

Pete'n' Catharine  
their story

Catharine Robb White

Peter White





# Pete'n'Catharine

their story

*drawn from diaries, letters, and notes,  
illustrated with their drawings,  
photographs, cartoons, cards, and sketches*

selected and annotated by Jon Whyte

The Whyte Foundation      1980      Banff, Canada



I have endeavoured to let their story tell itself, intruding minimally. A key introduces each item, providing a date, usually the date on which the letter or entry was written, but sometimes referring to the date of the event or the date of transmission and a location which refers usually to the place of writing; to reduce the redundancy of place name entries, if the location of subsequent items is the same place, it is not noted.

I did not prepare a scholarly text. The diaries and letters were written rapidly, and neither Catharine nor Peter checked such matters as spelling and punctuation. I have let some of the solecisms remain in Catharine's earlier text, but after 1923 the text has been silently corrected. This book represents less than one five-hundredth of the available material.

Jon Whyte

At Obergurgl, 1936

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January 2, CONCORD: We blew soap bubbles all morning and slid on tin trays with Edith afternoon.

January 3: Went to Edith's and coasted then spied on the Maid in P.M.

January 6: Went skating with father, Russell on the river. Went to lecture in P.M. on What wimen do in England.

January 19: Went to Edith's in P.M., had a bum time.

February 8: Went to Boston and Dentist then went to Senforny. Father read to us at night, Granpa's book.

March 24: Painted in the morning, John and Auncl John came to dinner.

April 1: I Died Last Night. APRIL FOOL! Went to school, slept out doors for the first time.

April 24: Edith came and we cleaned up the play house with the hose.

May 16: Had the May festival; I was a Robin — it went off very well.

May 21: Cal and Barbara came to dinner; we painted and went out doors. I type wrote.

June 4: Toby came home, went to school; typewrote till he came. They sent him home in the worst condition.

June 5: Went to school; Toby felt pretty bad; Father is away.

June 6: Went to school; Toby felt aufly. Jean and I set with him all afternoon; he groled when he saw father.

June 7: Went to school; went to Edith's in the afternoon. Toby died.

June 8: Edith's birthday. We buried Toby.

June 10: There was an eclipse of the sun. Went to school. Went down to Ediths and painted. Came home and rehursed for Alice through the Looking Glass.

June 14: Went to school and got a honnor there were only six honors given. I was Alise in a play.

June 19: Cleaned my room. Everything is in order; went to drawing lesson; put out the chrokey set.

June 30, SEAL HARBOR: Left Salem at 8:00, a beautiful day, stopped at a beach to cook our lunch but the tied came up so far, that we had to move. Stopped and cooked some tea and bought some wild strawberries. Russell was awfully funny all the time.

January 3, CONCORD: We had breakfast in bed and read and did stuff like that, we had an early brunch and went by our selves to Boston in the train. We met Mrs. Neville and then went to "The Company." It was very funny, a musical comedy or a light opreta.

January 31: (18° below) last night, Henry and Dick Knight, Mr. Dana and Waldo came out for a week end. We went skying in the afternoon. There was a terrible crust so we went toboganing. I went with Mr. H. Knight alone and we were so cold coming up the hill.

February 1: 22° below; it was 12° above at noon. We went skiing; my skirt féll half way off. I went down setting on the skies; the others could not go down with out falling.

February 29: After breakfast we went on snow shoes and skies in the woods. We went over by Hutchins where the hill is very steep and rocky. Russell and Wosley Pratt made a jump, but Wosley did not like it after he landed on his head.

March 1: Zero this morning; I went down in the slay with Russell and Daddy. Mr. Hanna is still have the exhibition in the school. He charges 20 cents. I think the pictures are awful.

## Part I 1918

Catharine Robb, eleven, begins *A Line a Day*, her first diary, which to the end of June she keeps up.

Edith — Edith Morse, Catharine's cousin who also lived in Concord; born June 8, 1904.

Father — Russell Robb I (December 6, 1864 - February 15, 1927). Of Scottish descent, born in Dubuque, Iowa, his mother a Newbury, Russell was a fourteen year old orphan when E. S. Morse, who was lecturing in Dubuque, met him. Morse, recalling his own struggle to obtain an education, and recognizing in Robb a man of talent, arranged for his Detroit relatives to care for him for a year, and then found a job for him in Boston. With but one year of high school training, Russell passed entry exams to MIT in 1884, and paid for his own schooling. In 1891 he joined his classmates, Charles A. Stone and Edwin S. Webster, as a leading engineer in the business they had initiated; in 1898 he married Morse's daughter; and in 1905 he became a partner in S & W.

## 1919

Catharine picked up the lapsed diary of 1918 during July and for that month kept longer entries.

SEAL HARBOR, MAINE: the Robbs' traditional summer resort.

## 1920

She started a *Day by Day* and, with but a few lapses, kept it up the entire year.

Russell — Russell Robb II, Catharine's brother; also called "Russ."

Mother — Edith Owen Morse Robb (December 9, 1864 — February 18, 1962). Morse's daughter, she attended the Boston Museum School, and was in business with Jennie Brooks, designing and distributing needlepoint designs, until she married Russell. Jennie Brooks' sister, Margaretta, was E. S. Morse's secretary.

Miss Harriman — the principal of the Concord Academy Catharine and Edith attended.



The Robb family home

SALEM: E. S. Morse's home. "Museum" — Peabody Museum.

Grandpa — Edward Sylvester Morse (1838 - 1925). A prominent zoologist, a famous collector of Japanese pottery, and later first Director of the Peabody Museum of Salem (Massachusetts); an indefatigable genius.

"The devil" — a figurine, as was "the Satan," in a game the children had picked up from an activity at Dartmouth College.

J.E.M. — John E. or John Edward Morse, cousin Edith's younger brother, born June 11, 1908.

*March 9:* In the afternoon I went down to Edith's and we tried to write poems but did not succeed. We are going to have a cobweb and bits on the girls at the end. Edith fell asleep in Latin and nearly fell on the floor. We had awfully long periods. Daddy made two poems.

*March 16:* Went to school in the auto. We had drawing and Mrs. Sawyer did not help us once. Mine was the best in charcoal.

*March 20:* Cal, Milly, Mother and I went to Boston in the car. We went to the Gild and saw some pictures and then Ma left Cal and me and we wandered around Tremont and Park Sts. We were going to ask for "The Wanderings of Jane" By Taloma ("There is no such thing") so we could look around the book store but didn't.

*March 23:* It was very warm. We studied out doors between the school and side walk. Miss Harriman told us we could as long as we did not make eyes at anyone. (We did at all the old men with beards).

*April 8:* We are going to have the party tomorrow. Edith came to lunch and we did up the jokes. We each chewed two pieces of gum to put on the end of Helen's pencil because she chews hers so much.

*April 9:* The day at last and nobody dead to stop the party. Edith put her hair in curlers; she dressed as a nigrass at the party. I stayed to lunch and we made the cobweb right after words. Had great fun and danced and told fortunes (Cal did) in Miss Snow's closet, and we burnt incense and near fainted. Cal told Frances that she would have sixteen children in three years from the time she was married.

*April 13:* The school went to visit the Art Museum. I sat with Miss Snow. Mug and Edith. Mugs talked all the time and told us about her straw hat, how it was run over by a lawn mow and her brother turned somosetts in it and how she was going to marry a multi-millionaire and Miss Snow would be her child's got mother. Betty told me about her father's jelly fishes and her grandpa's dead bodies. Cal had her pocket picked and lost 50 cents.

*May 8, SALEM:* With Daddy to see the museum. We went to the House of the Seven Gables and the Essex Institute.

*May 23, CONCORD:* It rained all day. I picked some flowers and went to Mr. Suret's concert in the afternoon. It was wonderful. Mother gave a supper party at night. I waited on table. Edith and I put crumbs in John's bed. He is a fool; he just tried to go to sleep.

*May 30:* Grampa kept saying he would have to go home tomorrow to finish his work because he thought he was going to die in a week.

*June 10:* Mental Arithmetic is over at last. I and two other girls threw our books out of the window and Mrs. Shaw saw one and brought it in and Miss H. saw the others but she didn't say anything because one was Helen's; mine is reposing outside the window now. I went to Edith's; John showed us the devil.

*June 13:* My birthday. Mother was in bed. I got a napkin ring and two joke ones, two book ends, a pocket book, a vase, three books, three handkerchiefs, note paper, a pack of cards, 10 dollars, a travelling jewelry box, a vase for candy. We were awake till 2 last night. Cal and Edith came to lunch. We had duck and kisses. I am 14.

*June 14:* Went to school; had Latin exam. Sue, Cal, Bobby and I went in swimming — we were just taking off our bathing suits when Sue saw J.B., Hen, J.E.M. hiding, they went and Father and Russell found us in without anything on.

*September 15:* First day of school. I am a Sophomore. It is back at the old place. We have a new french teacher, *real french*. I am taking French, Ceasar, Alg. Eng. Science, Music, Art.

*September 19:* In the afternoon went down to Edith's. We have to show John the Satan and he has to show us the devil or give it to us, as the month will be up. We played croquet.

*October 30:* I went to a Halloween Party at Edith's at night. When I went in Aunt Julie met me and gave me a glove with ice in it. We played all kinds of games. What-sir-me-sir, feeding each other, California supper, etc. John E., John Buttrick, Bumpsey and Gordon Macdonald blew up some gun powder. I came home at 10:30.

*November 9:* We are going to have a play *The Chimes*: I am the young girl with lilies.

*November 26, THANKSGIVING:* I stayed in bed all day with an infected lip which oozed like a cream cake when you bat it with your hands. My report came. I got: Art = A; Music = excellent; Science = B; Algebra = A; Latin = C; English = C+; French = B.

*December 9:* It rained and I sewed till music lesson time, then till Mother came home. I hate Miss Harriman, can't help it.

*January 26:* We gave a talk to the other girls on Tennyson today. My heart stopped beating and my voice fell into my toes. Isabel's heart beat so fast she could hear it thump. Mary recited and got laughing. Helen said "Er" between every word and Katharin Balch forgot everything she was going to say and the only thing she could say was "everything." Miss H. was about the only one that enjoyed it.

*January 27:* I am writing these letters when I want to free my mind and have no one to talk to. Some things I couldn't possibly tell mother. It would hurt her feelings. Other things I would not tell a living soul. When I feel cross at someone I tell Jean.

You might like to know what kind of person I am and my character. I will try and tell you. I am fourteen years old and will be fifteen on June 13. I am rather tall and not by any means thin. I have light brown hair which I think is very pretty, wavy and very curly. It is quite thick. I am quite proud of my hands (though no one knows). They are quite plump and just the right size. I have bluish green eyes which are quite big and I hope dreamy. My nose is quite small and I think pretty nice. I don't have very nice teeth but my mouth isn't bad, my ears are small, and my cheeks aren't very pink but I have two and half dimples. My eyebrows are light and my forehead quite high. Please don't think I am conceited. This is very private.

Now my character. I love to read and could spend a day reading. I am afraid I am very sensitive. For I hate to be told I have to go back in the afternoon to school. I am very easily influenced but I am trying to overcome that. I don't like sports very much except swimming, sailing and skating. Sailing is the only thing I could do for four hours at a time. I am afraid I am rather a coward as to sports but I am sure I could fight in a war and I never cry or make a noise when in pain. I can bear things pretty well. I am quite shy when with new people, and when I stand to speak even before a few girls it is very hard, acting I am never scared. I can talk and chatter when with the family. I love dogs but have never cared to smoke, ride horseback or run a car. I think that's all. From your confidant, Katrinka



Catharine, 1916

## 1921

Catharine started a *Date Book for 1921* in January and kept it up to the end of April.

The *Letters to Buz* Catharine begins in January. They become both diary and journal by April, and continue in eleven volumes of closely written pages to December 5, 1928. Tightly bound with cord, they sat on a shelf in Pete and Catharine's storage room for nearly fifty years.

She started each letter "Dear Buz," and she signed them all "Katrinka," a name unknown to even her closest acquaintances.



Cal Keyes, Catharine, Edith Morse

Uncle John and Aunt Julie — the brother and sister-in-law of Catharine's mother, Edith's and John's parents; they lived close to the Robbs in Concord.

*February 9:* The quartet came and played to us. Bo said it sounded like a funeral march. I agree with her. Miss Freeman thinks we like it, but we would rather hear that than do Latin.

*February 13:* We all went out this morning to the Hutchins on the rocky hill. We each went down once on the tobogan; it wasn't very safe. After dinner Russell went out with John Flint and Stires did my Latin and then we played pool. I beat every game except one.

*February 25:* We're going to start a walking club. Edith and Milly left to go on a slay ride and I walked home.

*March 7:* I walked over to see Flick and then down to Mary Bradford's. We went around the two mile square and went to Cal's to have coffee and cake. It was our walking club.

*March 7:* I have decided to go away to school next year, but it is very hard to decide where to go. I was going to Milton but I can't get in — no room there. We are thinking of Miss Wheeler's in Providence but I wouldn't meet any Boston girls and that would be bad. Mother doesn't want me to be so far away from home. I might go to Boston and live there during the week and come out on week ends. I hate to miss Russell and his friends. One thing is certain. I am not going to Miss H. After I finish school I will probably go abroad or to an art school. But it is a terrible question and hard to settle between two very different things: boarding school life with sports and good times and of making friends, or living in Boston and being near home and being able to bring friends home. And making Boston friends and knowing Boston people. I think I would rather do the latter.

I wish Cal would come with me, but I don't know if she would. I would be terribly scared.

*March 21:* Edith makes me mad. Sometimes I can't stand her, but goodness what can I do? She's so grown up, and her father and mother talk how bright she is when she's the stupidest girl in school. And the way Uncle John walks up the street and sits and talks and acts. Why one would think he was the wonderfulest man in the world, and the way he talks in the station. Ugh! I wonder if Daddy likes him. I don't think he does but does everything for Mother's sake. He's so good. I like to talk with him when Mother's away about all sorts of things. He really is a wonderful man. So good and nice. And so different from everybody else. I wonder why he's in *Who's Who*. Mr. Webster and Stone are good, but not like Dad.

*March 26:* I slept till 7:00 this morning and then imagined things till 10:00. Every night I do it for an hour. I have all kinds of stories that I go over and change. The first one I ever had was about three or four years ago, and that was very wonderful. I was left in France when the war began and I and a boy (I was ten and the boy fifteen) were taken as mascots in the French army and we were of course wonderful and we had medals and were in all kinds of places. Then I had one when I was in Washington about the man I was going to marry and the meeting and a whole lot of stuff like that. Then I have ones on boats, in Seal Harbor on Mount Desert Island and all kinds of things, quite a number of proposals. Then I like the coming home from the war after four years and marching in parades. Sometimes I'm blind or lame. I have great fun doing it.



Everybody has trouble. Some have big ones and others small. I don't have very many, but I have them. One is that Mother thinks she's a great reader and she isn't. She likes to read and to be read to, but she doesn't read in bed, or read if she has sewing. She can always stop in the most exciting places. But I read whenever I get a chance — eating breakfast, doing my hair, in bed when she can't see my light, before going to school. in the evening anytime, but she just doesn't understand. When I have read for an hour after lunch she says I have to go out doors. Out I go to some remote place. Not very often I do that. Or on a rainy day she says "Get up, stir round, you are always sitting down. You haven't had any exercise all day." Then she says I never do anything, and Edith would do this and Edith would do that. Always Edith. It hurts some times. Daddy is the only one that understands. Jean does too. It will be different at boarding school.

*April 2, ATLANTIC CITY:* Reached Atlantic City at 9:00.

*April 3:* There were lots of people. Their heels were about two inches high if not higher and the paint and powder was almost as thick as the heels high.

*April 18, CONCORD:* In the evening went to Mug's party. John Baker-Carr danced a lot with me. He's awfully nice.

*May 6:* Edith said her ambition was to be a social worker and Aunt Julie said John's ambition was to be an inventor. I bet if he ever was one, he would borrow money like the very — from father. Inventors always do. My ambition is to be good and be liked by everybody and be loved by a man nearly as good as dad. Mother thinks I want to be an artist. But I am not so sure. I will paint, but I can't paint portraits, I don't believe. I guess I will try landscapes. I think etching and woodcuts and pencil and charcoal would appeal to me more if I could do that.

I often wonder what will become of all my friends and where they will live and what they will do. I hate to think of growing up and leaving them all.

*May 23:* All the boarders at McAllisters came over and Grandpa lectured on ants.

*June 6:* Wednesday we played the Lincoln girls in baseball. There was only one nice girl on their team, the others were sickening. They beat us but I know several cases where the umpire wasn't fair. He was a boy and, of course, for the Lincoln team more than ours. The diamond was huge, and Cal and I were rather scared at first. We had them till the fourth inning and then they kept making runs. Rose and Pris had done something and Miss Harriman said she wouldn't let them play any more on the team. I know if Rose had been there we would have won.

School is nearly over, thank goodness. I will be fifteen and must do up my hair and learn to drive a car. I think the Packard would be the best one to learn to run. Then I could take that instead of a Dodge.

*June 9:* I had an invitation to the Hasty Pudding Club spread today with John's card in it. I wonder how many spreads he's giving? I know I will be petrified to death. Maybe John will kind of look after me, but he will have Ruth on his hands. Poor boy with two wallflowers.

*June 28, GORHAM:* We sat outdoors and talked. Johnny [Baker-Carr] told us about his theory of death. It was very interesting, but I wish the others hadn't made fun of it. Darcy was really quite bright in his remarks and I tried not to laugh for Johnny's sake.



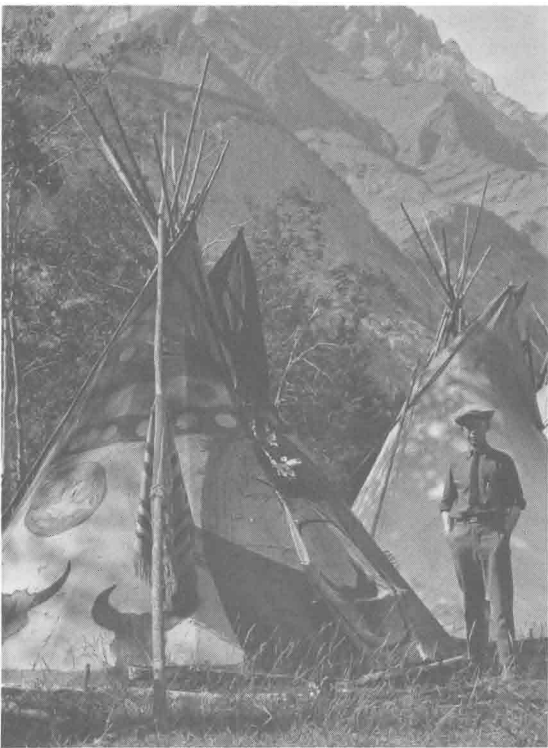
Jean — Jean Caird (May 15, 1872, April 25, 1954). In many ways the most important woman in Catharine's childhood, a fact the documents do not support. The Scottish (Burgh of Dundee) lady was nurse, nanny, and confidant to Catharine, who had an affection for Jean she withheld from her mother. Catharine rarely mentions Jean in her letters to her mother, but corresponded with her weekly. Jean continued to live with Mrs. Robb after Catharine and Russell had married and made their own homes.

John Baker-Carr and his brother D'Arcy were British boys whose father and mother lived in Africa. The boys and their mother lived in Concord with cousins. Subsequent to these early days, Pete and Catharine met up with D'Arcy in China in 1934 on their around-the-world trip. By the 1940s D'Arcy's wife, Kay was "sitting out the war" with her children in Banff when Hong Kong fell and D'Arcy was taken prisoner.

GORHAM: the home of Catharine's Aunt Nela, Petronilla Phinney — her favourite aunt — and Uncle Marshall.



Russ (Russell Robb II)



Pete, circa 1918

He said that he thought that we weren't real but that he was really asleep in another world and dreaming, that all we were was a part of his dream, and when he died he was waking up in his own world. God was the ruler of that other world and he let Johnny live with his Mother, Father and two brothers and his wife if he had one. That is the people he loved most on this earth. I thought it was very interesting and I have thought it over quite a lot lately and I wish I could have a talk with him alone sometime. I have been trying to think up one for myself but his keeps sticking in my mind. I wonder if he would have told me more if we had been alone. I would have certainly listened. I liked him for saying that about having the people he loved with him in his world. Some boys would never have thought of it in that way.

*July 4, SEAL HARBOR:* I was going to write you sooner but I lost you for a few days. I just found you, where I had hidden you safely, on the top of my closet.

*July 18:* I wish Russell would hurry up and have John Flint down, I want to know him better.

Sometimes I almost wish something would happen so that I couldn't go to boarding school, but then again I want to go. It's so hard to leave home. Mother says she will miss me so much she won't know what to do. Daddy says nothing, but I hate the thought of leaving him more than I do her. I hope he will be happy all alone with Mother.

*August 3:* We all miss John Flint terribly, at least I do. When any company is here Mother never says "Catharine sit up straight," "Elbows," or "Don't eat so fast."

*August 6:* Buz, I feel so lonely tonight. I don't suppose you ever felt that way, 'cause you have no feelings except sympathy. I feel as if I wanted to go home. I somehow miss Johnny Flint an awful lot, and it doesn't seem to be half as nice without him.

*August 7:* Next summer I am going to have a wonderful time. John is going to visit, and I am going to wear black silk stockings all the time. Russell says I must.

*August 23:* I danced nearly all the time with Stamford Kelly. He is very nice. I didn't seem to notice him the other night. After the third dance I did what Russell told me to do, excused myself. Everytime I passed Carl Chandler I smiled and finally he asked if I would have the next dance with him. I said I would, and we met on the porch and after the next dance we went out again, and Stamford came up and we three talked about football and stuff like that at Harvard and I really knew quite a lot about it. It is certainly fine to have a brother in college.

Stamford asked if I wouldn't like to go for a walk on the boardwalk, so we went down to the wharf. It was awfully pretty. The lights were lovely. We talked for about half an hour, mostly about cats and dogs. Then it started to rain a little so we ran back. He took my arm and I never had a boy do that before.

*August 31:* I haven't told you as many sad things when I am unhappy as I thought I would, because when I start writing they never seem worthwhile putting down. I have been very happy all this year and I will only write you in the future when I am not at school, only when something happens which I don't tell mother in my letters to her. My life will change a great deal and I suppose I will too. I hope for the better. With a great deal of love from your confidant, Katrinka.

*September 28*, PROVIDENCE: This is certainly a great place. My roommates are both terribly nice. School hasn't begun yet, at least the studies haven't. I spent the morning getting my schedule fixed and having my heart examined.

*October 16*: It was a divine night, as Wiggi would say. The stars were all out and the moon was nearly full and it was still and quite quiet. Suddenly above the railing appeared lots of coloured lanterns and then a procession of all the old girls and teachers came down the fire escape singing a Wheeler song, each one carrying two lighted lanterns. The fire escape zigzags and it was such a beautiful night; then they all came in the gate and marched around the trees in the front lawn, singing school songs all the time. Then we sang too and it sounded very sweet. Each of the older girls gave a new girl a lantern and then we marched in couples around the athletic field and sang. After doing that once or twice we all came in and had punch, crackers and marshmallows, and danced. No matter what happens here we go to bed at nine or before. I believe if the school burns down, a bell would ring and we would have to lie down on the ground, and have a teacher come and say good night.

*October 24*: I wish you could have seen the room when we got home. Helen and I had left it in perfect order and when we got back, everything was flung over the chairs and bed, and drawers half-pulled out. Mary [Brown] is not neat! I think she must have gone to get things in the closet and knocked our uniforms down and then she said she had to clean our stuff up for inspection, so she stuffed Helen's things in her drawers. She was late to every meal and never was on time to anything. Imagine it if there were two like her rooming together.

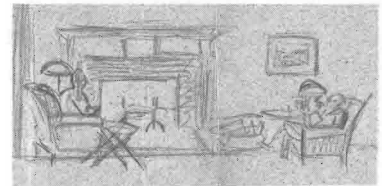
All our mail has to be looked at and then brought to our rooms. Some girls must write to boys their parents don't approve of. I hope you aren't the kind who think I will write to a boy. You don't mind Billy Spurling, do you?

*October 28*: Thank you for the letters. Daddy's made me terribly homesick at first, but I laughed so at the end, about the movies. I could just see him sitting in front of the fire at home and writing me. Maybe Jellicoe wasn't there but it is nice to imagine him sleeping on the rug with a very pretty pink nose, and you knitting there too.

*October 30*: Mary is awfully queer, she told Marjorie Damon that Helen's black hat was hers (Mary's) and let Marjorie wear it downtown and never told Helen at all and so today Marjorie asked Helen if she had Mary's hat on and Helen said no, and Mary told her. Wasn't that a funny thing to do?

*November 4*: I am so disappointed I don't know what to do. We were all classified and I am in Class IV and yet I am taking all Junior subjects. I was wondering if when Miss Dey wrote to ask you what credits I had if Miss Harriman just told her what I had done last year and not what I had done both years, because I think I ought to have enough units for at least the third class. I never heard of such a fool method. They have no eighth grade and an extra year; it is dumb. It upsets the sports. I will have to play all the games with the little kids and won't be able to try for the "W" which is the big thing down here. Only girls in Class I and II and the girls in III after Christmas can try for it and I want to try. It makes me awfully disappointed because it will be so foolish to stop school a Junior.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: the location of "Wheeler" or the Mary C. Wheeler School which Catharine attended from September of 1921 to June of 1924. Miss Wheeler, a native of Concord and a student of the teachings of Bronson Alcott and Henry David Thoreau, established the school in 1890. Its focus is on the arts and liberal arts. It is now a coeducational institution.



Miss Dey — the principal of the Wheeler School.

Catharine's letters to her mother start in Providence and continue three or four times a week whenever Catharine is away from home until 1962. The nature of the material should allow the reader to distinguish Catharine's letters to her mother from her *Letters to Buz*.

*November 20:* I think I have the nicest brother that ever lived. He mentioned something about the game one night and if I would like to go, and I thought he was just asking. But I found out that he had invited me to go with him, so of course I did. I enjoyed it ever so much. We sat in the most wonderfulest seats, right above the dugout about ten rows up and of course they knew all the players and they almost all played in one game. The first game was with Boston University and the second one with Middlebury. It was very queer to have first one team come on and play and then, after that was finished, another one right on top. It was really very good practise because everyone had a chance to try out. Harvard beat Boston U. ten to one and Middlebury sixteen to one.

*December 2:* I don't believe I told you about our friends above Cabot Street. There is Link who goes to Brown, and he is good looking though I have never seen him very well. He keeps his car opposite our front window and goes out at ten at night and sometimes in the afternoon. When we hear his car we always jump up to see him. I can't imagine why, but we do. Then there is Rufus the coloured chauffeur who works for Link's family, so we think. We named him. Adam lives in the next house. His name originated from the sight we saw one night. He was on his way for bed with the shade up and the light on. We have discovered he is the chauffeur for the family next door, sleeping in the third storey. Eve also lives in the third storey of the same house; her name originated also from what we have seen of her. There are really two Eves but we speak of them as one. Curtains have been put up now so the name doesn't suit her so well.

*December 4:* Mary bought a thirty dollar hat in Boston. What would you say if I did that, and not out of my allowance?

*December 8:* I will be very busy before the tea dance. Nearly everyone is curled to the highest degree and they have iodine all over their faces to have good complexion. I am just the same as usual with a shiny nose.

*January 17:* I am so ungraceful and can't do a thing. I like folk dancing much better when you skip and hop rather than fly and point your toe.

*January 20:* We all trooped down to the Rhode Island School of Design and saw everything. There was a special exhibit of silks. There were designs taken from very old materials and put on new ones, some cretons and some silks.

Do you know I don't know what I want to do when I grow up? I wish I did, but I don't seem to have any special talent. I don't think I can design very well and I never seem to get very far. I wish I could paint landscapes and portraits but I can't draw very well, and I never can see purple where I should. I know I'd make a rotten artist. But I hope something will pop out of me before long which I can follow up.

*March 18, CONCORD:* Daddy came home from Detroit Friday night. He went to see Henry Ford on business — Stone and Webster are going to build something for them. He liked Edsel Ford very much (who is coming to Seal Harbor). Dad had a great time and saw the plant and the relations.

*March 28:* Saturday Daddy was home all day which was very nice. We walked in the woods in the afternoon and I sat and talked with Daddy. Mother is getting awfully queer lately. She worries over everything. Nothing she or anybody else does is right, and she fusses over everything and body. Then she wonders why she is tired and has excema, and



Calendar by Catharine

moans and groans and is worse than ever. Daddy is a saint, as Jean says herself, and he has more patience than anyone I ever knew or heard of. Everyone is upset with Mother. I can't tell her how sorry I am because I don't have very much sympathy. If I do try to be nice she says no one loves her. I do; she is my Mother, but it is hard to be decent; and when Daddy tries to love or kiss her, she asks some silly question, such as "Did you tell — about the seeds?" What fun is it to kiss anyone if that is the answer?

*April 3:* Maybe you would like to know about John B-C. You know I think I like him best now. One thing I like about him is that you never get bored with him. He certainly fools you a lot and I never know whether to believe him. I think we ought to have a great crowd this summer because the boys are much more fun now than they were. I can hardly wait till the end of school.

Well, summer will soon be here. I think I will learn to smoke and run a car — wouldn't that be a change? Do you know, Buzzy dear, I have never smoked a cigarette or ever tried? I have had a pipe. I have never done more than steer a car I am afraid when I begin both I will do them with a vengeance.

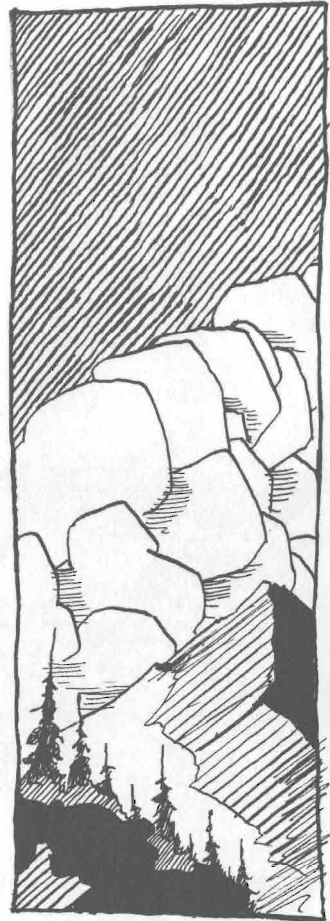
*April 22, PROVIDENCE:* I got ninety in my History of Art test and I only deserved about seventy, but I made a very nice drawing and it looked as if I knew a lot.

*May 21:* You haven't seen the pageant grounds but they are perfectly lovely. Miss Peabody made up the pageant this year, and all the dances. It is a kind of masque, very indefinite, called the "Fire Birds." No plot, but just dancing. It is about the Aztec Indians and the fire birds. The Indians come in with their chief and then the storm comes (I am in that) and frightens them away. Then the fire birds come and the chief falls in love with the head bird (we then frighten the birds off), then the high priest comes in with his attendants who are awfully funny and they dance and go off to the back, then all the fire birds fly through and the head one is caught in a snare and the other warriors kill him. Then the fire bird changes into a girl and she brings the chief to life. Then the maidens come and they all go off together.

*June 24:* When I am to be married it will be in a large church and in June, either when the peonies are out or the larkspur and roses, one or the other, and I shall have a reception outdoors, on the lawn, and I and My Husband will stand on the piazza or else under the apple tree, while the music is inside. Then I am going to have mine in the late afternoon or at noon; I think noon is really better. I shall invite everybody I can so I will have loads of presents, and I shall put all the young children near the front so they can see.

*July 16, SEAL HARBOR:* In the afternoon we all went over to Ironbound in the "Iota." All the Blaneys were there and, much to our joy, Mr. John Sargent, the great painter, was there visiting. I never shook hands with so many people in all my life. About as soon as we had shaken hands it was time to shake them all over again and leave. We went around the house and into the studio. Mr. Sargent evidently paints all the time. He was very interesting, big and a very red face and a white beard; rather as you would imagine an artist.

*July 18:* You know, Buzzy dear, I am quite worried about myself. I am so selfish, and I am afraid I am jealous. You know how jealous I used to



Sketch by Pete





Catharine learned to spell *Rockefeller* quite rapidly.

The Rockefeller boys: John - John Davidson or John D. or JDR variously in Catharine's letters, born March 21, 1906; Nelson, also called Nel, July 8, 1908; Laurance, May 26, 1910; Winthrop, May 1, 1912; and David, June 12, 1915. The boys' older sister Abby comes infrequently into Catharine's life.

be of Edith? Well, I always have been a little, but now every once in a while I am, and I have a horrid time stopping being that way. Maybe I have never told you some of my innermost secrets. I am going to tell you something I have never told a soul, but now to you. Last winter at school, Dr. Sturgis came and gave us a talk. He said everyone should pray, and that set me thinking that there must be a God because everyone since the world began has believed so. I have prayed every night since, when I haven't gone to sleep too soon. I believe it has helped me, and I shall always do so. I am sure God helps me to do better and, Buz, I wish to be better than I am, for no one is perfect. I want to be unselfish and I am trying hard to be so at home. It is sometimes so hard because I don't have quite enough patience with Mother. One thing makes it easier; Dad is such a good example to go by and that helps. But the best part of praying every night is that it is a confession you make and you can tell what you are bad in.

My ambition in life is to be loved by all and to be able to be good and help others to be good and to do good to others. I don't wish to be a burden on this world, for there are enough of them. I wouldn't be able to tell you things, dear Buz, if you were any special person, but you are comforting. Often I sit down to write things that rankle me, and then, when I start, my trouble seems to disappear. One thing, dear, I hope I don't forget is if I ever have children of my own, not to worry about them if they are sick. I believe they will die if God sees fit for them to do so, for I believe that anyone dies only when God sees fit that they should leave this world, so I shall not worry. When I am sick I never worry. Mother says it is because I am young but I think not, for I do not fear to die. Another thing, dear, that I hope you will do for me is to remind me of the following things: not to forget that I was young once and that I did things that were not just the things to do, and not to forget that the times change and as far as I can see girls get wilder. And I must not compare the youth of today with that of yesterday, for it would not be fair. Don't let me forget youth is warm blooded and does not need raps the way old women do. That they don't need to be told to go to bed, for they will go themselves in time. Not to always keep telling them to sit up straight etc. for if you keep hacking at a child they will do the very thing they are not to do.

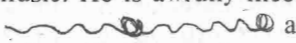
I can't think of anything else but they all come under the one thing. Don't forget that you were young once, and that your mother thought you were wild. It will be the same, for the world grows wilder, freer and more independent every day. I hope this book will serve as a good reminder of my childhood.

*July 25:* I dressed and went up to the Rokerfellows to tea. Think of it, Buz dear — I quite stepped out. Marcia Stebbins took me up and Dad brought me back. When we went in, it seems to me I never shook so many hands in all my life. There were dozens of little boys whom I had never met before. There was John, the oldest, and they went down to David the youngest. They all seemed to have straight hair and big ears; that was the most pointed characteristic they had in common. Then we went and had refreshments, after which we bowled. Mr. and Mrs. Rokerfellow were both there. Mrs. R. is very nice and so is Mr. He is rather jolly. They have a play house as they call it and inside there is a bowling alley, a squash court and hand ball and then there is a little

kitchen and it is all painted in blue and yellow and the kitchen is sweet with blue painted furniture.

I didn't see much of the big house except one room where we had tea. It seemed to be a large living room. We had the most delicious iced tea I have ever tasted, peach ice-cream, cake and orange ade. It was served by five or ten servants and all in tall glasses on glass plates with spoons that looked as if they had never been used before. We girls played and then father came, so Mrs. Rockefeller asked him in, after mistaking him for the chauffeur. Then we took most of them home. I was struck by their simpleness and they seemed to have such a great time and enjoy each other. There were no airs about them. I liked John the best of all the boys, not because of his name, but he was the nicest and was very genial.

*August 9:* John is really awfully nice and the trouble is his name is John, light hair and blue eyes and a smile, that great combination. He is always so nice to play tennis with because he always is polite and runs after balls and makes excuses and says he's sorry or it's all right, if you make an error.

Nelson is so funny dancing. He goes along and when he comes to a corner he says, "quick what will I do, which one will I do" etc.; he dances better than John, however. John would be all right if he kept in time with the music. He is awfully nice to dance with but he kind of jumps like this  and after a while it gets rather tiresome on your feet. He is much better than he was at first. I guess it is because he walks with a spring.

*August 12:* Now I can write some real heart to heart talk with you; it is really much more interesting. Rosalind Barnum said that when she was a little girl she used to play with the boys in New York and she said that Mr. Rockefeller was threatened in having them kidnapped so he had to build a playground for them on the roof of his house, because otherwise they wouldn't have any place to get air, and then tear down the houses on either side after buying the land so that no one could get onto their roof. My, it must be terrible to be rich.

I think both Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller are perfectly wonderful to have brought up the boys the way they have. They are so nice and simple and well mannered. I think John is one (in fact the only one) of the nicest boys of his age I have ever seen. I don't mean that the boys at home are not nice, but they (the R's) are so thoughtful and well mannered and dear. I really am awfully fond of them all, except Laurance, but I really haven't seen him hardly at all. Nelson is so nice. He is always saying the wrong thing, then laughs and says he knows he said it wrong. John is so polite. I never saw a boy better brought up. He isn't the kind to fight and swear or anything like that, and his smile is just perfect. They all are blessed with beautiful smiles. I will have a hard time leaving Seal and going back.

*August 17:* I guess I danced with John again. His was the last dance I remember because I asked him if he could come to a tea dance and he said he thought he could, so I shall invite him. It will be rather funny to hand his name in and then see his name posted by the letter box at school. I will have a funny week beforehand, for the girls will think he's stuck-up till they see him smile.



JDR III

*September 9, CONCORD:* Buz, please forgive me for saying things that I shouldn't (in this and the preceding) about people in general and Mother. I am sorry now that I said some of the things I have about Mother and I know it was wicked of me, but I say what comes to me at the moment and my resolution was to never tear anything out. I wish I could but I won't. I know now that I was in the wrong and Mother right.

*September 21:* I got a letter from John Baker-Carr Monday morning and one from John DR(3rd) Monday night, a nice day in the mail. John DR wants a big picture of me, at least a negative of a small picture so he can have it enlarged. But I think that is unsafe. My ping-pong has got to do. I can't decide which I like the best, both are so different and nice.

*September 27, PROVIDENCE:* Gertrude Talbot, who was vice-president of the house committee for this year, didn't come back; we all miss her but she is quite ill and decided to stay home, so that means that I am vice-president, which is very nice for me; only rather hard for the others who didn't vote for me.

*September 28:* Tell Dad I am going to keep accounts and save money this year.

*September 29:* Can you send me some fruit? I am starved to death.

*October 3:* Miss Dey told us all about her trip to Vienna, where she was this summer. She said that the amount of starvation is terrible, especially the middle class. A girl who had a dowry of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars before the war (this is what it was worth in American money) now only has nine dollars. You can see what awful conditions there must be. The working class have more because they can do manual labor.

*October 17:* I am frightfully busy or I would write you a nice long letter. This morning there was a meeting of the House Committee with Miss Dey after breakfast. I have a conference in Math this afternoon, then sports, then a rehearsal; then study hour, then a meeting of the whole school, then dinner, then some other thing by the teachers, then study hall and then bed. I don't have a minute.

*October 21:* I have never seen such a gorgeous day. The sea was the loveliest blue you ever saw and the sky was so clear that there wasn't a single cloud. It was quite cold but the sun was very warm. All along the horizon it was wiggly and looked as if a great many wireless messages were being sent, there were so many wave lengths. I guess it was really a mirage for the boats sailed along in mid-air.

*November 13:* The greatest excitement is that Mary Brown has been "fired," "kicked," "expelled," "sent home" or what you will. When I arrived she was in the infirmary. The cause was that she asked to walk with a certain girl after church (so the story goes) and instead went with a Princeton man who came to see her on his way home, I suppose, and she evidently couldn't risk the temptation for she ran off down Angell Street with him and walked plump into a teacher. Some say she arrived home late for dinner, but I am not sure. Anyway, she was sent to the infirmary where no one could see her, and till Miss Dey, who has been very busy, could talk to her. Perhaps they hoped that she would feel very sorry for what she had done. The next we knew was this afternoon. Miss Robertson was over here helping her pack her trunk and she told one of the girls that her father was coming down tomorrow and that she was going home.



Sketch by Pete



*November 23:* We have changed tables and I no more speak French, but I think I am fluent enough to go to Paris when I graduate.

*December 10:* Today we all went down to hear Paderewski. He was perfectly wonderful and I was so glad to have a chance to hear him. He began by playing in the dark. E. Bacen (who knows him) said that he was so nervous at first that he always had it dark. Doesn't it seem funny to find a great man like that nervous? I didn't like the first very well. It was one of those very long things, no melody but sounds like finger exercises. The result was I nearly fell asleep because it was quite dark. I found myself trying to take chords by the arm into meet Miss Dey, and trying to eat trills. After the first half the lights were turned on and I certainly enjoyed it all from then on.

*December 25, CONCORD:* Xmas morning; after a while I woke up the rest of the family and we opened our stockings — the toes were very nice this year, just think a twenty dollar gold piece. I had never seen one before.

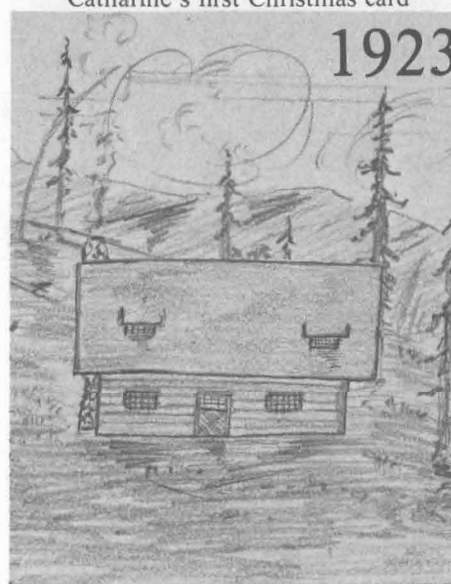
*December 28:* At last!! The great day arrives, the day of my dance at the Country Club. I am whole, no bone broken and all shaky with expectation. It was the happiest day of my life; at least I had the best time that night. I arose early and of course there was lots to do. I shone my silver slippers and did errands then went to the Country Club to arrange the tables but not finishing, I returned after lunch and with the help of Edith we made candy and placed the fifty-four people, forgetting Wolsey Pratt, we had to stick him in, poor boy, near Hank Warner. (I shall call him Hank to designate him from Henry Keyes who I like). Then started getting dressed. We went up at seven thirty and prinked some more at the country club. Then at eight they began to come and soon nearly all were there so we sat down to dinner. We danced between the courses, at least between the third and fourth and between the fourth and coffee. It was loads of fun. John B-C sat on my right and Helen C. next to him. I don't think I danced one whole dance with anyone, and there were very few wallflowers, and the few there were seemed to go early. Everyone seemed popular and there was no one very popular girl who stood out above the rest.

*January 1, CONCORD:* Now for some fun, Buzzy, I think I will tell you what sort of a girl I am. I am very peculiar, not a bit natural. Of course the family think that I am perfect and all the rest of it, but love is blind and in this case totally so. I am selfish, impatient, tiresome, shy, mean, stingy, etc. Everything I shouldn't be, but I really do think that if I try, I will be better. I would like to be generous like Mother, or more so; thoughtful and patient like Dad. Fair and just, sweet and good. My worst fault is saying things against people, I mean talking them over and gossiping, really behind their backs, the meanest thing in the world to do. Sometimes I get terribly discouraged trying to work for a "W" at school — it is hopeless, but I know if I try hard enough I could get one.

This may sound conceited, Buzzy, but I think I am becoming popular at dances. It is probably due to my giving a dance, but I don't think it is altogether that. I have noticed that if I am dancing with a boy and look at another boy right in the eyes he often comes up and cuts in. I don't mean to make eyes, but I have noticed it happen quite a lot. Maybe my eyes are nicer at a distance.



Catharine's first Christmas card



Sketch by Pete



Pete with Lillian Rich, teaching her to ski during production of a Strongheart film in Banff, 1923

I have noticed another frightful fault. It is a fierce one. If I know that I can do something very well, such as getting three A's in my report (now you see I have done it here) I find that I have brought the conversation around so that I tell someone of it. There is a kind of devil inside of me that prompts me to say these awful things and I do.

I go back after tomorrow. How I hate to. John I think will keep on writing, both Johns will. I rather like it. John has telephoned me twice but we never know what to say. We are young fools.

*January 3:* When I got home found John (B-C) had telephoned, no message, so later went to meet Dad, arrived home, John had telephoned again, said he would come up. Then he came and I was rude and went to the door. He said the car was waiting and he didn't want to come in. I knew he wanted to say goodbye alone, so we just did it outside. I was nearly killed by the family for not asking him in. I would have if I had known what he would do if I didn't. I said goodbye, and he said he would write, and I didn't know what to say next. I don't know really what happened, but he took hold of my arms and stared. Then, I remember, he looked to see if anyone was in the hall and then he — me and was off. I was so surprised I nearly died. When I went back I knew I was scarlet and shook, but I don't believe they suspected. I was blown up at later by Russell and Mother and had to telephone him and and apologize. I hated to, you may imagine, but he, of course, understood.

Goodbye dear. I love you heaps and have made all kinds of new resolutions. I shall get a "W" if it takes all my moral courage to do so.

*January 16, PROVIDENCE:* This morning Miss Jenkins told us in English that everytime we wrote a letter we should plan it out and what we are going to say. I wonder how many letters you or I would get if we did it?

*February 3:* One of the privileges of the PG's (Post-Grads) is to go on Thursday afternoon and take a weekend till Sunday night. One girl, Hilda McLaughlin, went way home to Canada for her mother's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary dinner. Imagine it. She wouldn't get home till Friday about 6:00 p.m. and would have to leave Saturday at about 3:00. She had to take a chaperone with her too. It must have been rather an expensive weekend, don't you think so?

*April 2, CONCORD:* I was going to the Fireman's Ball that night, but then I got lazy after dinner and we were having such a nice time reading that I decided not to go. John Baker-Carr told me Sunday night that he was going and wanted to just see me and such slush. I thought I had better telephone him, which I did as soon as I decided, but he had gone. I dismissed him from my mind, for there was nothing for me to do then. About 10:30 he called up and wanted to know why I couldn't come, etc. I told him I was awfully sorry I couldn't come, and he said I'd just got to. He used altogether too strong language and was very unreasonable, but I will forgive him that, because he was with a very rough lot in Florida. John is very nice and very amusing, and I must say at times I have been crazy about him, but I am afraid I have lost a great deal of my regard for him. I think he is conceited and wants everything his own way. He writes quite flattering letters and says flattering things, but too much so. There are so many things he has done I don't like at all. I am beginning to like John D. a lot. He is always the same, polite, and never saying anything but what all might see. I do wish I knew him better.

*June 11, CONCORD:* The last of school was great and lots of fun. I had to study awfully hard but I passed all my exams but French. I got a "W," the fifth one with Lee Smith, for we tied. I lost the President of the House Committee. I was really awfully glad for Brier will be great. I got the vice-president however which is quite a lot.

*June 23, (re Lew's senior prom at Andover):* Stevenson was killing and told me he knew a girl named Catharine at Wheeler's. John Baker-Carr had shown him one of my letters — I wish I knew which one. He didn't know that I was the girl and I didn't dare tell him. John has lost all my respect now, and he fell for Ann Tudor and wrote her the loviest letter which she showed everyone. I don't wonder if they are anything like the ones he wrote me.

*June 25 (Preparing to leave for Seal Harbor for the summer):* Today I have packed all morning and now I am finishing this to put in the Safe with the family valuables. The jewels, liquor, manuscripts, the silver and pictures, and my letters to you, and from John and Russell, such a mixture.

*July 27, SEAL HARBOR:* I guess that the perfume "Origan de Coté" that arrived from Paris made me forget to write (to you, Buz), for I haven't been able to open it till just now and the whole family have tried. Even Dad has tried to heat up the gold by a string, but I did it with fifty cents and a hanky. It came in such a pretty box and all done up so nicely. JDR Third sent it.

*August 11:* Lew was very amusing as usual. I made a frightful break; I saw a shooting star and, of course, remarked on it. Milly was beside me and Lew behind and Milly repeated my remark saying, "Catharine sees a shooting star." Then Lew said, "Oh Milly." Milly told me afterward that when a girl says she sees a shooting star she means she wants to be kissed. Then I felt terribly.

*August 29:* The picnic was a great success. We built three small fires all of which smoked and each in a different direction so that we were all weeping copiously before we had begun to cook. Then we made all the little fires into a big one and started another huge one and roasted corn brought from Concord, against all laws, which Peter had carefully hidden in lima beans. The moon was better than I ever thought it could be and the waves were huge and broke all along the pebbles.

Because Lew was awfully tired, I brought him up to the fire and we sat and talked for half an hour or more, about all kinds of things. He asked me if it were true what I had said about him, and I couldn't remember what it was. He said that that proved it wasn't. I found out later Cal told John who told Lew they were talking about the Andover Prom with me, and they asked if Lew put his arm around me and I said, "No, he didn't even kiss me." Of course, I didn't mean it, and I am sure I never said it, but they say I did.

Gordon Shaw threw a burning stick into the water and Lew turned and said something about its being a shooting star, and foolishly I looked around and he sort of grinned. I wish I hadn't. I guess he was trying me out. The rest came up and sat with us and we sang and talked and threw stones into the fire. John came and sat beside me and Edith was sort of out of it but she didn't think so. We started to play "Truth and Consequences," but I know better than to play "Truth," so I never take it now. Lew took "Truth," and Cal asked him if he had ever had an



The "Johns" in Catharine's *Letters to Buz* often come so fast and furious in this period sorting them out is difficult and sometimes impossible.

Lew — Lew Warner, a correspondent for several years.



The Illusion



Pete with Laska Winters and Anna May Wong during production of *The Alaskan* at Silver City, west of Banff, 1924

affair with Betty Hinchley. Lew was awfully provoked at Cal for he can't stand her. We started home and had quite a time walking through the woods with only two lanterns.

*August 30:* Lew and I got started on that Shooting Star stuff and he asked if I really had said it and I started to begin to explain and got all choky, the way I do if anyone scolds me, and couldn't say a word, my lips were shivering so fast. I wish I could get over that weakness, but it saves one lots of rude things that one might say when a little provoked. I hope Lew likes me better now for I do him; he's such a nice kind of boy to know and such good company.

Then we came home and I dressed for dinner at the Rockefellers. I didn't expect to sit next to Mr. Rockefeller and so never looked there for my name but was looking more in the centre, but Mrs. R. told me, and there I was with him at the end of the table. Miss Aldrich was on his right and John on my left and Marcia next him so that when Mr. R. was yelling to Miss Aldrich we had a threesome and discussed schools. Miss A. is very deaf and so has to be spoken to quite loudly and I was much embarrassed when, in an unexpected lull, Mr. R. said to her, "Miss Robb says she sails her own boat." Hutchy said I was very good and I looked as if I hadn't heard it at all, but I swallowed a bone in my embarrassment. Miss Aldrich was the one who was captured by the bandits in China but she said she liked them better than the missionaries. She said she'd just as soon be shot asleep as awake and so went to sleep when the pursuers were chasing them and shooting and she really slept in a dog kennel, but her feet stuck out and all she had was night clothes and it was raining hard.

After dinner we went up to the Mott-Shaws taking a card table, Mah-Jong, Edith, a Victrola, records and cards and Milly and Cal. We put three in front which gave more room in back. It was cold driving but I went slowly. We had a very nice time, playing cards and Mah-Jong first and dancing afterwards. Harding and I beat Isabel and John B-C quite badly but we had all the hands. There was an extra girl to dance which made it a little awkward but everyone took turns sitting out. I danced with John (DR) quite a lot. It is sad to think of not dancing with him for perhaps more than a year. Uncle Frank (chaperone) was very preoccupied over a book until Cal and John B-C went out; they, thinking he was a boy, ran, which made matters worse, but I guess it was alright. John (DR) is so different from most boys. He isn't a bit demonstrative and though we were all alone and all, he never even took my arm coming up from the barn. Of course he couldn't very well with a table and a Mah-Jong set, but I mean in the car too. I don't mean that I would have let him if he had tried to, but I'm rather glad that boys never want to with me. He did do something that surprised me, for it was awfully cold and the steering gear was like ice and my hands too. I said how cold it was and "feel it," meaning the steering wheel but he felt my hand instead. It was the only time he has ever touched me except helping me out of a boat. Boys are queer; I don't suppose he thought how I might notice it; he probably doesn't even remember it.

*Mid-September,* CONCORD: I go back to school Tuesday. I'm rather glad for I have got to thinking too much lately on awful questions. The great question is what shall I do with my life and what one ought to do, whether to just try and be happy or make others happy. I think the latter

way would do both. But how does one begin? I really would like to be useful. Jean started it all by saying that she didn't want me to do my own work but to do something big for charity or something and now I'm truly in a quandry.

I do hope I will get a letter tonight. Both Lew and John ought to write, but I am afraid I will never hear from either again.

*October 4, PROVIDENCE:* I got a letter from John DR Third the other day and he wants me to come down to Loomis for a football dance or prom or something. He isn't quite sure of the date, but it is either the twenty-fourth of November or first of December. I don't know whether I will try and go or not. I'd really rather take my weekend at home with you.

*October 20:* I am at the French table and can speak quite well (without having the tenses correct). I am next Mlle., and she insists on asking me questions and if I say "yes" I find I should have said "no," so now I smile or nod. She talks of such queer things. She will say that it looks like rain, and then ask if I skate, and I, thinking that she is still talking about the weather, answer that if the wind changes it will not rain. Oh, it is an awful language. Well, *au revoir* for now . . .

*Mid-November:* The morning dawned dull and pouring but one could imagine it was clearing up. I went in with Russell and we talked more about the game and also my coming out next winter, which has all been planned by Russell and Father and sounds mighty attractive. I arrived at the Warners with my dozen crimson roses and my red velvet hat — which I had always been afraid to wear before even when it snowed — and my winter coat. We started directly for the stadium. It was the wettest day I've ever seen, at least three inches all over the ground, and we waded about getting wetter and wetter all the time. It was a day I shall never forget, one of the most amusing I've ever known. We had seats way up and just missed the colonnade by two rows and so we resigned ourselves to the rain and fixed a rug to sit on, for there was two inches of water on the seats; we had our feet in about three. All my knowledge was of no avail, for even if the men wore numbers they were covered with mud the second play. From then on it was useless to try and tell even the H and Y men apart. The mud was about five inches deep all over the field and no lines were discernable at all. There was no real playing, just kicking back and forth. Though Yale won, it was only by a break which might have been for H. The band was rather waterlogged but managed to play pretty well. Everyone was soaked. When they tackled they would both be buried in mud, and the ball would float instead of roll.

*November 20,:* I don't know what to think about all the plans for my coming out next winter you seem to be trying to make. A girl as attractive as Polly Webster gets bids for every day in December, but I will be lucky if I got one and that will probably be my own party.

*December 26, CONCORD:* After all my good resolutions! How can I ever keep them? Still I am planning to make another for New Year's and that is that I shall write what happened during the day every night, while it is fresh in my mind. I wonder how long I can keep it.

I hope you realize that this peculiar writing is due to the fact that I'm christening the 14K gold pen John D sent me Christmas and also am lying on my stomach and one elbow. At this point I have about decided to break my resolution for the position is anything but comfortable.

In the 1923-24 school term Edith also attended Wheeler.

Russell was enrolled at Harvard and Catharine attended nearly every Harvard-Yale game in the period. Each game was the "most wonderful" she ever attended, and she lived and died with Harvard's victories and losses.



Ike Mills and Pete, delivering the mail, circa, 1921

# 1924



Tapestry Room, Wheeler; Catharine's first published drawing

notes from the *Senior Year Book* — 1924

Catharine Robb (Robbie or "K")

*The best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies.*

Chairman School Spirit Board, '22

Vice-President and Secretary of House Committee, '22, '23

Athletic Board, '22-'23, '23-'24

Chairman of Expedition Committee, '23

S.S. two terms, '21-'22

"W," '23

from the *Class Prophecy*: Catharine, but now no longer Robb, first of the Hub's four hundred, kept Boston society within the confines of conventionality even as she once kept Wheeler — in 1924.

from the *Class Mirror*:

favorite expression: sh!

favorite occupation: raising a riot in study hall

ambition: a secret

pet abomination: taking notes

*January 12, PROVIDENCE*: In English Prof. Brown told us what we must do before mid-years. First read a lot of Tennyson's poems for Tuesday and then write "A Chapter from my Autobiography" for Thursday, six hundred or more words, and what dramatic incident has happened in my life? And what do I want him to read about?

*January 17*: Some of the girls went to a concert of three or four stringed instruments but I didn't sign up, for I went to one a number of years ago and didn't particularly enjoy it.

*January 22*: I was drawing the Studio again yesterday, when Miss Dey walked in with a man. I started to leave but she said never mind them, and they sat down in the very corner where I was drawing. So I struggled along while they talked and didn't dare measure the chair as I wanted to, for when I tried it, holding up one arm and closing one eye, Miss Dey winked at me.

*February 24*: Saturday we went to Boston. The 9:37 train got us to Boston at about quarter of eleven. We then went to the Library and saw the Mural Paintings and the Sargent ones. After looking at those we took a car up to the Art Museum and spent most of our time there looking at pictures. At 12:00 we had lunch, so you see we didn't spend much time looking, but it was long enough. I don't know how I'm ever going to go through the Art Galleries of Europe, I get so hungry. I don't wonder American tourists chew gum, anything to keep from getting famished. P.S. Did I ever tell you that I have a nickname down here? Most of the girls call me "Robbie" and the rest "K."

*March 6*: Yesterday after a walk we had a "twenty years from now" party. Each person going as she will look twenty years from now. We had to get dressed in about fifteen minutes, but we got some amusing costumes nevertheless. Harriet went as a bride; Edith as a nurse; Rozie went as the first woman football star on the all-American team. She was screaming, with her sweater all bulged out as muscles and a guard on her head. I went as the fashion would be, with the belt around my knees and my hair in a curious way. Rather dumb, but still it was a costume. A girl dressed as "Independent" got the prize.

*March 16*: I said that we had some trouble. It is a "Mell of a Hess," as they say. One girl came back from the mumps and brought crackers and sardines and cheese with her. She and her roommates put up a black tie and ate it. (The black tie on the door means that you want to rest and not be disturbed). This was breaking the rules, two at once, and they, like fools, left a bottle in their rooms which gave it all away. It isn't so bad that they should eat the stuff, but it is unfair to the other girls. We have been trying to make this a perfect year and now this makes a blot on the record. It puts me in a horrid position. I have to get them in to a House Committee meeting and reprimand them in front of the committee. That is bad enough, but then I have to get up in front of the whole school and tell what has happened (mentioning no names) and why it is wrong and a whole mess of stuff. I am petrified to say the least. I would give five dollars to have it over with. If I'm sent home a dead corpse you will understand that I made a mess of it. Thank goodness I don't have to spell and punctuate correctly when I'm doing it. Goodbye, and wish me luck.

*March 18*: . . . then the awful meeting of the whole school. I had to get up in Study Hall and stand there and talk about what had happened. First I spoke of two other matters. Then the awful one. I was supposed

to make it forceful and all the rest of it, and you may imagine how easy that is when your tongue insists on going down your throat. However, I didn't feel as scared as usual, and Miss Dey wasn't there, so I got it out, but when I got half-way through I couldn't remember what I had already said. But it is over with now.

*April 7:* I'm petrified about coming out, for I know that all the girls are much more attractive than I am. But I shall try and have knock out clothes. I only hope they will realize that I want to be friends with everyone. I really am quite proud of the fact that though I have had very few beaux, the ones I have had I've kept quite well, except John Baker-Carr.

It's funny but I can hardly wait to get abroad. What I'm looking forward to most is a curious thing. I am wild to go into a Cathedral or Church by myself and sit and think. Just why I don't know but I feel strongly religious and long to do it. I shall if I can. Also I want to go for walks in the country alone before breakfast and make friends with some English natives. I wonder why. It is queer, isn't it? I go back tomorrow, so goodbye and lots of love, your more grown-up Katrinka.

*May 22:* I am getting so sad now that school is almost over. I couldn't realize that yesterday was my last real day and only one exam left. It makes me feel all wuzzy. I hate to think that a week from tomorrow I will be saying goodbye to them all. You can't imagine how awful it is.

*November 24,* BOSTON: I am now fairly well started on my deb year. At first it was strange and rather nerve racking but I am struggling along better now. I am safe with the girls, but it remains to be seen how the dances go.

*December 8,* CONCORD: This is the great day at last. I feel as if I ought to be getting married with so much excitement, presents coming, and flowers and all.

I made my bow to Society and came out. Great excitement predominated. We had a last fitting in the morning, manicures, etc. Then flowers began to arrive and presents too had come. The flowers were very exciting, boxes came all day. I must have had them from over sixty people, counting married as one.

Then it started to rain and at about four o'clock Dad and I went up to the Hotel with the flowers. We had to make several trips. There were lots more there and we opened those the best we could. Then we came back, had tea and dressed, which was a terrific task for, of course, nothing would go up in the way of hair. We managed to get ready and get up to the Somerset; dinner was at eight, which meant about half an hour later. There were about fifty people there and I was in the center of one side, Russ opposite, Dad and Mother on the other sides. Dad was sick and faint so couldn't come to dinner but otherwise it went off perfectly wonderfully. Everyone was carefully placed and considering the rather mixed lot, it worked well. I wandered about after dinner while some played cards and then people soon began to come. Concord was pretty prompt. Mother and I shook hands with hundreds I think, and most of the people I'd never seen before. Then I began to dance and of course I was cut in on a lot. My, but it was lots of fun. I can't remember very much about whom I danced with and, anyway, it's all rather vague. Well, it is over, and none of us broke a leg. Dad was alright later on in the evening. It is rather a relief to have it over at last.



After her graduation from Wheeler, Catharine, Edith, and Catharine's parents sailed on the *Samaria*, June 10, for four months in Britain and Europe, returning on October 11.

Immediately upon returning from Europe, Catharine got swept into the whirlwind of debutante activities, dances, teas, luncheons, charity work, and she lapsed months behind keeping up her *Letters*. She later admitted she wasn't keen on being a debutante but fulfilled the role to please her brother principally and, to a lesser extent, her father. She, Russ and Jean lived in Boston on Beacon Street during her "deb" year.



# 1925



Catharine by Frederick Bosley

“The Nineteenth” is the commemoration of April 19, 1775, the date of the Concord Minutemen’s standing off the King’s forces at the Concord Bridge. In 1975 Catharine returned to Concord for the “200th” when President Ford was in attendance.

Historical Concord meant much to Catharine — the Revolution, the Manse, the Concord Grape, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Antiquarian Society, and Henry David Thoreau and the Thoreau Lyceum. She never did read *Walden*, however, for in her childhood the good people of Concord still frowned a little on Thoreau, she would say, for his not keeping up his father’s pencil factory.

*January 1, CONCORD:* I went and sat for my picture to be drawn from 10:30 until nearly 1:00 at Mr. Bosley’s. It wasn’t so awfully interesting, but I enjoyed just thinking. Mother and Dad were very worried as to where I was and telephoned all around but never asked me. They were afraid I was with a boy. Rather a joke? I returned for another sitting in the afternoon.

*January 3:* I sat again at Mr. Bosley’s. He finished it and then we had a very nice discussion about Modern Art and Models, etc.

*January 14:* Another Gala Day, the Websters’ dance. It is rather a relief to have it over, for now I don’t have to worry about breaking a leg. What a job dressing is! My hair went up so I knew something would happen and it certainly did. I had on my light green dress with the silver trees and just as I was coming downstairs I saw the lights on, turned back to put them out and . . . rip. I caught the streamers on the bed and the dress almost parted and dropped off. Jean dashed in with needles and thread to sew me up. Edith was here to add to the confusion. She has begun her training at the hospital and is full of it. When we got to the Websters, and were not quite late, I dashed downstairs to shake hands and wasn’t disappointed for everyone came at once and I had plenty of hands to grasp. I did feel so queer having them give me such a wonderful party when I don’t know them better. It was perfect in every way, and how could I help but have a glorious time?

*January 24:* I was up bright and early in order to see the total eclipse of the sun. It wasn’t really total here but 99%, so we didn’t have a corona. It was very weird and beautiful. The rays, which were not exactly white, stretched way down to the horizon, making a very queer effect. There were lots of little fleecy clouds which covered the sun enough to look at it without smoked glass. The sky was a beautiful blue colour but very different from anything I’ve ever seen before. The snow made it quite light. The effect of the sun and rays made me think of Tennyson’s “Holy Grail” idea. I wonder if people a long time ago thought when they saw a total eclipse it was the Holy Grail returning to heaven. I’m sure they must have.

*April 19:* The “Nineteenth” at last for which we have been preparing for years, and then it went and rained. Everyone had to stand in the Veteran’s Building, it was pouring so hard. It started snowing and was pretty cold.

*April 20:* I got the boys breakfast about ten and then we divided and went to see the parade. Russ was in the Concord Battery which thoroughly disgraced itself. It started off for the place where the first shots were to be fired and found that, instead of ammunition, they had only whiskey bottles. The Ball in the evening was a great success; a few were in costume, I being one and, with a little rouge added, I was much complimented on my appearance by old and young. A fine ending for the 150th celebration.

*June 26:* A very busy day. I went to Boston at 8:00, got some silk for my shawl and then dashed out in time to go to Mr. Bosley’s for a sitting, had lunch at 1:00, then a golf lesson at 2:00 until 3:50. It went pretty well, thank goodness.

*July 2, SEAL HARBOR:* The trip up to Mount Desert Ferry was rather a long one, for the train stopped pretty often. John met me and we were



soon in Seal! It hardly seemed as if I had been away nearly two years.

*July 14:* I saw Nelson Rockefeller for just a minute and he's just the same. Genuine, embarrassed and a wonderful large mouth. He asked me to sail with him in a race Friday which pleased me tremendously. You just can't help loving him, for he's always doing things in a different manner from other people.

*July 16:* In the afternoon I went sailing with Oscar and Nelson. Nelson brought me home in his Ford, which he has covered with every accessory you could find. He has five horns, a French one, two siren kinds of things, also dozens of lights, a stop one on back, port and starboard ones on the dash board, lots of them inside, and spot lights, and goodness knows what else. It shines all over and goes pretty fast. He has some sort of gear shift and a Cadillac muffler. It's perfectly killing.

*July 24:* I went over to Northeast with Oscar and met Nelson there and then we raced. We got a great start — we were on the line when the gun went off and we kept our lead over the other two boats for the first round, but then we got confused, for coming around the third buoy there was a becalm and a lot of boats going every which way and so we lost our lead. However, we caught up and passed Billy and John and came in second which pleased us, for they had been out practising twice.

*July 25:* Nelson and I were going to go out and practise but there didn't seem to be much of a wind. When we came back Nelson had to fix his car which was rapidly falling to pieces. He says he's got too much on it.

*July 26:* Everyone is coming up around August first. John D 3rd arrives soon. I can't help wondering what he'll be like, for after you've written to someone you never knew so awfully well, or had seen more than a dozen times or so, and then never seen but once the two years since, it's rather hard to know what it'll be like. He may have changed a lot.

Dr. Fosdick was wonderful. There is such a difference between a real preacher and an average one. I felt as if he were really inspired and he made things so clear and made me see why some of the people who go to church and appear religious aren't as good as some who never enter a church, like Dad for instance. Dr. Fosdick said that there was all the difference between a religion about Christ and a religion that was Christ's religion. He compared it with Washington's birthday. Everyone seems patriotic but very few have Washington's beliefs. Dad is a very good example of what I've tried to reason out. Dad never goes to church or reads the *Bible*, yet he leads one of the most self-sacrificing, kind and just lives of anyone I know.

Abroad, I felt more religious, hearing the music and intoning and smelling the incense and all, because it was a beautiful ceremony and made me think about beautiful things. I'm glad I wasn't made to go to church when I was younger for now I am more religious than I think I would have been and my faith is deeper. Love, Katrinka.

P.S. I forgot to take any money and Nelson had to lend me a quarter.

*July 31:* Nelson insisted on taking me to meet John on his way from camp. We saw them going up the hill and tore up after them, blowing all the horns. Suddenly the gas gave out and we had to turn round and back up. I didn't know how to act or what to say when John came out. He's grown much taller but still has his crooked face. He's rather shy too.



Catharine by Frederick Bosley



*August 3:* We had a call from Pat Rooney, the bootlegger, and the boys sampled some port and bought some which they now have decided is rotten and are going to sell to some "poor devil in Northeast."

*August 8:* Johnny and I decided it was too hard to go to the left around a silent policeman and went out along the drive to Hulls Cove. We drove for an hour (at about twenty miles an hour) and had a fine talk, discussing all kinds of things — servants and honeymoons. He's so easy to talk with. I'm afraid I talk too much, for he always lets me rattle on. Instead of apologizing and flattering, he never gives any compliments except once in a great while. After I've been horrid and fished. Once though he said he would miss me, at some dance he was going to that I wasn't, and once he said I always did more than my share of work. I had to work hard to have him say that. It means a lot more though. One night he told me that when I leaned back in dancing that it didn't look so well. I was awfully surprised for I really never thought I tipped backwards, for I was merely trying to keep further from the partner. I felt terribly when I realized what I'd been doing, so I've tried to improve and stand straighter. Being told a thing like that from most people would make me resent it, but Johnny was so kind about it. Well we got home safe and sound about 1:00. Way-we called and said Mr. Rockefeller wanted to know if I was home and so we went to the telephone and I told him we were back, and he said he just wanted to know "and that was all." He must have thought it was all my fault and it really wasn't. John said his father never said a thing to him about it, so I'm afraid I've gone down terribly in his estimation.

*August 15:* The dance was fine for I didn't get stuck at all. It was a perfect night and the harbor was lovely with the reflections of the stars. I sat out with Otis for quite a while overlooking the swimming pool. It was a most romantic spot, but I have never succumbed yet to the beauty of the evening.

*August 17:* That night Johnny came to dinner as his family were all out and then Olive left Way-we and me to entertain John. We left soon after and went for a ride and then to see *The Ten Commandments* at Northeast. The first part was awfully good about Moses and all, some of it even being in color which does add such a lot to a picture. The modern part was awful and so we left in the middle to go to the Kimball House. I had a pretty good time, but it seemed as if everyone was with some dinner party and so couldn't dance with me until they had done their duty dances. On the way home by Astican we got a flat tire, so we had to stop and change it. John had never done it on that kind of car before and so we had quite a time. Nelson went by and waved to me but never stopped. He said afterwards that he didn't know what he thought we were doing. When we got back Nelson came down to "By ways" to see where John was. His father must think me awful.

*September 6:* No one wanted to go to church and I wouldn't go alone so I went sailing and thought nice thoughts. It was the best I could do.

*September 15, CONCORD:* Mother went to Salem and brought Grandpa back for ten days if he would stay, which was a question as he's never been here for more than three days before. The first few days were the worst, but we kept him reading and taking little walks and rides.

I won \$7.00 playing bridge, but it's the last time I shall play for money, not because I don't want to lose but because I hate to win all the

time. The other night I didn't play for money and had rotten hands and that's always the way. It's a bad thing to do; it's wrong to tempt people who can't afford it, or who think they can and can't. I began doing it originally for I was very much honored at being asked to do it with Russ and his friends. It seems a shame to win always and then stop, but my luck is always with me then, though I never play any differently. Sometimes I even forget until the end that we are playing for stakes. I can see now how very wrong it is.

*September 28:* I began my work at the Art Museum School rather scared. I got there at 9:15, more scared at being so late and wondering what I'd say. When I got in I found a general hubbub of old girls kissing and beginners looking very bewildered and wandering round. I had been registered so I left my things in a locker, got a snack and my charcoal, etc., also a large drawing board, the most awkward kind of thing to carry. I finally got put into a small room with a lot of other girls and Mr. Thompson was criticizing. A lady told us to get an easel and start to draw an eye, ear, nose or mouth from any of the casts around the room. The first morning we worked hard and silently. A few old girls looked in on us and we went on drawing in two tones only. The four hours seemed very long and we left before one, at 12:30 in fact.

*September 29:* Mother came in town and I met her after lunch, going over to see the apartment at 101 Chestnut. It's most attractive and ought to do very well. The place is convenient in every way as far as outside is concerned and inside is very nice, courtyard and fountain playing with a cloistered walk around it.

*October 3, BOSTON:* A very busy day. Bob Blaney wanted me to go to the football game but with two weddings and a tea, I just couldn't work anymore in.

*October 10:* John Baker-Carr was there and danced with me once. The first time for years. He doesn't seem as conceited as he did a few years ago. I tried to tell him how fine it was that he was doing so well at Tech and then asked him if he ever invented any more, found out he'd been to summer school and then the dance stopped. I saw him later to say goodnight. It was funny; we shook hands, said goodnight, and then stood in silence for half a minute looking and trying to tell how the other one felt. It seems funny after knowing a person pretty intimately for two years and seeing a lot of each other, to be so unfamiliar now. He may hate me but I shall always like him. "Once a friend, always a friend" is the way I like to be.

*October 16:* A gorgeous day, am quite encouraged and feel most important. I've "gone on to a head." When I went in this morning I could make nothing look right and then Mr. T. came round and said it was "first rate" and was awfully nice. Said he didn't mean it was perfection but pretty near and told me to blow it, which I did. Another girl, Betty Hayward beside me, can go on too: we were so tickled when we handed them in to the office. I'm doing the young boy. After I'd put my easel up and came back from a recess, Gordon Hansen was beside me and the Jap. Maybe he'll help me, for he's awfully clever.

*October 20:* Mr. Thompson came in today and was there nearly two hours before he criticized mine and then he said I had gone about it the right way, which I really hadn't in the beginning, for I didn't get a center

Art Museum School — School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Founded in 1876, the school is on the Fenway adjacent to the Museum. Miss Alice F. Brooks, the sister of Jennie Brooks with whom Catharine's mother had been in business, was "Manager of the School" from October, 1905 to December, 1925. As Catharine later recalled: "... she said to mother, 'Have Catharine come and just do drawing; never mind the compositions and the watercolours. See how she likes that.'" Catharine's mother had attended the same school.

Peter (who then spelled his name "White") was also enrolled as a first-year student that fall. In 1923-24, taking the advice of Banff painter Belmore Browne, he had attended the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles, but in 1925 he met in Banff the American painter Aldro T. Hibbard 1886 - November 3, 1972) who, with his wife, was in Banff to paint that spring and summer, and Hibbard suggested he would receive superior instruction where he had gone to school, The Museum School in Boston.

Catharine, Russell and Jean again lived in Boston, on Chestnut Street, that winter.

Mr. Thompson — Mr. T. — Leslie P. Thompson, Instructor in "Painting, Portrait."



Tosh — Toshihiko Yamaguchi, in later years Chairman of the Board of Yamatake-Honeywell.

line or anything like that. He said that the nose and eye were too large and so I had to destroy those.

*October 21:* Tried to correct my head, but made it worse. Gordon Hansen had some oils there which were remarkably good except the sky which was blotchy. He and Yamaguchi are great friends. By far the most attractive men in our room.

*October 25, CONCORD:* We went over to the Buttricks and played "21." I lost \$3.70. Jack and Russ *would* talk about it at the table, and Mother didn't like the idea of my playing. She won't even listen to reason, so why argue? You can't play "21" except for money whereas bridge you can and it isn't like gambling with strangers. Mother said I wasn't of age and until I was she didn't want me to play. Nevertheless I went over in the evening. It was fatal. I was urged and finally decided it was a good way to lose some of the \$20.00 I'd won at bridge from Jack. Luck was with me and I couldn't lose even when I was bank — which happened two or three times — and I won \$12.00, but thank goodness not from either Jack. I couldn't seem to lose. I decided I'd never play again, that's for sure.

*October 27:* Johnny wrote me a long letter, the first in two weeks because he was so busy.

*October 30, BOSTON:* Mr. T. came today, said I had made a good start but not to tip it too much. After he went out, little was accomplished for everyone talks. The Art Pupils had a wild party in Dorchester. One girl went but there was so much smoke she couldn't see and came out; it was a wet one too.

*November 3:* I've started in to walk to school. It takes me fifteen minutes to walk to the bridge and then twenty from there across through the Fenway, making thirty-five in all. It must be over two miles and a fine way to start the morning. It would take just as long to get a car up. It is lovely by the river and the Fenway with all the ducks. This morning everything went well or seemed to. I finished my head and got the mouth and chin in fairly like the cast. Mr. T. looked and said it was a "first rate start" and then put it up to compare. He told me to fix the chin and then fix it and hand it in to the office. He said it was good enough to go on with and shade but he wanted it and told me to start another. I had a fit for fear he'd want me to shade it. Jane shaded hers and we both handed ours in. It was a grand and glorious feeling.

*November 11:* Walked up with a sore toe and didn't do so very much work. We talked a good deal. Peter White, a Canadian, is one of the best of skiers and was in the Canadian circuit last year, which goes all around trying the various jumps. He's been over all the highest. All the boys in the men's antique class sang in the courtyard.

*November 16:* Art school was great fun today. It was dark at times and once the wind blew with a tremendous gust through a window and upset five easels with terrific reports. We also had a concert by some of the life class accompanied by the Charleston. Very amusing. Their model is very skinny and she isn't awfully attractive, so little work is done by them.

*November 17:* I'm afraid, Buz, I'm growing up; do you know I actually forgot to powder my nose before dinner?

*November 27:* Didn't accomplish much after Mr. T. had finished. Tosh told us that flattery in Japan was a slam and not a compliment and then

gave me a compliment and said he thought I was half-way between an Eastern girl and a Western. That an Eastern girl is very reticent. I didn't know what to say or how to take it.

Betty Converse and I went to the Art Club and saw some atrocious modern art, cubist, etc. It was most amusing.

*November 28:* Kim seems to like me quite a lot, but I haven't encouraged him because I want him to keep on liking Bee. He said I was "a perfect lady" and a wonderful hostess. I remembered what Tosh said and that Johnny R. has never given me a compliment in his life.

*December 6:* Dad is sixty-one but no one remembered at first. We celebrated by having cocktails and port for lunch.

*December 7, CONCORD:* George brought us in for Concours start this week and I can't waste a minute, for we have to do a head in a week. Gordon Hansen wants to do a charcoal head of me.

*December 16:* Dad and I did a little Christmas shopping together, he's so slow and never hurries. We had great fun.

*December 20, NEW YORK:* I rather hoped to see John but we came in too early. John asked me to go to dinner and the theatre Monday night but that was impossible and as the Rockefellers' telephone number is not in the book I had to send him a note and he telephoned Saturday after the wedding. I hate to say things over the telephone and part of the time Dad had to hear and in the middle Cousin Eugene came in and John kept on saying a little more.

He wanted me to go to church with his family in the morning but that would have been too much for me having sat with the Rockefeller family once at Seal. I might have seen him in the afternoon or Monday morning but I didn't like to write him again.

I stayed with Dad and read papers for we had three. Dad slept all the time and it did seem strange to be fourteen floors above Fifth Avenue and all alone with Dad asleep. About 5:00 or 4:30 a telegram came saying that Grandpa had died. It felt even stranger as I didn't want to wake Dad then, and that when such a thing as that had happened there was nothing to do. It was rather hard being away from home and Mother, but we couldn't go back sooner. It was all so hard to realize and I couldn't feel like crying, though I felt as if I should. There was nothing to do but go on reading until Dad woke up which he did in about an hour.

*December 21:* I was so anxious to take good care of Dad that I didn't realize and got him to bed about 8:30 and, of course, he couldn't sleep and I heard him about 10:00 (I was reading in bed) and so went in and we had the nicest talk about Grandpa. Dad certainly has been a wonderful son-in-law. Grandpa has known him as well as and loved him perhaps more than Uncle John. Jean says Grandpa told her so. Dad must have been a great comfort in many ways. Dad told me how wonderful Grandpa was and I felt so badly that I didn't appreciate him more, but I never knew him in his prime and only lately have I been old enough to realize how great he was and that I ought to have gone down to see him oftener. Somehow it was a thing too easily put off.

*December 30, BOSTON:* School again. We heard about Concours and I was hung with ten others and the three who won. Isabel Thorndike was first, but she's studied for three years. She really is a peacock. She came slipping into the room and pirouetted around and we asked what it was, knowing perfectly well.



Russell Robb I



Edward Sylvester Morse with Catharine, circa 1917

1926



Edith Morse Robb with Russell and Catharine, circa 1912

She quickly learned his name is "Belmore."

*January 2, CONCORD:* In the afternoon I went in town to a tea announcing Leslie Lockwood's engagement. It does make me feel old, for she is about the first friend my age to go off suddenly. Frank Fiske arrived and seemed to pay no attention to Jane Noble and insisted on eating on my side of the table, though I worked hard to get them together. I asked Jane if I could take her home and she said Frank was taking her. I did become a little suspicious and I was right, for they were engaged all the time. It is funny to go home with a boy and yet never speak to him at all at the tea.

*January 23:* Dad was sick with one of his fainting spells and the doctor said he must have a complete rest and stay home.

*February 9:* For a long time I've been thinking whether or not I would try smoking but I wanted to be alone to enjoy the full effect and see what it really is like. So tonight I tried for the first time. In the first place I put the wrong end in and nearly burnt my forehead with the first match. The second match lighted it but after a little puff nothing came and I decided it must have gone out. I finally got it going without choking, but couldn't taste anything. More smoke got in my eyes than in my mouth. I failed to accomplish rings and also to see any enjoyment in the matter. I nearly burnt my little finger trying to flick off the ashes and soon my throat began to smart. It was all most disappointing and so much worse than I had thought. Jean wouldn't let me take another puff when she saw me, and to tell the truth I was glad to stop. Never again, unless a pipe. That I should think might be more interesting.

*February 13:* I wish I could be like the kind of person I'd like to be. When I try to be nice I think of myself too much. Things I may do which some people call generous I do out of selfishness. If you think of something nice to do for a person and do it without their knowing it, you always sort of hope they'll find out you did it.

*February 14, CONCORD:* Mother came downstairs after supper with two flat packages that looked like calendars and said that she had forgotten it was Valentine's Day and had been meaning to give me a Valentine but that I could only have one of them and must choose. I thought of a handkerchief or a bead bag and then, when I opened the first one, to my complete surprise, I found a circular about Chrysler cars and in the second one about Packards, meaning that she was going to give me a Roadster.

It never occurred to me that I would be presented with a car of my very own. It even caused my first real nightmare, for I dreamt that George was driving Mother and me and Winnie Churchill, who was escorting us home from the theater, and tried to go around the end of a pier but found that there were some boxes piled up and one wheel got over the edge before he could stop and we slowly slipped over the edge. "There's nothing I can do," he said. We were still dropping to the rocks hundreds of feet below when I woke up.

*February 16, BOSTON:* Did the picture galleries all afternoon. At the Vose was Flora Lion's exhibition of portraits and lithographs. Then to Belmont Browne's oils of the Canadian Rockies which were very interesting, blue predominating in all the mountain pictures. Pete White who comes from Banff says they are fine.

*February 21:* I went to hear Roland Hayes. I certainly do enjoy music like that where there is some tune. He is the great negro and has such a

fine face and sings with so much feeling. It was interesting to see how he used his hands, clenching them and showing that he was trying to express a great deal and that he needed two outlets. The place was crowded; I suppose if you understand music you can appreciate it the way an artist usually likes a picture which expresses a certain thing over the heads of most people. I'm just beginning to see what art really means and how much there is in it.

*February 24:* Couldn't seem to draw at all; sometimes it is that way. Changed subjects, paper, charcoal, but it had no effect. Dad went to the office for the first time in weeks and was very much excited by all he heard and saw and did; presided over some meeting and told me about their new building; something secret he hasn't even told Russ.

Then we went and looked at a Packard Roadster. It certainly was beautiful in every way. We put in an order for one. Dad said it wasn't as if we had to give up anything in order to get it and that it was always a question when you gave money away, how much real good it did after all. You did it with your "fingers crossed," as he expressed it. I'm afraid I'll feel awfully conspicuous.

*March 4:* School, then went to have the Packard Roadster demonstrated. The car was brought around, looking too darn good looking, and out we went. I drove a good deal and tried in vain to find a fault. I can't believe it is really mine, and when the man dropped me at the Vendome I felt so pepped up with the thrill I had at seeing my car drive off that I bought a picture of Belmore Browne's at the Casson Gallery.

*March 8:* Walked up to the Guild to see Mr. Aldro Hibbard's things. They are wonderful; so much strength and color. Eliot Means was there, looking very well indeed — even with his waxed moustache. Then Pete came along and he introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard. Pete is such a kind person; he explained where all the mountains were. Walked home feeling happy.

*March 13, CONCORD:* Went for a walk with Patch later and found the most beautiful spot on the hill, back of the house, with a fine stump to sit on and a view of all the blue hills and mountains. Some day I shall have my studio there. A nice little building with a big fireplace and a piazza; and sleeping porch with only a sliding roof so that one could sleep under the sky when it was clear.

*March 17:* In the afternoon as I was going to see Mr. Verbeyden's exhibition at the Grace Home I met Pete White and so he went with me. He is a perfect, blue-eyed, innocent boy, kind and good, and ought to paint well some day. He has improved more than anyone in the class.

*March 19:* Concours is still going on and is pretty exhausting. Pete White is doing a very good one. I don't think his type of shading so remarkable though everyone else does and admires it very much, so he will probably win.

*March 30, SALEM:* Then down to Salem for the night as Mother is cleaning out the house there and I was afraid she would not keep everything we might want.

*March 31:* Got up early and got a good deal done. Grandpa never threw anything away, even letters from Mother which just say, "Will meet you Saturday," and people were always sending him things. He even kept Christmas cards and old bills. Everything has a coating of dust an



Belmore Browne (1880-1954), a New York born painter, and his wife and children lived intermittently in Banff between 1921 and 1940. Pete's early instruction in painting and art, other than a mail-order course in cartooning he enrolled in, was from Browne and from Mrs. Norah Drummond-Davis. Browne was an avid outdoorsman and alpinist, a member of the Cook-Parker Expedition (1906) and the Parker-Browne Expedition (1910) to Mount McKinley. In 1913 he published *The Conquest of Mount McKinley*.

eighth of an inch thick, no exaggeration, for the last time his libraries were cleaned was when Mother was married. I cleaned out the attic. We found old hats, shoes, boots, masks, pictures, coffee pots, maps, an old warming pan, fishing rods, boxes, shells, stones, tiles, trunks, bags, screens, and everything filthy. The cellar was fun too. Pottery which was so dirty it all looked alike; and an old loom all spider webs; lots of old bottles and kettles. Some had stuff in them, one champagne and wine and a bushel of condensed milk which had "gone bad." An old sea chest, locked, which made a fine juggle and gurgle when lifted. No key would fit so we pried it open and it was full of claret. There were bushels of shells in boxes in a dark hole and when Mr. Jenkins was hunting around he found a skeleton of a monkey. I found the Heroid bone of a "Peruvian Mummy" and a "section of the human soul" in one drawer in the desk. We packed most of the pottery in baskets to go to Concord, the letters for Aunt Margaret to look over; anything we didn't want went to the Peabody Museum for them to look over.

*April 2, BOSTON:* When I went in, Louise Waterman called out, "Congratulations, 'K'!" I said, "What for?" and she said, "Concours." I was wicked enough to hope she meant I'd won, but I tried to make myself believe she meant I was hung. When I saw Isabel, she said "Congratulations" and told me that someone Sheever had won the Concours on heads, Helen Bodley second, and I had won on figures and neither Pete nor she was mentioned. I didn't know what to say. It was too good to be true, for I really had tried awfully hard to win but had tried to want Pete to win. He really should have because he won't have a chance next time, but I was kind of glad to beat Isabel. She is so conceited. Maybe I didn't win after all. It was really Pete's friends' fault for telling him how good his was. Hardly anyone told me, except Gordon the last day. Mine was terrible, really, but putting the line around helped a lot. It's funny how hard you work to win and then, when you do win, it never seems so much.

*April 3:* Russ and I are going out in *my* car this afternoon. I signed the registration papers yesterday. It was awfully exciting to see "owned by Catharine Robb," for somehow I can't believe it is really mine.

*April 7:* School all morning. Pete White left for Banff as he has to work so that he can come back in the fall.

*April 13:* Russ was so funny about art. He said he didn't see why I wanted to paint because people never do it well and then hang their pictures all over the house.

*April 25:* Felt so lonely walking across the common as everyone else had a companion but me. It was great to get in my car again.

*May 2:* Jean and myself went to the Art Museum for an hour or more and saw the pictures, especially Sargent's, for he died suddenly a week or so ago.

*May 3:* I had a terrible afternoon for, when I went down to the Morses', I almost ran over a little boy. I wasn't going so awfully fast. Another car coming up, I looked at it and was only conscious of a figure behind a tree. The next I knew a little boy had run into the front wheel and I hit something hard and bumped. I stopped, got out and looked back to see a boy about ten doubled up and covered with blood. He had run to the side and fallen. My first thought was that I had run right over his middle. I can't possibly give you an idea of my feelings. I wondered why I





felt so calm. There were about six children there and I picked the boy up in my arms to carry him to the house when his mother appeared and took him. The man in the other car told the family it wasn't my fault and they said they saw it too and were very nice about it. I told them who I was and all, but they were very calm. The Morses wouldn't believe me when I said, "I just ran over a little boy." For some unknown reason I was just as calm as could be, but my lips trembled and my voice got very shaky as it does when I am scolded and can't explain what I've done. I didn't know just how to feel, but I only broke the little boy's bat which he had in his hand and didn't hit him at all. He had a nose bleed, was thoroughly scared, and had his wind knocked out. Paying the doctor's bills, and calling to see how he was, and giving him a new bat, fixed it all up. But it was a horrible experience.

*August 15, CONCORD:* Dear Buz, Think of it, the summer practically gone, though I feel as if it were just beginning for I go to Seal Wednesday. Mother going to Gorham and Dad with me to the Seaside. I could kick myself that I never wrote you all summer for these letters lose from not being written until long afterwards. Northfield was such a wonderful experience. I should have written long ago, but I have decided that religious thoughts and feelings perhaps are better to be remembered than written. Yet I have never forgotten in some book I read last winter where a father was giving advice to his son and told him to write down his thoughts as they were the most interesting things, not facts. I ought to reform.

*August 22, SEAL HARBOR:* We got there at 10:00 for a 10:45 service and just barely found seats. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick was there and he always draws a tremendous crowd. He certainly is wonderful.

After the sermon, when we were singing, I suddenly felt all thrilly inside and it seemed as if I would always feel lifted up after that. It's an unexplainable feeling, but there was no doubt then that there is a God who loves everybody and especially ones who live good lives and that he saves us from doing the wrong thing and made us consider.

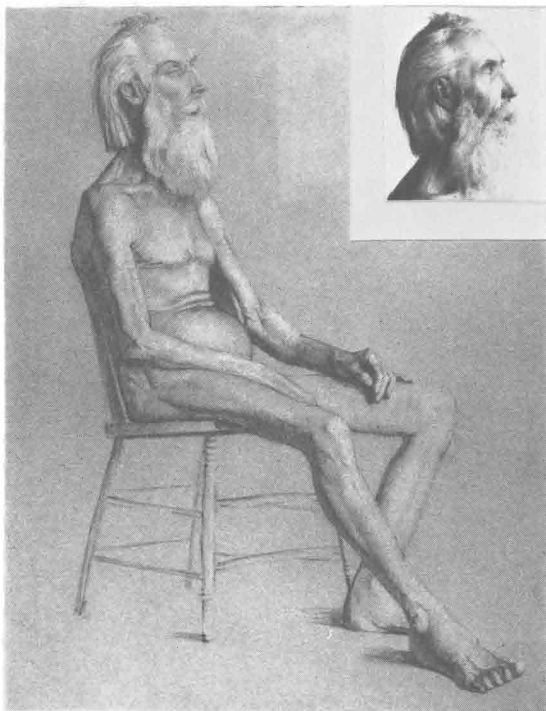
*August 29:* The Angells asked me sailing but I thought I'd stay and see Russ off, but then I thought I'd like to go to church. I hate to admit it but I wanted to see the Rockefellers, mostly John, whom I haven't seen for three whole days. I asked Mrs. Drinkwater to go with me and she was tickled to pieces which made me very guilty. I might have asked Emily Loomis if I had seen her first, even though I wouldn't have known what to do with her if John had spoken to me. Mrs. Drinkwater thinks me a dear sweet thing, but I know how darn selfish I am. Yet would I have been unselfish if I hadn't gone to church? Perhaps the difference between man and Christ is that man always does things for his own good and Christ for others and yet if Christ hadn't done as he did he wouldn't have been what he wanted to be. There were very few in church. Dr. Samuel Eliot didn't preach on account of his father's death, but some man from Southwest who didn't seem to know what he wanted to say did, but quoted a lot of disconnected things and talked hours. The Rockefellers came in. They certainly are a fine looking family. Nel waved his hat and John smiled, so I guess it was worthwhile from a selfish view.

*August 31:* Dear Buz, I just must write you before I go to bed and relieve my feelings as I have no one to talk to. Johnny hurt my feelings



From the Museum School's *Annual Circular*, 1927-28:

"The required standard in drawing from the antique having been reached the student enters the Life Class, drawing from the nude model, under MR. HALE, and is then advanced to the Painting Classes, painting from the head, under MR. THOMPSON, from the half-length figure, nude and draped, and finally from the full-length nude figure, under MR. BOSLEY. In the second year the student is required to attend the afternoon class in Anatomy, and the course in Construction Drawing under MR. DEMETRIOS."



terribly tonight, rather the way he did the last dance last year the night before I left, when he felt very happy and danced a lot with some pretty girl and not very much with me. I wasn't exactly jealous. The same thing happened today. I felt out of it all the time. Tonight he only danced with me once and with her three times anyway. She's awfully attractive and I don't blame him. I never could see just why he liked me any, except it has always been the same ever since we first met. I guess he likes me just about as much, but it hurts a bit when I'm only here a short time. It seems as if I were always waiting for him to grow up. I've made a resolution tonight. I want to be a great artist. I have every advantage, can buy the best material and go abroad, yet when you have the wherewithal it is harder to set to work. I would love to have another name to paint under and then go into my exhibition and hear what people say about the things. There is so much in life, yet one person can throw you into the dumps so easily and without thinking.

*September 12:* We were going to church but the service was in the afternoon. John telephoned to say goodbye, and, of course, the room was full of people and I couldn't concentrate with everyone talking and laughing.

*September 27, BOSTON:* My second year at the Museum School. It is such fun going back; everyone was so happy and glad to see each other. It makes me feel as if there is a place for me at school and that I would be missed if I weren't there. Everyone is so excited and eager to work. The Antique class of last year (the girls) have a life room to themselves and we were all a bit thrilled at the thought of drawing from a live figure. It was a man too and rather a shock at first to see him casually appear from behind a curtain, with nothing on, of course, and he wanted a pole to lean on and so wandered about the room and poked in corners until he found it. Then he posed and was remarkably still. At first it was rather queer and made one feel foolish and giggly to squint at him and hold up a ruler to measure, especially as I had to look at him head on, but in a very short time it gave me a start when his leg moved, for it didn't seem alive. It was easier than I expected and not as discouraging as I had thought for everyone in there was first year life.

*September 28:* Mr. Philip Hale criticized and he is unusually good. He cheers you up by saying so and so is "kind of good" and such and such is "sort of nice" and then begins "but this and that" and goes on to pull it all to pieces. He often uses terms as "You might say so and so" and then makes very amusing remarks and tells funny stories without cracking a smile.

*October 4:* School and a new model, a very modest acting female who has lovely skin but who wiggles a good deal and twitches her eyes. We thought she must be very inexperienced but found that she was considered the most beautiful model in Boston ten years ago.

*November 2:* More Anatomy, wheelbarrow man; bow and arrow and muscles galore and gory looking.

*November 3:* It was fatal to my Anatomy for I began *Beau Geste* and read all afternoon and most of the evening; such a fascinating book.

*November 8:* We now have an old man, skinny except in the legs, which are well developed. Very hairy, sort of ape-like, a long flowing white beard; someone said they gave him to us to practise drawing Santa Claus.

*November 16:* Today in life I was quite encouraged for all Mr. Hale said about my start was that one leg seemed a little chunky and that I might make the shadows darker when I first put them on. Then I showed him the drawing I did last week with one arm only finished and he said if I could keep on doing as well as that, that I would do "splendidly," but that he couldn't choose a drawing with so little done. The discouraging thing is to think how many of the good drawings up as examples were done by people we never hear of, yet John Whorf was kicked from school, so someone said, and he is very well known and has only painted a few years. The Museum has bought two of his pictures and the Chicago Art Institute wants him to exhibit there.

I wish I could draw or paint without always having to have the thing before me. The chief difficulty is my memory isn't accurate enough. That's why anatomy is hard. It's queer how different imaginations are. I can imagine myself in almost any situation and make up stories and things, but I can't imagine pictures of things, more feelings, yet I am too self-conscious to act. It's a queer thing how very different we all are.

*December 18:* Ebbs and I are trying to keep awake to see the Lunar appalus (or something of the sort), a negative eclipse of the moon. After supper Ebbs and I made experiments with a lamp, a quarter and fifty cent piece. When the earth is a certain distance from the sun and moon, all three in a straight line, you have a total eclipse but when the earth is mid-way between the moon and the sun there is a diffused shadow or half-light cast on the moon, called the penumbra. Mr. Hale talks about the penumbra as the half-light, the shadow in our drawings and that made me think that perhaps they are the same. The phenomenon occurs every four hundred years, and as it is a very clear cold night I thought it a good chance to see it, for I missed the total eclipse of the sun.

*December 25 CONCORD:* Dad gave me the beginnings of a box collection, and such beauties as he had bought; they were all done up separately. And I had the best time opening them. My room will probably look like the pitcher woman's some day. But boxes will fit into each other; another thing is that when you really collect, you get all kinds, so if you pay a lot for one and find it isn't really valuable, it may be to you because it's unique.

*January 5, BOSTON:* I really ought to be doing Anatomy, but gee how I hate the stuff. It bores me to extinction and I never can settle down to it. If I don't pass it, goodness knows what I shall do next year.

*January 7:* School and all my starts were wrong. Mr. Hale said just because I had drawn a good thing for Concours was no reason to think all my drawings were good, and gave me a long lecture about how a drawing would never be good unless it was done the right way, etc. The same principle he always goes on. Began by saying I had done very well in Concours, then making me feel the worst in the class. I know I'm not half as good as at least ten of the others, but somehow I always do better in Concours.

*January 10:* Last night I hardly slept at all, due probably to two cups of tea and cracked cocoa. I dreamt about playing tag football with a snake and falling over backwards when it was thrown at me and having it land on my stomach. I had to use a lot of reasoning not to feel it. I also heard five sets of milkmen with their bottles.

Mr. Hale — Philip J. Hale, "Drawing from Life; Artistic Anatomy."

Russ and Catharine again lived at Chestnut Street, Jean housekeeping for them.

Ebbs — Bert Newbury, Catharine's cousin who had grown up in Belgrade, Montana, stayed with the Robbs in Concord while he attended school.

1927



Carmine Carbone, Hank Cheever, Percy Hartley, Mario Costa, Pete at Museum School

On July 30, 1957, Catharine, writing a letter of condolence to her niece, Gale Robb, expresses what her own father's death meant to her.

Stone & Webster, after Catharine's father's death, prepared a commemorative publication which speaks of the many values Russell Robb I bequeathed to his daughter: "... we loved him because of his sweet and kindly nature that lay behind the ability, the judgement, the integrity, a nature that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Always considerate and helpful to those about him, never critical, seeing and encouraging the best that was in us all, strengthening our ideals, always unselfish, he kept before us, in his quiet unassuming way, the fine and beautiful things that make life worthwhile."

*January 14:* In the afternoon Dad came to be exrayed and dentisted so I went with him. He hasn't been very well, his blood pressure being high.

*January 16:* I must write you just a line or two before I start in on Anatomy. I read quite a lot of Grandpa's journal, written when he was twenty, and it was most illuminating. Like this in some ways. I don't mean to flatter myself that I am at all like Grandpa, but all his thoughts and resolutions, are so plainly seen I understand just how he felt. At the beginning of the year he makes noble resolutions after a little sort of exhortation. He won't smoke, drink or swear and will try to fix up his cabinet. Then he forgets some of the resolutions later on. Just as I am liable to do.

*January 21:* Pete White and I toured the exhibitions beginning at the independents on Joy Street and then walking up to the Art Club and Guild. Someday I hope we can go round all the queer places I couldn't go to alone.

*February 1:* Dad, Mother, Edith and I went to hear Mary Garden in *Resurrection*. She was superb. I never saw such acting. She's on the stage practically all the time. She was even better than last year.

*February 3:* I again walked up to school, the only satisfactory way of waking myself up. Pete White showed me the Carl Rungius exhibition of Canadian animals in their native surroundings. They were beautifully done. Tore back here to dress for the opera, the family going; Dad and Russ sat together and Mother and I. It must have looked most amusing.

*February 7:* Dad and Mother came in town. Mother and I went to opera; Dad not feeling well.

*February 8:* Dad worse; in bed all day. Sat with him and did Anatomy. Dr. Joslyn came and got a nurse. Russ and I went to Opera.

*February 9:* Dad went to Philips' House; very sick. Went to *Carmen*, Milby, Jean Lindsay and E. Darling.

*February 13:* Mother and I spent night at hospital.

*February 15:* Dad died at 4:25 a.m. Went out to Concord at 12:00.

*February 16:* Funeral at 2:30.

*March 11:* Both John Morses for dinner, warm, Peter left school.

I can't help feeling that there is some way the spirit goes on, for it is the one thing that a person has that other living things may not.

I think I understand a bit of what you feel though it was thirty years ago my father died. They say a daughter and father, or son and mother, are closer to one another than vice versa, some psychological reason and often it works out that way. Perhaps it is because a father accepts the daughter for what she is and loves her for it, whereas he wants his son to do the things he couldn't, like being a great athlete or scholar; and the mother the same, she is just naturally proud of her son but perhaps tries to organize the daughter; just a matter of human nature, no doubt.

My father was five years older than yours, and I must have been twenty, when he died, for it was my second year in Art School. I wondered why he should have died so young, for he had been very careful on account of his high blood pressure for several years. He had a stroke; perhaps more than one. Sometimes there is an unforeseen reason back of it all. Had father not gone when he did I probably never would have known Pete so well and never would have had the wonderful life we have enjoyed together. Might even have landed an old maid!

*March 22, VANCOUVER:* Arrived here on Saturday and after placing the Chinese on board the *Empress of Russia*, was given my freedom and allowed to go where I pleased.

The trip was not eventful at all, but interesting, and to study some of the characters on board the car was about the only way of passing the time, outside of eating and sleeping. The man in charge did not wish us to play cards, write, sketch, or do anything which might distract our attention from said Chinamen and give any of them a chance to leave our presence. There were six of us, including the chief, and I was the only "child", the others being policemen or detectives, who have much experience. One weighed about ninety-five lbs. and had a crooked leg, another over two hundred and sixty lbs., one was a most terrible crank. But we all got along together.

There are twenty-five Chinese, including one dead. The poor fellow died just before we left and had to ride in a box in the baggage car. The car was under a \$115,000.00 bond from Montreal to Vancouver, so you see why they did not wish to have any trouble with the Chinks.

*April 13, BANFF:* Since arriving back here I have been doing a lot of walking and climbing and am beginning to feel in pretty good condition. Last week my brother Cliff, Cyril Paris and I went to Hector on the train and walked from there to Field, about twelve miles and I sketched on the way. Hector is just across the Great Divide on the Pacific Slope. There is heaps of snow there yet, but we followed the railway down the big hill, through the Spiral Tunnels and the walking was fairly easy.

Sunday, nine of the more energetic young fellows around Banff climbed to the top of Sulphur Mountain on skis. From the village to the top is seven miles, thirty-two turns on the trail. From the Hot Springs to the summit took us about two hours. We came down in seventeen minutes to the springs and about thirty minutes to the village.

*April 15:* I am awfully sorry that you did not win the Concours, Kay, but the next one you will. You have won so many already it is just as well to give some of the others a chance, or else they might get discouraged and quit.

*April 17, CONCORD:* Dear Buz, I remember in Grandpa's diary, he skipped two months when his father died and here I've done the same. I hope I shall be able to make it up when Mother's in Gorham next week. She hardly gives me a moment to get anything done and there is so much to tell you. How in the world can I ever begin?

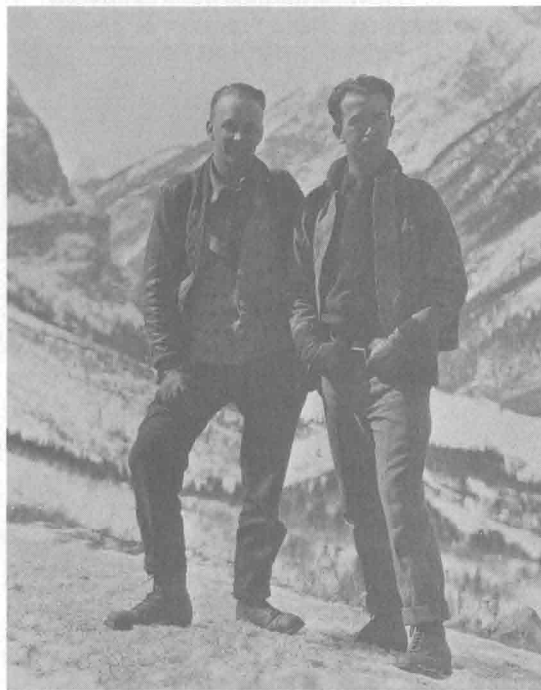
*April 19:* I think I'll turn into a philosopher, Buz, because there is so much strain on my theories just now and I do have a hard time sticking to what I've aimed at. Today was the "Nineteenth." I began the day rather well by rising about eight, for I find that when I lie in bed and get out of the regular routine, I'm apt to have a headache. Somehow I have a hard time talking to Mother. Dad was just the opposite, for I'd stop everything else in some discussion. He made every subject interesting.

*May 24, BANFF:* Can you imagine what has happened? I had a letter from Mrs. Gibson at the school informing me that I have been awarded another Mary Ripley Scholarship which entitled me to my tuition for another year. It was very unexpected, because I left so early, but it makes me so happy that I don't know what to do with myself.

Really, Kay, the distance from here to school makes my return each year rather uncertain, but now I will most certainly return.

Pete and Catharine begin their correspondence. Catharine's letters to Pete in 1927 have not been located; Catharine's entries for the rest of 1927 are from her *Letters to Buz*.

In order to get to and from Boston Pete worked as a guard on CPR cars travelling between Montreal and Vancouver carrying Chinese workers travelling under bond from or to the West Indies. Pete's family, Catharine later said, was not interested in his becoming an artist.



Cyril Paris and Pete on Field Hill

Peter's sister and brothers:

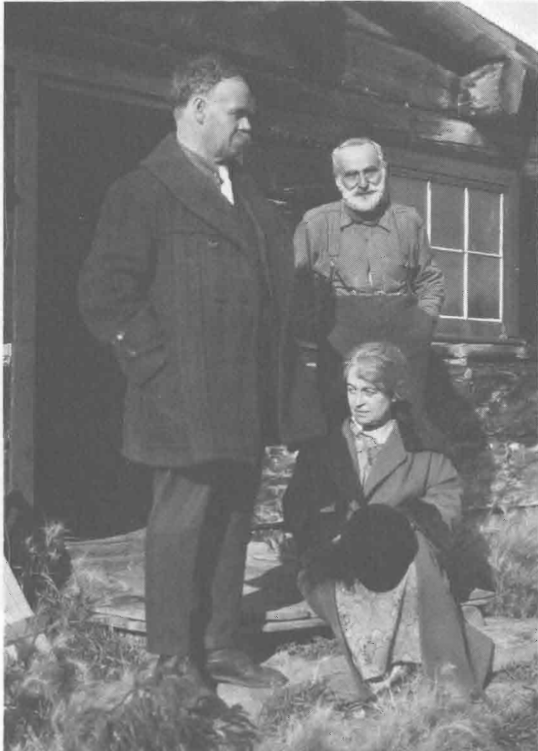
Clifford (1902 - March 11, 1964)

Lila (1903 - May 3, 1961)

Dave, called "Jack" or "Jackie" (1908 - December 6, 1961). Peter was born January 22, 1905. All were born in Banff.

After her father's death Catharine made a trip to Detroit, Milwaukee, and Des Moines, Iowa, to meet and visit her relatives on her father's side of the family.

John Murray Gibbon (1875 - July 2, 1952), the CPR's head publicist, a novelist, anthologist, a collector of folksongs, and a promoter of hiking, riding, and skiing in the Rockies.



Pete's mother, Annie Jane Curren White, was born in Airdrie, Scotland, December 8, 1880. Her mother died in 1883, and J. D. Curren and her daughter and son emigrated to Canada in 1886, settling at Anthracite near Banff. In 1901 she married Dave McIntosh White, who was born in Nash Creek, New Brunswick in 1864. He had moved west to the mountains in 1885, working initially for the CPR, building, among other things, the first shelter by the shore of Lake Louise. He later became a section foreman at Sawback, west of Banff, and eventually became a merchant, owning and operating the Park Store in Banff.

*August 4, CONCORD:* The western trip was a great success but I was disappointed not to go way out to Montana. I wasn't as anxious to go west as I was to go to Seal. I was doing it more because I thought Dad would want me to keep up with his relations and know how much all of them loved him but now, unless I go way out again, the Newburys will think I don't want to visit them, which isn't the case at all.

*August 7, BANFF:* Last week I had the most unusual streak of luck. I sold my first painting. It was only a small oil sketch of a mountain peak, but evidently the man liked it because it was he who asked me to show him the pictures in the first place. The man is John Murray Gibbon, a writer and director of all the CPR publicity. He studied art in Paris for some time before becoming a writer.

*August 15, SEAL HARBOR:* Someone asked me where I would be the rest of the summer and I said, "In Concord." I went home thoroughly worn out. As I stopped the car at 5:30 George came out and asked if I would meet Mother at Mrs. Shepley's and I said, "No" I was too tired. Then he said, "Are you going to Seal Harbor tonight?" I thought he was being fresh and joking, but he said that an invitation for me was in the house. You may imagine how I tore in and found Mrs. Shaw had called on Mother and remarked how she wished I could have gone with her. It took me no time to decide whether to go or not. I really wanted to go up at the end of September for then most of the summer people except the ones I knew would be gone, but of course I snapped up the chance.

*August 17:* Johnny was at the [new] Harbor Club and much surprised, also the usual crowd minus a few old standbys. It gave you a funny feeling to have such a place in Seal, but they really did need it and it's a fine place. I wished so we had a house and we were all there as we used to be.

*August 18:* Before dinner at night I was out on the piazza admiring the sunset and looking for the Angells and a nice middle-aged lady came up and spoke to me, admiring the view. She seemed rather surprised when I said I was looking for the Angells. I suppose she thought of heavenly bodies.

John didn't dance with me but twice at the dance, but it was a help to know he only danced once with the other.

*August 27:* Having seen Marcia the morning before and being told that they were going to climb Day Mountain and see the sunrise, I decided to go with them. The night watchman banged on my door, "3:30, Ma'am" and I managed to get up. It did feel queer starting out at that early hour, for it was dark enough to need lights. We left the car on the County Road. Stiggy led the way and we stumbled after him. His theory is that you should set a pace and never stop on the way up a mountain. It worked surprisingly well after the first few minutes, for you must remember it was my first climb of the year. It was about 4:30 and growing light, but we could still see the lighthouses blinking away. The sun rose just before 5:00 and it was perfectly lovely, a mackerel sky which the sun lined with gold and at times the color went way around the horizon.

*August 29:* In the afternoon I felt desperate, for the Rockefellers' dance was the next night and I hadn't been asked and I knew how miserable I would be all that evening and I knew they would have asked me if I'd been here and then I hadn't seen John for a long time. I took my

courage in both hands and called him up and asked if he would do me a favor and go for a ride with me that afternoon. He was awfully nice, said it was no favor and suggested 4:00. We took my car as he had let Laurance have his and we went over to Southwest and took every road to the left. It rained hard every little while and we got onto the worst roads. He asked me, of course, to the dance, said my name had been crossed off the list. I asked if he would like Ned and Dana Hinchley to come for I knew they wanted extra boys.

*August 30:* I really had a grand time and foolishly stayed too late. When will I ever learn not to expect John to dance with me more than once or twice? Mr. Drinkwater danced with me first and I really thought there would never be a second. It seems as if the young don't dare cut in on older men. Nel came to my rescue and seemed to be having a good time. Later Mr. Rockefeller danced with me and we passed Noel Field three times before he dared cut in.

*September 1:* I was brazen and called up John to see if he would like to go over and see Faith off on the train, but he said he couldn't and anyway had said goodbye to her once, then told me his family was waiting for him at lunch. There seemed no hope of seeing him again and so I decided I didn't care and was foolish and why should he care about me anyway and regretted lots of things and made up my mind to think no more about it.

*September 2, BANFF:* Sometime after September eighth I am going to Lake O'Hara which is back away from the main line. I will get a horse and ride in and stay a few days and try to do a little sketching. I have not done a bit of drawing since last April. Wouldn't it be terrible if I should forget how!

*September 3, SEAL HARBOR:* Dana asked me to go somewhere for supper. We started at 5:00 and didn't get back until 1:00 and I don't know when I've spent eight solid hours with one person and enjoyed every minute. Dana suggested Gouldsboro; I drove quite a way; then he asked to drive after he had put some water in the radiator. I was so mad at myself I hadn't let him drive all the time, for he must have felt funny with me driving him. When we came home I began to feel I'd rather have him drive than myself, and I never felt that way before, even with Russ.

On the way back Dana asked if I'd like to go by way of Bar Harbor. I said, "Yes." Then again he stopped and suggested Thunder Hole and again I said, "Yes"; the third time he didn't ask me and we went around by Champlain Monument. Just prolonging the trip. Rather different from Henry Warner; when I told him to go right it was the shortest way. Dana told me quite a lot about skiing and I don't know just what. Dana seems so kind, the sort of person you can tell anything. He agrees so beautifully.

I felt less and less like going back especially as I had all my packing to do and yet I knew I had a long day ahead of me driving down in Sunday and Labor Day traffic. It was pleasant, just sitting and talking when you felt like it. It was the nearest I've ever come to spooning. Now I shan't make such fun of people parked by the side of the road as I used to. I don't know Dana so awfully well. He's good at anything outdoors, but not socially inclined. He's considerate and kind and seems to like me even if I am foolish and selfish.



New school: (from the *Annual Circular*)  
"... a new building on the corner of the Fenway and Museum Road. This is a fire-proof structure of three stories, faced with brick and artificial stone. It has been designed especially for its use and its twenty-four studios and class rooms can easily accommodate four hundred pupils."

Pete decided that "Whyte" was more distinguished than "White" for an artist. His father had changed from "Whyte" to "White" when he became a merchant in Banff. The name is still spelled both ways by various members of the family.

Dana — Dana Hinchley

During the 1927-28 term Catharine lived with three other classmates, Anne Hunt, Esther Mitchell, and Dorothy Morton. Two other classmates, Lucy Jarvis and Helen Weld, lived in the same apartment block on Huntington Avenue.

It was especially nice to feel someone liked to be with me after giving up John. Dana's so good himself he's apt to be hurt more easily. My conscience troubled me about staying out so late like that; and Dana wrote and said this troubled him too, but he'd figured it out. I wonder how. It is hard to say goodbye to people when everything is sort of unreal. I don't know what I said but I know he fell over a rocking chair and was gone before I knew it.

*Sunday, September 4:* My packing was finished by 1:30 and I was up at 7:00 and had the car around. We got off about 8:45, after saying goodbye to all the people up. I wondered if Dana would be somewhere around and it was nice to see him working on his car in the garage. I half-thought he would be somewhere in sight, but was surprised and just waved.

*September 8, CONCORD:* A letter came from Alden and I wrote my first business letter alone. I tried writing Dana but it didn't work.

*September 9:* Again attempted a letter to Dana and was successful in covering the paper at least.

*September 26, BOSTON:* The first day in the new school I went up and got Sally Shaw as she is going too this year. She's awfully pretty and has a lot of poise, but nothing to say for herself that I can see. She answers questions but can't expand on any topic. She's sort of sophisticated and made me feel like a mere child. I'm afraid I surprised her by running up to people in the line and kissing the girls and shaking hands with the boys. After I got her registered and left her to see Dorothy Morton, I came back and found her sitting on a chair in the hall appearing quite at her ease, as a girl does who has been left at a dance while the boy goes for supper and she tries to look as if he were coming back but is afraid people will think he isn't.

Peter Whyte was back and it was good to see him. I didn't do more than shake hands with him then. This morning as I arrived in the car he gave me a nickel plate in the shape of a buffalo to show I can go through Canadian National Parks or have been there. I don't know quite what it is, but it goes on the front of the radiator.

*September 28:* School went pretty well. I felt almost like hugging Gordon Hanson when I saw him this morning for you never see any of the old class except the girls, but at eleven the crowd of boys were outside and Batch was as funny as ever and Peter sort of laughing and beaming. Percy Hartley isn't back and we do miss him; he used to make such good music out of nothing but a radiator, a ruler, a stool and stamps and hums.

As I came out at 1:00 to meet the girls, who should I see across the street but Dana. I never was so surprised and said as many foolish things as I could, for it is hard to concentrate and I knew that Dorothy was waiting in the car. He asked me what I was doing and I said Thursday was a free afternoon (for I was thinking of next week) and he said, "then tomorrow," and I was so knocked by finding today was Wednesday I said yes, and now it's all arranged.

*September 29:* Dana has just gone, left at nine. I don't know of anyone I could spend so many consecutive hours with and enjoy the last as much as the first. We hit it off beautifully, but my conscience hurts me so for I'm afraid he likes me more than I do him, and I know I shall hurt his feelings so some day. I'm weak enough to enjoy having people think me



all kinds of nice things I know I'm not but would like to be. I love flattery; there's no use denying it. Dana has such a wrong impression and I'm afraid he thinks I understand things I don't. Yet when I tried to tell him today it didn't work. Perhaps in the dark I could tell him better when I couldn't see his face.

*September 30:* The buffalo on my radiator caused some excitement. Sheldon asked if I'd been to Canada, but I have a good comeback and say that Russ was there, which is half-true. It's rather awkward for I don't want to hurt Peter's feelings by not putting it on, yet it does look quite flashy. I don't think Dana liked it. Dorothy said everyone knew who had given it to me. I didn't think they would. Pete wasn't there today.

*October 1:* Foolishly lay in bed and thought what I'd better say to D. It worries me to think of hurting his feelings for I'm afraid he is very sensitive.

*October 3:* I got to school early and have an excellent place. Picnicked with the girls on the Fenway. Coming back, saw Dana going in the opposite direction and waved. He was surprised and turned round and came back, but as usual I was half-dazed and when he asked me where I was going and I said back to school he spoke of being sorry to have missed me.

Have I told you of my new discovery? I am conceited. People who have nothing to be conceited about are usually the most conceited, so I pretend to be modest, but if I'm conceited and there's nothing to be conceited about, if I try to be modest, people will think I'm much better than I am, but on the other hand I don't want to be conceited. To tell the truth I begin to realize my weaknesses more every day and am growing quite humble. That's one reason why Peter appears a bit boastful. He's really so modest that he talks about things which he doesn't realize most people would boast about.

*October 4:* Coming out in the car I sing hymns at the top of my voice and it's great fun for no one can hear me and if they did it might do them good.

*October 5:* I wish I didn't want someone to tell things to and who, no matter what I did or said, would be just as fond of me. The trouble is I never would be satisfied unless a person like Father sympathized with me and I haven't seen another person like him and perhaps I never will. It is rather an impossible situation, for a person who is so fine would never care for me. I do have you to confide in and my religion which comes first but at times when everyone is getting engaged I feel a bit depressed. I know I have everything to be thankful for.

*October 9:* I realized I never feel bored. I don't know just what I would call boring. There's something interesting always going on. If the other person talks in a boring manner, return the compliment, talk yourself. Dana brought me home after dinner and we had a nice time and discussed all kinds of things like consciences and being conceited. It would be great if he didn't think I was nice. He's disillusioned now. I guess I'm like Mother and crave sympathy. Really it would be great if I could inspire Dana to do something worthwhile. He's now taking an electrical engineering course at Tech at night and I really admire him for it. He's the kind that adores outdoor life in the woods and skiing and fussing around with radios, developing pictures and fixing cars and it must be hard to find a job he'd like. I'd love to help him but I don't want him to like me too much.

*October 10:* School, and had a great time teasing Peter Whyte.



*October 11:* Discovered Peter sitting in front of the ecoucher in the Anatomy room and so joined him and we both discussed being discouraged and Mr. Hale, and then I thought how amusing to be talking with a boy while contemplating the statue of a man in less than his skin.

*October 14:* Went to Illustration. Peter drew a sketch on my block while we were waiting for Mr. Clark, and Gordon said, "What's that?" I told Pete to label it and he put my name. It was a picture of a lady with no face, sort of leaning against a table. I was amused. The class is fun but I hate to show them how poor I'll be. How I try to avoid doing new things. I've had oil paints upstairs for over a year and haven't dared try them yet. Isn't that awful?

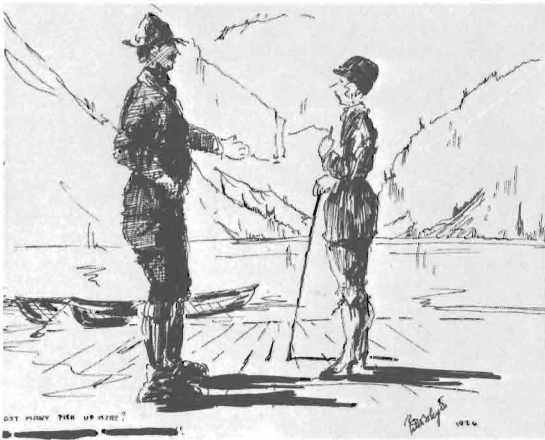
Nearly forgot to mention seeing Dana. Saw him coming without a hat and an open car but he didn't see me when I waved. Almost turned around to follow him, but decided that wasn't the proper procedure for the girl, so went on.

*October 15:* Had a great time with Peter. He gets discouraged though I haven't quite decided what about. He said he couldn't speak good English and I wouldn't understand. He wants to go to China; also says he's never going to marry for you can do better work that way, which I was glad to hear. I bet him he would be famous within ten years and he bet not. So we are going to put it down in writing and whoever loses gives the other a trip to Herschel Island, wherever that may be, somewhere in Canada near Banff or Lake Louise I think, and you go by horse or boat I think. If Pete becomes famous by 1940, he gives me the trip. It will be interesting to see what we are doing by that time. The bet is really serious. I think Pete's got it in him. He gets what he wants. I wish I could encourage him or inspire him to do well. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have the art of making people really work towards a high aim?

*October 18, CONCORD:* Mr. Hale came too soon and I was in the midst of rubbing out anatomy and he said I'd drawn by outline and the trouble with me was that I didn't put the shadow in soon enough. The last time I put it in too soon.

Took Peter home for he had a blanket which he brought for me. I was a bit worried by its description, having red, green, yellow and black stripes. However, it is too lovely, being white and he was a peach to think of it. It's on my bed now and so soft and nice. He showed me his room and his Indian costume. He and his brother are members of some tribe and the beaded garments are beauties — deer skin, smoky smelling, and a real headdress. I rather questioned going up to the apartment, but I guess it was alright.

*October 23:* Every time I'm about to see D, I plan all kinds of things to say and then never say them. Well, I tried but, I'm afraid, made a mess of it, though D couldn't have taken it better. In the middle of it Mother called for me to go to bed and I went up to say goodnight and she was in tears and said how lonely she was and that no one helped her and the radio tired her (though she was the one who kept listening) and that she hadn't seen me at all since before she went to Gorham (though I came home as much as I could instead of staying in town). She blubbered on and I promised to stay out every night this week except Friday though I had planned to stay in town. So I had to start all lumpy and couldn't tell D what I had planned. You see, I was very fond of someone and thought he liked me as well and sort of always would and then found



he was engaged for six weeks without my knowing it. It hurt my feelings, my pride too, and I didn't want to hurt Dana that way. I tried to tell him but I couldn't, and got things frightfully mixed up. He's so solid and strong he made it seem alright. Now my conscience is a bit clearer.

*November 1:* On arriving at school, found Dana waiting, having tried to get me all evening and even at 8:15. He's given up going to Tech, why I don't know, and we decided to go to the movies Wednesday night. I told him I missed him over the weekend, and he asked why I didn't call him up.

Spent long rest on the roof with Peter. He spoke through a cold but insisted that he never had one and never took medicine, but was going to take some raw whiskey. He wasn't at Composition, so I hope he was alright. He is planning to take December off and chaperone a carload of Chinamen to Vancouver and spend Christmas in Banff. He'll miss Concours; I wish he'd stay and win it. He told me what he's planning to do; get a good foundation here and then go back to Canada and start a school of Art in Banff and later get children to work with him and teach them, for he said he wished he'd had that, for people don't even have faith in him now and think he does it for fun. I'll bet Pete could do it. There is a lot to him. He thinks of going to Philadelphia to school, and I want to go to London. He said he was the first generation up there and was born in the Northwest Territory. If he would only cut his fingernails.

*November 2, BOSTON:* Dana came and we saw *Les Misérables*. I disgraced myself by upsetting a spittoon, full, tripping lightly over it and missing the contents. Then we decided to get away from people, turned off the road onto the shortcut to the school, found a parked car and couple, went further and it was rather nice with all the stars out and everything so quiet but it was thoroughly upsetting to my peace of mind. Things seem to get worse and I don't know how I feel. D wore a hat for the first time I can remember and he looked unaccustomed. When he looks so serious I don't have the heart to hurt him.

If only people you liked liked you. Now John, for instance. If he asked me down to Princeton I have a feeling I would forgive him everything and like him more than ever. Yet he isn't half as good as Dana and Dana understands things so darn well. To tell the honest truth I am conceited and proud of the way I took things last spring. How I worked out a faith which helped me wonderfully when Dad died.

*November 3:* Dana and I went for a ride and we managed to get things quite well cleared up and I did feel better. I told him there is someone else I didn't know whether I liked better than him or not, not mentioning names, for then he would be prepared if I found I didn't like him as much as I thought; and while I was telling him, not mentioning names — for it wouldn't be fair to John — I began to feel quite strongly for John, but I don't want to do more than be able to help Dana get started and have someone to discuss things with, for he does figure things out well.

*November 4:* Mother came in and Jean was in the car. They acted as if they hadn't seen me for months. I suppose it seems that way to them. Peter has cut his fingernails, so all is well. I was rather proud of my first attempt at illustrating; anyway I enjoyed doing it.

Lucy, Helen and I all went to dinner and talked of trying for the Lea



The Museum School

Prize. We all began this week by getting pencil paper, but at long last were told one makes a start in charcoal and traces the proportions, so some of us began again. My, how I would love to win the Lea Prize sometime! Of course, there is no possible chance but it would be fun to try. We went to Peter Whyte's and Wendall Luce's apartment and had a beautiful time, especially drawing Pete in his chaps, which are beauties, and we had to admire all his things. He produced icecream and cake so it was quite a party.

*November 5:* At long rest on the roof Peter and I talked until nearly 1:00 and had a beautiful time. He certainly is a peach and I like him better than any other boy at school, perhaps because I know him better. Hank's a corker too. We talked of all kinds of things, and finally I asked if he were hurt when Dot told him we would like him better if he cut his nails and he said, "No." I told him it affected people as a dirty neck would and he broke off one of his pet little ones and said he would keep his short if I would stop picking mine, for I told him I had that bad habit. He said there weren't many people he'd do it for, and I really think he took it darn well. So many people judge by first impressions.

*November 9:* Dana is a dear but I like him better when I'm with him than when he's somewhere else. I'm not even going to worry about whether he likes me more than I like him. I think I'm just as fond of Peter as I am of him. Of course, Pete is a Scotch friend.

*November 11:* Mr. Hale was in a fine mood and I even started another Lea drawing but have decided it's pretty hopeless. Illustration in the afternoon. Anne got the best criticism anyone has had yet and had a corking illustration. Peter asked me to supper, so at 6:15 I walked down and he up Huntington Ave. and we met and had dinner at the Cerulean Blue and discussed everything from Religion to Art and Skiing and I enjoyed it "muchly," as Pete would say. He told me in great detail about freezing his face and then we went up to get his things and he gave me two of Belmore Browne's paintbrushes to start in work with, as the latter supplies Pete with painting equipment.

*November 14:* A peach of a model this week, the big, good looking bruiser, who has flat feet and "can't be a policeman," so Anne says. Sketched the man in the afternoon as some of the girls have him for the Lea prize drawing they are trying afternoons this week.

*November 15:* Peter Whyte is all set up for he showed Mr. Hale the book of sketches he is doing for me and was told to take them down to the *Herald* office. I also had a drawing accepted. Mr. Allen advised him to go into painting. I was just about as set up as Pete, especially as he told me not to tell anyone. I wish I could do something to help him along. He was also advised not to go to Philadelphia as he wanted to. I shan't think any more of my going either. I thought it was supposed to be even better than our school and rather wished I could try working away from home for awhile.

*November 17:* To meet Peter Whyte, then around the exhibits and walked back here, so I was quite worn out as to feet. Peter was all set up. He'd just received a letter from the man in Montreal saying he could go on the Chinese train to Vancouver to have a stopover in Banff for Christmas but would stay a month more in the spring.

*November 22:* Fed up with the model and my start, began a new one. Mr. Hale came in and said it is good to force oneself to correct mistakes.



Catharine by Carmine Carbone

Mr. Allen — Frederick W. Allen, Instructor in "Modelling," i.e. sculpture in clay.

I pulled a bona. Mrs. Gibson came in about 9:30 and said, "Hasn't your model appeared yet?" When we said, "No!" she looked so discouraged that I piped up — why I don't know — "Cheer up!" whereupon everyone laughed and I felt rather ridiculous. Composition in the afternoon and I was worse than ever. I begin to wonder at times why I go on and if I have any talent at all.

*November 23:* The model insisted on heat and the windows shut. It being a hot day, I refused to work and found that Peter was going too and said I could choose an oil of his. So we went down together and I chose a sketch. He told me more about Herschel Island, which I had imagined about a hundred miles from Banff, but find it's in Mackenzie Bay and you go up the Mackenzie River to the northern part of Alaska. It's the most Northern Post of the Mounted Police. It would only be a five months' trip and you can go with a lot of the Police and come back by boat to Vancouver. You go with two Indian guides, by canoe and dog train, so it would be quite a trip. Here I wish I had a chance to do something very thrilling, yet I probably would have cold feet about a trip of that sort. If we missed the boat, it would mean being there a year.

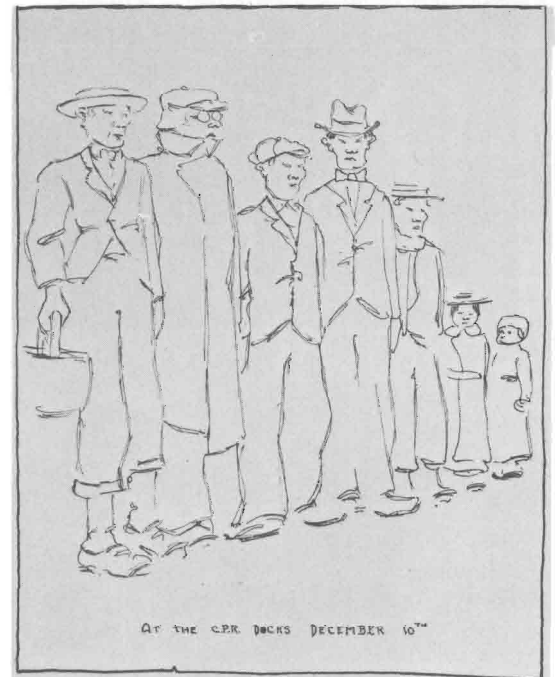
*December 1:* In the afternoon met Peter at the Vose Gallery and toured the exhibitions. Peter had a chance to sell his Book of Sketches, but didn't as they were made for me. Pretty darn nice of him I think.

*December 2:* Mr. Hale gave me two crits, coming back to mine after two crits in between. He certainly is a great man. Mr. Clark wasn't there so we had no "Illustration." It was still pouring cats and dogs and Peter hailed a taxi and we came home in style. That night I went out to supper with Peter; we ran for a streetcar and got soaked by the time we reached the Cerulean Blue. We had a fine time. Pete has changed Herschel Island to a trip over Europe by plane. We discussed work and his trip home, and then he asked me to tell him when he did the wrong thing Peter took me up to his apartment and showed me more of his treasures, all the gold and bronze medals he's won in Banff skating, skiing and swimming. A whole box of them, twenty or thirty. I really think he's not conceited, for he's never mentioned ski racing before but just jumping. He probably doesn't do as well as a lot of his friends and doesn't consider it an achievement to boast about. He also gave me a piece of parachute cloth to make a handkerchief out of.

*December 20, BANFF:* I had been watching for your letter every day and was wondering whether it had gone astray, but this morning just as I was about to start away on a ski trip, it arrived, and I was very happy.

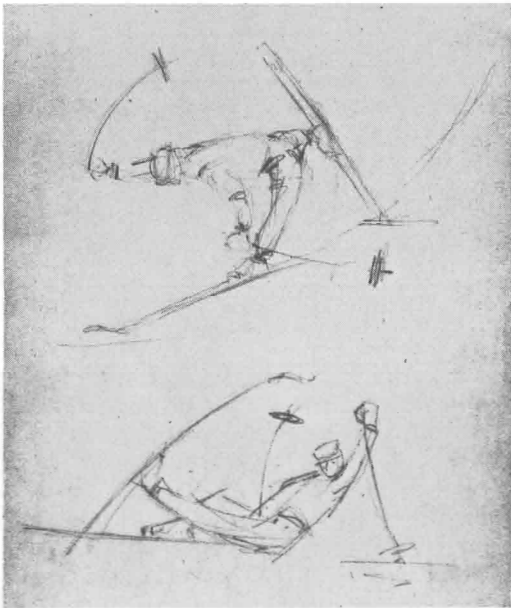
The trip with the Chinamen was quite successful even though we did nearly freeze to death. Crossing the plains it was intensely cold and the steam and water froze solid in our cars, making it rather uncomfortable for us.

After we entered the mountains, things were not too bad even though it did drop to 46° below zero. But, Kay, it seemed as though the Rockies were putting on a special day for me because I have never seen them with such wonderful color, lights, shadows and such pure looking snow. They are real friends. I wish, Kay, that you could know them.



1928

*Late February, BOSTON:* Dear Buz, Here it is nearly the first of March and I haven't written for months. There never seems to be time, yet I've wanted to more than once, so much has happened and I'm getting to see so much of life. This is the first evening I've had alone for ages. School is getting more interesting every day. The work is going quite well. I was getting stale in charcoal and then began a red chalk with white and found it fascinating and have been learning and discovering so much. I haven't done anything startling but each one comes along better. I did a negro in red, white, blue and black and now am trying a silverpoint. Peter is a peach and encourages me a lot, otherwise I might not be doing as well. Illustration and Composition are easier than in the beginning. I found that I was trying to draw things from a mental picture, which was never very clear, but now I get an idea suggested, put on a lot of charcoal and then figure out how the shadows and lights would come and it works magically, compared with the other fussy method.



I've been discovering so much about people. Pete especially. He's really a perfect corker if you know him at all. The girls think I'm crazy to go with him so much. They don't find him interesting and think he's conceited if he talks about what he's interested in. I'm beginning to find Pete to be a real person and a wonderful friend. I've seen more of him all the time. The most important time when he and Lucy came out early Saturday morning in a snow storm and we skated on the meadow. Pete was perfect and tore 'round on speed skates as if they were built for fancy skating, but he didn't show off. To think I almost believed the other girls. When you ask him anything he doesn't hum and haw and be over-modest, which really makes a thing seem twice as important. He just states the facts if he has to and makes no bones about it. We came in and sat around the fire. I was quite clever, I thought, and led the conversation to Banff, skiing and dog racing so Peter could talk.

Peter is gone to Lake Placid as a representative of Brae-Burn to ski. He doesn't expect to do terribly well, but I have great hopes and want him to do well and show the people, the girls especially. We talked about it and he said he wanted a token for good luck. All I could think of was a safety pin and he was so nice about taking it. He said he would jump for me, so naturally I was all set up. It's funny, he thinks I'm decent to him, but the truth is I always feel it an honor and privilege to be with him. The Friday he went Cal wanted me to play bridge and I thought of Pete's train stopping at eight. So I dashed for the station, arriving as it came in. As the train started up, I spied Pete looking out of the window and I had time to shout "Good Luck" and he was gone.

*February 19, LAKE PLACID CLUB:* How wonderful of you to come to the train. It gave me a feeling of having a true friend.

Quite a few people here go to Banff and Lake Louise each summer, and it makes me think of home to see them. The Marquis degli Albizzi, director of sports here, in the summer runs a camp just out of Banff. It was good to talk to someone about the Rockies.

*BOSTON:* I could do nothing but wait and pray. It all turned out far better than I had ever dreamed. Pete, who hadn't jumped on a real hill for three years, nor had a chance to practise, jumped one hundred and twenty-five feet on his first jump, more than he ever had done before. His second try was one hundred and thirty-three feet, but he fell. He

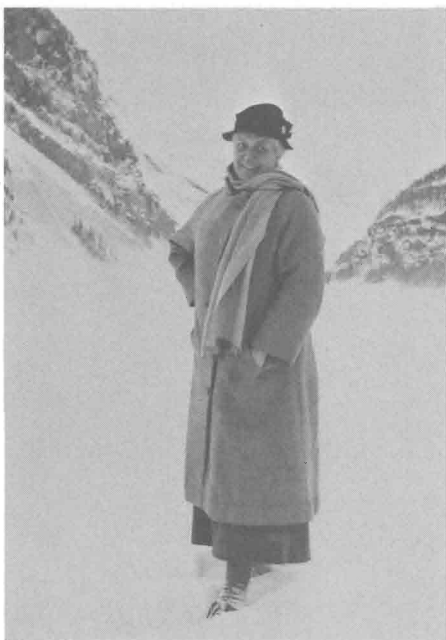
doesn't know why, but the landing hill was on a 45° angle. On his way up again, ready to jump one hundred and fifty, he stopped in the hut for coffee and saw a Norwegian friend he had met there lying on a stretcher. He had spilled, torn his clothing, split his skis and split his head. Someone asked Pete to go to the hospital with him which Pete, being Pete, did and stayed all night and was asked to stay over an extra day. If that wasn't being a sport, I'd like to know what is, for he left in the middle.

*February 29:* We can discuss the deepest subjects in the oddest places, at a hockey game, or in a noisy restaurant. Pete was so nice and thoughtful before he went to Placid and we decided we wouldn't walk home together or see as much of each other, because the girls talk, and he didn't want to go and leave me the talk. Today he asked me to lunch, so we walked down and lunched at a queer little place, then saw all the exhibitions, walked down across the Common and back up Commonwealth Ave. and home by the Fenway until we were back at school, then retraced our steps and avoided Huntington so the girls wouldn't see. They, of course, weren't here. We must have walked six or more miles on pavement.

*March 31:* Dear Buz, how I have neglected you. I seem to have given you a long dissertation on Peter and there's a lot more I could say, for I've just said goodbye to him but three hours ago. If anyone knew how much we've seen of each other, I'd hate to think what would be said, but how are you going to get acquainted with a person unless you see a lot of him? Anyway, we are still Scotch friends. It would take pages to enumerate all we've done, from walking fourteen miles one day to hearing Harry Lauder. I want to try and tell you some of the things Peter and I did together before we reached Sydney and the two weeks afterward. It will be fun to read over later on. Things were happening so thick and fast that days meant nothing to me so it may not be so terribly accurate. I can't remember the little things Peter and I did together; we never missed an opportunity to be together, just why I can't imagine. Sunday, March fourth, Peter came out to skate; he stayed here for dinner. It was the beginning of quite a week. How we talked; we had an hour or more to waste and walked around and around the Common while Peter told me things. We never seemed to lack subjects. I'm afraid we looked at each other a good deal. I can see Peter's now slowing, coming round to mine like a revolving light in a lighthouse. I shall never forget that night. We walked home by the Esplanade and the Fenway after coffee. We talked of the trip. Peter said if he didn't ever come back, and I thought of myself always ready to help him, but he'd never know it, and I decided I would do nothing to ever keep him from going. I can see the spot on the stone bridge it was, when he said, "if I never come back." I began to realize what it would mean. It doesn't seem as if we reached Sydney the next day. We met downtown and tried to buy an Atlas to plan a trip. We went back to the apartment, at my suggestion too, and began looking and we reached Sydney. We hid the Atlas but I forgot the wrapping; what fun it all was and such a funny place to have it happen. The girls were at Design so we felt quite safe. Friday the sixteenth we walked down along the waterfront, looked at the Robert E. Lee, which a few days later went on the rocks. It was rainy, but we loved the sea.



Catharine's letters to Pete in the summer are not extant.



Mrs. Belmore (Agnes E.) Browne

Friday it rained, but as Mother had planned to go to Gorham, I urged her to go, all because I wanted Peter all to myself. We sat and talked all afternoon and then Saturday I took Peter in town and we had lunch together and kept putting off saying goodbye; he even rode to Harvard Square, and I had to drive around the block to wave goodbye. I never thought I should even get the facts down but I have. We were so casual too, to mislead people. At school we did awfully well by meeting between 8:30 and 9:00 on the front stairs and after long rest on the back stairs. I was so interested in the painting classes that some thought I was in beginners' painting. It was successful, for no one teased me about hearing from Peter and they did the year before. I always met Peter walking down Huntington and he up; one time Dana was there and offered to give me a lift, but it was the only time I had to explain. Next year it will take even more scheming, but it doesn't hurt.

*April 7, BANFF:* We parted just a week ago this afternoon. Sunday afternoon I walked along the Esplanade and to Mr. Hibbard's where I had a pleasant visit and dinner, then just had time to collect my things and taxi to the station. Then I called you up. There were so many things to be said, Kay, but I was so glad to hear your voice once more I forgot nearly everything.

*April 9:* This is a day just like the last Friday we spent together at your house, snowing and blustering outside. Some day we may have tea out here and talk about things. A huge stone fireplace with large burning logs; a huge deep sofa covered with a Buffalo robe, tea and you and I, which completes things.

On to Mr. Browne's. They are fine people, and we had a great old talk. He has a clear vision and a philosophy on life which I am always ready to listen to. I believe I have gained much from him and respect him muchly.

*April 16:* Last night Jim Simpson, who lives next to us, asked me if I would like to spend two or three weeks in June at his camp on the Bow Lakes, to paint and fish and enjoy myself. All I have to take is a sleeping bag and my painting kit. Jim is a bit of an artist himself and has a fortune in paintings in his house in Banff. He is recognized as one of the best big game hunters in North America and certainly does know this country, and has guided more famous people through this country than I expect to know.

Mr. Browne and I went out yesterday and spent the afternoon painting. When we get to the place we want to paint, we separate maybe a mile between us. He does what he wants and I do what I want, then when it is time to return, we call each other with a series of yells or howls (we sound like a lot of coyotes), getting closer until we meet. This is the first sketch I made that he raved about and said he really liked, and it gave me so much encouragement. I believe with more practice it would be a good way to do pictures of our trip. Pen and ink and watercolour are so much easier to carry than oils, and I must travel light. My colors are not quite right yet, but that will come later on.

We have assembled, those who keep skiing alive here, and formed a company, with a membership of seven. I am a director but I will not be here much. We are to have control of the property on the Hump [Norquay] and have contributed to the building of our cabin. There are some very serious people in the company, and in a very few years, Kay,



this will be quite a famous ski resort. This was all my idea nearly two years ago and I didn't think anyone thought much of it.

*April 21:* Something has happened, or was rather confirmed, and I am afraid I displayed my feelings. I thought it best to write you. Reg Smith, the chap I chummed with, has been killed in a crash, while learning to fly. I really cried and now my eyes are all red and I am hiding away in my room alone. We spent nearly every day for four years together, and he always told me his affairs and asked for advice and sympathy. He visited with us last spring, exactly a year ago now, and now he's gone. I can hardly believe it.

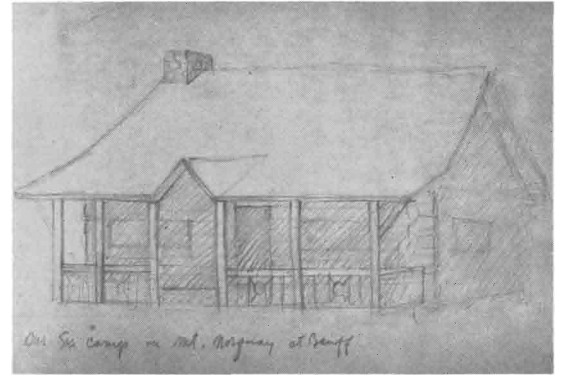
We spent our boyhood days together, and his fights were mine and mine were his. We fought each other also, but have also known each other's troubles. It is five years since we did all this, maybe more and we've seen little of each other since.

Last night I was in the village and ran across the "boss," Earl Gammon, the superintendent of the Brewster Company I work with, a fine chap. We decided to have a cup of coffee together and I told him about my winter in Boston. We started talking about paintings (some of the most unassuming people here discuss things and know people you could hardly suspect) and the first one was Sargent's *Lake O'Hara*. He looked after all of Sargent's outfitting and personal things while he was in the Rockies and dined with John S. many times and saw all his work, both large and small, before it was sent east. He seems to take it as a matter of course, but appreciates it all.

*May 15:* Mr. Rungius is back in Banff again and is already at work on a 40" x 50" canvas of Rocky Mountain Sheep. I met him out on the road and he was photographing sheep to use for studies. He spares nothing to make his anatomy correct.

Something about what I believe to be my religion: I have never been Christened nor do I belong to any church; at times I am looked upon as a heathen, but I have my own belief. God I look upon as a super-being guiding the planets and their inhabitants in the evolution of existence. I don't believe I could worship God in a church; everything seems pinched, shut in, and the people and the sky pilot could not possibly find him in anything so common place as the handwork of mere man. People walk on tiptoe, wear apparel which outrages the body he gave us, and have quarrels and business dealings in His house and call it worshipping God. I am afraid I can't do it the way the crowds do. We are not much more than an experiment, preparing for something beyond the scope of our minds. Anything so artificial and mechanical as the present world can't be all there is. Boiled down my religion amounts to nothing more than any other religion, "belief and faith in what you think and do," with all the ceremonies and articles used in Sunday religion removed.

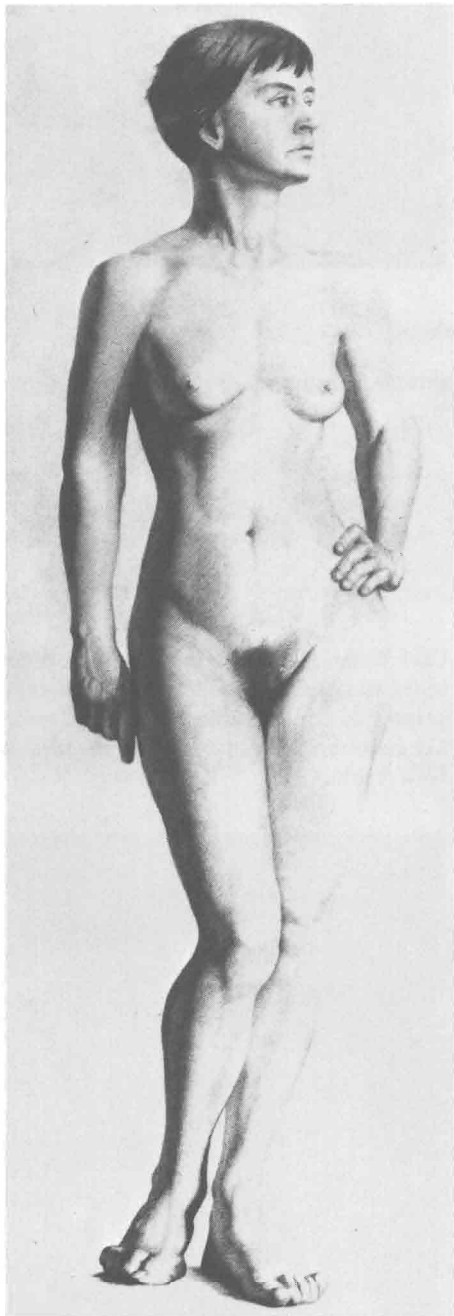
You asked about my school days. There wasn't anything very brilliant about Peter in the classroom, but I got along fairly well. My best subjects were Geography, History, Drawing, and I liked Physics very much. In Math and Grammar I got by. My second last year I was repeating when there was a general mix up in the school. The new principal and I didn't agree, and, to not complicate matters more, I left, entirely on my own accord, the best thing I could have done. During the war it seemed every new teacher we would get would only stay a short time



Carl Rungius (1869 - 1959), a German born and trained wildlife and landscape painter of considerable reputation, spent his summers in Banff and his winters in New York.



Pete by Terrence Bresnahan



Life study by Pete

and then he would be called to enlist. We did have a lot of tough luck. We were being drilled and trained as soldiers and taught to shoot and also had bayonet practice and in another year or so, had the war continued, there might be a different story to tell.

*May 27:* When I was much younger I was supposed to have very poor eyesight and at times could hardly see anything. I had to wear glasses for a long time and was pretty sensitive about the whole business. One day I was hit square in the face with a large snowball which was part mud and it broke my glasses. I couldn't get them repaired right away and, being without them, my eyes seemed to change. I found I could get along better without glasses, so left them off altogether. My parents and teacher and doctor all thought they were helping my sight by making me wear them. Peter had ideas all his own and by going about, when no one was noticing me much, without them on, my eyes soon became well enough to convince them I could do much better not wearing them. People have said I have a remarkably sharp sight and I almost have to laugh. If they only knew. There is nothing remarkable about it, just ordinary vision with interest.

*Monday afternoon* — Can you guess what happened today, Kay? I had a letter from Mrs. Gibson in which she said I had been awarded a Mary Ripley Scholarship for 1928-29. I wonder why they do that for me? Each year I leave early and also I am not an American, but everyone seems to be so sincere and I wish I could tell them how much I appreciate it all. I will try and live up to it.

A funny thing happened today. A young fellow was talking with a lady who is quite a church worker and she said something about "the Whyte boys." She thought the only one in the family who was wild and inclined to roam was Peter. Do you know, Kay, I believe it is mostly because someone saw some nude life drawings and didn't understand. Because I am trying to learn to draw and paint, I am bad.

Could you possibly come to Banff next summer? We could plan it all this coming winter. You could see Montana also. By that time your mother will be more used to being alone and it won't be so hard for her.

*June 13:* We have something else in common, Catharine, that I have never, or I don't remember saying anything about: the way my mother takes things I say. She never seems to understand me and I think I am looked upon as the black sheep. I have been away from home quite a lot and do as I think, but why should they always think me doing the wrong thing? I know my people like me and all that, but it is unfortunate not to be able to discuss things with them. For the past ten years or so I have received no real encouragement. Both my mother and father are wonderful, so I shan't say anything more.

My two brothers, I trust, will stay with the business and economically they can be independent, but they must work. Should I fail in what I have undertaken to do, no one is to blame except myself, so there should be no hurt feelings. Should I succeed — well we can only try and do the right thing.

*June 19:* Mrs. Dunbar, who more than twenty years ago went to the Museum School for twelve years, said it would be wrong for me to go to the School anymore after this coming year. She thinks it best to break loose and work on my own and create an originality which, if one stays at the school too long, he would be apt to lose. It is practically the same idea we had together.

*June 22, CONCORD:* Dear Old Buz, You really are being sadly neglected now but in a way you have become alive and so should feel happy about it all, for now I mail my letters and I shall only write to you when the real Buz is present, which sounds rather odd.

*July 2, BANFF:* Mr. Brewster told me if I want to go to Honolulu for a while he will get me something to do which will help pay expenses or buy a little paint. I think after this winter I should take him up on it and go because it is on our way.

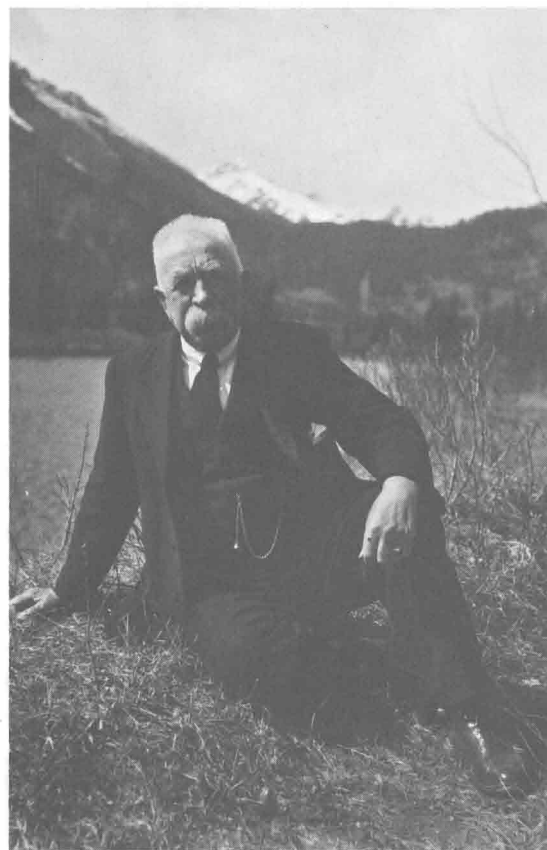
*July 8, LAKE LOUISE:* Last evening the Mounted Policeman, whose patrol is East and West from Lake Louise with headquarters at the Lake, suggested a run over to Camp Wapta for dinner. He has a motorcycle with a sidecar, so away we went and it was my first ride in such a thing. Talk about wind, I never thought there was so much in the whole of North America, and bugs blowing into our faces! At fifty miles per hour it is quite a sensation to be bumping along. After dinner at Wapta I suggested we run on to Kicking Horse Camp. This beat is all new to him and as I am familiar with the country and the people at the Camps, we thought it a splendid opportunity to make him acquainted. At the Kicking Horse Camp the two "Red Coats" from Field came tearing along, armed to the teeth, looking for two young Germans who were wanted east of Banff for beating their board bills. We had come over the place they were supposed to be and reported seeing nothing of them. The other Mounties said it hurt to think that they had put it over on them. We started back towards Lake Louise, past Wapta, when two men appeared in front of us on the highway. Thinking quickly, Rich asked their names and where they were from. It tallied with the description. He said to me, in a loud voice, "Have you your gun ready?" I said, "Yes," and slipped my hand into my coat pocket and held it as if I were pointing a gun at them. He ordered me to keep them covered while he searched them for weapons, but they hadn't any. Had they wanted to fight, we might have had a tough time of it. We decided to put them in the sidecar and I rode on the carrier back of Rich. A rough seat it was. We were soon going so fast there wasn't any chance for them to escape.

At Lake Louise Rich left me in charge of them while he went to get his gun and to phone Banff for the police car, which didn't arrive until 1:00 a.m. I stayed on guard with Rich until that time. It shows what a little confidence and a sense of humor can do.

*July 22, BANFF:* My Grandfather is here and he wanted me to sit and talk with him. This is the first time in years we have had any chance to have a chat. Every time he has been here I have been away and, as a matter of fact, only returned last night. Although he has never studied art, he is quite a painter and has done some rather good things.

The Indians are all here and it is good to see them. They do lead such a simple life. One old Indian, Mark Poucette, and his squaw have been great friends of ours for years. All his boys are dead, so he adopted my brother and myself as his sons and always calls us his own. Today he took great delight in telling some friends I was his son, explaining how he had known me since I was born and how my brother and I were Stonies.

It really is tragic when you think that once these people owned this whole continent and now they are put aside, brought forth only to show off once in a while in their warpaint and feathers.



Pete's Grandfather — John Donaldson ("J.D.") Curren (1852-1940), his maternal grandfather, a mine scout, and a naive painter. Born, married, and widowed in Scotland, Curren had come to Western Canada in 1886.



Get Your Man!

J. E. H. MacDonald (James Edward Hervev MacDonald; May 12, 1873 - November 26, 1932), a founding member of Canada's Group of Seven. MacDonald painted the O'Hara area each autumn from 1924 to 1930. The hostess at Lake O'Hara Lodge, Sid Graves, invited Pete to accompany MacDonald on his day trips out of the lodge because he was a little afraid to go out by himself; she was afraid he might turn an ankle or run into a bear.

Catharine, with her brother and Jean, lived on Chestnut Street during the school term 1928-29.

*August 22:* I am sure the Indians will take to you, Kay, when you come here. Wouldn't it be fun could you be made a member of the tribe? Would you like to be? The Stonies are to me the best Indians I know and are cleaner and more honest than any others. One has to admire their simplicity of ways.

You know, Kay, I have a hunch that someday you are going to be famous. I mean it.

*September 7:* Sunday I am taking a pony and going to O'Hara for a day or so and then into Yoho until it closes, which will be the 15th. I am taking a sketch box with me and will try and do a little work.

Yesterday my mother was so good to me when I was feeling rotten it made a tear come into my eye. I am apt to forget just how much has been done for me and I will try and be good. She likes to show the things I have done to our "fond" relatives and friends who come in. Rather than hide things and be mean, I stay away and let them have their own way and then there is no harm done.

Sold a picture today to John Murray Gibbon! He is really too nice to do such things, but it is encouraging and it will make me work harder and try to do things better.

*September 12, LAKE O'HARA:* There is an artist here from Toronto, Mr. J.E.H. MacDonald, and we always seem to come here at the same time, about the second week of September. He is a loveable old Scotchman with red hair, a remarkably fine painter. We get along fine together and tramp and paint together all day. He is so sincere and honest about things, and has a keen sense of humor. He has just been made the head of the Toronto College of Art and he seems quite tickled about it. We have some good old talks and he wants to know as much as possible about our school so that he can use some of the ideas and make a few changes.

Yesterday and the day before, Mr. MacDonald and myself walked up towards Opabin Pass a few miles, taking our lunches along, and spent the days sketching and observing. The high valleys have such nice soft carpets of moss and grass that after eating lunch we sprawl out on the ground and rest until we know we shouldn't waste any more time but back to the sketch box again.

*October 7, CONCORD:* Dear Buz, The summer is over, school has begun and Peter is back. He wrote from Montreal and I went in Saturday early. I was all alone and fixing my palette when he came in and it was all so hard to realize for I've thought how it would be after so many months, so much that what I had imagined was more real than the reality.

*October:* Arranged to meet Pete at 3:00 and he showed me his sketches. I was really surprised to see how good they are. Belmore Browne had given him one of his but to me Peter's are much better, really they are. The trees especially I liked. It was the first chance we had of being alone together and I was there half an hour. Mrs. Sohler asked me the other day if Peter were coming back; how she knows of him except through exhibitions I don't know. He has a way with him and when he's around I can't believe he's mine. It was easier after that week last spring to believe in the letters, but now it seems as if I hadn't caught up with the life-and-blood Peter. I pray that I may have the courage to stick to my ambition. Whenever I think of the highest things I want to do in life I always find they are closely connected with Peter.

*October 17:* We have been so successful ignoring each other at school I almost felt it wasn't the Peter of the letters. We are doing very well and it's great fun. No one knows we met after Mr. Hale's lectures and went to the first service at 4:00 in the Old South which was jammed with very interested young people. I was so busy thinking how Peter would react to it that I'm afraid perhaps we were too conscious of each other.

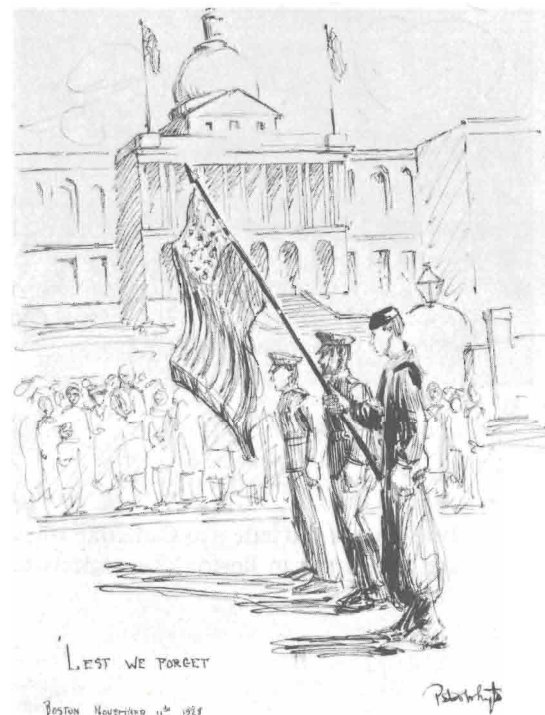
We have our ambitions, Buz, and they are the same in the ways we have discussed. Pete understands so well. I wonder if we ever could have a fight; it doesn't seem possible. He said the other day he wondered what my friends would think of it, and he supposed his friends would think the same, for we are both strangers to each other's country and customs.

With Pete I feel so independent and sure and unhurried. If he wants to spend more than a year on the trip he can and know I will understand. If I wanted to do the same, or something I couldn't do with him, he'd feel the same. When we are together we are working for something greater than ourselves. We must both give up a lot I suppose, but "those who lose their life shall find it." I never realized before Pete had given up skiing to study Art, that he had really seriously considered an athletic outdoor life. I might have gone on with a social life and a lot of charities.

*Late October:* Pete and I are so successful ignoring each other we decided we were acting too well and would have to see more of each other in school or people would think us funny. However, we can soon walk to school together quite naturally, both living on the hill, then naturally we would get acquainted; it's all such fun. If we don't manage to do something worthwhile in this world it won't be because we haven't planned way ahead.

Oh, Russ is taking Hannah Hallwell to the game. She would be a good girl for him, family and position and just what Russ would love and yet not high hat. It would be funny if they did make anything of it, considering how awkward I feel in that set; but we could be painting in China and seeing life. I wouldn't look forward with as much anticipation if I thought I were to lead a conventional existence 'round Boston, even with Maine in the summer, and yet, Buz, it takes a good deal of courage to think of China.

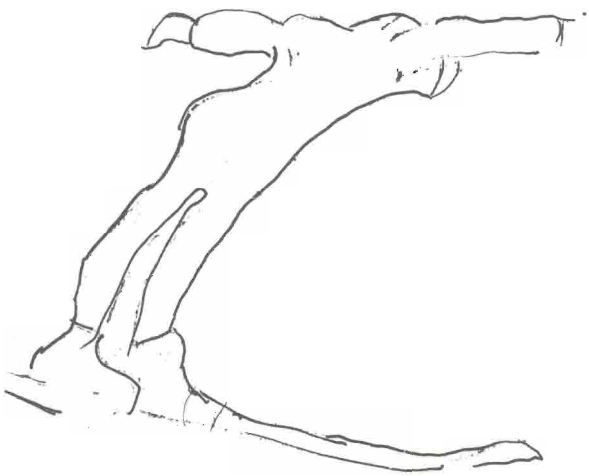
*October 22:* Spent the evening writing John D. It always sets me thinking, when I write to John, if circumstances had been different, my life might have. If we had continued to have a house in Seal for the summers I would have known John better. We didn't see much of each other and he was dated up with dinners and all, and so we drifted apart. My pride certainly was hurt the summer of '27; in fact I think I lost a lot of it. Perhaps I shouldn't have given him up in my own mind as I did; but I felt if we were meant for each other, things would bring us together. Now I hardly know him. I hate to lose a friend whom I thought so much of for such a long time. I never could have lived a New York society life. I'm mean enough to want John to like me, and then I take Peter instead. I don't really want that; it's my old pride struggling. I love Peter and have put all my faith in him, but it's not always easy, though he's the one person I enjoy being frank with. I'd tell him anything, but I'm so sure of him that I'm actually glad when he goes around with another girl, mostly because it misleads people about us, but also because I like to have what others enjoy.



And here the *Letters to Buz* that "Katrinka" had begun in January of 1921 come to their poignant and questing end. The entries from January to the end of June, 1929 are from Pete's letters and notes to Catharine.

## 1929

Pete's notes and letters to Catharine (they are both living in Boston) he neglects to date fully.



*October 30:* Really, I wonder if he knows who I am. At times I wonder if I'm not a bit too reserved and scare him a bit. I don't mean to, but it's my Puritan blood, I'm afraid.

*December 5:* Dear Buz, After all my planning of living with Russ so I could see a lot of Pete, it hasn't turned out at all the way I hoped. It's a wonder Peter doesn't get fed up with it all. We meet on the corner in the morning and go up by bus, getting to school early enough to go in with Mr. Snyder and have ten minutes alone before the rest come. Peter has been down to supper twice alone, once with Russ, and to tea several times. But of an evening Jean would sit in Russell's room and might come in anytime. Twice she went out in the afternoon and we made the best of it; once before the Yale game, but somehow we don't get very far, perhaps because the trip is ahead; and then, it is hard being so careful.

Peter would be perfect to travel with and he is the one person I know who treats everyone alike and is as much at ease with one as with the other. I don't think he's been getting much out of school this year. Mrs. Sturgis asked me if I thought he had much talent; she said his sketches were clever but she didn't think they showed any real talent and thought it a shame for him to be studying if he couldn't do much with it. You have no idea the shock it gave me, for I believe more in Peter's ability than in my own. I sometimes wish he wouldn't be so willing to show his work, for not everyone can appreciate it. I must go to bed now. There seems little time to do all I would like to do in this world, if I'm only some use . . .

*Monday 5:30, BOSTON:* Today, after you left, Dorothea Whittier came dashing out, linked arms with me and asked me where I was going. "To lunch," I said, and asked her, "Whither bound?" "To lunch, with you!" Percy came also. We all went to the Art Museum where Anne was having lunch with Mrs. Dunbar, my friend who comes out west each year. Thought how well it looked to be with Dorothea and Percy; it helps sidetrack anyone having suspicions.

*January 21:* I love the way you finished the letter on the streetcar; we seem to do things in the most out of the way places. We discuss religion and fireplaces while dodging taxicabs and trucks and wander through the streets in the north end talking about Sargent, Mr. Hale, edges and shadows and then suddenly try to figure out if it would be better to meet in London in February or April.

Tomorrow I will be twenty-four. Do you know, Catharine, I have never had a birthday party, not even when I was little? Someday, when I am back from our trip, can't we have a nice little party, just so I can say I had one? This must sound a bit childish, but there were so many things I couldn't have when I was small and the others in our family did have, I often dreamed of doing them when I was older, just to even up things.

*Friday afternoon, LAKE PLACID CLUB:* I have had very little time to myself and have been kept busy skiing, sketching, and trying to work out a poster for the club. I am really quite tickled, Catharine, for they have accepted it. Erling Strom posed for me in a leaning position; I enlarged the sketch and the head men here like it, so that is that.

The Chinese leave Montreal March fourth and I am to go with them.

BOSTON: Gardner and I talked more about the summer. He is certain he is coming to Banff with me and stay all summer. We will get along fine together. So many things about the mountains and a rough life I can show him, not mentioning the things I may learn from him. Catharine, I am a different person in my own stamping grounds, and I am sure you will like me better after seeing me there.

*March 1:* I can hardly believe I'm to be away for a month. I'll certainly miss you. It's really better that I go, though, for it will make the rest of the year so much nicer for me. We will have April, May, and half of June. I'll be in Montreal tomorrow. The train reaches there about the time you will be getting to school.

*March 4, IMPERIAL LIMITED:* We have thirty-five Chinese this time, at \$1,000 each, the best lot I have seen yet and very clean. This trip I am riding at the very front of the train and so have less work to do, as we can keep the doors shut all the time.

Only two cars this time, and we have the Havana, Cuba, crowd. One of them is trying to learn English and has a book of Chinese with the English written alongside. He gets me to help him and it's great fun pronouncing words for him. I never thought I would be a "teacher" or rather, a "private tutor."

I was watching some of them playing fan-tan and decided to try and sketch. It wasn't easy to draw as the train was jerking, but the Chinese were so interested. After I finished, they, about ten or more, took the sketch book and looked through it.

Some of the Chinese in our car resent being guarded, and one of them keeps talking, in a combination of Chinese, Spanish and sign language, about running away or escaping. I'm not afraid of them, but it would be foolish to fight. The others are rather peaceful.

*March 9, VANCOUVER:* This afternoon a man from Ottawa was here having a showing of several reels of Government films. He invited me in and what do you suppose I saw! Pictures and pictures, movies, of myself, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, with the crowd I used to travel with around Banff, on snowshoes, away up in the mountains. When the scenes of us eating lunch came along, I nearly laughed out loud and never realized that I had acted. I must have been unconscious, and maybe I still am.

I left my room to mail the letter to you and noticed someone. I didn't dare speak and had a funny feeling something was going to happen. It was who I thought it was, the sister of my friend who was killed last spring in the aeroplane crash. When she turned and saw me, she nearly fell over. The last time she had seen me, her brother Reg and I were together. Marion said, "Pete!" and threw her arms around me and I was so glad to see her too, Catharine.

When we went up to their room, it was a surprise to Reg's mother also, she said it was just like having Reg back. The train went at 9:00 p.m., but I wasn't on it; they asked me not to leave, so I stayed an extra day and spent every minute of that time with them. They said it was like a gift from Heaven. When I left Boston, Catharine, I didn't really know why I did, there wasn't any special reason, except to go west. Now I know why I came.

Marion and her mother are going to Honolulu in April and want me to go with them instead of back east.

Gardner — Gardner Cox, a fellow student at the Museum School; later a portrait painter of distinction in New England.





Ike Mills

George Noble  
a Banff photographer



Pete returned to Boston after the ski trip to Mount Assiniboine for six weeks or so.

Pete's father, Dave White, departed Jacquet River on the Baie de Chaleur, New Brunswick, in 1885. Pete does not relate here what later was one of Catharine's favourite stories: when Pete was standing on the platform a man with a lantern came along and held it up to light Pete's face. "Ah," he said, "you're a Whyte," and turned around and left Pete alone on the platform.

Next Thursday we ski to Assiniboine and will be gone for five or six days. We will have over one hundred and fifteen miles of skiing, uphill and down. Erling and the Marquis are already there with a party of eight people and the Marquis has offered us the use of cabins and blankets, so our packs won't be too heavy. We have to carry enough food on our backs to last us a week.

The night I arrived home we had a most wonderful display of the Northern Lights and it just seemed to me as if everything I knew was on hand to welcome me back to the mountains. Catharine, dear, we won't expect everything to be perfect here, but I know that you will like it. The mountains and trees seem to be friends, big silent fellows, always ready to stand by you, and although one may leave them, after being away for a while you long for them.

At this season of the year the mountain passes are very dangerous and we will have to be careful not to get caught in a snowslide. Several were caught not long ago and buried for over an hour before the Swiss guide, who very luckily escaped the slide, could dig them out. Dr. Warbasse, on his way back to town from the camp, was caught by one and rode on it with his skis. His companion was left on the bare rock, above him.

Someday we will make a trip to these places with a dog team. I'll bet you learn the tricks of the game quickly, for you have the faculty of adapting yourself, Catharine. I have every confidence and faith in you, and I want you to be a great painter. Who knows but that you may be famous for "doing things."

*May 6, BOSTON:* Do you know, Catharine, we haven't yet decided on a place to meet, in England or Scotland. I thought you might have a remote idea of some place there, having been over once. Time is so short now, before leaving, it makes me feel all funny inside.

*June 10, JACQUET RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK:* The best connection I could make to leave Moncton arrived at Jacquet River 2:55 a.m., which would leave me within five miles of my uncle's place. I wired him, but found the operator at his station went off duty at 4:00 so Uncle Jim wouldn't know of my coming.

I had expected inky blackness and was prepared to sleep in the little railway station, but found two other tramps had beat me to it. The operator told me a half mile down the track there was an Inn and if I made enough noise I would be let in, maybe. I'll never forget it. Three o'clock and the sky across the Chaleur Bay was already beginning to get red. At the settlement I couldn't tell which was the Inn for there was no sign. (The lady told me later that the wind had blown it down the previous day). I picked the most likely looking place and rang the bell. A dog barked, Peter shivered, no other sound. The dog howled again, a light, footsteps on the balcony. "A bed for the balance of the night?" I retired to the tune of robins and other early risers, for it was then daylight. Out of the window I could see the Baie de Chaleur; wonderful. I wonder how many times my father had seen the same sight.

About 8:30 I arose and asked for an ox cart to take me to my uncle's place. Through some magic they procured the swift and able means of transport, a Model T. The man refused to accept any money for the trip, said they didn't use it around there especially when any old timers came along. My uncle was great to me and is the exact image of



my father. He could hardly believe it all, for I was unannounced. We talked and talked and I could see tears come into his eyes at times and he didn't want to show it. He is a bachelor who has lived alone for years. I asked him if he wouldn't come west again and live with his people.

We looked around a bit and I did some sketching and we did enjoy the time. The country is full of uncles and cousins and I know if ever we started there would be a steady stream of calls and it would be harder than ever to leave. Uncle Jim drives a horse and buggy, so yesterday we piled the baggage in and went to the station. If it hadn't been for you all, Catharine, they wouldn't have seen any of our family for some time. If you hadn't nudged me, I would never have done it.

*June 21, BANFF:* The Brewsters have been having a hard time training the office staff this year, so they've put me with them for about ten days to help them find out things. Here is something that nearly knocked me over. The Royal Hawaiian Transport Co. is taking me to Honolulu in the late fall, paying all my expenses over and \$150 per month to work in their office until sometime in March.

*June 26:* I have arranged at Castle Mountain Camp and Yoho, for accommodation for your entire party. Your approach has been heralded. It took me three days on the road to arrange, when I could have phoned to the different places in a few minutes. As soon as you arrive we will hold a council of war and I'll give you the grim details as to what is going on. I haven't actually made any arrangements for Lake O'Hara, but I do want you able to see it. It won't mean altering our plans. When I know how soon Zadie and Edie have to report to the Marquis, we can arrange everything.

*July 1, BANFF:* Everything is so much better than I expected and Banff is lovely. We had a wonderful view of the mountains as they rose out of the plain. The atmosphere was so clear it seemed as if the mountains were right on top of us. Peter was at the station to meet us. He has Jim Brewster's car for four days, an open Packard. We went to Lake Minnewanka through the buffalo near the hairpin turn. I really remember quite a lot. The hotel is wonderful. Peter took Gardner and me to see his family. His mother is very Scotch. His brothers are all small but very bright looking, and his father has those same blue eyes. Then we went and called on Carl and Mrs. Rungius and he showed us heaps of his things.

*July 5, LETHBRIDGE:* Ebbs wrote directions for getting to Belgrade, but Peter had already looked up trains for me and the connections were awful. It meant arriving here at 2:55 a.m. and waiting until 9:00 to start on to Great Falls and having to spend the night there. Peter said he hated to think of me doing it in these western towns and insisted on motoring me part way to Shelby. We left Banff at 8:00 a.m. and had lunch in High River. There was a Stampede going on and we stopped there two hours. We must have been the only outsiders. We reached Macleod for supper and on the way from there the radiator boiled so we stopped on the side of the road to let it cool.

*July 9, BELGRADE:* This weekend the Newburys and I go to some camp up in the mountains, then three days in Yellowstone and the week after are going through Glacier Park on horses.

*July 9, BANFF:* From Cochrane to Banff I gave a man I know a lift, and arrived home about 7:15 p.m. Sunday. If I hadn't had the mud I would



Dave White by Catharine, circa 1935

Brewster Transport of Banff owned the Royal Hawaiian Transport Company; hence Jim Brewster's offer to Pete.

Catharine and two girlfriends arrived for a month in the west. Catharine's letters are to her mother. Gardner Cox arrived with them for a two months' stay.

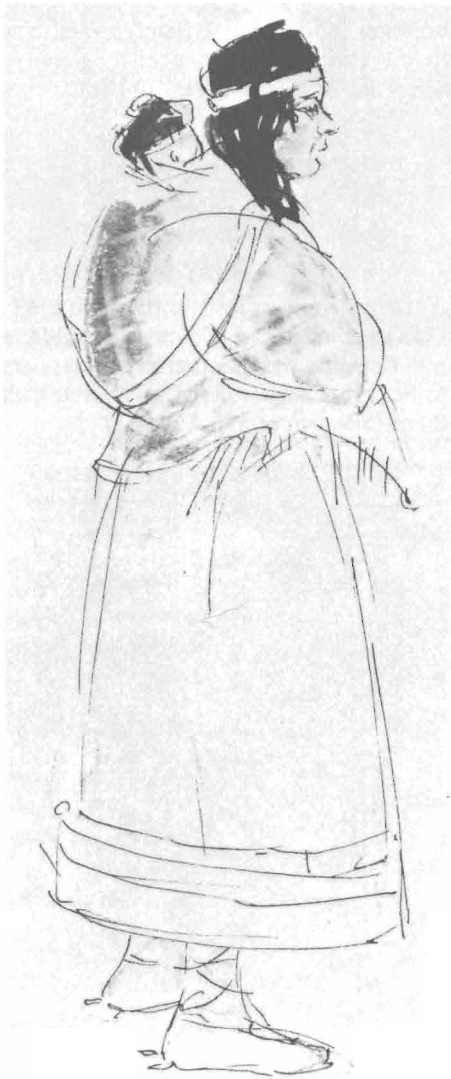


Gardner Cox

Pete to Catharine.

Catharine to her mother.

Pete to Catharine.



have been in at noon, but it didn't matter much. The car was a sight, and I had mud all over me too. My mother and Gardner seemed glad I was back and thought that you and I had eloped!

*July 24, GLACIER PARK:* Ebbs spoke to a guide in Glacier and found out the best trip for us to take. We leave Many Glaciers Hotel, stop the first night at some lake, and the third day get to the Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton. If I feel stiff or tired and have had enough, I can wait there because I go from there to Banff. It's an easy day's trip from there to Banff. Peter wrote saying he'd be glad to drive down and get me. He's used to driving and seems to want to repay us in some way for what we have done for him.

*July 28, BANFF:* For thirty-eight years my father has paid the Indians their prize money and helped to run Indian Days. This year he didn't go and the money was given to me and the place of helping run the sports. When I paid each winner I had to announce to the crowd his Indian name, and had to explain the powwow and wardances. Knowing so many of the Indians helped a lot. In the tepee one evening Mark Poucette's squaw said to me, "You got missus yet?" I told her not yet, but had to pass it off lightly, as Gardner was there. Then I asked them if I got a "Missus" sometime, would they take her into the tribe, and they said they would. So, Catharine, we are Stonies.

*July 29, WATERTON:* We got to Waterton Camp, the pack train coming in and everyone telling stories. The boat was supposed to come at 2:00 but we had to wait for a tiny motor boat to come and take us down to the Prince of Wales Hotel about 5:00. Peter was there, having just gotten in.

*July 31, BANFF:* Peter's father suggested Peter bringing me the Windermere way, through different country. The roads were very poor; they make you go over parts being repaired at three miles an hour. We had an excellent lunch in a mining town. One tire kept going flat. It was terribly hot all afternoon and we nearly died of heat and dust. Finally we stopped by a river and sat on the bank and cooled off, so it was late by the time we had supper in the hotel in Cranbrook. It was a nice clean hotel, but I hardly know how to use a bathroom anymore.

*August 1:* Last night I stayed up at the Banff Springs Hotel, but Peter kept urging me to come down here to his house. I didn't think I ought to at first, but it seemed better afterwards because I am doing everything with him and Gardner and it meant his having to come up and get me all the time. About 11:00 Peter came for me and we had a very simple lunch in the tepee, and sat around and talked most all afternoon, the three of us.

*August 3, LAKE O'HARA:* It's lovelier here than I expected, a beautiful green lake surrounded by mountains and, way above, snow and glaciers. We left Banff at 8:15 on the train, having breakfast in the diner. At Wapta we got horses. They weren't very good ones but that couldn't be helped. Then we started in on horseback. It's an easy ride, a wide trail and not too steep anywhere. The only bad place was a railroad crossing and we had to wait for a freight to pass. Pete's horse seemed a bit frightened, but my horse seemed too dead and slow to be scared. The train puffed nearer and nearer before it came around the bend and my brute couldn't stand the strain and so shied and reared up. It was nothing bad but I liked it, for I felt he never could throw me off. He certainly quieted down, so much so my heels were worn out trying to kick him into a trot.

It was awfully cold, like winter. A fire and hot meal certainly felt good. We walked to Lake McArthur after, the loveliest bit of water we had seen, though O'Hara is as lovely now. It is three miles up, quite a climb and above timberline, and three miles back. We ran a good part of the way as it started raining again. In the evening we paddled across the lake and went for a walk, trying to find the place Mr. Hibbard painted my picture from, but got the wrong path.

*August 4:* This afternoon we sketched and mine was *awful*. We go back tomorrow, walking the eight miles out.

*August 8, BANFF:* Tonight Gardner and I leave for Lake Louise and in the morning start for the Columbia Icefield, which will keep us out for about eighteen days. We should be back in Banff about the twenty-sixth or seventh.

I'm beginning to feel a bit lonely without you, Catharine. It's hard to realize I'll not see you this fall and no school for me. Sometimes I wish I could return, and then again, our ambition, we must not forget. I will have a great many interesting experiences on the trip around the world, and it is twice as wonderful to me to be going for you.

*August 10, CONCORD:* Darling, I'm in an awful situation financially. Between us in the family we had one thousand shares of Stone and Webster stock. It was split up into fifths, so when it went on sale to the public we had five thousand shares, and that makes \$5,000,000 doesn't it? That's just S&W stock and we have money, though I hope not as much, in other things. The blooming stock Russ thought might go to \$120 has been up to \$175 and now it's over \$150. In five years Russ said it will double and in ten years? Well, I hate to think of it. I feel so guilty, for I'm doing nothing for it.

Darling, forgive me for being so undecided but I have my qualms about whether to do the deed in England or here. Every girl has looked forward to her wedding from her earliest days; it's almost instinct. I keep wondering if I might regret not having it in Concord. Also, Pete, I'm an awful person. I've always loved getting presents. Somehow people aren't as enthusiastic when there is no excitement. The whole trouble is it would mean two years from last June, for somehow, if we did it in Concord, I'd want it to be in June.

*August 25, BANFF:* We arrived home late last evening and after a glass or so of ale we went to bed in the tepee. The ale put us both on edge a bit, and Gardner had seen the amount of mail I received. He asked if any of it were from you, and I said yes. The ice was broken. He asked questions and I answered honestly. He wanted to know if there was anything between us, so I told him how long we had cared for each other and that all between us is mutual and not a one-sided affair. He was under the impression either you loved me and I didn't realize it, or that it was the other way around, but he hadn't decided which way it was. He wanted to know had we ever spoken of marriage and would I ever want to marry you. I answered in the affirmative and it seemed to please him.

Sold three sketches today and received top price. They go to Des Moines, Iowa.

I had a little chat with a Mountie about Herschel Island. He tells me the best way to go is on the supply steamer which visits the missions and police outposts in the Arctic and takes about three months. If we couldn't spare all that time we might land some place and travel back across the lakes and rivers by canoe with some Indians. I'll try and find out more about it.

After August 5, Catharine returned to Concord for her last year at Art School. From now to May 2, 1930 the extracts are from Pete and Catharine's letters to each other.



Sketch by Pete

*September 5, LAKE O'HARA:* Exactly a month ago we were here and I hardly expected to be here again on the same date. Some friends were driving past Wapta, so at 1:00 today we started. At 5:00 I had a saddle horse and pack horse on my way in.

Catharine, we have to come back here again sometime. Will I ever forget our last evening here? Sitting with you at the Crystal Caves and the sunset. It is wonderful now to be able to associate things around here with you, and I think I'll go up to the Caves again.

I have looked up the sailings from Vancouver and find the *Empress of Asia* is out on October third and *Empress of Canada* on the seventeenth. When I get back to Banff I'll decide. To Yokohama first, make my way to Hong Kong and up the river with my Chinese friend. Then directly from Hong Kong to Honolulu, arriving sometime around the first week of December.

*September 6, GORHAM:* I never thought of the matter in this light which Aunt Nela suggested. She thought I ought to tell Russ before England. I had told her a bit of what we might do. She said it would place you in a wrong light if we went ahead with our England idea and didn't tell anyone, and said it wasn't fair to you for you wouldn't realize how it would be. You see you are a friend of Russell's and have visited our house. Evidently it isn't considered the thing to do, to not let Russ or Mother know how things are between us. She was so afraid that, even if Russ and Mother are fond of you, they might be prejudiced later if we act as we please. She said people would blame you and, darling, I couldn't stand knowing everyone was talking about you. I can't seem to help the S&W stock from going up, and that makes me sort of different, evidently.

It was perfectly right, as far as I can see, to wait until I had seen Banff and knew the life there before we told anyone. We know it wouldn't have made any difference, but as I did love it, it makes it easier for other people to understand why we didn't tell anyone about us. If I were only a poor little hard working girl, you could run away with me. As it is, I've had some sort of hill built under me and I'm too conspicuous to be run off with.

*September 6, LAKE O'HARA:* Richard Jack, R. A., arrived today, and intends to stay until the camp closes on the fifteenth. He is not very athletic and didn't enjoy the walk in. He tells me he thinks he will do most of his work around the camp.

*September 10, GORHAM:* Aunt Nela wanted to know if I had thought about missing Concord. She realized a free and exciting and interesting life would appeal to me now, but if I weren't well, or had children, for instance, would I want home? I said I might miss Concord if you were a banker in San Francisco. She thinks I'm young and in love without really thinking ahead.

I wish I never had come out in Boston in just one way: once you get into society, you are put in a place to be talked about, no matter what you do, and I hate being conspicuous. The people who will be apt to criticise my choice will be the ones whose opinion I care least for, yet I want every one to be envious of me.

*September 11, LAKE O'HARA:* Each day, Mr. MacDonald and I go out sketching, taking a lunch and staying all day. Sunday we went to Lake McArthur and enjoyed the day there wonderfully.

Richard Jack (1866 - 1952), a British-born artist, is best known as a portraitist, but he was also Canada's first official war artist in World War I.

*September 12:* With a lunch to eat, we don't usually return until 5:00 or 6:00 p.m., having spent a day of sketching and poking about the rocks. In the evening everyone sits around the fire taling stories. Now they have me sketching or caricaturing the people and things that happen during the day.

The sketches I have made this summer I haven't tried to sell and would keep them except it is so encouraging that others like them well enough to buy them. John Murray Gibbon bought two just before I came up here. One I did at Bow Lake, an eleven by twelve, for which he gave me \$50. Quite a few people liked it, but I never cared much for it. The other, Mount Castleguard which, so far as anyone knows, no one has ever tried to paint previously. It was mostly a design of colour, very little good painting in it. He gave me \$25 for it. As soon as I get back to Banff, Jim Brewster will buy one, per the contract made last year, which will be another \$50. And I have an order for about eight sketches to be sent to Des Moines, all of which will be marked \$50. It may sound mercenary, but it makes our trip so very independent.

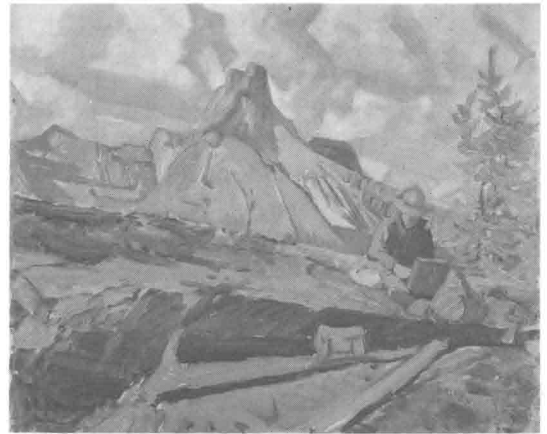
*September 13,* CONCORD: To have your letter, saying you would do anything for me and were willing to do it in Concord, helped so. It will be better, I guess, for us to tell our family.

*September 23,* CONCORD: I didn't realize Gardner was getting fond of me this spring. I was selfish and it helped cover up your visits a bit and I do like him a lot. He said I ought to be careful for I have a subtle charm. He said he never thought I was such a good actor. Do you know I never dared show too much affection to Dad because I was afraid Mother would want the same shown to her?

You didn't ask me to marry you until this spring, did you? We never have been what one calls "engaged." It was just wonderful — oh, I don't know. We just understood each other and need no promises. I was yours the minute we reached Sydney.

I had a thought today that perhaps trees and such things are made for us as much as we are for them. Somehow we often think we're it so far as this world goes and Nature is merely an accident, that we might as well make the best of it and enjoy it if we can. Then I thought how God makes one thing in Nature look after another. A storm may blow branches off a tree, but it may be the best thing for the tree, wake it up to renewed effort to regain its beauty. Isn't Nature like people? Or aren't we like all the rest of Nature? At least, Nature makes the world a more beautiful place, and we can't say that of all people. Aren't we perhaps a bit like a vine, say a grape vine? If we climb over an old dead stump or tree or something ugly, we are lovely; but sometimes we can ruin the beauty of a tree if as a vine we climb over it and ruin its continuity and sap its strength. I began to think we can prune and cultivate and make the lives of Nature more beautiful, and it does the same for us. Doesn't it cultivate us with fresh air and sun and good food and make us more beautiful, if we let it do it wisely?

*September 24,* LAKE O'HARA: The weather has certainly been against us this fall for sketching, just smoke, then lots of snow and rain, more smoke, and now lots and lots of snow and still snowing. I made two very wintry things of the Victoria Glacier yesterday, and today made two storm and cloud effects with autumn foliage.



*Cathedral Mountain from Opabin Pass* by J. E. H. MacDonald, September 12, 1929. Mr. MacDonald's inscription — the sketch was a wedding present, given them October 1, 1930 — "To Pete & Catharine Whyte with Congratulations (better late than never,) & with the hope that life will always be as pleasant for them both as for Pete in the Sketch, from their humble Fellow Member in the Opabin Shale-Splitters." Pete had not realized he was in Mr. MacDonald's sketch until he was putting his materials away. "Would you stay a moment, Pete," said the other painter, "you're in my sketch."

Mr. Jack and I spent a day sketching together. The country and customs are all new to him and I want to see him do well. He has painted the King and Queen and many nobles and is awfully interesting when you really know him.

BANFF: Today, about an hour before we drove to Calgary, I sold five sketches which means \$225. Two of them were not even dry and were done yesterday and the day before. Out of the sketches I have sold I can pay my entire way to Japan, China and Honolulu, absolutely independent of any one.

*September 27, CONCORD:* I really am fond of Gardner and somehow I wanted him as our friend just because he's a sort of — I can't seem to explain, but his liking you meant a lot to me.

We'll stick to "the Savoy at noon." I wonder who'll be there first? I bet I will. I love life and I love you and everything. It's going to be perfect going with you after "noon at the Savoy."

*September 29:* My room will look awfully well. I wish you could see it. I will leave it this way until we have a place to put things in Banff. It will seem strange coming back for we can't both sleep in here, can we? I guess we'll have to use one of the guest rooms whenever we come east to visit and, darling, we might pull the stunt of ruffling up one bed.

*September 30:* School began today and it is good getting back, but it lacked everything there was last year in looking forward to seeing you there. Still, I'll try to learn all I can.

Tuesday coming out from town, I thought how nice it would be to tell Mother and Russ about us tonight so I could wire you about it and I made up such clever wires I hit all the bumps in the road. I couldn't stand it any longer because I did want to send it. I sort of sprawled on the bed and Mother asked if I'd decided what to do with my car. She said she couldn't see why I wanted a five passenger, unless I was married or going to travel. So I said perhaps I was going to be married. That was a bit of a shock. She began laughing and wanted to know. I said to guess who. She was afraid to, so wrote it on a piece of paper and I could tell she was writing "Peter Whyte," so I said, "Yes, it is Peter." It was funny; I got all trembly telling her and she was so pleased, Pete. She laughed all the time she was so tickled, and called Russ who was washing and couldn't hear. He came and she broke the news and made him guess. He couldn't remember the person's first name but guessed Arthur and Dick to stave for time. It was Gardner he was trying to think of. When I said "no," he couldn't think of anyone else. I tried to help, saying he'd been out a little last winter. Still he couldn't think. Then he asked if you were in school and I said, "yes" and he looked perfectly surprised and said, "Peter."

Mother was all for wiring you to come back right away and get married, and they're bound you should come back from Honolulu anyway. Mother wanted to know right off if you were inoculated for typhoid.

Anyway, I sent you a night letter and the old lady was sure it would get there. It was most amusing sending it for I imagined the circumstances such a wire would be sent in, and felt like a different person. After she read it over, I didn't dare look her in the face, I was blushing so profusely. Didn't you like my telling you to be sure and get back in time for the wedding for we couldn't be married without you? I rather tickled myself by saying that.

Mother wanted to hear our plans, but I couldn't tell her about things like Herschel Island or our house somehow, or meeting in England. Naturally we appear to have no ideas at all.

*October 2:* Mother said she wasn't going to start on my linen until after Christmas. I never thought of linen and what will I do with it.

Tonight she said Father wrote her from Seal when we were there for two weeks and she was in Gorham. She said he was quite worried for, he said, John D. 3rd seemed to be there all the time. She said it would have been the worst calamity if you had been John. I don't think father thought that way, and honest, Pete, I did like John an awful lot; for over three years, I guess it was.

You are worth millions of other people to me. You are just different that's all and I never have loved any one in the way I do you (but I could have loved John in a conventional way).

*October 5, EMPRESS OF ASIA:* I haven't said anything about you around the house, but my mother has taken a great liking to you and speaks of you often, and has placed the charcoal sketch of you where she can see it easily.

We are in as bad a storm right now as anyone could ever want to see. We are allowed only on the hurricane deck, and one side, the full length, is all shut in by canvas. It helps to keep some of the spray out, but that is all. I have heard about mountainous waves, but this is my first real taste of a terrible sea. The wind velocity is about eighty miles per hour and we have been making about three knots or less. I believed before that a boat of this size could stand practically on end and come through all right. This is my first real storm-at-sea experience, but it sure is a corker to start out with. The impact as the waves strike the side of the ship is sometimes terrifying and it shudders and shakes from bow to stern.

*October 9, CONCORD:* I told Jean this afternoon because she's been like a mother to me. It would be unfair just because Mother thinks she can't keep a secret. It was an awful shock. She likes you but she doesn't think you are good enough for me. She even said you weren't an awfully good looking fellow. You can see she would have loved Johnny Rockefeller because of his name largely, but you have no name that she knows of. She hates to think of my not getting a famous person. She would only be satisfied with the Prince of Wales himself I guess.

I'm beginning to think we ought to stick to our original plan, meet in England in the spring or summer, announce the engagement from there and be married about a month after I get home.

*October 10:* Jean is feeling much about us. She hates to think of my living in Banff all the time but they will get used to that. I guess the jolt to all of them is the fact they think they know me so well and then find for a year I've kept something from them.

*October 10, EMPRESS OF ASIA:* Since leaving Vancouver, seven days ago, we haven't had three hours of what you could call peaceful sailing. Everything moveable is bolted and lashed down and all the doors on deck, upper and lower, have been covered by steel storm doors. As long as the ship can keep its headway, into the wind, it's fine. Once this morning it turned just a little and I was frightened. Down, down we went, sideways, then hit the bottom of the furrow, smash, over came

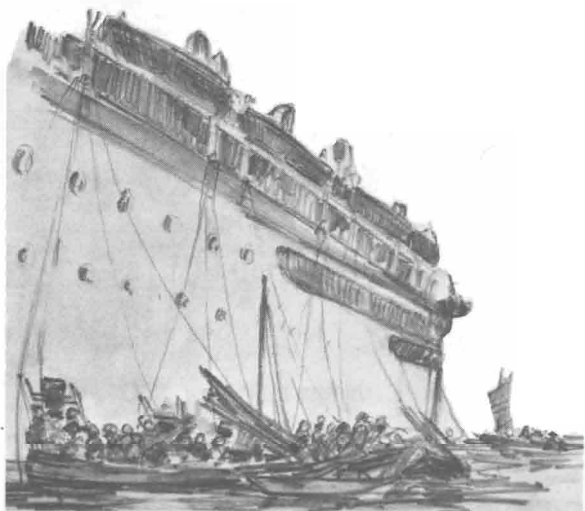
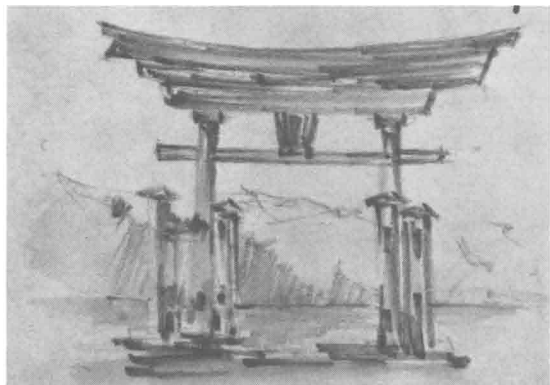
OCTOBER 1, VANCOUVER: SAILING DEFINITELY ON *EMPRESS OF ASIA* OCTOBER THIRD MY VERY BEST TO YOU YOUR MOTHER RUSS AND JEAN DROP ME A NOTE TO THE BOAT IF YOU CAN PETER

During the school term 1929-30 Catharine lived at home with her mother.



Catharine by Pete

Mr. Tomita — Kojiro Tomita, Curator of Asiatic Art at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and an instructor on occasion at the Museum School.



the waves, and everything was awash and shuddering. The waves are over forty feet and that's too big. As I'm writing my chair moves about, and it is just smash, smash, shudder and up, down, bump, and the wind, how it does howl, and the fury of it.

*October 13, CONCORD:* Mr. Tomita explained something about composition in Japan. He said it often was one of threes. One thing is never directly over another. In speaking of it, you call the largest mass the master and the next largest the servant, the little one has no name but should be put on the servant's side of the paper, never the master's side, and the signature too. Its an interesting way of thinking of it. With stems of flowers the long one is heaven and always looks up, the next largest humans or human nature and the smallest the earth.

*October 16, EMPRESS OF ASIA:* At 2:30 we left Yokohama. The run out of the harbour past the old forts was most interesting. The sampans fascinated me so, I nearly fell overboard trying to get a good look at them. The harbours and coast swarm with all manner of craft, sampans, wiggletails, tugs and good sized coastal steamers.

Not very long out from the harbour we caught our first glimpse of Fuji. It was nice, for the hour was tea time and the whole thing seemed to be so sympathetic and restful. Lovely Fuji. A heavy mist or smoke added to the beauty of it all and softened the edges. The sun sank slowly, a huge ball of red, not a bit unlike the flag of the country by which we were passing.

This morning we reached Kobe. Not having any idea where to go and being too independent to ask any white man, I engaged a Rikisha and asked to go to the shopping district. It was a good chance to look about and I hired him for an hour. He told me of the principal places of interest, took me through the main business street of Kobe and then to the temple. We parked the buggy outside the gates and he went in with me. It probably isn't the most interesting in Japan for there are bazaars inside and hardly the air of sacred worship which one would expect to find in a temple.

*October 18:* Early yesterday we were still on the Inland Sea, making our way slowly between the numerous islands, in places so close to them that one could almost throw a stone ashore. I never realized the size of Japan; it seems to stretch on endlessly, a series of very beautiful islands, most of them cultivated almost to the summit. About 3:00 a.m. we came into Nagasaki to receive coal and we tied up to a buoy about the middle of the harbour. The Japanese Police will not allow any cameras or anyone to sketch, as Nagasaki is a naval and military depot, so I had to make a small sketch when they weren't looking and finish it afterwards. It gets dark quickly so bright lights are hung on the boat and it makes a wonderful subject for a sketch.

We were not to sail until six or seven the next morning so I decided to go ashore again. I went alone, hired a Rikisha and rode around the town, through bright busy streets thronged with people, down long narrow lanes with only a few people, and no white ones, hardly any lights, dark forms crossing in front, the tinkle of the Rikisha bell, peculiar smells and odors, the East. I couldn't help but think couldn't a gang do an awful job on me if it wanted to.

*October 21, CONCORD:* The stock market has been most exciting, dropping or breaking all week, finally breaking wide open today. 13,000,000



shares sold today or "turned over" I should say, and the ticker still running at 6:45. Almost a panic, I guess. Russ was full of it. It seemed so important until I started reading *The Outline of Science* and that it would take light which travels 186,000 miles a second 50,000 years to go from one end of our Universe to the other. Think of it; we seem so small.

October 22, EMPRESS OF ASIA: Four hours from Shanghai, we picked up the pilot and headed through the muddy water towards where the Yangtze empties into the Yellow Sea carrying sediment and mud over eighty miles out. Soon the banks of the river were visible and the first close view of a junk. What beautiful things they are! So graceful and full of character, seaworthy. I haven't had a chance to sit and sketch them.

We leave the Yangtze a few miles upstream and follow the Hwangpo River which brings us to Shanghai. There are only certain times that shipping can navigate the river, with the incoming tide, so there is a steady stream of traffic, going in both directions. Then, before the river becomes too narrow, the ship is turned and proceeds up to Shanghai backwards. A very fitting way to enter China for the first time.

We dock. Literally thousands of Chinese, swarming on the dock, the ship, all over the shore, and it is a wonder the hundreds of junks tied to one other in the river do not sink, for they too are completely covered with men, women and children. It is some time before we can go ashore but there is plenty to see from the ship. Children, little ones at that, perform acrobatic tricks, much better than one can see in a theatre in Canada or the U.S., then ask for money, Magicians, lepers and cripples, all begging. It really is pitiful and yet, if one should allow himself to be carried away by emotion, I would suggest not coming to a country such as this, for it is not only a few people this way, but thousands, millions.

I hired a rikisha and told him to show me around anywhere. We ran for quite awhile and then he pulled up in front of one of the big Sikh policemen and made signs for me to ask him where we were going or where I wished to go. The Sikh couldn't speak English. At last I said I wanted to see the town, "Oh! See the town," he said, and spoke to the Chinaman in his own tongue. Shanghai is a very dangerous place for white people; the place is full of soldiers and marines of different nations guarding the interests of their people. I returned to the ship for dinner. One engineer suggested we go ashore together for one man going alone is not safe. He is a giant of a fellow and a good sport, so knowing Shanghai as he does it made for more fun. About 9:00 we started out, changed a little money into Chinese money and headed for the Japanese concession. When we reached a Japanese dance hall, Bill paid for both rikishas, but the coolie I had was not satisfied. Bill had started ahead and was in a tangle of people and rikishas and other conveyances with so much noise and chatter going on it would have been impossible to hear anyone speak in English. The coolie tried to hold me back to get more money, but I shook him loose and caught up with Bill and we both disappeared into the place we started for. It was a pretty tough place with a hard crowd around. Outside the same fellow was waiting for us, for he had followed down the street and kept jabbering, the other one had been satisfied and left. We paid no attention to him but he still followed; we entered another place, looked on a few





Carbone — Carmine Carbone, a fellow student at the Museum school.

Catharine and her brother had gone to Detroit for Russell to attend to business, and for both of them to visit her father's relatives, and to attend a football game.

minutes, came out, followed again by the coolie, crossed the street into another place, out again, still watched.

We were going to ride again, so Bill climbed into a rikisha and I'll be blown if I didn't get the tough one again. He set up a howling, guttural jabber to the other one. I had been told many times a favourite trick of the rikisha coolie is to signal to one or two others who follow behind. They turn quickly into a dark side street, and there a number of them there reach over the back of the buggy, grab you by the neck and drag you out, pounce on you, knock you out and steal all you have. The first dark street we came to, my coolie started to make a quick turn, so I gave a mighty shout to get the hell back into the street again; Bill shouted too, and the beggar nearly upset the buggy making the turn back again, we frightened him so. He was pretty meek after that and went wherever he was told to go.

We sailed Sunday morning with a full load of wealthy Chinese merchants, race horses, a large amount of gold and a valuable cargo. The pirates have sworn to get one of the *Empresses*, so they all carry an armed guard, a small company of British soldiers, who guard the ship day and night with fixed bayonets. When the pirates attack they will have had men working amongst the crew for months before. There are over fifteen hundred Chinese aboard now. It gives one a sort of thrill to think of pirates in these days, but every ship that passes between Shanghai and Hong Kong is constantly in fear of an attack. It seems strange to be travelling under such conditions in 1929, but I think it's great fun and would like the fun of it, provided we could beat them off.

*October 29, HONG KONG:* We struck another monsoon between Manila and Hong Kong and the boat rolled and pitched a lot so that it was better to stay on deck. I am back in Hong Kong and it seems it is home for I really like it here. I made some pencil sketches coming here on the boat from Manila, but so far I haven't attempted to paint. The weather is much cooler here and I feel almost normal again, which means I must start painting.

Chinese coolies, animated misery. I wonder why they have to be born into the world to make the bare existence they do, breaking their backs for a few crumbs, clubbed by policemen, their whole makeup one of suffering. Very few of them can even speak Chinese, for their dialects are of the back country.

*November 2:* The *Empress of France* and the *President Jackson* were good to me and I now have two letters from you.

*November 4:* I'm going to start out for Canton and spend a little time looking about myself. It would have been much better to have Goon show me about, but I guess they are having troubles of their own and they live in a disturbed district. Canton was under martial law a few days ago.

*November 7, DETROIT:* Then a trip to the Detroit Art Institute where there was an exhibition of portraits by Seyfert. They were great. I would love to paint as he does. I hate slicked-up portraits in Carbone's style. Seyfert's gives a finished appearance, but on close inspection they are quite broadly or sketchily painted. Somehow I think I've gotten about all I can out of school except practice. Your imagination does it, I guess, and so with a portrait: a few important strokes and you have all you need and it's so much more interesting and more alive. One has to know to

appreciate the detail, but frankly I like my drapery or clothes better than Carbone's.

*November 9, HONG KONG:* People had told me that the Chinese around Canton were frightfully anti-foreign, but I didn't think much of it until I started prowling about. Sun Yat Sen in his will wished that the foreigners be excluded from China. Now the Chinese are, I believe, trying to carry it out. As you walk along the canal the little children shout, "foreign devil," in Chinese of course, and resent the presence of white people. I hadn't thought much about it. I decided to leave Shameen and go into the native city to look about. I crossed the canal past the fortifications and started to wander, trying to keep track of where I was going by landmarks, so I would know how to return. For nearly two hours, I wandered here and there, never seeing one white or any foreign person. In the doorway of a little shop I saw a cute little chow dog and couldn't resist the temptation of stopping to look at it and pat him, the shopkeeper not seeming to mind. Soon I looked up and I'll be darned if I wasn't absolutely surrounded by Chinese of all manner and size, all looking on. If one should try to sketch in the street, well, it is some job.

I found out later on that on account of the Communists' being liable to seize the city at any time, they, the soldiers prowl around continually and either arrest or shoot any coolie or Chinamen, or for that matter, anyone, found wearing a bit of red. You know the red tie I had at Banff? Well, I had put it on that morning but thought it looked too gay fluttering in the breeze, for one doesn't wear a waist coat here and it looked too red to me, so I put a black one on instead. It never occurred to me to think a thing about it then, but a young English chap who lives in Canton told me, later on, anyone found wearing anything red, in the native city, would promptly be seized and thrown in prison and if Chinese, probably executed, no questions asked.

I guess Goon Sir Wing never received my letter, for he lives two days beyond Canton and nothing is certain anymore there. I was rather disappointed not to see him, but I guess it can't be helped.

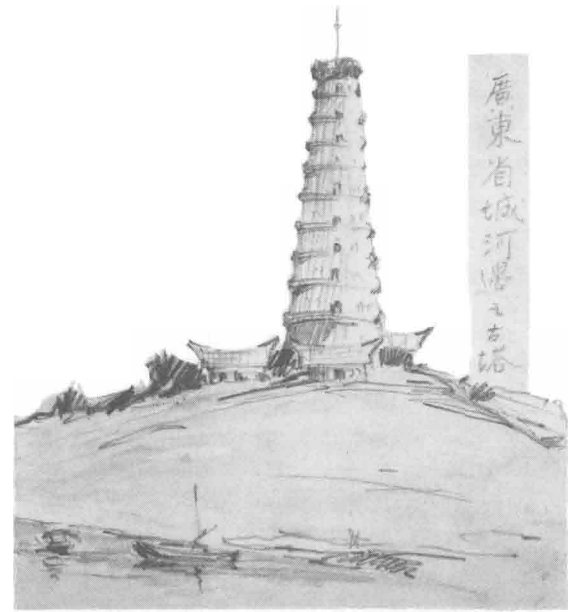
To finish about Canton: for the 3½ hours I was wandering, do you know, I only saw three white people and they were all together.

*November 12, CONCORD:* One reason I wanted a wedding, I mean for the other people, was to have Mrs. Hinds make my dress and I learnt today she has gone out of business.

Sometimes I'm rather worried about Russ. After he came back from Detroit that night he said he didn't see any very attractive people, even at the game, and I rose up because it was Boston in him, Pete. There's enough in me to be dangerous, as you know, and there's more in him from going to Harvard. Boston people or Easterners go entirely by first impressions and appearances.

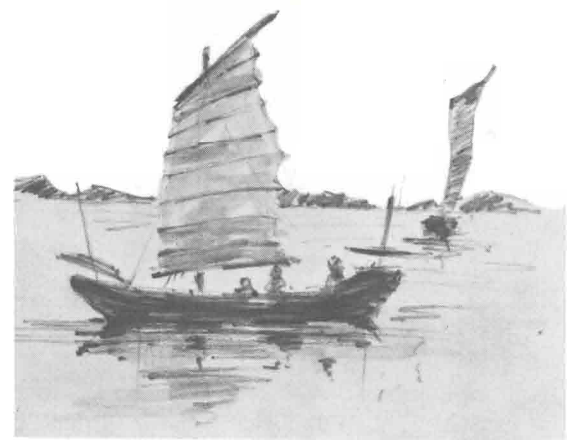
*November 16:* Let's go to England the first winter, Pete; we could both learn a lot about the way each other lives. I ought to know something about cooking before landing in Banff and you about — well, certain things, I don't know just what, before living east at all.

*November 18:* The sketches were great. Russ was so impressed. "Why," he said, "Just a smudge in one corner and it's another boat and then a wiggle and it's something else." Your sketches click and I'm so proud of you.



In October, 1944, Catharine, writing to her mother, said that Pete "figures that things quite often happen to prevent you from doing something that would turn out wrong. In Hong Kong in 1929 he was walking down a street with a Scotchman and suddenly for no reason he said, 'Let's cross over,' which they did, going to the other side of the street. Just then there was a terrific crash and the whole cornice of the building they would have been passing, had they not crossed over, crashed to the street, burying a car under cement. So after that Pete felt you don't always know the reason you make sudden changes."

Goon Wing — a boyhood chum of Pete's and lifelong friend of the Whytes, settled eventually in Calgary.



I enjoy eating with Gardner for we can say a bit about you and he is a dear. I'm terribly fond of him, but you know, Pete, I was just thinking — it's a bad plan not to think even wrong thoughts and get them out of your subconscious mind — Gardner is the sort of person I am sort of expected to marry. Harvard graduate, good New England family, talented. I was thinking how it would be to be married to him. (Don't get worried. I would never write it if I didn't know you would understand.) It's as if you wondered how it would be if you married Fern Brewster, we'll say. I could be terribly fond of him. Yet when you and I always seem to agree on pictures and people and everything, Gardner isn't apt to.

*December 2, ABOARD S. S. PRESIDENT TAFT FROM YOKOHAMA TO HONOLULU:* Yesterday I sat on the top deck under a life boat and sketched a stormy sky with lovely bits of light blue and yellow orange showing through the clouds. It isn't the best sketch in the world, but I loved the smell of the paint.

*December 3, CONCORD:* My starts seem to be going better, Pete. I've learnt to paint them in directly. I have an awful time with color. I heard Gardner say he was going to see how far he could get with vermilion, yellow, ochre and black and white and burnt sienna. So I tried it and find that at least the colors don't smear as much and I can add more brilliant color the last half of the week.

*December 7, HONOLULU:* Next week I'm going to start learning to ride a surf board, which will take the place of skiing. It's a wonderfully fascinating sport.

*December 9, CONCORD:* Pete, I'm getting so Canadian in my patriotic feelings. Today I read of all the noble blood farming in Alberta and British Columbia, and I remembered what fine looking faces there were on the ranches we went by, on our way south from Calgary to Lethbridge. I was proud of my countrymen.

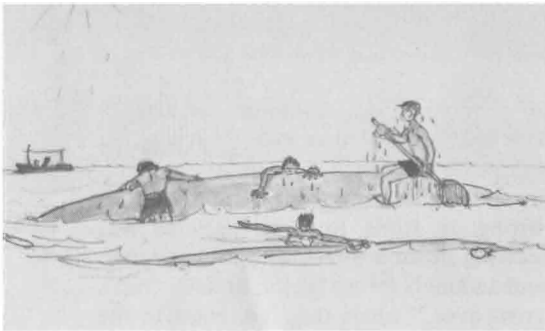
*Christmas:* All the presents have been taken downstairs now, and as it isn't 11:00 yet, I must write you. Needless to say I've missed you an awful lot, but showed superb un-interest when your cable was read over the wire. What does "Aloha" mean? Hello, Cheerio, or what?

*December 26:* I sat next Mr. Weed at dinner and we had a beautiful time talking. At least I did — about Banff and Assiniboine. Betty Dumaine sent films of Assiniboine Camp, 1927 and 1928, of a raft they made in Lake Magog, a climb over Wonder Pass and incidents around the camp.

When we shook hands tonight as Mrs. George Keyes and Aunt Marion Keyes (no relation of mine really) came in, our hands crossed, Mother's and mine, and Miss Marion Keyes said, "Oh, a wedding. It must be you, Catharine." I pretended not to hear or pay any attention but Nanny has told me signs several times. I don't believe in them, but I'm believing in them this year.

*December 27, HONOLULU:* My people for three generations have been pioneers, making three different moves, always to the westward, and always with a certain amount of grief and struggle. They have very simple tastes or ideas about things, but are awfully proud of certain traits.

*December 31, GORHAM:* Last night I nearly made up poetry. I began by wondering how you express ideas in Art, and I couldn't think of any way to express a thought as you can in poetry. So I began and this was the first line that came.



Mr. Weed — George Weed, a Concord resident, but also a well known Canadian Rockies alpinist. Mount Weed, near Bow Lake, is named for him.

Supposing there were Gods  
Each in possession of a nebula  
With which they might create

That was as far as I got. There must be one big God over them or all would be chaos. My idea is that the other Gods struggled to create and maybe could make things live, but they didn't have minds or souls as we have. The reason we have souls is because our God gave part of himself to his creation, all he could give us, but having given of himself it makes his creation grow and evolve.

I was going to tell you about how I worked myself up over John D. It must have started from my telling Aunt Nela what Mother said. Peter, I've told you a lot about it, I know, but, you see, I liked him from the first and, though he never said anything to show he liked me best, he led me to expect he did. I was so careful how I acted, so if he ever did marry me nothing could be held against me. It went on for a good three years, if not four. Yet we saw each other so little, and we never really knew each other awfully well.

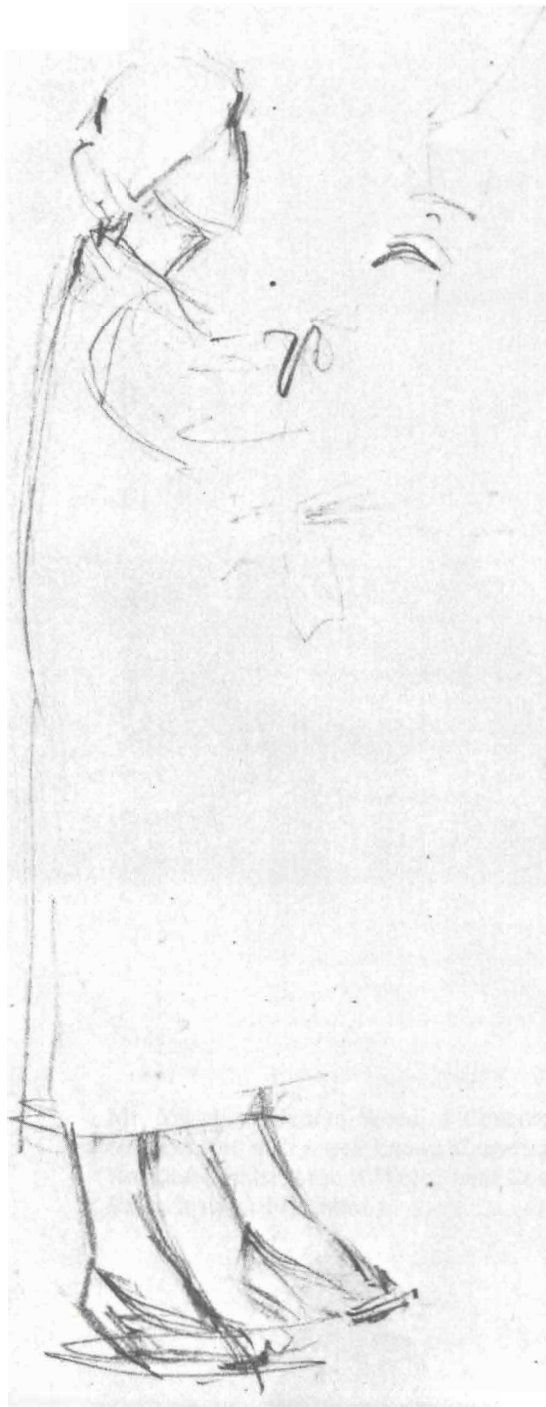
Then Mother wouldn't go to Seal anymore and it made it hard for me, for I never had a chance to see him anywhere else. We did go up to the cottage, Dad and I, for a week and I stayed longer, but it wasn't like living there and I was out of it. Then after Father died I wanted someone so badly. John didn't see very much of me that summer. I seemed to have lost him too, and it hurt awfully, Pete. My pride as much as anything. I had to pray awful hard that summer, and I remember one night I sort of told God I'd give him up if it was best; that if he needed me he could have me, but I wouldn't try anymore and from then on I seemed to lose him altogether. If he had been anyone else, it would have seemed different, but being a Rockefeller, it was different, there were lots of things he couldn't do the way other boys can. After he went to Princeton I heard from him less often and then I never saw him in the summer except once or twice three summers ago. He never writes anymore or even sends Christmas cards. Then I wondered whether to write John or not when we are engaged, when we tell people. Somehow I'd like to, yet I'd rather die than let him think I wanted a wedding present.

I do believe I loved him awfully well as a young girl would, and I guess I'll always have some feeling left. I can't help it. If he hadn't hurt me so by not dancing with me and not paying any real attention to me, I probably would still be thinking myself a martyr, but my common sense told me I wasn't the proper person for him. He doesn't like to walk or look at beautiful places, and yet we had quite a bit in common.

*January 1, HONOLULU:* This is my first day on duty. Although there isn't any work to do, they want us in the office in the Moana Hotel. From my desk I can look right out on to the Pacific, for we are on the beach and I have a room here where I can change my clothes to swim, and a nice bathroom to wash the salt and sand off afterwards, in. My skin is becoming quite dark and I feel wonderfully healthy.

*January 5, GORHAM:* Today, Pete, I discovered I am very sensitive about the question of whether I like music. I feel I do. I'll admit I like the piece better than the way it's played as a rule, but Mother always remarks on how I never like music just because I didn't like practising music lessons on the piano when I was little. Today when Aunt Mary said, "You never liked music," the tears rushed to my eyes. It was all I





Woman drawing by Pete

Bradford Washburn, an alpinist and cartographer, later director of the Museum of Science, Boston, and a close friend.

could do to appear in any way natural. I do like it, Peter; only I've never *shown* any feeling for it, I guess.

*January 6, HONOLULU:* I haven't any definite idea how long I shall be here or when I expect to arrive in England. The nearest I can figure now is to leave here no later than March fifteenth and go direct to Hong Kong, making my way from there by ship and land. I should reach England the latter part of May. We could make it Montreal, but wouldn't it be great to keep our original plan all the way through, with the exception of the date? One thing for certain, Catharine, let's be married the middle of June. I'll complete the trip around the world, to keep our word. Then we can make a leisurely trip around quite soon, so that we can see nearly everything first-hand together.

*January 10, CONCORD:* Mother saw the studio today and was rather disgusted at the mess; said she couldn't stand such a place and how Russ would hate it. I like clean places too, and it's a bit dirty to my mind but it's not easy painting or doing work and having to clean. Ours will be well arranged so that things will be so convenient there won't need to be a mess, though I don't mind some disorder.

Mother has begun to plan for the wedding. She makes such a lot of work out of everything. She doesn't see how we can have a small wedding and she hates one in the house. When I said "the garden," she said "you can never tell about the weather."

Pete, do you think it would be too horrid of me, when she tries to make me announce it sooner or to have a wedding in the church, I were to say, "Well, if I had been marrying John, then I would be willing to have a tea and announce it and have a church wedding, but with Peter I prefer to do it differently and more in keeping with the kind of *life* we will *lead*"?

*January 14:* Russ asked me, before Mother, if I'd told Jean. I hummed and hawed and they asked if she knew or suspected. Mother kept saying she would tell everyone. Finally I had to say she knows. Mother said she didn't care, only she thought I didn't want it to get out.

I don't know what I shall do when I see you first. Expect anything. I may not even seem glad. I'll be so upset and excited inside that the outside may be all upset too and show the wrong expression and chaos of glad feelings. Is it "the Savoy, London, at noon"? I may be early. You must set a date soon. I'll sit still somewhere and you wander 'round until you find me. Then we can't miss.

*January 20, HONOLULU:* Jim Brewster arrived on the *Asia* on the seventeenth. He came over tonight and we had quite a lengthy chat. He's always taken an interest in the things I've tried to do, encouraging me in the skiing, and in my painting and has been great about letting me have horses. Jim has had a stormy but interesting life and while he is on top he has all kinds of friends. When he's under, which was the case for quite a time, his so-called friends changed.

*January 21, CONCORD:* We all went to Mrs. Hutchins for the Ladies' Tuesday Club, most interesting talk by Bradford Washburn who had climbed Mont Blanc and other more difficult pinnacles around there and had a wonderful movie and slides. Most remarkable. He was so simple and unassuming, as a person who does remarkable things usually is.

About the best man. Russ wants to know if you were going to have Gardner. I didn't know whether you ever thought of it or not. Russ thinks a lot of the "right thing" and I nearly do. He feels if you have

Gardner, people will think of you as Gardner's friend and therefore "one of our kind" so to speak, and he'll know the ropes and how things are done here.

*Janauary 28, HONOLULU:* Do you remember my telling you of a friend in Banff sailing from Victoria, B.C. to Australia in an Indian war canoe? We never thought much about it in Banff, but lately I've had reasons to believe it all. An old German fellow here, doorman at the Moana, told me he wished he was on a sailing vessel, sealing in the Bering Sea. Then he told me about some of his voyages in the old days. He said he had a friend who once sailed around the world in a canoe, from Victoria, B.C. by way of Australia and Cape of Good Hope.

*February 1, CONCORD:* Darling, imagine my forgetting your birthday. I could kick myself. And your twenty-fifth one too! No excuse, I just didn't think of it.

*February 14:* When the *Empress of Canada* sails on Friday twenty-first from here, I will be a passenger on board, for Hong Kong. The company can't give me free passage to Hong Kong, but they can book me out of here as a steerage passenger at \$60 and give me second class accommodation, which, on the *Canada* is as good as first on the ordinary ships.

I don't know what condition your car is, or will be in, after the winter, but it may be alright to take us west. If we had to have a new one we could splash mud all over it before arriving in Banff, then no one would notice it.

*February 19, CONCORD:* The only thing I possibly can complain of is not being able to send mail, but what does that really matter? You haven't my address abroad. I'm sure I gave you Jean's. However, I can reach you in Naples, and if worst comes to worst you can cable Mother. I don't care if I spend a whole month in the lobby of the Savoy.

*February 20:* It is like spring. I had the fever (spring) today and could do very little at school. I rushed out here to the Woman's Club and guess who was here speaking? Dan McCowan from Banff. His Scotch accent was the best part of it and everyone was very enthusiastic about his pictures and stories. I find that already I feel it is my country too, yet I've only been there such a short time.

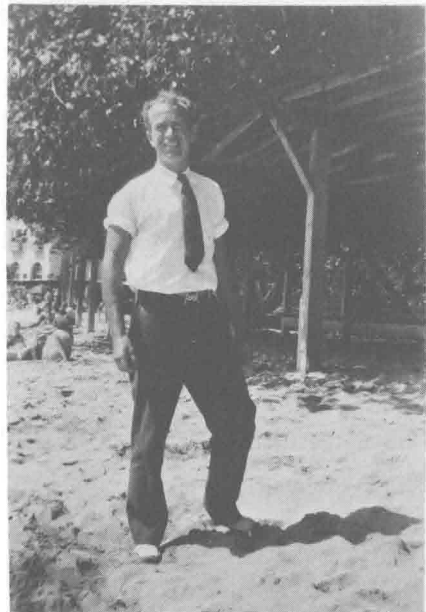
Gardner was delighted to be asked to be best man and said he would see we were married no matter what happened. He was relieved to find it was to be a very small wedding. Mother says it's better to send too many announcements than too few and hurt everyone's feelings. There are so many people, like maids, who think the world of it to be remembered.

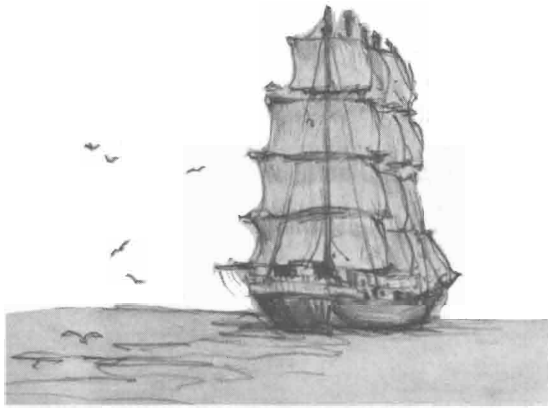
*February 22:* The cable went today; I hope it made sense, Pete. I couldn't remember how many n's there are in "announce" or I would have begun "announcing engagement March 22nd" instead of "telling everyone."

About expenses: I don't know what to say. Ebbs couldn't imagine you in a cutaway. I think you would look swell in anything, but a cutaway would be funny. We'll have something less formal. Anyway, whatever happens, it shouldn't cost you much, the wedding part.

*February 23, EMPRESS OF CANADA:* Of all the ways I have travelled this trip waxes to be the strangest. First of all, sailing on the *Empress of Canada* was not in my mind and going as a "steerage" passenger, well, what a life. To be quite honest, I really enjoy the distinction, for very

The friend was Norman Luxton who sailed in the "Tilikum" with Captain Voss; the trip is recounted in *Luxton's Pacific Crossing: The Voyage of the Tilikum*.



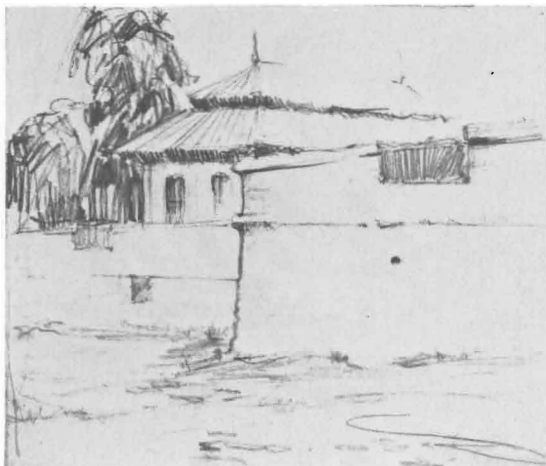


On March 7, Jean sailed for Scotland.

LANDED HONG KONG MARCH 9

NHA NEW YORK NY MCH 11 1930

MISS CATHERINE ROBB CONCORD  
MASS  
THE CONTENTS OF NO LETTER HAS  
EVER PLEASED ME MORE  
WILL WRITE SOON JOHNNY



Penang

few white people ever are allowed to do it, it being against Canadian shipping laws. However, I have fair sleeping accommodation and eat my meals with the third class passengers, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, a couple of whites, and a few sailors, young Canadian boys learning to be seamen.

*February 26:* Everywhere one goes he is certain to meet interesting characters and last night I had a conversation with a grizzled old fellow who is on his way to Manila. He sailed down from Bellingham, Wash. on a five masted schooner, one of the last on the Pacific, and, as the Captain is a friend of his, he was given his passage as far as Honolulu. I saw the *Vigilant* the day she came in, and one day I was lying on the beach and I saw her leave, under full sail, a wonderful sight to behold. *March 3:* This morning we left Kobe and now are making our way through the Inland Sea, my third time through here, yet the first time I have seen it by day and it is really worth the whole run from Honolulu to Hong Kong. We reach Shanghai the day after tomorrow.

Just a little while ago I saw a "burial at sea." The senior wireless operator in the Canadian Pacific service died in Vancouver and his last request was to be cremated and the urn cast into the Inland Sea, between Kobe and Moji. The captain read the sermon and then the ashes were committed to the deep. I can think of no place more beautiful or secluded than the Inland Sea, Japan.

*March 11, CONCORD:* Pete I've been thinking it would be loads of fun to fit up the car just as well as we can (the new one), for won't we want to camp on the way out? It would be such fun to have all kinds of things we need systematically fitted in.

Mother began urging me to have bridesmaids today but I don't want any. I want to just come out onto the lawn and not have to look at you over people's heads.

*March 17, HONG KONG:* Here I am still in Hong Kong with slight prospects of being able to get away much before the beginning of next week. Since I arrived I have been trying to get a job on a boat headed for England, but with very little success. Yesterday I nearly had one, but they had signed two men on in Shanghai and were full up. If nothing shows up before next Monday I will take passage out for France so I'll reach London by May 15.

*March 31, CONCORD:* Pete, I wish you were here for I'm crying. It's not for me I'm feeling this way, nor for you. It's about John. I got the greatest letter from him, Pete, and I can't help it. I have a feeling inside somewhere for him that will never go, I guess. It's queer how things go, isn't it? Just a few different circumstances and my whole life would have been entirely different. If we'd gone to Seal another summer or two, been thrown together a little the last few summers, I might never have gotten to know you. I could have loved John, not as I do you, Pete, but in a different way. I could have given up everything for him. I know what the matter is. I'm a bit conceited, but I have the feeling I could have made him an excellent wife and I don't know anyone else I want him to marry.

I won't send his letter to you now but will quote a few things and maybe you can see better. What I mean. He begins by saying he meant to write before "to tell me how fine he thought it all was" (my engagement). He says he is sure you are as fine as you can be and wants me to let him meet you sometime. Then he goes on to say, "It must be per-



fectly wonderful to feel that you have really found the right person — someone whom you can give yourself to entirely. I can't think of anything more to be looked forward to or sought after in life. You are very lucky. When are you to get married and where will you be living? Not in New York by any chance? It would be perfectly great if you should decide to come here but I suppose that there is much more chance of you going in the other direction since he lives in Canada." Then he finishes up: "I just wanted you to know that I was thinking of you in your happiness." Somehow it seemed as if a sort of sad feeling went through it all. Somehow caring or being fond of anyone never gets you when you know they have no need for you, but the minute you feel they are a little wistful, out goes my heart.

I haven't told you anything about telling the class at school. I told Anne and Helen at lunch. I tried to make them ask what I was going to do this summer, but they wouldn't. So I simply said I was going to be married in June. Anne looked up and said, "No kidding?" Then neither of them knew what to say. When they found out it was you, they were even more shocked. I guess it was the best way to do, for I felt sort of mean putting it over on Anne, so I said she could be the one to break it to the class.

I called on the Coxes, and during our conversation about last summer, Mrs. Cox sort of drawled out, "What was it you wrote in a letter, Gardner? Oh yes, that Pete was more fun when Kay wasn't there." Poor Gardner was a bit taken aback and we all laughed, but I was glad she said it.

*April 8, NEARING COLOMBO:* I did wait for two weeks before I finally decided to wire for money. Less than twenty hours after I had wired I was signed on as a seaman on *President Wilson* bound for Italy. Up until the time I left Hong Kong my money hadn't arrived and, though I left instructions for it to be forwarded on to Singapore, it wasn't there. I can get along until Naples where I have mail awaiting. The seaman part is particularly interesting. Although I seem to get along alright, I fully expected to be thrown overboard long ago. I have been on now nearly three weeks and still have sixteen days to go.

Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, and, tomorrow morning, Colombo. Near the equator it was extremely hot but now there is a breeze and the air is fine. I expect it will be hot again through the Red Sea and Suez, but now am used to it. Will be in the Red Sea in about a week and in Naples in little over two weeks from now.

The last mail I received was February. Here it is April and not the faintest idea what is going on in Concord or Banff. This is the time and place where a letter would be welcome, but I can wait. At sea they keep us working and we turn in to sleep early. We sleep on deck and except for a sudden squall, we usually sleep well, and it's a great life.

*April 16, PARIS:* We started looking for a wedding dress for me. We went first where Cal and Mary know Madame somebody or other, hoping she would take more interest in helping us, but they had sold out to somebody else and we found Madame had left. We then decided to go and see Patou's Collection. You go at either 11 a.m. or 2 p.m., and sit around the rooms and then one after another the mannequins parade in. There were hundreds of dresses and coats and we were there nearly two hours. We didn't dare leave in the middle. Nothing we saw could possibly be used for a wedding dress.



On April 5 Catharine with Mary Curtis and Caroline (Cal) Keyes sailed for France on the *New Amsterdam*.

Pete to Mrs. Robb.



The Rawalpindi in Colombo



MAY 3 WLT ROBB CONCORD MASS  
 PETER ARRIVED LONDON YESTER-  
 DAY MAY MEET US IN EDINBURGH  
 MONDAY RETURNING TO DUNDEE  
 HOPE TO SAIL MAY TWENTYTHIRD  
 MUCH LOVE CATHARINE

Jean to Mrs. Robb.

Catharine to Mother

June 1: Catharine, Jean, and Peter arrived from Europe.

Pete and Catharine were both staying in the Robb household prior to the wedding; hence this note.

from Mrs. Robb's diary: "June 30 — Catharine's wedding day. She was married under the apple tree. 300 guests. A lovely day in every way."

See June 24, 1922.

*April 18:* Peter, I do love you so. I seem to be sort of holding my breath until I see you. If you could, you might send me a wire when you reach Naples so I won't send anymore mail there and then I won't have to wonder where you are.

Anyway I'll be at the Savoy (the accent comes on the last syllable SaVOY), on May 15th at noon. (The latest will be noon, I'll probably be there much earlier for I feel like going there now.)

*April 27:* Wednesday I go to London and take the night train for Dundee. I'll cable you when I meet Peter; it will be about the time you get this letter; no later, about two weeks and a few days.

*May 1, LONDON:* My darling — Reached London late last night and am gradually settling down to normal. Exciting last few days. Have not received all my mail yet and expect I shall have to wire or cable Banff. Buying new clothing, and will be busy with tailor for a day or so. Must post this now so that it will reach you tomorrow. When and how shall we meet? My address is still CPR.

*May 2:* A few months ago it all seemed so far away and our plans so vague and indefinite I wondered what would come of us, but I knew your faith would never fail.

*May 3, DUNDEE:* You said to be sure if I heard anything from Peter to let you know and I was afraid I would until a day or two before I saw him. Yesterday morning Jean came up with a letter from London and strangely enough it looked like Pete's writing. I couldn't believe it until I saw his name on the rear of the letter. He was in a hurry and didn't say much. Arrived in London late the night I left. About three hours after the first mail another letter came from Pete mailed in Hong Kong before he knew what boat he was sailing on.

*May 7, EDINBURGH:* Dear Mrs. Robb — Peter arrived safe this a.m. and looks just the same. We have had breakfast and I am to have a day to myself and let the two of them together. This is a nice morning and will be fine for walking round. There has been no rain since Catharine came. Catharine and Peter are reading all the letters they got about the engagement and are very happy together, and now they won't be far apart again.

*May 14, DUNDEE:* Today I saw Pete off from Glasgow to Airdrie where his mother used to live, and will meet him Friday in London.

Peter's just the same, though he has had some experiences. His trip from Hong Kong to Genoa was pretty hard, I guess. There's so much to talk over we don't seem to get anywhere. Jean has been killing and more fun. She bosses both of us and in Edinburgh she thought we'd enjoy sitting downstairs in the writing room in the evening. Considering we had just met, I think we did pretty well. The train arrived at 7:30 and we were both as calm and cool as if we had been seeing one another every day.

*June 27, CONCORD:* My own darling, I don't know why I'm the way I am but I want to cry so I don't know what to do. I don't even know what's the matter with me; one thing Pete, nothing could have made me want to leave home more than all this wedding fuss. No one is enjoying any of it. I even hope it rains or snows, anything, I don't give a damn. It ought to be such fun having a wedding, but so far it's been nothing but a lot of worry and fuss. I'll be so glad when we leave for good.

## Part II 1930

*July 31, BELGRADE, MONTANA:* We leave tomorrow for the north. Everywhere we have gone we have heard about what hard times we are having. Lots of the help in Yellowstone have had to be laid off as so few were going through this year. I guess people in the west have felt it terribly.

*August 6, BANFF:* Since we got here I haven't had a moment, but now we are more or less settled in the Whites' house. There is not much use getting a place now for we can paint in the time it would take fixing it up. It is fun meeting all Pete's friends I have heard so much about. Pete's grandfather is great, a real Scotchman, and so interested in everything. He's nearly eighty and still paints a bit. We bought a lot of dungarees and men's clothes for me to go on the trail in. I felt a bit embarrassed buying men's underclothes, but I saw a great big man buying ladies' underwear so I didn't feel so out of place.

*August 11:* Reached Castle Mountain Camp in time for lunch. The people out here are all so interesting. As Pete says, they love the mountains so they get any job they can to be here. Then we went to Yoho. Pearl Moore, Col. Moore's wife, runs it and she is a Brewster. As nice as she can be and great fun. Mrs. Charles Walcott was there, now about seventy, who came out here forty years ago when all the mountains were first being climbed, the first woman up Mt. Stephen, and also the first to discover various glaciers.

*August 15:* In the night we were awakened by the fire bell. We rushed into clothes and tore over to the main street where a teahouse was going up in flames. Any wind and the whole block would have gone. Pete and I rushed around to the Paris Restaurant in back and filled buckets of water to throw on their roof. I feel as if I am a real native of Banff.

*August 17, YOHO CAMP:* At last Pete and I are painting. We each did a sketch last night, mine being no good, and then more today, three to Pete's credit and two to mine. None of them is a masterpiece.

*August 23:* Thursday Pete and I each did two sketches which weren't bad. Yesterday we walked to Summit Lake which takes about an hour and a half. We saw a coyote on the way up but he ran off. Then we painted all afternoon. The lake is the loveliest turquoise color. You never saw such colors as these lakes are, and constantly changing shades.

*August 25:* Today Pete painted a horse and I tried to paint the little shack and buildings near the corral. I had to hide one badly painted building with a horse; then I couldn't make the animal's head look right, so put Pete and his easel in to hide that, then a lot of bushes to hide Pete's and the horse's legs. It's great fun painting a lot. It's hard to get on to the mountains, for the light and effects change so quickly.

*September 1, LAKE O'HARA:* Here we are settled for two weeks of painting. There are only six guests here tonight including Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald from Toronto who comes every year in September to paint, a red haired man and great fun. We have a cabin on the shore looking right across the lake. It's a lovely view and we have a stove and it's easy to warm the place up in a few minutes.

*September 3:* We are having a fine time here and so far have each painted six sketches in three days. A Mr. Merriman is here, a Washington artist who was in Mr. Bosley's class at the Art Museum. He leaves tomorrow, having painted all he can do. He says he's tired out.

The documents from July 1930 to December 1933 are, with three or four noted exceptions, drawn from Catharine's letters to her mother.

Castle Mountain Camp, then managed by Lucy Kerr, was the CPR resort camp on the Banff-Windermere Highway, several miles south of Castle Mountain Junction; later called Storm Mountain Lodge.

Yoho Camp, a similar CPR resort camp in the Yoho Valley near Takakkaw Falls.



On the way into O'Hara