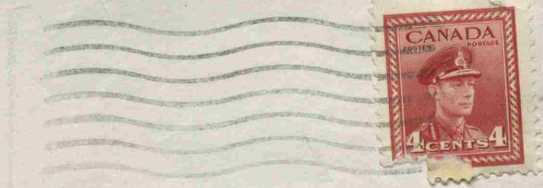
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KING EDWARD HOTEL

(TORONTO) LIMITED  
TORONTO / ONTARIO



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



MOUNT ROYAL  
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ROYAL CONNAUGHT  
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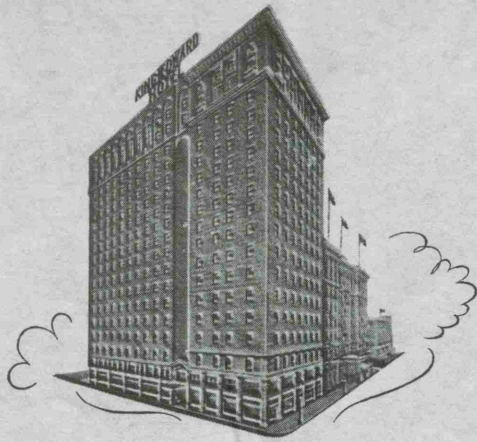
GENERAL BROCK  
NIAGARA FALLS



PRINCE EDWARD  
WINDSOR



THE LEONARD  
ST. CATHARINES



# KING EDWARD HOTEL

(TORONTO) LIMITED  
TORONTO / ONTARIO

P. KIRBY HUNT, MANAGER

Sat. 26 Oct., 1946

Dear mom,

You really are adroit. In one sentence you write that you yield to me in all things; and in the following sentence you state that you are not sending the camera as requested. It's really a shame that you didn't send it up this week as I hoped to take some pictures here in Toronto.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday nights something quite novel happened to me. Guess what? Answer: I had a screen test. Well not exactly, but I did have my face in some moving pictures that were taken of the C.O.T.C. by the Canadian Film Board. Since Queen's is the closest university to Ottawa, they decided to take their shots of the academic aspects of the new C.O.T.C. plan at Kingston. Tuesday night, the pictures denoted the lecture-room aspect; Wednesday night, some eight of us went down to the Armories and were snapped at rifle shooting and later relaxing in the Officers' Mess. The whole sequence won't take more than four minutes. We'll see the completed film sometime in January. You may possibly see it if the theatres decide to put it on in one of their Canada Carries On series.

Shirley and I came up yesterday to Toronto in a car of one of her girlfriend's boys. Three of us are staying together at the King Eddie. We're going to bring in some more fellows to <sup>keep</sup> our expenses down. It's really a beautiful set-up here.



MOUNT ROYAL  
MONTREAL



KING EDWARD  
TORONTO



ROYAL CONNAUGHT  
HAMILTON



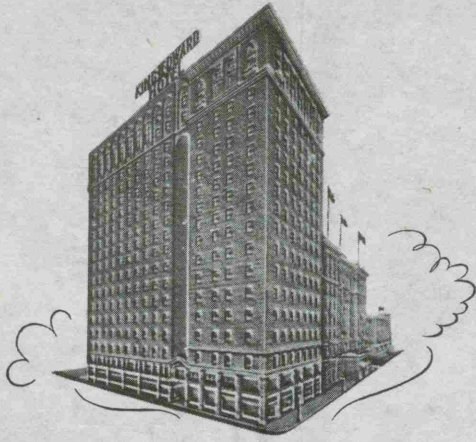
GENERAL BROCK  
NIAGARA FALLS



PRINCE EDWARD  
WINDSOR



THE LEONARD  
ST. CATHARINES



# KING EDWARD HOTEL

(TORONTO) LIMITED  
TORONTO / ONTARIO

P. KIRBY HUNT, MANAGER

Shirley had got hold of a ticket for an All-Varsity dance at Hart House. Thus we went with the rest of the gang. There were six bands at Hart House. It was quite some do.

I didn't have a chance to finish the letter in Toronto; therefore, I brought the stationery to Kingston and am finishing the letter here. It has been quite an exciting and tiring week-end, but we're all safely home now and quite eager to start work again.

As you probably know, our rugby team was given quite a trouncing final score, 38-6. But at least we got 6 points — the first in our last three games. Besides, it didn't rain.

Saturday night we went to the Queen's Alumni dance in the Roy York Hotel. It was quite nice, but it only lasted 3 hours from 9-12. On the same floor, but at the other end of the building there was the Varsity rugby dance in the Crystal Ball Room. Admission was \$1 per person and you ~~go~~ could dance in either room.

Sunday afternoon we all visited a friend of Shirley's, Joan Cudworth. Her father is the director of C.P.R. maintenance from Ft. William to the East coast. We ate a few sandwiches & cookies and then started out for Kingston. We arrived here at 10:30 p.m. I'm quite glad to be back.

Yours Truly,  
Bill



347 Brock St.,  
Kingston, Ont.,  
Wed. 6 Nov., 1946

Dear mom,

It has been quite a while since I received your last letter, but the dry spell was finally broken by the letter that arrived yesterday. I am rather peeved that you did not send me Lavern's graduating picture; Ron Thomson, who gets the Chronicle sent down here, saw Lavern in the picture, but I haven't seen it yet.

After coming back from Toronto we stayed in all week till the next rugby game, last Saturday. It was a good game - we won. We went to the rugby dance in the evening. Last night I was invited by Mrs. Buell to come for supper. ~~the~~ The four of us then played bridge till around 8:30. Then Shirley and I went to an Arts '47 year party (which didn't cost me a cent). There was dancing most of the evening with a pause for refreshments; chocolate milk, ice cream, tarts, cookies, and chocolate and white cake. It was a pity that I should have had two such good feeds in the same night. I'll have to stay in now for a week at least since I have a report to give in <sup>next Tuesday</sup> that. It's still far from completion.

I am still having two meals at the union and the third at home. Breakfast is perhaps my biggest and most economical meal. For 25¢ I get a fruit, an egg, 3 pieces of toast, and 3 bowls of porridge. I have begun taking a second bowl of porridge instead of a glass of milk because I get milk with the oatmeal, as well as some sugar. I had told Shirley that I had run out of jam; and when she went home last Sunday she brought back two small <sup>from her mother</sup> jars for me. She really shouldn't have done it.

I had my grad picture taken yesterday; the proofs will be ready on Friday. They're going to be rotten because I was too stiff in my posture and expression. Unless you instruct me otherwise, I'm going to take 6 "6x8"s which will cost \$10.50. Plus there will be one for you, one for Lovern, one for grandmother, one for Shirley, one for her parents, and one in reserve. Shirley's proofs turned out quite well. You'll probably get one large picture of her for Christmas.

Shirley said that her mother is going to write me a letter inviting me over for Christmas. I really don't know for how long I should stay up there. Shirley, of course, wants me there for the

whole holiday, but I think that that would be an imposition on my part. Besides, I'm going to have a lot of work to do over the holidays on my reading courses; Shirley says that I can study in Perth — *nomine*. I'm also troubled about presents. Will you be satisfied with my pictures for Christmas? But I'll probably have to give mylons or something to the W'alroth women.

Mr. Grantham (my Hist. 20 teacher last year) accosted me on the campus the other day and asked me if I would be interested in writing two 1,000 word essays on Port Arthur and Fort William for \$15 an essay. I turned him down rather abruptly, saying that I was too busy (which I am). But if he hasn't found anyone else in the meantime, the next time I have a chance to speak to him, I'll enquire if I could use the Christmas holidays in which to do them. It seems that some fellow doing an M.A. thesis on Canadian ports is paying this sum for the various essays on the different ports.

Isobel, Shirley's sister, is going to come to Queen's next year because she finds Varsity too big a place. She says that she doesn't get to know anyone. That's one of the reasons why I think

that ~~I think~~ Loren should come to Queen's rather than some other University. Tell Loren to get cracking on his studies; there's no excuse for her lagging behind; she isn't in love — or is she?

I learned from the C. D. T. C. that I can get my commission in one summer session only if I wish. I'll take that one ~~summer~~ only, I think, rather than commit myself for two summers.

Well, back to work,

Yours truly,  
Bill

347 Brock St.,  
Kington, Ont.,  
Wed. 13 Nov., 1946.

Dear mom,

Thanks a lot for the camera, the cake, the sugar  
coupons and the paper cut-outs. I haven't taken  
any pictures yet since the weather has been terrible  
and I've been working too hard.

Yesterday, I read my report in Hist. 28 on British  
+ Education in Upper Canada in the '20's and '30's.

No comments were made by Dr. Trotter, but several  
students told me that they thought it was good. After  
a few finishing touches I can turn it in to Dr. Trotter.  
That leaves me with another report in Hist. 28 and an  
essay in Hist. 17 to get done this term yet. We aren't  
having a Christmas test in Hist. 28 which is a great  
relief; and if the one in Hist. 17 is also called off, I  
will be left only with Biology!

Last night Bill Beckel (the fellow that lost  
the \$300 in Port Arthur and who stayed with me in  
Toronto in the King Edward Hotel and who went out with  
Dodie) and I wrestled in the first bout of the Queen's  
Freshman Assaults (actually, novice assaults). He  
weighed 157 and I, 153. It lasted six minutes  
but neither of us could get the other down on the

mat. The judges gave us a draw decision. After us there were two more wrestling and seven boxing bouts. A ring was set up in the middle of the gym and benches were set up to cover the whole floor. I was surprised at the large crowd that turned out; Shirley and Franon came down to see us wrestle. They said that we looked funny dancing around hunched over like monkeys holding on to each other in head; no doubt we did, but we didn't feel funny. Bill has an awfully sore neck this morning because of a <sup>bad</sup> habit he has of keeping his head down; I have a scratch on the side of my neck as the result of the referee's not checking up on Bill's fingernails. It was quite an experience.

Last week I went into the Harrier (cross-country) race. It was a cold windy showery afternoon. I came in 65<sup>th</sup> which isn't too bad considering that there were about 300 in the race.

Mrs. Walrath had expected Shirley and me for the week-end. When we didn't show up, she sent down some stuff for us with Franon who had gone out to Shabot Lake with her boy-friend. I got some tenderloin steak and dressing, a meat loaf, a small dish of apple crisp, and some dill pickles.

My grad pictures <sup>(proofs)</sup> were from average to poor, bordering on the poor. In three of them I am very dewy-eyed — mouth smiling but eyes sad. In the fourth I have quite a good fortune, my eyes don't look watery, but I have a silly "Cheshire cat" grin over my face. Everyone <sup>thought</sup> that it was the best, but it was still no hell.

Arto '47 also had our year picture taken for the second time to-day. The first one didn't turn out very good.

It is Sadie Hawkins' Week this week which means that Shirley will pay for everything wherever we go. She is taking me to the Dogpatch Drag in Grant Hall on ~~Saturday~~ Friday night.

I am delighted beyond words at Haven's Trig mark — at her Trig mark, nothing more. Also, congratulated Bill on his success.

Yours truly,

Bill

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Tues. 3 Dec., 1946.

Dear mom,

I was hoping that the C. P. R. would forget its express charges for the parcel, but this evening an expressman called to collect 28 cents. Is that cheaper than sending it by mail?

You really shouldn't have sent the butter coupons as the Walbroths seem to have plenty of it. Shirley made me take back two so that I can buy some butter for myself and she sent the other home since I won't be able to eat  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of butter before Christmas. It never entered my mind that I might have sent it back to you; I'm very sorry. Are you as short of butter as you were this summer?

We have changed our minds about making scarves for the Walbroth men because it appears that the grandfather will never wear anything new while the father has numerous scarves already. Therefore, I'm going to buy each of them a box of Laura Secord's chocolates. They are both fond of them.

Shirley tells me that I am expected to stay till after New Year's. Mr. Walbroth assured me



that I would be no inconvenience to them as they would not have to go out of their way to entertain me.

Shirley likes the crepe hose quite well. I didn't think much of it myself when I first looked at them in the parcel, but I must confess that they looked elegant on her legs. They are a nice colour. She said that it is wise to buy Substandard because stockings do not last very long in any case. She also said that she wouldn't have asked you to get them if she had known that you needed to stand in line for them.

Last Saturday night Shirley + I and Don Bray + Sheila Ince (from Toronto) went to see the Queen's Drama Guild's production of Much Ado About Nothing in which Honor Ince had the leading role. Honor is one of Shirley's best friends; she is from the Barbados and was in the R. A. F. She graduates this spring. Every person in the audience was given a ballot to vote for the best actor. We all voted for Honor, of course; I think that she really was the best. The Drama Guild will be an excellent extra-curricular activity for Faversham when she comes to Queen's next fall.

Our C. O. T. C. basketball team has played two games and lost both. We need a coach badly. The unit has supplied us with the best available type of basketball running-shoe (about \$7.50) and red trunks with blue stripes & yellow jerseys. But as there aren't enough jerseys I have to wear my red P.A.C. 1. one. A week to-morrow we play the Brockville Tornados in Brockville.

A week to-day I am to give my report in Hist. 28. It will be tech and go as to whether I get it completed in time or not. I have nearly finished my reading, but haven't commenced writing. After that I have to finish up my Hist. 17 essay which is slowly coming into shape.

I hear that the Army may pay marriage allowances to married C. O. T. C. personnel. In my case that would amount to \$40/month. Just another reason for marrying Shirley this spring. Shirley wishes to see you this summer; in fact you have no idea how fond she has grown of you. As her mother won't need her around the lake, she will have to get a job away from home.

She has said several times that next to staying with me she would like to live with you this summer if she can find some suitable employment in Port Arthur. What do you think that her chances would be of getting a job there? She would like something in the way of the line that Helen had last summer — teaching, superintending play grounds etc. Could you wangle anything from the School Inspector? Would you care to have Shirley with you for the whole summer?

Yours truly,  
Bill.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Wed. 15 Jan., 1947

Dear mom,

Last night we played Trapanee in Trapanee (about 25 mi. out of Kingston) and we won, 42-22. It was undoubtedly the most crucial game in the series, the grim battle for bottom place; and in that respect at any rate Trapanee were the victors. Brockville Tornados have dropped out of the league because of the travelling expenses; and thus we move up to fourth place in a 5-team league. I didn't get any baskets. Shirley came with me.

Mrs. Maxwell said that Harvey called but was quite disappointed not to find me back yet. He told her that teaching was every bit as hard as attending Queen's and that he had lost a good deal of weight some of which he required during the holidays. He said that he didn't know if he would keep teaching or not. But as Mrs. Maxwell told me, Harvey is not qualified to do much else; and a job at which you formally work 5 1/2 hours a day in only 9 months of the year is not the worst job available by far. It seems that Harvey's brother who is at Queen's was discovered to have a spot on his lungs and probably will have to drop his studies.

Mrs. Maxwell also told me something else that Harvey said, something which pleased me fully as much as I know it will please you. He stated that he liked calling on the Perumiah family very much and found my parents very nice people. Now what do you think of that? From what I gathered, Harvey must have been seeing you more often than you intimated to me in your letters. I thought that perhaps he was attracted by Haven's innumerable charms, but Mrs. Maxwell said that he didn't mention my sister; therefore, I was led to conclude that it was the company of my mater and pater which he found so enjoyable.

Last Saturday Shirley and I went to see the Jolson Story. I liked the singing; but as for the movie, it was one of the few pictures I remember that ends — supposedly happily — with the break-up of a marriage.

My suit arrived last Thursday. I rather fancy that if I had put my foot down before Christmas, I might have got it then. It costs \$65. It turned out to be much nicer than I had anticipated. It fits exceedingly well. But, of course, it cut rather steeply into my finances. As a matter of fact I have been going through my bank account at a terrific rate. I still have \$350, which isn't much

(3)  
considering with what I started - around \$900.

I have, however, a few things to show for it e.g. a pair of expensive oxfords, 2 pairs of rubbers, 1 overcoat, 1 suit, and the C.O.T.C. stuff; besides, there is the memory of other such things of which there are no tangible remains as the Toronto week-end.

I very sorry to hear that grandmother is sick; I hope that it's nothing very serious.

The weather here is terrible. Last night it rained cats and dogs and to-day there is a fog. The snow is very dirty and soft.

The lake has a beautiful sheet of ice on it. Last Sunday afternoon Shirley and I took some pictures on it, but they is not developed yet. I'll send you some as soon as they are.

Yours truly,

Bill.

347 Brock St.,

Kingston, Ont.,

Wed. 22 Jan., 1947

Dear mom,

I haven't much to tell you that's new since Shirley has already written to you about the little that did happen. Therefore, I won't do more than attempt to answer some of your questions.

About my income tax, I don't think there is much chance that Horrie Ala will send a statement to me since, if you remember, he owes \$40; he is not likely to have any more to do with me if he can help it. Besides, I don't think that bush contractors ever send out statements to their various employees; for one thing, they wouldn't be able to keep up with most lumberjacks.

Don't blame me too much for Shirley's going out to Napanee. I didn't have to use much coaxing. To-night we play the Kingston "Y" Huskies at the Y. M. C. A. I think that Shirley is going to see this game as well; the "Y" is only two blocks from where she lives. We lost our last game to Queen's Intermediates by the score of 42-25. It was one of the dirtiest games in which I played; the referee was a "spindlers jelly-fish."

Sunday afternoon Shirley and I went out to the lake to watch the ice-boats and the skaters. There were hundreds of people out there. The ice was all like one vast pane of glass, the early January rain having smoothed over any unevenness. It rained all day Monday again [Typically Kingstonsia to have two rains in January]; the ice should really be perfect. But a light snow fell last night; unless the wind clears the snow off the ice, there won't be skating on the lake this Sunday.

Last night I went to the P. O. T. C. lecture from 7-9 p.m. — very dull. I'm not very keen about going to camp. If you could give me some assurance of my being able to get a job at home that would pay as well, I really wouldn't hesitate to throw the P. O. T. C. overboard. I'm truly beginning to miss home and the family. After all, I was away for a good part of the summer, came home for about a week, and then left again since which time I haven't been home. I wish that I might have been able to go home during the Christmas holidays as well as visiting Shirley's. When I think that



I may have to go to camp right after finishing my exams, probably not see you at graduation, and then go to D. C. E. right after camp. you may perhaps understand why I am a bit reluctant. The least encouragement from you and I'll come home this summer.

As usual I'm being cramped by my essay which is on The International Railway and Federation. I have few days in which to write it.

Friday night we are going to the Auto 'Formers' at which Enoch height from Taft Hotel, N. Y., will be playing. I'm buying Shirley a small corsage of four red roses costing \$2.

Well, its 9 a. m. and I have to tear over to a lecture.

Yours truly,

Bill.

247 Brock St.,  
Kingston.



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347 Brock St.  
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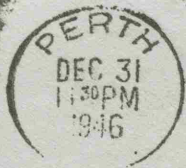
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