

It must have been this day that Mr. MacDonald did the sketch for his last great painting, *Mountain Snowfall, Lake Oesa* (1932). In 1977 Catharine located under a rock the rusted lard pail.



Sketch by Pete

September 5: The Links arrived day before yesterday. They come here every year for two weeks in September, as Mr. MacDonald does, and they are all old friends. Mr. Link is a Professor of Botany, and Mrs. Link of Chemistry, at the University of Chicago, have travelled a great deal and, besides having a great deal to say about all kinds of subjects, have an excellent sense of humor.

Pete and I got so enthusiastic over the cabin we began talking some more of building a studio. We have been staying with the Whites, but are anxious for a place of our own in which to paint.

September 7: Yesterday, a fine day up at Lake Oesa. It was rather cloudy in the morning but, nothing daunted, we set out with our lunch and slickers, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Link, Pete and I. We rowed across the lake and climbed over an hour. Oesa is the loveliest shade of green, the shade changing constantly as gusts of wind sweep across it. We three artists made a sketch before lunch, then ate a tremendous meal of sandwiches and tea made in a lard pail over a fire. After lunch we sketched again but it grew darker and cloudier all the time. Mr. MacDonald was still sketching so we made some more tea, and got warm around the fire. It began to thunder and soon it started raining, so we put on slickers and started down, the clouds around us and thundering a good deal.

September 8: A gorgeous day, bright blue sky and hardly a cloud. We rowed across the lake, Mr. MacDonald sitting in the bow and getting frequent shower baths when Mr. Link and Pete feathered their oars. We walked up a lovely brook to Opabin and some lovely alpine meadows and a little lake surrounded by high mountains. We surprised a goat as we went up and saw him quite plainly as he ran off high up on the mountain. My legs are really getting a lot of limbering up, for all these places are about a thousand feet above Lake O'Hara, and pretty steep trails. About five we decided to take a row on O'Hara. From the middle of the lake Pete noticed something black near the door of our cabin. He thought it looked like a black bear, so we changed seats and he rowed fast; our cabin door was open and he was afraid the bear might venture in and upset things. It was a mother bear with three little black cubs. She made the three of them go up a tree where each took a branch to lie on, one above the other perfectly motionless, while she watched off to one side.

September 12: The bears are awfully amusing. The little ones copy everything the mother does. Just now she pulled the lock off the store house and they had to chase her away by throwing water at her. Now they have the fire hose working and play that on them. The bears get to be an awful nuisance for you can't kill them and the longer they are around, the tamer and bolder they become.

Yesterday at supertime two men and a girl arrived, having come over Abbot's Pass from Lake Louise, Lady Rosemary Baring and Odell and Crawford, who were on the last Mt. Everest Expedition. Odell had been teaching at Harvard and is going on a two years' geological trip now. They are ready to attempt Mt. Everest again as soon as they get permission to go into Tibet. He was the last person, I believe, to see the two men who climbed the highest and never came down again.

There are two bathrooms upstairs, one marked "Ladies" and the other "Gents"; as someone was in the "Ladies," I waited. Though the

“Gents” was fine, three men were going to bed so I didn’t dare use that one. I soon heard someone coming out and the door opened and out came Mr. Odell. He turned out the light, but politely turned it on again. I believe he didn’t realize he was in the ladies’ bath.

September 16: The camp was supposed to close today but three parties came in last night, three Toronto people, a Minnesota couple, and Dr. Buzzard, or Sir Bertham Buzzard, one of the doctors to the King of England when he was sick. After dinner we talked rather quietly, then Pete began telling tales of various movies taken around here and was really funny as he sometimes is when he gets started and all the guests were laughing away. One English girl asked me the name of the guide, I suppose because Pete had a checked shirt on, the kind guides wear. I’m always being asked, for they never connect us right off. The other night a lady asked me Pete’s name so I told her. She said she used to know him, “a nice boy.” I agreed.

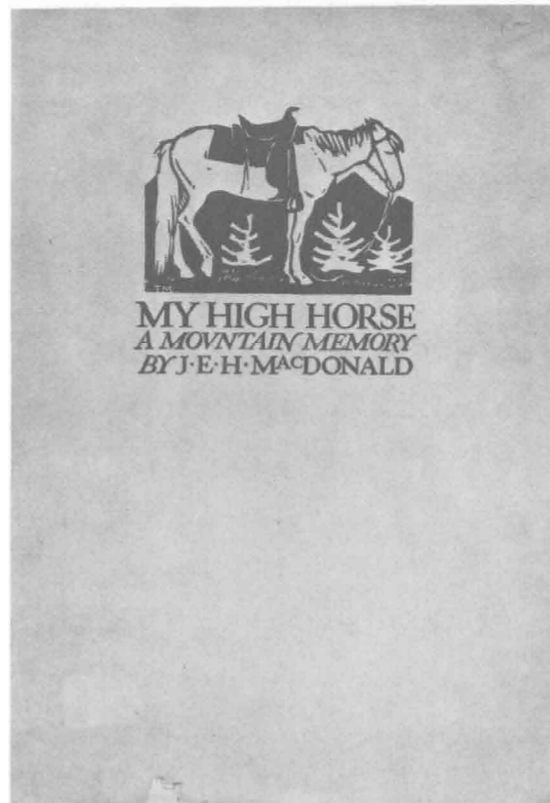
The Englishman’s daughters went for a swim, or I should say plunge, this morning in Lake O’Hara and, believe me, it must have been cold for there was a hard frost and ice on the little ponds. I shall have to stop as Mr. MacDonald is about to read a poem he has written. P.S. The *Herald* comes, but not very often as it’s addressed to Barrff.

September 18: It was a gorgeous morning but began to blow up a storm in the afternoon — most discouraging as we want to go over Abbot’s Pass tomorrow.

Later: evening now and a fine night, promising a good day for our climb. The camp is practically closed; all the bedding on tables in stove pipes in the middle of the bedrooms and everything stowed away. Mr. Link, Neil Begg (the boy who works here), Pete and I are to meet Rudolph Aemmer, the Swiss guide, at the hut. The other side is a bit tricky going. The pass is 9,600’, 3,000’ above O’Hara and 4,000’ above Lake Louise. Mr. Link has warned us of the difficulties, but Pete has tried to go over for five years and Neil has tried four times.

September 20, LAKE LOUISE: We all got up at 5:30 to see the moon shining brightly and knew it must be a good day. We started at 7:00 and were up to Oesa in an hour and a quarter. The little ponds and puddles were covered with ice, and there was lots of frost on the ground. Not until we were within a hundred feet of the top were we in any sun at all. Nothing was melting, not even the icicles where water drips down. It must have been about 20°. Pete wouldn’t let me carry any of the things, so he had quite a pack.

From Oesa up we gained altitude rapidly. It’s awkward walking, for the rocks are about three or four inches square, some larger, some smaller. They break off the peaks and roll down the slopes; and then some is moraine. Going up in earnest was hard work. Some patches of snow we could dig our feet into, enough to get a footing, but most of it is loose rock. The frost made it hard to dig footholds and when we did, the loosened rocks would roll down. Sometimes we seemed to go back half a foot for every foot forward. Mr. Link got all the loose stones. When we were near the right hand side we could often grab onto the rock ledges. Hanging on with our hands helped a lot, but the going seemed harder. It was pretty steep all the way up, nearly 2,000’ of it. The height didn’t bother me much; the only reason I was afraid to slip was that I’d lose altitude.



Catharine and Rudolph



There was frost on the stones and our hands got like ice; our feet were cold too, for the nails in the soles make them colder. Somehow we reached the top about 10:45, not so tired as I expected, I suppose because we couldn't go fast enough to lose our wind. A strong wind struck us near the top and it felt cold. Snow was drifting about in front of the hut on the pass. I hurried to get out of the wind and start a fire in the hut. We had to hunt about for wood, which Pete found in the garret. The fire started, we began melting snow for tea.

The hut, built by the Swiss Guides, is good-sized, one room with two smaller ones behind with bunks on either side, cots up in the garret. Everything had to be packed up there to build it. We thawed out and I put on another shirt, and then we enjoyed the view a little better. It was so clear we could see the Selkirks, snowy peaks way off in the distance. Lake Oesa was below, a queer intense pea green, an indescribable colour. Just before noon Rudolph appeared way below, coming up slowly. He had to chop stairs in the hard snow on the glacier.

Above the fireplace at Lake O'Hara camp is a picture of a rock or pinnacle with four men standing on various points. Way off in the distance below and behind are various peaks. It's an awful looking thing in a way, like the pictures Bradford Washburn showed last year. We all said we wanted to have our pictures taken on it, and I thought you would love one of me. Rudolph said he would pose us, so we started out.

There was the rock, a tiny thing to what I had imagined. Mr. Link set up his camera. Rudolph started off over the snow and some loose gravel across a very narrow place to the rock. Pete said, "Just walk in Rudolph's footsteps." I certainly did, for there wasn't any room to make any of my own. There wasn't room to pass even after we reached the rock. Rudolph took my hand, and said, "You go right up on top," and I was placed. I had to stand, for there didn't seem to be room to sit down. He held my hand all the time and I was very affectionate. Had I dropped anything out of my back pocket, it would have splashed in Lake Oesa, 2,000' below. I tried to look as if I were about to light a Murad, but I never could have. Once Rudolph sort of raised my hand, as if to say "Hurrah!" but I felt anything but that. Neil wouldn't move from the place he had between two rocks. Pete said the place he was on was so narrow his feet overlapped on either side, and he wasn't a bit too proud to put his hand around Rudolph's leg. Flagpole sitters had nothing on us.

Well, after standing there all that time — you know how long it takes — I sat down on the top of the rock and looked below. Once was enough. We let Mr. Link get in the picture while Pete took snapshots. Rudolph just stood there, more at ease than most people are at a party, but I preferred Neil's company by that time. Mr. Link had kept saying, "Neil, get out on the ledge and don't look as if you are holding on." When he got there himself, he understood. He got out on the rock but wouldn't on any account get on top.

After the pictures, it was time to go down, so we all got roped together. Rudolph first, then Mr. Link, Neil, myself and Pete, about fifteen feet apart. Mr. Link had told us about his trip last year, how he felt like a box car in a freight train being shunted back and forth. His staff was too short to slide with. One is supposed to lean on it hard with both hands on one side and slide. He couldn't do as the others did and had to

run all the way. He'd start falling and feel a jerk from behind as the rope tightened, then a jerk forward. This year, he said, we wouldn't be in a hurry as long as we all wanted to go slowly and take pictures. I should have called it a mad rush.

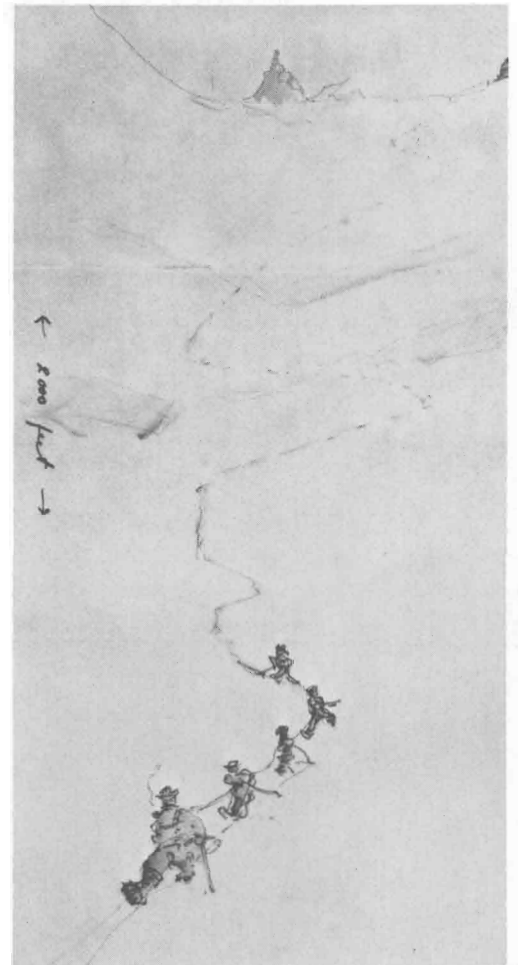
It's called the "Death Trap," as the heat from the sun warms the rocks and they break off and drop down; if one hit you from several thousand feet above, it would be rather bad. We started out and Rudolph had to cut steps with his ice-axe. It was then I discovered his was no lady's stride. The glacier was largely hard crust, but sometimes soft drifting snow we would break through, or loose snow on the crust through which we would slide. Most fairly steep hills level out once in a while, but I saw no level spots on that hill. On some of the switchback turns we were pulled around, like "snap the whip," only not quite so fast. The rest would be going more rapidly, perhaps on an easy place, while I was still negotiating a corner. Mr. Link never landed in Rudolph's steps, and Neil couldn't decide which to take. It was pretty hard to choose as we flew by at what felt like forty miles an hour. Picture yourself going down a steep hill that never stops going down itself and not being able to run at your own speed but being jerked every few moments and if the rope slackened you would get your feet tangled up in it. When you reached the sliding part, they would be running. I suppose the rest thought we were going an average speed. I'd hate to go what they would call fast.

We had a few comparatively easy runs and slides, then felt our way across the ice bridges across the crevasses, and on again. After a while we unfortunately reached just slide with no danger. Rudolph must have been in a hurry or thought me a great skier. We just tore down that slope and I slipped and slid, feeling jerks forward which would catch me unaware and I'd start running to keep from falling forward, and then, as I changed my stick over, I'd lose my balance.

I left my mouth open and lost my breath, so I was panting away, panting in two senses, for my knees got so weak I couldn't keep upright so I sat down and slid. I must have looked funny, arms and legs waving, and Pete encouraging me from behind: "Just stand up, Catharine," and I, panting back, "I can't!" It was the wildest trip I have ever taken. I kept looking down and still there seemed endless stretches of snow and ice — I thought we'd never reach the bottom. When we at last stopped, hot and panting, they asked me if I didn't enjoy it.

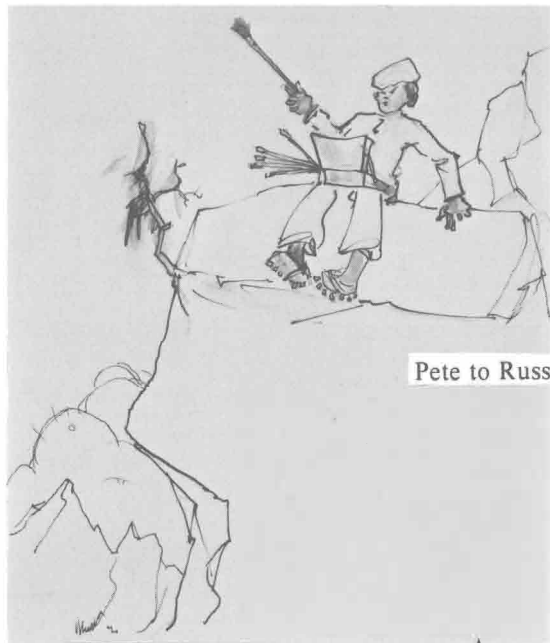
After that we walked over quite level ice with stones and had to jump several crevasses. Little ones, like narrow brooks, but one couldn't hesitate. We finished going over those, were untied, and had our pictures taken; looked back at the hut, a mere speck on the pass and started the long walk to Lake Louise. It was 5:00 when we reached the Chateau after what might be called a ten mile walk, but we had gone up 3,000' and I know we came down 4,000'.

Don't you dare put any of our pictures you have in the Concord show, or I'll never forgive you. Those portraits are only studies and the sketches are very poor ones too. Naturally, people tell you they like them, for they wouldn't like to say anything else. But if you put them into the show, it will make it all the harder for us to do well. If I were writing, say, a novel, you wouldn't dig up some of my old compositions written in school and send them to publishers. They would think them the best I could do. It's the same idea with paintings.



The seat of industry lost a little of its beautiful dark blue colour on the way down but arrived safely to tell a very interesting story.

Catharine hopes now that she can persuade you to make the same trip, but let's fool her, and wear white pants instead of blue.



Pete to Russ.

September 25, BANFF: Pete and I are talking over plans for building a studio to live in. We can build on his property here, near the river, and we have written for permission to cut the logs. The studio can be added onto very easily as it will be just one big room. The Moores' house is so attractive and that's of logs.

September 29: October is nearly here and we really haven't done all that we had planned or intended, but have accomplished more than I expected we should. The weather, except for the past week, has been splendid and we never missed a day painting.

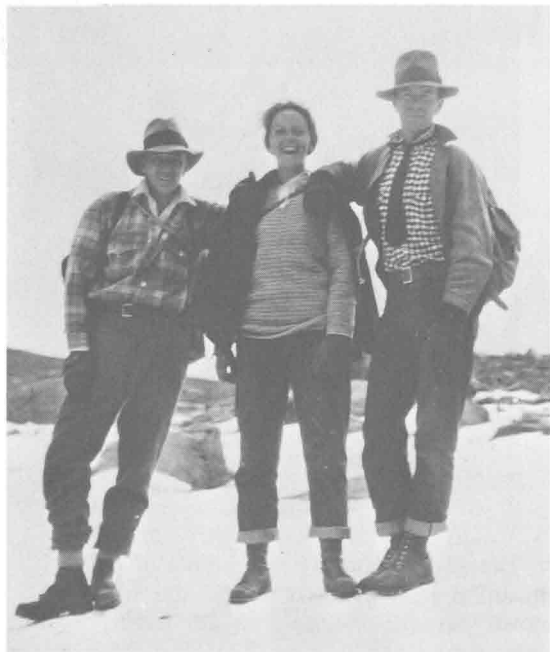
In the higher up regions one is apt to find almost any kind of goat, artist, Swiss Guide and also different varieties of wild flowers. Catharine is gradually becoming acquainted with some of these and probably in another trip or so she should develop a first class yodel.

October 8: Clifford, Pete's older brother, is building a log cabin in Skoki Valley to stay in when out skiing, about twelve or more miles from Lake Louise station, up the Ptarmigan Valley, and over two passes. It's quite high, the passes are above timber line and the skiing wonderful. Cyril Paris is building the cabin with Cliff, going into the ski business together. They were going out to see how the men building the cabin are getting along and invited us. At 4:00 a.m. Sunday we went over to Cliff's for breakfast. Ike Mills (who owns the dog teams, the man Pete worked with when they carried the mail by dog team) came with us. He has horses and is doing all the packing of supplies for Cliff. It was about 15° above, a chilly morning.

We were pretty cold by the time we reached Lake Louise so we started ahead to keep warm while Ike packed the horses. I had no pack, except for some field glasses, and the boys didn't have a great lot, a camera and lunch mostly. All the way up the steep hill they kept planning how it would be skiing down. The snow is deep up there, and the trees are small enough to be half-buried, so it wouldn't be bad to fall into, I'm hoping.

We stopped for our lunch below the pass and made a fire and boiled some tea. Ike caught up to us and two of his huskies were with him, beautiful dogs and so affectionate. I could have ridden from then on but the boys were going over a different pass from the horses and I wanted to see if I could walk all the way. It was worth it, for we went down onto two turquoise colored lakes with a beautiful glacier above the upper lake. It was new country to Pete too, so we had to find our way down. Then a mile or so across an open meadow to where the cabin is being built. I learnt quite a bit Sunday. One convenient thing to know is how to blow one's nose without a handkerchief, for noses run continually when it's as cold as it was. Something like "The Night Before Christmas." Remember the part "and laying a finger aside of his nose, he gave me a nod, up the chimney he rose"? You do all except the rising up the chimney.

The cabin is progressing well. The men were living in a tepee, the head man, Earl Spencer, and Spud White, the axeman. They had a spruce tree they called their "bear escape," the branches cut, making it easy to climb up rapidly, for grizzlies don't climb trees. We saw lots of signs grizzlies had been around. They dig up ant hills and gophers; such a mess they make of the ground, you would think someone was digging up a sewer. We got to the camp about 1:00 having left at 7:15 a.m. and



Cyril, Catharine, Pete

were there until 3:15. Spud White showed me how to peel logs. You have a draw knife and sit astride the log and pull the thing towards you with both hands. We had another meal with them about 3:00, ham and tea, a loaf of bread, and jam. It was a long climb, though gradual, to the top of the pass, snow driving into our faces and pitch dark when we got to the last little hill. It was after 9:00 when we reached Banff. Cliff said it was at least twenty-six miles; quite a walk on trails that go up and down all the time.

October 15, MORLEY: If this letter sounds disjointed, it's not due to a radio going but to two mice or more who keep running about the room nibbling at crumbs we have left on the floor. They make the greatest noise at night and one walked about Pete's palette and in and out of all the colors. We found his tracks next morning. I hope they don't get into the sleeping bag, for it's too darn cold at night to get out in a hurry. At the moment I could easily touch both mice with both hands.

We have had two very good days of painting. We were going to paint Mrs. Twoyoungman but her son's car wouldn't start; Pete didn't want to start going for Indians in the car as they would all want him to. As it has to be drained every night, and the water has to be carried, we decided not to use it at all. (Both mice are now under the stool I'm sitting on and one was sniffing my heel a moment ago.) Yesterday morning John Simeon, Black Buffalo, came with his eagle feathers and beadwork, all rolled up in a canvas bag. He came on horseback.

October 19: We are at present waiting for Joel "somebody or other" to come for us to paint this afternoon; but, as time means very little in an Indian's life, you cannot depend on their arriving on time.

It is nice to know someone inquired the price of my sketches. I suppose they would think it awful of me to ask as much as \$50.00 for the large one of O'Hara and \$25.00 for either of the two little ones. I'd rather not sell the clouds in Yoho Valley. The way I look at it — and Pete has figured it all out with various artists — it's better to sell one sketch at \$50.00 than ten sketches at \$5.00 or five at \$10.00. It's silly to sell a lot of poor ones and flood the market, so to speak, and the little ones are good as studies later on in building up big pictures in a studio. Mr. Rungius has saved all his and uses them often in finishing up a big canvas, to get a bit of foreground or something. Also, you put yourself in a different class if you count your work worth more. Pete sells his at that price or gives them to people, and previous summers he has sold a good many. I would be thrilled to pieces if anyone wanted to buy one, but I'll have to say the price is that high.

You would have laughed could you have seen our supper last night. Pete came home with a box of Aunt Jemima's pancake flour so we started in. We mixed the stuff in our saucepan (we have only one); then Pete said, "Oh, how can we have soup?" So we thought we would mix the dough in a soup plate and then Pete said, "How can we eat the soup without a bowl?" Then we realized, having given up the soup idea, we couldn't use the saucepan for tea either, so we ended by making tea in a cream pitcher and ate one pancake after another.

October 28, BANFF: We ought to be home in a week and three or four days after you get this. We were going tomorrow, Wednesday, but Earl Spencer, who is going to build our Studio, came in from Skoki Valley just to see us and make arrangements.

Morley: the community and Indian reserve midway from Banff to Calgary.

Mrs. Twoyoungman is later referred to as Mrs. Jonie.



From a Christmas card

1931

MacDonald, Harris and Clark all had studios in the Studio Building Harris and Dr. MacCallum had constructed on Severn Street in 1925.

The concept for the "studio" or house Pete and Catharine had worked out in some detail in 1928-29. Its details changed little in the two years between conception and construction.



February 24, TORONTO: Breakfast at the Royal York, then went over to the Ontario College of Art to see Mr. MacDonald. He was great to us, showed us all around the art school and took us through the gallery and then to Eaton's new store. From there we went to his studio where we saw most of his work, past and present. He sent us upstairs to meet Lawren Harris, a well-known Canadian artist, rather modern as he changes things from literal to the opposite to give you the feeling of the place which he does succeed in doing. It was interesting seeing what he did with places we are familiar with in the mountains. Most interesting of all were his sketches made on a trip last summer, when he went on the Government supply boat which takes provisions to the various outposts in the north, Greenland and north of Baffin Island to within five hundred miles of the North Pole. Then we went into another studio to see the work of Paraskeva Clark. Then we met Mrs. MacDonald and all four of us had supper together. She told us of a trip she made to Concord two years ago. They have named their son Thoreau because he was such a favorite of theirs, I guess.

February 28, BANFF: We arrived yesterday and our first day was pretty busy. Pete is fixing shoes and skis for us to go up to the ski camp for a little practice. As we came up from Calgary there were only a few patches of snow and the river was open most of the way. Pete cannot remember anything like it happening before and no one can. In Banff the worst weather was in October, and only once since then has it been below zero, and that in November. Everybody talks of the extraordinary winter, and it really seems as if it were just for our house.

About the house: we are tickled to pieces with it, and think it looks darn well. It's small in a way, but made of tremendous logs all beautifully put together. When the roof is on, it will be almost finished. We went down there only four times yesterday, the last a moonlight trip.

March 11: I had better tell you about our trip to Skoki, a perfect trip, a wonderful experience; I feel able to tackle nearly any hill up or down now. Six of us made the trip. Victor Kutschera, the Austrian ski instructor at the Ski Club, twenty-six or so, very enthusiastic, a great talker. He says the country around Skoki is just like the Arlberg which shows he thinks it awfully good. Cyril Paris who was supposed to know the way up the Pipestone, having been down it last summer with Cliff. Norman Knight, nineteen, brother of Harry Knight, the cowboy who has won lots of prizes lately. Bernie Hanson, a quiet fellow from Kansas City, who would rather live in the mountains than anywhere, may do most of the cooking for Cliff. He's not crazy about skiing except to get into the mountains.

We piled into the Colonist Car, skis, packs and all. At Lake Louise carried everything to the wardens' cabin where we could pack up. We wanted to make the Pipestone cabin that night. Pete's pack weighed about 50 lbs. with the sleeping bag on top which makes it sort of topheavy. Victor had an air-tight stove in a crate on top of his packsack, and inside various things, bread, table silver, a few canned things. He couldn't get up without help when he fell. In fact hardly any of them could.

We started at 2:20. The others got ahead and followed a snowshoe and ski trail which turned out to be a trail up and back about a mile. They wouldn't let me break trail. By the time we reached the river it was

dark and no sign of a snowshoe trail. Discouraged, we decided to rest and eat the box lunch three of us had brought and make some coffee. The moon came out later and we started on. About a mile up the river we struck the snowshoe trail, just visible, but making the going seem very simple. It was beautiful with the moonlight on the mountains. We rested frequently, for the packs proved very heavy. We ate a little chocolate Pete and I had brought. We knew there was a game wardens' cabin where the Little Pipestone joins the Pipestone and so we kept on, hoping to reach it. At a meadow place we couldn't tell where the snowshoe trail went. Cyril, not very good at trails, couldn't find any familiar landmarks. Near midnight we decided to pick a good spot and spend the night. Bernie made cocoa from some chocolate. Pete and Norman cut trees with a saw. Victor made a better shelter and the rest of us tried to keep the fire going. We all slept in a row, Pete and I jammed into his single sleeping bag, Norman next to Pete, the other three on an open sleeping bag with a blanket over them.

Next morning we had black coffee, bread and jam, and bacon cooked on the end of a stick and set off again. We hadn't had much to eat and so tired more easily. The straps dug into the boys' shoulders pretty badly. It was warm all the first day and even at night I didn't wear more than a flannel shirt. I wore Hatchways underwear all the time, every second in fact, and took it off the first time only last night. I didn't see my feet for a good many days either and even my shirt was slept in until the last three nights.

Pete broke trail that morning, I behind, and though the others rested frequently, we kept going until we reached the wardens' cabin half an hour ahead of the rest. A sign said we were welcome to use anything.

We were anxious to reach Skoki. Instead of flat monotonous going, we went up and down hill through beautiful spruce woods. It snowed hard and then the sun would come through. It even snowed hard against the blue sky. When we reached the meadow where we should turn off, it was snowing hard and we decided, instead of breaking trail across to the canyon we were to go up, we would follow the snowshoe trail until it turned off and skirt around some ridges to keep our altitude. It went higher than we realized and led us further from the canyon. We soon were on the Red Deer summit or very near there, the moon coming up full and the wind blowing very hard and bitter. We went up what looked like a coulee and instead went into heavier timber, the toughest going I've ever seen, and dark. The only thing to do was to go down and strike the canyon we had hoped to miss. So down we went, over fallen timber, through underbrush and goodness knows what. I wanted to rest, exhausted from lack of food. I fell three times in a row, and that seemed to wake me up, and from then on I was the least tired of the bunch and even broke the last mile of trail. Victor said I never could have gone down such a steep hill in that heavy timber if it had been daylight. I guess he was right. We landed in the canyon and had to go up it anyway. A long flat stretch and then the last stretch all uphill to the cabin.

We started a fire and the porridge did taste good. Pete was so tired he lost his lunch, but I was so glad to be there I felt quite lively. We were there about 9:30. We turned in pretty soon and there was a bag for everyone.



At Skoki: Allen Mather, Fern Brewster, Pete, Bernie Hanson, Norman Knight, Dave (Jack) White, Cyril Paris, Victor Kutschera, Cameron Stockand, Catharine.



Mr. Bennett — Russell H. Bennett, a Minneapolis mining engineer and businessman who must be included among the Rockies' ski pioneers. In 1929 he skied in the Assiniboine region, and that summer planned a trip from Jasper to Lake Louise. In March of 1930 he and his companions made it as far as Camp Parker, but in 1932 (March 7 to March 26), he, Cliff White, and Joe Weiss of Jasper completed the trip. He was Skoki's first paying guest.



Thursday in the afternoon we went part way up the pass to the Ptarmigan Valley and skied down, the best ride I've ever had, a good crust with two inches on top. In the steepest part Pete led and I followed and we made six or seven stem turns in succession. Then we let her go and the wind just whistled by, around a few trees, and on down. I didn't fall until just at the front door of the cabin when I couldn't decide just what to do. About 4:00, Pete and Norman went out to meet Cliff and Fern Brewster. We put a candle in the window but they weren't late, getting in soon after seven. It was pitch dark coming over the pass and it makes you realize all you can do on skis. Fern is the best sport one ever saw. With some rum in them they made it all right. Cliff said he would turn round and say, "Stem here, Fern," when "swish!" she would sail by them and end in a spill. Pete stopped once by a little spruce tree and said, "Fern, can I pick you up?" It was so dark he couldn't tell the difference.

We left Tuesday after some cocoa and crackers about 12:00, and it took us just over an hour to reach the top of the pass. Do you remember last year I wrote about the steep switchbacks on the walk up to Skoki and how they told me people would ski down them? Well, Fern and I skied down the whole way. I can't say without a fall, because we did sit a good bit, but we attempted to slide down in the proper fashion and stem the corners.

March 15: Back in Skoki again and today we have spent putting up shelves and continuing to fix up the cabin. You have no idea how comfortable it is. We go to Banff for at least a week and then will probably come back in again.

March 18: BANFF: I meant to write you yesterday, but we went down to see the house right after breakfast and didn't come back until lunchtime and then went back at two to watch the front windows being cut. The chimney is being built and everything is shaping up pretty well.

March 22: The undressing in the camp is rather difficult. We sleep in sleeping bags which zip or button up one side and by having the open side towards the wall can squirm into pants, and long underwear shows less anatomy than a bathing suit. Mr. Bennett donned pyjamas each night, but when two of us girls slept in a bunch, Pete would hang a blanket which gave us lots of freedom. Washing is the most difficult; it's easier to forget about that.

March 31, SKOKI: I had a grand time shoveling steps up to the "whatses-whoses" behind the cabin, and then it snowed hard all night and so, even if I hadn't shoveled, it would have been alright.

April 4, BANFF: I got Russell's fine letter today and want to congratulate him on being elected to the unspellable and unpronounceable ski club. Pete and I are thinking of inviting the club as a whole to Ptarmigan. Russ is a darn sight better than me at skiing because he can use other turns than stems. I resort wholly to stem turns unless I'm standing still when I use a kick turn, but I've never dared use poles except as excess things to wave and catch on trees.

April 15: It's such fun watching them build the house that we seem to spend all our time down there. Mr. Walton made a fine front door step out of large slabs of the same rock he built the chimneys of, three large rocks for the lower step and one large one the width of the door for the upper step. It really looks fine.

THE PETE WHYTES' NEW HOUSE
BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA
Monday evening, May 11, 1931

We moved in last night and, though the bedroom isn't exactly furnished, we had a Simmons box spring similar to the ones the Vanderbilts, Astors, Carnegies and all those people have, and our sleeping bags. With a nice fire in the fireplace we felt very comfortable. A little fire is so pleasant to undress in front of and such fun to watch after the lights are out, and with all the dormers and peaks and corners in the bedroom the light has a wonderful chance to dance about on the logs. Earl made the bed today and it really is the nicest bed you ever saw. Last night we had just candles, but tonight we have lights.

May 29: Maybe you think a garden attracts callers, but I find it doesn't compare with a house. This morning wasn't bad. The Italian carpenter arrived as we were getting breakfast, but he was working on the cupboards under and around the sink. Pete has levelled twenty truck loads of loam and dirt and I was raking it over. Casper McCullough, the head man at the golf course, is getting us some seed they use on the fairways. A man came about buying some logs we had left over to make a fence. The boy who drives the store truck brought a roller, and goodness knows how many other callers, including Charlie Beil (Charlie Russell's protégé who lives here), Pete's grandfather and the man who says he's a snake charmer and cleared the rubbish.

About tea time the real callers began. Two drivers for Brewsters came in. We gave them tea and one showed the other the house. Then Dr. Robinson arrived to see about the fenceposts and he joined us for a cup of coffee. Then Steve Hope came with the hinges for the doors and Sammy Ward to work on the cupboards, and the carpenter back to finish a drawer. Mr. White came, and I had hardly washed the dishes when Mrs. White and two of Lila's kids came down and then three people who work at the Hotel came in this evening and they had to see the house. It's like living in the Alcott House and having to keep your bedroom very neat.

June 7: Did I tell you the manager at the Banff Springs has saved two very good places by the ballroom for us to hang pictures? Pete hadn't one large enough so we loaned them Mr. Hibbard's until he paints one and then we put up my big Indian, Dan Wildman, in the lovely gold frame that was on Mr. Bosley's picture. Rather mean, but we had to have a frame.

June 13: Jackie offered to buy a steak if we would cook it, and we asked the Moores and Georgia Engelhard of New York to supper. I had no flowers, so used dandelions which at first drooped way over the side of the vase and then went bolt upright and closed up. Now I see why people don't pick them more.

June 19: Such a mess as the house is in, for I started to unpack the barrels of glass and china. We wanted to get the plates especially and the first five barrels were glass. We had twice as much as I thought, which means that all the glasses, plates and vases are in odd corners on the floor. We unpacked the last big silver box and to our surprise found a trunk inside the box and locked at that. No keys worked, so we got Sam to "jimmy" the lock. After unpacking all the silver, we were so embarrassed at the great array we put it back into bags and in the trunk again.



After Pete's painting had been hung, he was standing back to check it (and admire it, too) when the assistant manager chanced along. "How do you think it looks?" asked Pete. "It hides the crack very well," was the reply.

Georgia Engelhard — a splendid alpinist and a fine photographer.

Catharine wrote but never mailed this letter. If she otherwise responded to her mother's letter, it has been destroyed.



Tommy Link preparing tea, Adeline Link, Catharine reclining

June 30 [at the tea held by Mrs. Robertson, wife of the Banff Springs Hotel manager]: I wish you could have seen the funny combination of people, for society in Banff is quite small-townish. People like Mrs. Rungius and Mrs. Painter and people like that who go up to the hotel quite a bit and have lived in New York and other places, and then one or two who try to be social lights and doll up fit to kill. I was by far the youngest, by nearly 20 years I guess, but it was fun and I did enjoy it. *July 9:* We are planning to go up to the Little Yoho to sketch next week, while Georgia climbs with a Swiss Guide. We got a tepee from the Indians for us four girls and the boys will have a tent too. We will be gone several days but will be back Sunday in time to meet you Monday morning.

August 21, LAKE O'HARA: I am terribly sorry the summer turned out so unhappily for you and you weren't able to have the good time you had planned. I didn't mean to be unkind, and have always tried to do all I could for you. I'm afraid we don't always understand one another.

In your letter you say, "I have always known you had very little love or use for me," which I think is putting it rather too strongly. I will say this, that I have never loved you as I loved father, but I do have love for you, though you have often said things which hurt that love a good deal.

Perhaps you never realized how things seemed to me when I was a little girl, but not until after Edith went into the hospital to be a nurse did I realize you weren't fonder of her than you were of me. Everything I had was given to her too, if possible; that is, we often were given clothes alike, and I've never forgotten how excited I was to be given a wrist watch only to have the pleasure taken away when she was given one exactly like it. It was not so much the presents you gave her as the way you spoke of her cleverness in doing this and that which I couldn't do. It hurt a great deal and I honestly thought you were fonder of her than me. It killed something in my love for you that can never be regained.

I'm afraid that no one who doesn't paint, or write, or compose can understand how artists feel. To paint, for instance, one must be free to work when one feels like it. If you have other things on your mind it's impossible to do your best work; and if you want to paint and other people interfere with what you are trying to do, it drives you just about crazy.

You must remember a six weeks' visit was never mentioned until the day you arrived. We saw our summer of painting gone in a flash, with but the two weeks at O'Hara left which we clung to desperately. We did appreciate it was "an effort with your serious trouble to take so long a trip," but if you had any idea of helping us have a good painting summer, you were mistaken. I realize that you didn't realize the only way we can paint without being constantly interrupted is to go off into the mountains. I'd given up summers of what I wanted to do more than once for you, but I wasn't going to let you ruin Pete's. He is very serious about his work and when I married him I meant to be a help not a hindrance. I got so worked up at Lake Louise that I decided to go east. I knew you would see more of me if I went east than you would here. Therefore I did rather a desperate thing in going east with you, but as things were here I couldn't have stood any more.

It was not easy for Pete that morning you made such a fuss about the car. He was so pleased to have a chance to have an exhibition at Lake Louise and when the only way for him to get the pictures was to take the car, how easy did you make it for him? (I was sorry then and have been since that I let you buy the car for us).

September 4: The Links are here, but we don't know whether Mr. MacDonald will be coming or not. I hope he does, for it isn't the same without him.

September 11: Day before yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Forbes came in. He's a portrait painter in Toronto, having studied in England. You met him the day we went to the Rungiuses for the easel. They have been at Moraine Lake waiting for two days of sun to finish up his work there. After ten days of bad weather they decided to run in here to see O'Hara. We went up to Lake Oesa with them and they were crazy about it and never have seen so much paintable stuff in their lives. Yesterday, we all went up to Lake McArthur in the morning and, though it snowed hard all the time, both Pete and Mr. Forbes managed to make a sketch.

September 22, BANFF: About the new proposition for the winter: Fred Armbrister (the photographer at Lake Louise) has talked to Pete for some years about his going to Nassau to paint in the winter but Pete never considered it seriously. This summer Fred got some new ideas about making his Studio a center for artists in Nassau, where he wants us to have our sketches and paintings. We didn't jump at the idea for fear it was just a lot of enthusiasm, but when we came out from O'Hara, we stopped at Lake Louise to see Fred and planned a bit. We will live in Fred's studio building which evidently has lots of room. We are free to do as we like and any sketches we sell we will give Fred a commission. Also, we will lend the artist atmosphere to the studio. There ought to be plenty of sunshine anyway. We will come back here the first of March for the skiing and may be able to look after halfway cabin they are building now.

Charlie Beil came with a poetess from Seattle. We didn't know exactly what she wanted to see, the house or our pictures, and after sitting and talking for fifteen or twenty minutes we showed her both. When I took her upstairs, Charlie told Pete he hoped she wouldn't stay long for he had hired a car to take her around at \$4.00 an hour.

October 15: We sail from New York November 7th and expect to arrive in Concord a week earlier for a week with you and the weekend with Russ.

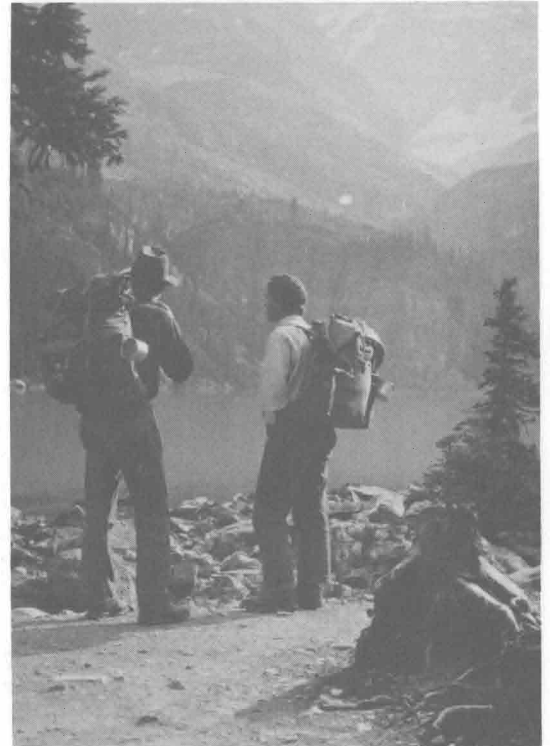
Wednesday Tom Wilson came to pose again. We are both anxious to make good portraits of him and the harder we try the worse they get. I still have the hands to do on mine and he will come another day or two.

November 14, NASSAU: Needless to say we are crazy about Nassau. The color of the water is unbelievable and the town is very picturesque and there are unlimited things to paint.

We landed at a very slippery float and managed to all scramble ashore in the dark. Elaine Strong Cruickshank and her husband met us. She used to live in Banff and is an old friend who has married a doctor in charge of the hospital here.

We are staying in one of the Armbristers' cottages they let to winter people, but the season hasn't started so we are staying here and eating breakfast and an occasional meal at Fred's.

Mr. MacDonald did not come to the Rockies that autumn. Catharine later said, "Pete knew him so well and told me so much about him, I can hardly believe I was only there one summer when he was there; he made such a strong impression on me. He was so much a part of O'Hara, I felt I'd been there several years with him. He used to get up early and throw little pebbles at our cabin and they'd run down the roof and wake us up because he wanted to get started early when he went sketching. It didn't matter how cold it was, he'd still go." (Interview with Joan Murray, 1977, Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa, Ontario.)



Tom Wilson; by 1931 a "grand old man of the Rockies," Tom had reached the range when he was a scout for Major Rogers' CPR route finding expedition of 1881.

At Carl's insistence Pete had submitted works to the National Academy of Design (New York). The painting has been variously called *Stoney Squaw*, *The Red Squaw*, and its last title, *Mrs. Tom Simeon*.



Mrs. Ely: the painting was subsequently destroyed

1932

November 19: Great excitement! A letter from Carl Rungius saying that Pete's pictures were accepted by the jury, the Squaw with an "A" and the Medicine Man with a "D." They only hang one so the Squaw will be hung. Kenneth Forbes' portrait got an "A" too. Also that Pete's received very favorable comments, so really we are pretty tickled.

November 25: Having gotten all excited and thinking we might leave in a week or two, we expect to stay longer, until after Christmas anyway. It would take a long time to tell you the reasons we wanted to leave. The principal trouble was that Fred was trying to manage too much and that we were always taken everywhere as three. Not being over fond of Olive, we didn't like it. We thought we were here to paint and sketch and that Olive was here merely to color photographs. Fred wanted us to help her in her sketching and we said we would. Then we found that she had come really to sketch and to pay her way by coloring photographs. When anyone asked about which of us painted, she let them think she was here to sketch and it made us look a bit like fools. She can draw pretty well but her pictures aren't anything wonderful, weak really. Because Fred thinks them wonderful, she thinks she's awfully good. As she is only nineteen and a bit silly, we didn't like being classed with her.

December 9: We haven't sent out any cards this year as we weren't settled enough. Mid-summer doesn't feel very Christmasy.

December 19: I'm sure we could have got on alright with Fred but the girl upset everything. She's plain dumb. Her father being a Senator, she feels she is somebody very important. She is pretty in a way, though I don't think it's a very attractive prettiness, but it has turned Fred's head. She's the most inconsistent person. Gets up early one morning after sleeping late for two weeks. Hates grapefruit for a week, then suddenly says she likes it. Lets people pour out cocktails or drinks for her and then leaves the glass 3/4 full. Is never on time except when you expect her to be late. Never rinses out the tub after her bath, and one of the crowning blows was to use Pete's razor and leave it dirty with her hair still in it. (Pete was so mad he cut his chin in about twenty places afterwards). The worst though is the way she acts as if she were able to paint. The first day she told a lady that we all three were just "would be artists." Fred on the other hand must be in love with her. We can't say anything against her without being rude.

We might have left sooner but thought Pete better try the portrait of Mrs. Ely. They wanted a smile and in the end didn't like it and Pete lost the likeness he had at first. She's attractive, but they want one a stylish portrait with pearls. You know the kind I mean, lovely women that never really have any character.

December 20: The greatest excitement was a letter from the American Federation of Arts, asking if Pete would be willing to help keep up the high standard (!) of their travelling exhibition by letting them have his *Stoney Squaw* which was among the thirty or forty canvases they had picked from current exhibitions. The letter unfortunately went to Banff and our being away makes it a month old, but we cabled our consent. *January 3*, EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA: I guess you will be surprised if I telephone you tomorrow from Cuba (if it isn't too expensive) for we are on our way home. We think it is best to call this trip a scouting trip; we have learnt a heap about travelling and have decided that the thing to do is to stick to painting Indians and mountains.

February 14, BANFF: We have actually gone into the ski business. There was a prospect of it when I wrote after the Carnival. A letter from two English people who want to have some Alpine skiing brought things to a head. We figured out a proposition to put before the club which it has accepted. It seems to us a wonderful idea. If we hadn't done it there wasn't anyone else who could, and it meant no camp this year and a black eye to skiing round here. Last summer they formed a company and had lots of people who were going to buy shares, so they went ahead and built the extra cabins. Then the old story of the people not buying the shares they had planned to and the Club owing money on the new cabins and nothing to go ahead on.

It was decided we should pay the debt, which sum will be repaid to us at the termination of our agreement. We have leased the Ptarmigan or Halfway Cabin and the main camp in Skoki Valley for five years and can do as we like in running the camp.

Tex Woods is to be our cook and has done the ordering of food including meat and everything. He's the guide who writes the amusing stories in *The Sportsman*.

February 20, SKOKI: Russell's letter in reply to mine about the ski camps has been forwarded up here. He wrote a fine letter but both Pete and I got so peeved to think how hard all of us are working to make the ski camps go and then the blooming skiers in the east think we were overcharging them. All the skiers who come out here from the east probably belong to this and that club. When they go to theatres they don't sit in the cheapest seats. Yet just because some other ski camp has a cheaper rate and so and so says so, it must be so. I wish you could see how hard all the boys are working to pack things in. Unless we make something, we can't afford to pay them more than their room and board. They are all working for the future and if they are fed they don't ask for more. One day Rupe Edwards hadn't enough money to pay the fare up on the train which is less than \$2.00 and so rode on the back of the tender in below zero weather, and yet all he expects to get now is his food.

March 9: We are hoping for a good heavy snowfall before Russ comes, to help fill in some of the holes the Kingman party has made. Each day they have to go on a new slope because the one they used the day before is so full of crater holes. However, they are all learning a heap and having a wonderful time.

March 13: When fifteen people start showing each other things it's bound to make a few impressions. The crust was perfect for turning, being solid enough to hold you up with a couple of inches of snow on top. But if you sat on it you broke through very easily, making the fall safe but making the hole about two feet wide, a foot or more deep and varying feet in length depending upon the speed of the faller. Each hole would in turn cause at least two more spills and those in turn would cause four more so it wouldn't take long to chew up a fairly large area.

March 17: From the very first day I arrived home I have done nothing but try to organize this Camp and get people capable of doing the work and then see that they did it and try and help a bit myself. There were eight men and two dog teams and between us we have managed to bring in over 3200 pounds of provisions, bedding and stoves, etc. We packed in four stoves! 14 miles! Over two mountain passes!

Lady Jean and Niall Rankin. His account appears in the *BRITISH SKI YEAR BOOK*, 1933.



The Kingmans, like Russell Bennett, are from Minneapolis.

Catharine's brother Russ and fourteen other New Englanders came skiing that spring. Faith, referred to below, was a "daisy" among the party.

Pete to Edith Robb.



Catharine on summit of Ptarmigan Peak

Victor — Vic Kutschera.

Murray Adaskin and Frances James, he a violinist and later one of Canada's better-known composers, she a soprano who had sung at the CPR's hotels, have contributed extensively to Canada's cultural life.

April 12: Guess where I am and what I'm doing in the "land of snow and ice"? I'm at present having a sun bath on the parts of me where clothes can be replaced fairly quickly. All the rest (not the clothes but the people) have gone skiing except Tex and me. Tex is sun bathing in the nude on the kitchen roof while I am on the porch roof on the other side. I do have pants on which are rolled up above the knees but nothing above the waist. It's lovely and warm when a cloud doesn't cover the sun and when the wind doesn't blow. You wouldn't think it would be warm enough to sit still with nothing on — in April, would you?

Tex played a good joke on Faith today. He caught a tiny mouse and handed it to her as if it were a piece of cake this morning. She was so stunned she could hardly scream, so she decided to put it in Tex's food. He suspected her and vowed he would eat it to make her sick, so put it in his sandwich very obviously. He was able to exchange it for a piece of meat without her seeing. He chewed away on what everyone thought was the mouse and then, having torn off the tail, began picking at his teeth, saying, "something must have caught," pulled out the tail as if greatly astonished. Faith was disgusted and nearly sick. Tex, just to finish off the act, said "Well, I guess if I ate everything else, I might as well eat the tail," which he thereupon put back in his mouth and really swallowed.

April 26: Fox, one of Ike's dogs broke away at Lake Louise and was run over by a train and killed. We all feel terribly as he was one of the nicest and best dogs. We have named the pass near Ptarmigan Mountain "Fox Pass." "Fox Pass" is the slang for *faux pas* and it would be a "Faux Pas" to go over that pass when coming in here.

May 15, BANFF: The amount of things we want to do is appalling but I guess it's better never to have time to do everything you want to do than to have more time than you know what to do with.

June 21: Fred Armbrister came in. We had rather avoided him in a certain way, not knowing how we would act when we first met. But he was afraid we were peeved at him. So we are the best of friends now. Olive isn't coming back to Lake Louise this summer as he said he couldn't afford to pay her anything. I imagine he may have found out she was out for all she could get.

July 8: I don't know as I told you our sketching plans. We expect to go out for about a week at a time into the mountains in from Lake Louise, taking with us, besides our sketching material, a sleeping bag each. Victor is going along to carry a small tent and food. If we plan to stay a day or two in one place, he can go back for more food while we are painting. That way we can go into places no one has been able to paint before.

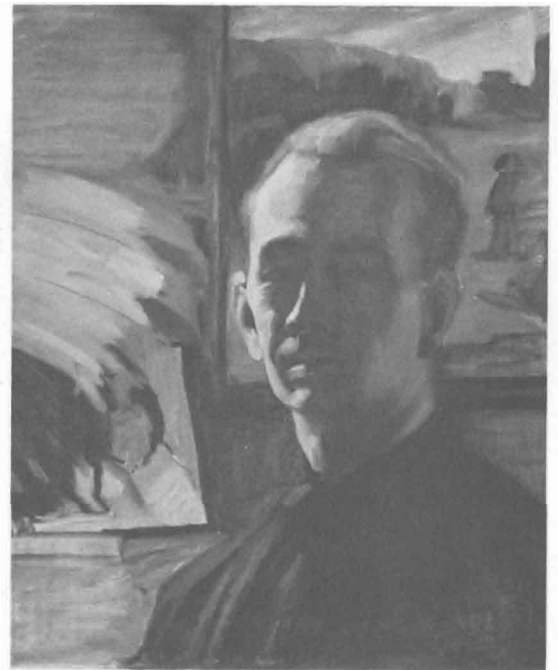
July 17, CASTLE CAMP: We seemed to get things fixed up Friday morning and, after a bite of lunch, we started in to Shadow Lake. Victor is with us. We have thirty-six pounds of food with us; it's all very concentrated stuff but nourishing. It took us four and a half hours to reach the hut at Shadow Lake and it must be twelve miles steady gradual uphill.

Next morning we left the cabin at 9:45, a lovely day with beautiful clouds. We had told the Adaskins we would be at Castle Camp Saturday night for a party to celebrate their wedding anniversary. We planned to walk to Twin Lakes in the morning, paint there in the afternoon and get here in the evening but things didn't turn out just as we had planned. Victor had been to Shadow Lake before, but we were quite surprised to

find the map he had with him didn't cover that part of the country. He went on to the end of Shadow Lake and then up and, thinking he knew where he was going, we never questioned him. We did go in the right direction to reach Twin Lakes as the crow flies, but not as the trail goes. The trail we were following just disappeared as trails do sometimes, but we kept on, hard going over boulders and fallen trees. Then we came to a meadow and Vic started working up the hill to the right, the toughest sort of heavy timber to go through, but we finally reached the top, a lovely alpine meadow, and we could see what looked like a pass above us. We had a quick lunch of bully beef and bread and butter and went on again, up and up. Pete was sure Storm Mountain was on our right but Victor thought it was on the left so up we went over loose shale to patches of snow. From the meadow the pass didn't seem to look so high, but as we got up we could see there was a wall of rock and it was sort of a blind draw. We decided to circle what Pete thought was Storm Mountain, knowing Twin Lakes was at the foot of Storm. It was all loose rock we had to scramble over. We got around the corner in about an hour and of course there was still another corner, so we kept on going and always there seemed to be another corner where we would be able to tell where the pass was, where the trail went. I was getting pretty tired. None of us expected to make Castle Camp and maybe not even Twin Lakes. We were, by this time, just above the cabin we had spent the night in but a long way above and we didn't want to go back. Then we came to an alpine meadow and there were twenty-three goats drinking at a little pond. They scampered off when they heard us, but it was a large flock to see. It seemed to be the right pass this time so we went to the brow of the meadow and sure enough we found lots of blazes and the trail going down into the valley below; it was 5:30 by then, and we started down, thinking we would camp at Twin Lakes. Knowing we were on the trail made us feel good. About 7:00 we reached the lower Twin Lake. We decided we would keep on to Castle as it wasn't more than five or six miles. So on we went. I didn't feel as much sympathy for Vic as he should have had a map, but still we did feel he felt badly about it himself. At 9:45 we reached the creek below the camp and up a steep climb and we were here a little after 10:00. We thought we'd arrive in the midst of the party and they would all have given up expecting us. We would rest outside for five minutes and then they would think we were as fresh as could be. The joke was on us for none of them had arrived.

July 20, BANFF: We counted for the fun of it, how many different people had been in the house since the middle of May and there were over a hundred we could remember. Nearly all of them have to have tea or something.

August 27: Pete made three good sketches of the Indian camp and an Indian Portrait during Indian Days. He also painted a self-portrait and it's the saddest looking thing I've ever seen. I guess it would make anyone realize he missed me somewhat. Pete also made two good sketches with Mr. Jack the English portrait painter. He may spend a week with us later on when we are sketching the autumn things. It's wonderful to have him to paint with as he can give one such a lot of helpful criticisms.



1933



February 1, TORONTO: You got the message about forwarding the wire regarding a man at MIT wanting particulars about Skoki.

February 10, BANFF: We have Jimmy Boyce as a cook and expect him to work out well. He started as a trail cook, and he's worked for Mr. White quite a lot and is honest and reliable.

February 15, SKOKI: Pete and Jim spent Tuesday building an alpine bed along one side of the Halfway cabin and everyone sleeps in a row, the married couple in the middle, girls on one side, men on the other. Pete came down part way with a lantern to meet us. This morning Pete, Jim and I came over here to open the main camp. Pete and Jim had over 50 lbs. and I over 20. We all fell and Pete managed to break some eggs in the middle of his pack. We found the camp O.K. but such a lot of snow; you could ski up onto the roof. We shovelled steadily all afternoon.

March 8: Cliff, Rupert Edwards and Allan Weaver stopped here for lunch on their way to the Columbia Icefield. They probably will be back this way in about three weeks. They have put out some caches of food in the mountains so they don't have to carry too great loads.

Pete brought his sketch box in last trip and has made three small sketches.

March 19: Hardly seems possible I have been over a month and haven't been even to Halfway since the night the Baroness came. Yet the time flies, and one still puts things off till tomorrow. Barbara wrote, saying Mildred said I ought to be coming in for a bath pretty soon, but I guess I will wait until the end of the season. It's surprising what a good wash one can get in a tiny basin, only one's back never gets much of a scrub unless you have an assistant.

March 21: We've been skiing hard trying to get in good form for the Boston crowd. I can now do "Christies," which is something.

March 23: Yesterday we had a busy morning. We all started in moving the kitchen stove over to the corner near the door, at the same time cleaning the soot out of the pipes. We managed to get everything in the kitchen thoroughly disorganized and in the midst of it all, with fires out, Cliff, Rupert and Allan arrived back from the Columbia Icefields. They had a great trip but were mighty glad to taste Jim's cooking.

It's been nice being the only lady in camp, as Pete and I have the ladies' cabin to ourselves. Otherwise we never have a chance to say "Boo" to each other in a camp like this.

March 25: The Boston group is on its way, fifteen in all — six girls and nine men, so the wire said. Things are growing very exciting round here. Pete has really made some fine sketches and I think he will do more later. I don't believe I'll try while the Boston crowd is here, there will be so much to think of.

March 28: Pete and Tom are with them now in Banff and Norman and Cyril are cleaning up the Halfway. Jim, Tote and I will go as far as Halfway with a hot lunch to have ready for them when they arrive there. We hope to get as many as possible in in one day.

We have a toboggan at Lake Louise which could be brought in in about six hours; we also could make a contrivance out of old skis to carry anyone on. Don't worry; it's very hard to get hurt in as much snow as we have.

April 2: We got everything ready at the Halfway for lunch, ham and roast beef sandwiches and coffee, cake and doughnuts and cookies, so it

was a good lunch for them. I went about a mile down the trail to meet them. The first boys said every time they started to rest they would look round and there was Eleanor Gibson coming along. They couldn't let a "daisy" beat them, so had to keep going. They made the Halfway in two and a half hours. The next was Paley the Englishman, then I've forgotten who was next.

Jim started after some of them had gone, but overtook the first two on top of the pass and was here in time to make fires in the cabins and have Tom and Jerries ready. When we got in, the girls had all picked out their bunks, and so no fuss about who should have what. I must say I had quite a shock when I first looked in the cabin, which I had left very neat and tidy: it resembled a Chinese laundry.

Friday it was blowing in gusts, but all were out again morning and afternoon. They just fairly dashed about, and such spills as they took. Ham Lockwood broke a tip off his skis the first morning; next day another tip was broken and two tips on another pair of skis were splintered but have been mended. I began to wonder what we would do if they broke things at such a terrific rate, but there have been no further casualties. Everyone's bones are in good shape.

April 3: We wish you could see the crowd here, but so nice to have them and make the camp go. As far as my experience goes, I like Boston people as well as any.

April 4: We've had a grand day today, taking our lunch with us over to the Grindelwald, not a cloud all day and good snow too. Everyone seems to be loving it all. They even take snow baths in the morning, the eight men.

April 6: We had a fine trip yesterday to Lake Merlin and they all loved it. Some climbed up to a high ridge and had a glorious view.

Several people have wanted to buy some of Pete's sketches so I hope they do. We most likely will close May first, though I wouldn't mind staying on even longer.

I forgot to mention the dance hall accident. I'm so glad you realize how safe skiing really is, doing it the way we do it. On the trails at home, where they ski out of control all the time, it's a different matter. All the boys have been getting word from home: "Do be careful."

April 8: I started writing you last night and then changed the letter into one to Russ, and now I've decided to write to you instead. You will have received the wire we sent in case the paper made too much of the story. It really was a most unfortunate accident, but though we tried to stop Paley from going off alone he would insist on doing it and unfortunately went on a slope that avalanched during a change in the temperature yesterday afternoon. There is never any need for us to go off alone on any questionable slope. It isn't as if we hadn't warned Paley, for every one of us had.

The day we went to the Grindelwald he dashed off alone before anyone knew where he was headed and we suddenly saw him climbing the most dangerous slope you can imagine. Luckily he got back down safely and everyone lit into him about doing such a foolhardy thing. Mr. Goodrich spoke to him very plainly and said it wasn't fair to the rest of the party to go off like that and take chances. He seemed to understand. When Charlie Proctor said what he thought of Paley's actions, not realizing he was in the room, we thought Paley would realize the

Mr. Paley — R.E.A.C. Paley, a mathematics associate of Norbert Wiener's at MIT.



Kit Paley at far left

Grindelwald — Brachiopod Mountain.

foolishness of it. However, yesterday afternoon he started off and no one realized he was gone. Charlie Proctor and Pete were bound for the Halfway in the afternoon and saw his tracks ahead of them going towards the east slope of Fossil. When they got to the pass they looked back, expecting to see him, and saw the remains of a tremendous avalanche. They rushed over and all they could find were his tracks leading into it. He must have caused the thing to slide as he went across, being over 200 lbs. in weight, and then a second, larger avalanche came down from above. It was hopeless.

They did all they could do, even going out on a little way, then came back here. Several went back with Pete and Charlie Proctor to look again, but it got dark and was so bitterly cold they had to come back. Pete and Vic went back up the first thing this morning, the others going later. There is very little one can do, the blocks of snow are so tremendous. Charlie Proctor and Tote are going to Banff with Pete tonight to make the report and I don't know what will happen. Jim says no one is responsible if a person goes off by himself like that. Everyone has been fine about it, and very helpful and not too excited.

They have just come back, having found him at the foot of the avalanche. His seal skins didn't give him a chance to get away. He really did tempt fate an awful lot.

April 10: Things have been rather upset here. As soon as they found Paley, Pete went to Banff. Yesterday morning the game warden and a mountie came up to make a report. No one has known anything definite. They found him in the morning. Jim and Cyril and Vic went over to Halfway that evening, in case the police came up. Perhaps Pete will be back tonight, though we may have to wait in Banff another day.

April 12: Everyone had the most perfect day today and most of the girls said they were coming a week ahead next year to be here three weeks instead of two. It's so nice to have had a good day to finish off with.

April 15, BANFF: Mr. Paley is to be buried in Banff. It's been awfully hard for Pete with all the responsibility. We try not to talk about it but we can't help it, and everyone else keeps mentioning it. These accidents will happen in the mountains whenever people take chances and you just have to be sensible about it all. Don't worry about me, for there's no danger in skiing in the mountains when you have sense enough to know where to ski and when. I think Paley must have been such a genius that when he was climbing he was concentrating on other things and so didn't realize when the snow first crunched.

April 17: Pete brought Mr. Bing to the house Saturday. Since then we have had two awful days. Mr. Bing is very nice, but it seems he never would find out all he wants to know, and it's been terribly hard on Pete. Mr. Bing was a friend of Paley's and has been sent by the Rockefeller Foundation to look after everything. Pete met him with the police on Saturday and then, I believe, they went to the undertaker's.

The funeral is today at 2:30, the boys acting as pallbearers. Mr. Bing goes to Calgary tomorrow about a stone and then back east. It's harder on Pete than anyone, and I know it's been a strain; this is the tenth day of it.

April 19: We go out to Skoki tomorrow, taking two girls with us for as long as we stay open. When we do come in, we will feel like concentrating on getting the house fixed up. The last two weeks have seemed

three times as long as the whole winter. Mr. Bing would keep thinking of one more thing to ask or do and those three days seemed eternal.

April 22, SKOKI: The camp seems quite normal again. We came in Thursday, all of us, bringing Agnes Hammond and Aileen Harmon of Banff. They are both terribly nice and heaps of fun. Mr. Bennett expects to come in tomorrow and may stay a week and then we will close up. We may move over to the Halfway for a few nights and ski around there.

April 24: We are definitely leaving Skoki tomorrow, possibly staying one night in Halfway. It's not worth staying open. We are rather tired of it for this year.

May 14, BANFF: Saturday evening we went over to the Mount Royal to pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, who are celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They have lived here forty-two years. It seemed as if everyone were there, more than a hundred in the afternoon. Erling Strom said he thought it must be some famous person having such a large reception and asked what Mr. Walker had done to deserve such attention. He was told that Mr. Walker was the caretaker at the Cave and Basin for twenty years.

May 18: We started cooking asparagus when in they came, Mrs. Mack and two people from Vancouver. After three quarters of an hour I took the asparagus off, and it soaked another half hour before we had a chance to eat it. It's nice though for people to feel they can drop in any time; or otherwise they never would come.

May 20: I'm glad we let the asparagus cook the other night for the two Vancouver people bought two sketches, one of mine and one of Pete's of Skoki. A good start for the summer.

We have moved the little old log cabin on the front of Jackie's lot up to the center of the lot nearest Jackie's. It hides the Simpson's house and looks very picturesque. We shall use it for Indians when they come up for us to paint.

May 21: Pete has been out quite a lot lately, every time the sun shines; the let-down was terrific after we came in from the camp, and we couldn't seem to get the thing out of our minds. Everyone we saw would get on to the subject of avalanches or bring the thing up in some way, though they didn't mean to.

May 25: We have come to the conclusion the spring and fall are the best times for sketching, and with all June ahead of us we hope to have a lot of work ready to show people this summer.

May 28: I forgot to tell you about Mark Poucette, the Indian, coming to see us at 7:30 a.m.; we weren't up, but he came back. Pete happened to have a canvas all stretched on the easel and was wishing for an Indian to paint, so he was all excited and made the best Indian head I think he has done, in about two hours.

June 6: Yesterday we hit on a swell idea. Mrs. McDonald is going to be our picture dealer. She had sold about six pictures for us and is just the person who makes people want pictures. It's always embarrassing for all concerned when prospective buyers come to the house to see the sketches, for they hate to ask the prices. So the plan is for her to have the saleable sketches at her house and show them to people there, and we can send people too, and if they want to come down here as well, all right. She loves that sort of thing.

May 5, LONDON: I didn't know my Kit was going skiing (although he wrote to me twice a week) so I can only suppose he joined the party at the last moment. As there were six women among them, the skiing surely could not have been either too difficult or too dangerous and I don't understand why the wardens hadn't warned the young people not to go on or near that dangerous part. But, of course, such thoughts are vain and my darling little boy is dead.

Mrs. McDonald — Mrs. Mack, the wife of Brig.-General H. F. McDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O. The McDonalds had a residence in Banff.

June 13, LONDON: I write to thank you very warmly for the heroism you showed in finding my dear boy's body and to say how grateful I am for all you did. I thank God that you and the others came to no actual harm in spite of the great danger.

News has come home slowly and only this morning I saw Mr. Bing's report. This report seems to blame Kit for all that happened and it could not have been very easy for Mr. Bing — a friend of Kit's — to write it. I was glad to be able to tell him, as I am writing to tell you, that my darling fair-minded boy takes all the blame and told me that no one in the party was to blame *at all*. I understand from him that he was working on some mathematical problem and had got into one of his vague and absent-minded moods. He had these absent-minded moods very often and was much teased for the odd and eccentric things he sometimes did. He told me he had been warned about the danger several times, particularly by some guide or professional skier, whose name I did not obtain.

I also got an indication that "something in the third letter of a bundle inside my coat" (out of sight) might explain, and I looked and the only thing about skiing was "I have just got over a slightly sprained knee and a touch of snow blindness," and later, "The slopes are much steeper than in Switzerland." I don't want you or any other of the party to think hardly of him. He used to ski in Switzerland with a young man friend and this youngster's father, a cautious skier of over 50, told me we need not worry about either of them.

P.S. I have resumed the name of Paley (I have been married twice) but I signed my name Gardner to make it clear who I was. You will understand that I have got into touch with my Kit through Spiritualism (though I have never, previously to this, been a Spiritualist) and I hope you won't think I am merely the dupe of charlatans. I am the mother of a mathematician and indeed should believe nothing without much proof. He showed me the manner of his death long before any details had come home. First unconsciousness, then an injury to the brain and then an injury to the right knee, and I had described to me "white stuff like white veils being blown about" and only today I learn the scuds of snow were being blown about. It can't be all coincidence, can it?

June 11: The Nude Descending Stairs is certainly funny; it is supposed to give one the feeling of someone coming downstairs; maybe they call the person a nude so that people will be interested enough to look at it.

June 30: Pete is starting today on a great frame-making bee, Sam Ward is to join them and Pete will do the carving and all. Then Mrs. Mack will have enough frames in case she sells any pictures.

July 7: For weeks I have been trying to get a letter written to Mrs. Paley, but somehow I haven't been able to, no matter how good my resolutions; it took me all day, but it is mailed and I do feel better.

Dear Mrs. Paley: You must wonder why you have not heard from Peter or me. I feel so sorry to think neither of us has been able to write you or to answer your letters.

We have felt so terribly that anything should have happened to anyone staying at Skoki, especially that it should have happened to your son, whom we both liked so much. We were looking forward to the last two weeks in April when the Boston Party would be gone and, with only one or two in camp, we should have had a chance to know him better.

He was planning to stay a month and brought what appeared to be a great deal of work with him. The camp is not very large, consisting of three log cabins so it seemed very full of people after the Boston Party arrived with eighteen guests and the staff varying from three to six. When they all went out skiing the slopes seemed covered with people and perhaps that was one reason why he was apt to wander away from the rest who, being more or less old friends, were apt to stick more closely together.

It must have seemed queer to you that people should be allowed to ski on slopes that avalanche, but a slope can be perfectly safe one day and, due to a change in temperature, avalanche the next. A few days previous to the accident, Peter, Victor, and Charlie Proctor had gone up onto that same slope to see whether it was possible to use part of it as the start of a race, and I believe Mr. Paley and another boy followed them up — but they decided it wouldn't be possible to run a race from there this year on account of the condition of the slope, and that is how it happened that Charlie and Peter were on their way to look over the slopes above the Halfway Cabin at the time of the avalanche.

It would be hard to say why Mr. Paley went up on that slope that day. Mr. Bing thought perhaps he hadn't intended to go there when he started out but had gone beyond the safe skiing slopes without thinking, or maybe hoping to get a longer run and more practice for the race. I think he was quite keen on trying to win the cup which had been given, for a downhill race to be run each year, by Lady Jean and Niall Rankin of London.

When Mr. Bing was here and we were discussing how Mr. Paley got caught in the avalanche, I remember thinking how well he could concentrate on the most complicated looking problems, in all the confusion of the main room in camp, and also I know how one thinks when climbing on skis, though coming down one can only think of skiing, and perhaps he had been working out a mathematical problem in his mind while he was climbing in the slope and hadn't realized how far he was going nor been aware of the first warning signs of the avalanche — for sometimes they say there is a warning sound the snow makes. Mr. Paley had skis on which would have made running away hopeless, and

perhaps having his mind preoccupied saved him from knowing the avalanche was coming. Perhaps it was fate that he was to be caught.

It was awfully interesting to hear what he had told you through spiritualism. It is curious how things happen. A few days before your second letter arrived, Mr. Paris, the father of one of the boys at camp, told us about a most convincing book he would lend us about spiritualism. He said it gives proofs one couldn't but believe, and that unquestionably there is a great deal in it. So when your letter came it didn't seem strange at all though it might have been hard to believe if we hadn't happened to have that conversation with Mr. Paris.

Coincidences are so strange. I have formed a theory that "everything happens for the best" though one can't always understand why at the time it happens. I'll have to admit this terrible accident upset all my theories completely. It just didn't seem right no matter how I looked at it, and to have the world lose a real genius just couldn't be explained. Since your last letter came I have been wondering if a great mind lost to mathematics hasn't resulted in an even greater gain to spiritualism. Already it seems to me you have proved a great deal, for all that you wrote in your letter sounds very logical.

I hope you will understand why I am answering your letters instead of Pete. We have both felt this thing terribly and though some people are what we call in the west "hard boiled" and can say "accidents like this are bound to happen," we can't think of it that way. Pete can't even talk about it yet, which is the reason we have been so long in writing. We don't blame Mr. Paley at all; it seems as if "fate" were the only way to explain it.

July 25: A family of Indians came up today and we have started two portraits already, David Bearspaw and his squaw are a fine looking couple and they have the dearest grand-daughter with them. They will stay as long as we need them. I guess the house will have to wait; it is beginning to resemble Grandpa's library, only the bedroom and kitchen as well.

July 28: They are staying in the cabin we had moved onto our land. It works well for they are there when we want them. You would die to hear us talking after a conversation with them. Yesterday we took them into the Paris tea room for icecream which they love; a CPR publicity man came with us and was interested in trying to talk to David. We were discussing squaws, and David asked where I came from. I said, "Boston, near New York." He turned to Pete and said, "You go long way to catchem Squaw."

August 2: They are good Indians and appreciated every little thing we did for them. David tried to explain how they felt, and he said we were their son and their daughter. David paid three campers from Spokane a visit the other morning; they said he told them he had a son that painted and had lots of money. When they saw our car in the yard they thought it must be his, thinking of the Oklahoma Indians. I don't think they realized that David meant Pete.

August 21: We saw Old Dan Wildman, whom I painted in his eagle hat in 1930. A crowd of curious people gathered around and suddenly, very seriously, Dan said to Pete, "How many papoose you have now?" and Pete said, "No papoose, Dan." Thereupon Dan turned and, pointing to me, said, still seriously, "This one no good." Whereupon everyone laughed.

July 25, LONDON: I am sorry Mr. Whyte has felt this so deeply and I will tell you this to comfort you both. I have been given the reason it happened, and it is, oddly enough, the reason that burst from my lips in the first torture of hearing what had happened. My Kit's brain was so abnormal and so different to other people's, that there was a great danger of its toppling over into insanity. There is, alas, a certain amount of insanity in my mother's family, and a good deal of genius too, and early in his life my mother and I, recognizing his genius, consulted a specialist on the subject. He said that Kit was a "superman" and that in another thousand years or so all men and women may be like that, but by that time evolution will have raised them up in every way, and that to be born a thousand years too soon is certainly dangerous. He said that plenty of normal interests, as skiing, dancing, tennis, were the best thing for him, but that no one could foresee the end of so unusual a brain.

I kept him from working too hard as much as I could, but after he went to America he made a sudden, almost alarming advance in his work, and one of the "guides" from over yonder told me that while he was at Skoki Camp, his brain was working all night in his sleep. I knew he did some wonderful work in his sleep sometimes, but if he could *never* rest, although asleep, there could only be one end to it, and so God took him. He is doing his mathematics now and has done some splendid work I am told, but nothing can go wrong with his dear brain now, and so I don't have to worry about that anymore. He is still worrying about anyone being blamed for the accident, but if you tell everyone that he was absorbed in a problem, it will explain it all, and everyone who knew him will see how likely that would be.

It is good of you to speak of the terrible anxiety you must have felt while Mr. Whyte was leading the search for my darling's body. You must have been distracted. I shall never cease giving thanks to God for protecting the heroic searchers.

Catharine explained later, Pete felt responsible for Paley's death, which led to their getting out of the Skoki business.

In Hawaii Pete and Catharine purchased around-the-world steamer tickets for \$451 each, and in March 1934 started on a journey that included six weeks in Japan, four weeks in China (where they met again briefly D'arcy Baker-Carr), and a month and a half in the Dutch East Indies (Bali and Java) painting and photographing as they went. They were eighteen months away from Banff in all. In January 1936 on their way to Europe to ski they passed through London just when the king died, and were back in Banff again briefly before they went on to Hawaii to use up the end of their around-the-world tickets. On July 1st of that year they took Pete's father down to see the 50th Anniversary Train come in and he said he couldn't "figure what train it's an anniversary of, for he came through on one of the first trains, and it was in April." In the fall of 1937 a trip to Mount Assiniboine, then an excursion down the American west coast and Vancouver Island, and a trip through Panama over Christmas, and on to Europe for skiing in the Alps and painting in Norway in May, and June, but they were back in North America by August. In September Pete said, "with the threat of war in Europe, a hurricane in New England, and continued good weather in Banff," he didn't know "what the world is coming to." In the spring of 1939 they helped finish the new Temple Ski Lodge, and then, after the declaration of war in September, settled into their first full year in Banff. In June of 1940 Pete's father died, and that summer Pete joined the Reserve Army and took two weeks' basic training with the Calgary Highlanders at the army's Sarcee camp.

October 7, HONOLULU: As you will know by this letter, I have reached Honolulu and now can hardly wait until Catharine arrives. I really think she will like it here.

November 22, HANAIEI,KAUAI: One evening the sunset was so lovely as we drove along that Pete got excited as he was driving and leaned forward to see better, and came near knocking his front teeth out, he hit the steering gear so hard. We've been more careful ever since, but yesterday, there was the most beautiful effect of sunshine on the sugar cane, Pete began waving his arms about, pointing, and hit me in the face.

November 26: Kali, aged seven climbed a papaya tree and broke a papaya off for us to eat. He's very shy and hasn't said two words for a week. He draws remarkably well, better than any child I've ever seen draw, and he calls Pete "the man who can draw." Last night the girls were giving us our supper. They asked Kali if we were through, and he poked his head into the dining room and went back and said. "The mother is not finished yet," so evidently he thinks Pete my son. I don't know which of us isn't acting our age.

Pete was singing the "Prize Song" from *Die Meistersinger* a few minutes ago and all the neighbor's chickens came flocking over. I don't know just what they expected next.

December 7: The other day we were painting a picturesque group of houses near the rice fields. I was sitting in the car. Pete was out over the fence from the road. An old Chinaman came along and stopped and watched Pete, was very interested. Finally he spoke, "All the same, haole man, number one, smart boy." Haole means "white man" in Hawaiian.

December 17: I often think of what I'd like to do to our house in Banff in planting and little things, for it is a nice house to live in, but you can't be in two places at once, and we are getting further ahead here than we could now in Banff.

Thanksgiving did sound nice; I guess when I made the little log cabin I didn't think I'd be living in one sometime.

December 29: The other day we got the new book by Rockwell Kent, called *Rockwellkentiana*. It's the best thing we have struck so far in the way of an inspiring book on art. We've always been crazy about his oils and now his lithographs seem wonderful. The things he writes are so true but take a powerful lot of concentration to understand and absorb. As Pete said, we are just a couple of crazy artists and now we realize it more than ever. I guess most people, like that boy on Mount Monadnock, think artists "just daub the paint on," but it certainly means a lot of upsetting thought as well. To most people artists lead a pleasant life; whenever they like they go out and paint a "pretty picture." After you get beyond that stage, it's the most discouraging sort of work. You feel it's useless to try to paint, for you just can't do what you want to with it, but you know you can't leave it and stop. There's something in you that must go on painting. We've just begun to see what we are trying to do, and have decided it's the thought behind the painting that makes the picture. It's wonderful to be able to discuss the whole thing together, but sometimes we get so worked up we can't sleep. This coming here to paint has been the best thing we have ever done, and I think we've gone a step ahead. We know what we want to do and how we want to paint, but we're so far from being able to do it.

Part III 1941

January 18, BANFF: We may not go skiing for another week as Pete is busy working on a painting for the Spitfire Fund. They hope to raise \$35,000 by summer's end, selling dollar tickets for a draw on six paintings. Each dollar buys a chance on all six which will be drawn at the same time as the tickets. Carl Rungius, Belmore Browne, Nick de Grandmaison, Roland Gissing, as well as Pete and a friend, Ronald Jackson from Vancouver who paints ducks, are doing the paintings.

April 16, CRESTON, B.C.: Sunday afternoon we decided Tuesday would be a good day to start for the coast. Monday was a lovely warm day and in the afternoon I pruned our small spruce trees so they would not waste energy growing in the tops (that have to come off) while we are away.

One amusing thing was a double-decked privy in back at Cayley. It's an old hotel needless to say, a double privy on the ground, two more on top with a bridge to the second floor. This is the silhouette effect, quite convenient, but a chilly walk in winter at best. We promise not to take you here this summer for the night.

At Creston when Pete paid the bill, the man at the hotel said it was \$2.00 for the room. Pete said, "Is that all?" for we had a room with bath, and the man replied, "We don't charge extra for ladies."

April 30, BANFF: You said that my letter from the coast was censored. I wonder what they thought of my drawing of the W.C.? Maybe they censor all letters from the coast.

June 22: Pete burnt his hand quite badly and so can't use it for a week or until it heals up a bit. It was a pure accident but maddening. Sam was coming to put Insul Board on the ceiling of the studio and Pete was anxious to get it on and make the cupboards before you came and have everything in order. The roofing men came to asphalt the flat roof, and as Pete was helping them move the trailer used for heating the tar, some slopped over onto his hand. He got it fixed up right away, but burns are always painful.

August 22: The Trail Hike left yesterday but we didn't think we would go this year; we thought it was something we maybe shouldn't do with a war on. They had a lot from the States and enough, sixty-five people in all.

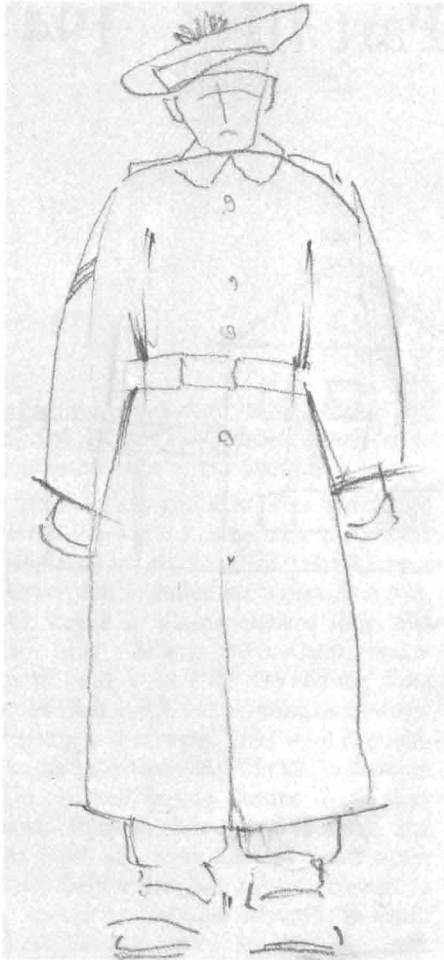
August 8, BOW LAKE: It does feel good to be up here and painting again. We started painting this morning, and Pete said that his fingers weren't as stiff as he had expected. He's out now, but as the sky turned milky I haven't felt "inspired," as they say. The flies are buzzing which often means rain, so I hope the weather won't turn bad now that we have gotten up here. Last summer didn't work very well, first with Pete's father so ill and then dying and then matters Pete had to see to, and then he joined the Militia thing and there was little time to paint in between. The newspapers being a day old makes the war rather remote, so we have nothing to consider except the sketches we want to do.

August 25, LAKE O'HARA: Dale Carnegie, the man who wrote the book *How to Make Friends and Influence People*, was here when we first came, but unfortunately made such little impression on us we didn't realize who he was.

We may go down to Banff for one night this week, as we have to see a Mr. Charles Comfort, an artist from Eastern Canada, who we understand knows quite a bit about what the artists are doing in War Work, and Pete wants to meet him.



Pete and Catharine had early been engaged in the organization of the Skyline Hikers, and had served on its executive.



Birthday card from Pete to Mrs. Robb

1942

October 19, BANFF: Davey and Bubby were over just a little while ago. I think they come after dark to show how brave they are with a flashlight, and they pretend not to be scared of elk. We were talking of fires (started by a picture of fire trucks) and Davey asked Pete if he had ever seen a fire and Pete told him about one when he was a little boy, and Davey asked, "Who was your mother then?"

October 29: Such a lot of seeing to things as Pete has been doing in regard to the Store property. It seems to take endless discussion to get it all straightened out. Uncle Clifford Jones calls it the "clan system" that has been used for so long in Banff. Such and such is owed so and so in the family, so he is allowed to charge so much up on his account at the store, but it never seems to get paid off or cancelled off. Pete had some money coming from his father through the will, money he really lent his father long ago, but there was not enough in the estate to pay it out-right, as the estate was owed by the store so much, and the store was owed by Cliff so much. So they have paid Pete a little at a time, then he in turn pays it to Cliff in payment for the store property and Cliff pays on the account he owes the store, the store pays the estate and the estate pays Pete, which in turn Pete pays to Cliff. In that way everyone's debts are getting cleared up, by using the same few hundred dollars over and over again.

December 7: I'm getting too excited to be able to hit the right keys at the right time on the typewriter, so while I listen with one ear to the radio . . . I was going to say, I would write with the other. We had lunch while listening to some chapel hour: and then just as I was starting the dishes, there was a voice saying something about "an attack on Pearl Harbor and Manila" and that was all. The Moores are as excited and interested as we. Pearl was busy sewing "pips" onto Col. Moore's coat, as there may be a call anytime for the Banff Unit, one never knows, and Pete came back and dusted his coat off. The Banff Unit may be some real use and the fact it is ready to be sent anywhere in Canada on two hours' notice is the reason it was formed.

February 25: Another busy week. Today is another quilting bee so I expect to be busy all afternoon. Tomorrow is the Red Cross in the afternoon and in the evening the first class of the First Aid group, and I do think one should learn all one can right now that may be useful later.

March 18: We were talking to Chuck Millar last evening (Erling Strom's right hand man and guide) and we began to think how horses could be used as they were in the old days. Really, it would be quite wonderful if they had nothing but horses in the park, and drove people in funny old carriages. If they did it well, it would be real fun for people and I believe would make quite a hit. Banff will certainly be lovely this summer without the crowds and cars, and maybe walkers will arrive.

April 2: The big hotel is to open but no more hordes of tourists to see the Rockies in a day, and the only bus trips allowed will be between the hotel and the station. We have started on our gasoline rationing with coupons. Right now they are worth five gallons apiece, but the amount a coupon is worth may be cut any time, to four gallons or possibly three. We are hoping to get a couple of bicycles from Calgary. Nice to have to run up to the post office or down to the station, and in the evening we could take a run out the west road where it is paved, where we used to take the car.

April 6: If Pete's plans weren't so uncertain it would be far easier to plan. He has the chance of doing one of two things, both mean taking a certain amount of training, but if either chance does come through, (which is not at all certain) there is no knowing when or where the training will take place. It might be east or west or in Calgary, and if the opportunity does come — perhaps I should say, if he receives a call — it will probably give him a day or two at the most to get ready.

June 6: Last evening about 9:30 we picked Carl Rungius up, and drove up to the hotel, all dressed up. I was more or less dressed, having discovered a dress I bought in Scotland in 1938 is now in style again, at least I have seen pictures in Vogue just like it. Very convenient!

Col. Moore handled the draw. They had the tickets in a big drum which was turned around to mix them up, then an Airman drew a name and at the same time out of the Prince of Wales Cup (for golf) Vivien Leigh's daughter Suzanne (who goes to the Mountain School and whose mother is a great movie star, Scarlett O'Hara) drew the name of the artist. It worked very well.

July 7: I met David Bearspaw yesterday and he said they had six inches of water in their tepee at the fair grounds, and I can believe it, for they were still trying to dry things out. The thing that impressed Jean the most was getting tea "for nothing" at the Oldtimers' hut! David asked for you and when I told him you were at Sarcee, he waited and asked again. Then he said, "Ohh" and sort of nodded as he does, "War man he catch em Pete?"

August 14: Last night Pete had to go over to the drill hall to work all evening; he certainly stepped into it when he took the job of acting Quartermaster. They didn't think there would be much to do this summer, but first they had an inspection and then some of the equipment was called in and that is what is taking the time now. It makes me sort of provoked with all the good weather and no chance to get out and paint.

August 21: Day before yesterday we had a pleasant surprise. Pete was having a sleep in the afternoon, and all was quiet in the house. I suddenly thought the sprinkler had been on one part of the lawn a long time and went out to move it, and met a young couple coming up the walk. The man asked if he could see Mr. Peter Whyte, and I hated to wake Pete so said he was busy; then the man asked when he could see him so I said to wait a minute and asked his name. It was familiar so I woke Pete. I think we both must have appeared rather dumb. Anyway they came in and before sitting down, I said, "Perhaps I had better change the sprinkler after all," and when I came in Alan MacNaughton was introducing his very new wife to Pete and said, "This must be Mrs. Whyte then" to me. I am sure he thought I was the maid or Pete's housekeeper, and I don't wonder. They were very much interested in Pete's pictures and looked at all the sketches and in the end bought one, which was a pleasant surprise, and the funny part was that they kept apologizing for taking our time and thanking us for letting them see all the pictures. So many come in and take twice as much time and never even admire the pictures.

December 18: The first train that came in we met and who should be on it but Lawren Harris. We had a nice chat and when they said "all aboard" he got back on, and the porter came over to Pete and asked who it was, for his face was very familiar. When Pete told him, the

Catharine to Pete who was at Sarcee in a further training camp. Jean was visiting Catharine while Pete was at camp.

porter said, "Why I posed for his son in Toronto quite a lot." So Pete told Mr. Harris and they had lots of mutual friends they were still talking about when the train pulled out.

That afternoon being so miserable I decided to write my Christmas letters and a few cards, but Pete had a feeling he wanted to tidy up the piles of magazines and letters to answer, and as the feeling comes seldom I agreed with "alacrity" and we did wonders, but I got no notes written. Yesterday morning I started on my cards, (am sending only a dozen).

March 1: You asked if Pete is likely to be drafted, I think he will be in something before that time comes. It is different up here; Canadians hate the idea of being drafted for some reason and yet think it is the fairest way.

I asked Pete about being drafted, and he said he wouldn't be because he had volunteered from the beginning. After the fall of France Pete joined the Reserve Army in Banff the first day. Had things been a little different the unit here might have been at Dieppe. At the first summer training camp at Sarcee Pete attended in 1940 the Tankers were there too, the ones that later took part in the Dieppe raid.

In the spring of 1941 Pete thought of trying to get into the Air Force as a photographer, for he was too old for training as a pilot or air crew. They told him they wouldn't be enlisting photographers for another month or two and in the meantime he burnt his hand, which meant he couldn't do anything until the fall. In the fall he volunteered again at the Air Force and passed his medical. He received his call as "Standard Guard" (but no opportunity as a photographer) about three months later. In the meantime he had been recommended to take an officers' training course by the Reserve Army. He told the Air Force this and they cancelled his application for the Air Force. He expected to hear anytime that he was to start his officers' training course, though his age was against him. Summer came and camp when he took the NCOs' course there and passed, then the time he spent helping close up the unit here. Col. Moore told him to wait as his recommendation still stood. Pete was just on the verge of going to Calgary to try again for the Air Force when Gen. McDonald told him to apply for an entirely new thing in the Air Force just being organized, to go in as all the Air Force men do and after the initial training to paint the life in the Air Force, with the chance of being sent anywhere. Pete followed his advice and wrote the next day, the day the Americans landed in North Africa. We waited and waited, but not a word. At Christmas Gen. McDonald arrived; he was very encouraging and said he would have let Pete know if it had been all off, that Pete was in the top ten on the list of several hundred. After Gen. McDonald got back to Ottawa he found they had chosen six out of the ten, all men already in the Air Force. Pete felt sorry he hadn't been in the Air Force even as a Standard Guard, which he probably would have been if other things hadn't prevented it. Next he went to the Air Force again in Calgary when he saw in the papers they wanted photographers. They told him to come back with samples of his work, but they couldn't enlist him in Calgary, having to send the application to Ottawa. They thought he would hear in about two weeks or it might be longer. It will be a month this week.

When the chance as an artist came, Pete was terribly pleased, for that was what he had wanted to do in the very beginning when the Air

Training Scheme started and he wrote various departments about it, but I suppose they were so busy with the most essential things that painting wasn't in it at all.

March 13: The letter came at last and Pete has been offered a chance to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force in the "skilled trades" as a Photographer with the rank of A.C.1. It is quite the lowest rank, about the same as a private in the army. Just so you will know, A.C.1 is just a grade higher than A.C.2 but both are privates, so to speak.

March 31: Pete left on the 10:00 a.m. train, and it is hard to realize that it is not for just a night in Calgary. I am glad that he did go to Calgary for a night at a time, for the house doesn't seem lonely all of a sudden.

April 3, EDMONTON: I really miss you and I wonder if I have done the right thing by joining up. Maybe it will not be too long before we are together again.

April 4, BANFF: The latest story about Harold is from Alma Mills. She was hunting for something around the sheds at their place, and Harold asked if she had lost something. Alma said, "Yes," but didn't mention what she was looking for. Harold volunteered to help her find it and started looking too. Finally, after quite a search, he said to Alma, "What are you looking for — Ike?"

April 5, EDMONTON: When you see pretty boys walking along the street in their officers' uniforms, you can think of me scrubbing floors and drill, drill, drill. I don't think it will hurt me.

April 9: The Moores must be rather amused at me, for it is a big change from our house to double-deck bunk in a building with about 300 men, mopping floors, making beds, cleaning, etc.

April 12: We started in Training Wing this morning and are supposed to have twenty-one days of this. Most of it becomes rather monotonous, marching up and down the parade square. Some of the fellows still do not know their left from right and it slows the rest of us down.

April 14: Three photographers were sent to Rockcliffe, Ont. yesterday. They were all A.C. 2s and had been here for two months. There is one other photographer here from B.C., but, talking with him, I find he knows hardly a thing about cameras, film or filters. He said he only worked in the dark room and was worried they would ask him to take pictures and he wouldn't know how. I wish I knew what would be expected of me.

April 15: We were paid today and I now have \$15.00; \$10.00 of my pay is held back for you every two weeks.

April 19, BANFF: This afternoon I started raking and Harold appeared. He is both good company and a real help; puts all I rake into the wheelbarrow and then gets a ride back from the dumping. He told me he likes your Air Force suit better than what you wore before. He asked if you were "my little boy"; I must be looking old and haggard! or you awfully young.

May 4: Pete thinks you may have gotten a wrong impression of the time hanging heavy on their hands: he says he's lucky if he gets a chance to read my letters through twice for they are kept going steadily from 6 a.m. until after lunch when they get a rest period and then until supper time. He is in "disposal" now, the three weeks of drill and training being over.

The sources of documents from April 1, 1943 to the end of December 1944 include Catharine's letters to her mother, Catharine's letters to Pete, and Pete's to Catharine. Some of the moves are signalled only in the location of a particular entry, but the author of a document is identified in this margin.

Catharine to Mother

Pete to Catharine

Catharine to Pete
Harold — Harold Whyte, a nephew from next door, born 1938.

Pete to Catharine

Catharine to Pete

Catharine to Mother

- Catharine to Pete *May 6:* I think I've grown awfully attached to the mountains; I sort of hate to leave them. I guess you've made it all pretty nice for me here, but it will be all the nicer when we can come back together. I don't think we'd be able to enjoy them unless we were doing our share towards winning the war. We wouldn't feel right about it.
- Catharine to Mother *May 7:* I was interrupted here by Bubby rushing over "Pete on the telephone from Edmonton." I ran back to Barbara's but had quite a time hearing him for little Jonny was crying "Pete, Pete" to me and the others were running around and Barbara trying to keep them quiet. I did hear that he is coming on the noon train tomorrow and then they said "three minutes!" and he, being Scotch, said, "Good-bye." I think we did well to do much talking after the trip over and back to get me.
- Pete to Catharine *May 11, EDMONTON:* Have just finished my first photographic duties for the R.C.A.F. I am in the Photo Section and developing film for I.D. cards and loading holders. We have three hundred and fifty Australians to do who have just arrived, besides the others, so they have three of us working.
- Catharine to Mother *May 19, BANFF:* Pete has been posted and, as luck would have it, to Vancouver! Over the telephone he seemed to think that from there he may be sent some place else.
- May 20:* I am off to Vancouver this morning, having gotten an upper berth on the same train as Pete. Pete expects to be at #3 Repair Depot in Vancouver a short time before being reposted, most likely to some station on the west coast.
- May 21, VANCOUVER:* Here we are in Vancouver and it's still hard to realize it.
- May 26:* Great excitement — Pete has been posted to "Patricia Bay" on Vancouver Island, not far from Victoria.
- May 29, VICTORIA:* Our plan now is for me to stay about a week. Then I might go east, stopping off in Banff to see to a few things.
- May 31:* Pete met the Padre yesterday, who was interested that he paints for he could sketch as long as nothing is detailed, and he submits it to the C.O. to have it passed. One more reason for going to Banff, to get the painting materials.
- Catharine to Pete *June 15, CONCORD:* It really feels so funny coming back to New England, for it always looks just the same. The flood and hurricane damage isn't noticeable any more. In fact it's prettier without quite so many trees.
- Pete to Catharine *June 17, PAT BAY:* They have me in the contact printing room now and a fairly responsible position. I have been moved up; no promotion but more responsibility.
- Catharine to Pete *June 24, CONCORD:* Some people have asked if I am worried about you, if you are doing dangerous flying. I wonder what they would think to hear your first assignment was taking wedding pictures!
- June 30:* I didn't want to mention the measles in the wire as you might not hear for several days by letter the details.
- July 1:* You would laugh to see how careful I am, for all my efforts are aimed at taking the train Monday night. It's a race with time and spots, a sort of long distance race. I get advice from everyone and they say to go slowly at first to recover quicker in the end. The spots have to go and it's just like a "watched kettle that never boils"; they seem to go, only to appear again in a different light; most annoying. One thing I do know, it will be far more restful on the train than staying here.

July 14, VANCOUVER: Pete started work here this morning and it will probably be a few days before he knows what he will be doing. I shall have to get used to moving on a moment's notice. One lad was sent here for four days and stayed six weeks so I shan't plan at all.

July 24: Last evening we were invited up to the Lawren HARRISES to dinner; it was on the hillside above Jericho Beach and we knew the way by streetcar. They have an old house redecorated by them, the walls all a flat whitish or cream, a wonderful setting for his abstract paintings. He has really beautiful color in his paintings and the designs are interesting, though I admit I don't understand them very well, in fact not at all, but in their house with everything plain colors and subdued, they look very well. On one wall they had a low bookcase, two shelves only, white wood, a large painting and on either side a simple straight round glass vase, very inconspicuous with rust colored leaves beautifully arranged. The room and paintings had soft blues and rust colors, the rugs a neutral shade. It somehow suited them and didn't look affected.

Two other artists were there, Peter and Bobs Haworth, a man and his wife, she a trifle antsy. They are here to paint the various RCAF stations, and it was rather amusing for us. That was the sort of thing Pete was trying to do and the people in the Air Force wanted him to, for their idea was to enlist artists and have them go through the whole thing, as Pete has done, so they would know the men and the life. The art groups didn't wholly agree and thought they should pick the artists, and we are wondering if these are two of them.

August 10: We are moving tomorrow, back to Victoria. Pete was told he is to report to Pat Bay and then be posted up island at what is known as a "bush" station, one that is miles from anywhere, but at the larger ones wives can go along too, so we are hoping for the best.

August 16, VICTORIA: Pete is posted to a place named Tofino. It's near the coast and some people tease us by saying it rains three hundred and sixty five days of the year. I can't believe it's that bad, but I guess it will rain a lot. Others say it's one of the nicest so-called "Bush Stations" and there are places so wives can go. If it's pretty rustic, it will make better stories afterwards. There is supposed to be a wonderful beach near there, one of the best on the coast. Best in what way we don't know.

August 20: Hope you like Tofino. I do hope you have luck finding a place for me. If you can't, that will be alright too. I'll go home and get the long grass cut, but it would be more fun to be in the rain with you.

August 23, TOFINO: The reason for sending for my painting things is that the Officer in charge of our section thinks I may be able to do some things for them. It is too long a time not to have been painting. We have a series of the artists' reproductions here in the writing room and it is interesting to hear the men's different comments on them. Mr. Phillips' "Lake Louise" is a favorite, for which I am glad. They are hung much better than at Pat Bay and give the place a nice feeling of not being too far away from ordinary humans.

August 25, VICTORIA: Have just found out it costs one dollar a hundred to ship the car between here and Tofino. That would make it between twenty and thirty dollars wouldn't it? (that's \$1.00 a hundred pounds). One must reserve half the bow well in advance! There is a truck and a closed car on already. It reminds me of Norway, but they cover it if the weather is bad.

Catharine to Mother



August 24: The photograph was a joke. I was walking up the street and thought they never snapped single people, but when the girl did and then handed me a card I thought I would just see what it looked like. You don't have to get one even after looking at it; took a week to have it enlarged.

Catharine to Pete

Pete to Catharine

Catharine to Pete

- Pete to Catharine *August 27, TOFINO:* Have just come back from Tofino with the mail run in a pouring rain. It was an Army jeep and some ride. I think I can count the number of times my bottom touched the rear seat during the ride. Aside from the water coming down from above there was plenty flying up around from the bottom.
- Catharine to Pete *September 3, VICTORIA:* I felt awfully badly about General McDonald. It was quite a shock. The Panets said he was too ill to see them but that Mrs. Mack thought he was getting better. They seemed to think he had had a flu and had had a bad reaction to the sulfa drug. Guess you will have to be a good photographer in the RCAF and do the sketching on your own. I still think it's more satisfactory to feel you do things on your own without anyone using his influence.
- Pete to Catharine *September 12, TOFINO:* The C.O. seemed pleased that I had my paints. It was the first thing he asked about, and said as soon as we got the new man in the section they would find time for me to go painting.
September 18: I have been asked to do some decorations for the Sergeants' Lounge. The pictures by Canadian artists on their walls were taken away and they missed the colour or decoration. They suggested painting on the walls but I think doing them on pieces of wall board and framing them afterwards is much better.
- Catharine to Mother *September 23, BANFF:* Pete has found a place at Tofino. He is to get his leave around the second week of October and will have about two weeks in Banff. We will then ship the car out to the coast and up to Tofino, so Pete can drive back and forth to work, otherwise the ten miles from where we live to the station makes it too far to go back and forth.
- Pete to Catharine *September 28, TOFINO:* Tomorrow I hope to start one of the decorations for the Sergeants' Mess. The men liked the landscapes of "O'Hara" and "Hungabee" so I am going to copy them and try to remember the colour.
October 1: A new month started today and now I have been in the RCAF six months.
October 3: The painting is coming along fine and you would be amused to see how I managed the situation. For material I used two pieces of three-ply, 25 x 30, one a flat white surface and the other one a neutral greenish tone. I found that there wasn't any charcoal in the sketch box, so saw a dead tree and pulled some off that. It worked fine.
- Catharine to Mother *October 21, BANFF:* We leave Tuesday October 26th, go straight from the train to the Victoria boat and I drive up island. I won't be able to mention the weather at all from Tofino or describe much outside the house, but I believe our place is a few minutes' walk from the two stores and post office; it faces on a sort of sound with a view of the mountains, and it rains most of the time.
November 2, TOFINO: The woods here must have been lovely at one time but were evidently burned over a long time ago, so there are only the remains of the original large trees. Right near us are some huge dead ones that would delight Georgia O'Keeffe. I believe it makes it better for living in as it isn't dark and dank as the coast forests are sometimes.
November 10: Most things get very rusty so I have been getting a few things of our own to cook with. The water in the tap is from a tank of

rain water that collects off the roof, was fine until a high wind disconnected the pipe from the gutter to the tank and we didn't notice it until the tank had run dry. We have, of course, had little rain since. The pump water is nice and brown and not very tasty, so we boil it before drinking it, and we drink it only in the form of tea and coffee.

Over the front door is our bathroom with a W.C. which has to be emptied into the sea every day, a pleasant little chore which after the first week seems no trouble at all, and is the signal for all the crows from the land and the gulls from the sea to gather to squawk. There is also the garbage pail to empty and wash out; the pump between the porch and the sea is handy for that.

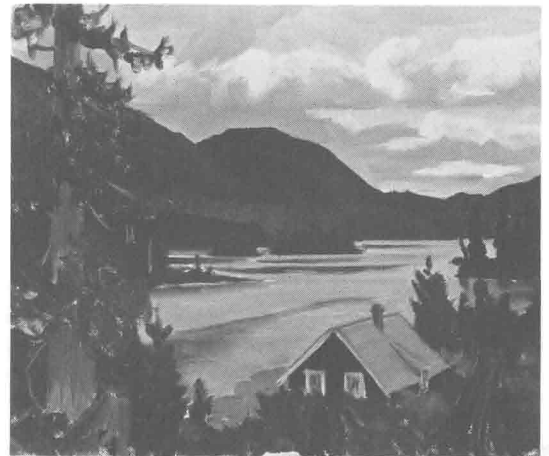
November 27: We really have great fun over our community meals and do a great deal of joking over the "penicillin" as we call the mould.

December 27, PORT ALBERNI: I started to write you about "Christmas in Tofino" on Christmas Day but shall tell you now, before having the first bath in a tub since October. Seems to me you can't have all things right at once. We've been where there's the correct amount of snow and spruce trees for Christmas, and in Honolulu where poinsettias grow and here one can pick one's own holly by the door. I pinned it up about the room, hung a piece on the outside of our door and another little three-pronged branch tied with my own red ribbon in the window. My miniature tree I finished decorating with little stars such as school teachers use, to urge their children onto great effort. I stuck them back to back on string and it was awfully pretty.

February 3, TOFINO: I had an extra job chasing cows out of the yard. I had been sketching in the morning, when I heard bells. Sure enough, the cows had strolled along the beach and under the gate that wasn't up. Mrs. Erickson always puts the board across the opening in the fence to the beach; we invariably get tired ducking under with our hands full of pails, so take the board down. We thought she was just being fussy. One cow was well inside, eating the long grass, and the other had half of her in. I went running and saying "shoo" and "get out" and the cow just kept on eating. I got a stick and hit it a couple of times, evidently not hard enough, but the darned animal felt so solid the stick just bounced off. At last she took it into her head to leave and I said another "shoo" and out she went. Chris said she would have been scared as one of the cows known to chase people had actually tossed a little girl over the hedge. I shall see that the boards stay up! Mrs. Ericksen told me that the oriental poppy bloomed and there were nine other buds and then one day that same cow leaned over the fence and ate them all. Such is gardening in Tofino!

February 10: Pete was lucky and had two good days for his "48". He was busy trying to finish a painting to send to an Air Force exhibition, but about a week ago they suddenly said the entries had to be in ten days earlier than scheduled; it left little time for Pete to paint. He did the best he could.

If one only had more idea how long one would be up here one would be tempted to fix a shack up, but as Pete says, from now on we won't know whether it will be three days more or three months. We won't be surprised if one fine day Pete is told to move (probably will be a rainy day!) The cows got in the yard again this afternoon, and Christine chased them with a broom; being a school teacher, she is used



Catharine's sketch of their Tofino home

Catharine to Mother

1944



Cowley-Brown — Patrick George Cowley-Brown, b. 1918; he had served overseas, but was back in Canada when he won the competition.

to being obeyed, I guess, for they went alright, but in the wrong direction and landed in the shrubbery with no way of getting out.

March 20: The Airforce exhibition is to be held in April in Ottawa. Pete has heard no more about his picture and so it may not get that far.

March 23: This may be the last letter I will write you from here, for we have decided that I had better go out with the car this weekend. As Pete is pretty sure of getting a few days "Bush Leave," I may go right on to Banff and open the house without turning the water on and Pete will follow later.

March 27, ABOARD PRINCESS OF MAQUINNE: We have left Tofino and I really felt sorry to leave. Everything worked out so well I can hardly believe it. We have a whole week in Banff, leaving to come back the sixth of April in the morning. When a man has spent six months or more on a Bush Station he is entitled to "Bush Leave" of six days.

April 6, VANCOUVER: Back in Vancouver, for how long this time it's difficult to tell, maybe six months. Col. Moore bet me twenty five cents it would not be more than two months.

April 12: Pete likes his place very much, now he is getting used to it. In Tofino it was rather informal. Here at Headquarters they wear their "number one blues" or best uniform to work in. He is working on the movie film library right now, cleaning, splicing and showing films. The mess hall, Pete says, is like a men's club: "even daffodils in the centre." He is the lowest rank in the Photo Section here, so when his corporal told him how well the battleship linoleum floors looked when newly waxed, Pete looked a bit discouraged, knowing it would probably be his job, but the corporal said, "Oh, we have an electric polisher." Still I don't think Pete enjoys floor waxing very much!

April 14: I found the first few days in the city awfully tiring, the pavement and the noise and the dirt. Would go back to Tofino in a minute if I got the chance; one really seems to live in a place like that whereas cities seem sort of artificial.

April 20: As for thinking that the people in Tofino were of a different class, I don't think the word "class" applies in Western Canada. It is too new a country and most of the people one meets in a place like Tofino will someday be the revered ancestors as the early settlers of New England are today.

April 28: In the mail was a letter from Mrs. Mack saying, "Congratulations!" They evidently send the news to each winner's home paper. Cowley-Brown won the \$100 prize for the best picture in the competition, but there were lots of other prizes of \$5 or \$10, watercolor, drawing, oils, etc. one of which Pete evidently got.

May 1: Saturday morning I went down to the library and looked at the Edmonton and Calgary papers. Sure enough, in the Edmonton *Journal*, Pete had won second prize in the Oil Paintings and got \$50.00. The part that amused me was that it was headlined "Banff Flier Wins Service Art Prize" and Pete hasn't been up in a plane yet!

May 19: The summer I went to Banff in 1929, Gardner Cox and Zadio DeJonge and the Sturges girl from Groton went too; we were in Banff a few days before they went on a trip to Assiniboine and I went down to visit the Newburys in Belgrade and then back to Banff to come home with the others. Seems to me you as a mother are a little slow on catching up with your daughter's escapades!

May 24: Pete is posted again, this time east on temporary duty to Ottawa. It's all pretty exciting for Pete's been made a Sergeant, so he won't be "Joed" so much.

May 27, BANFF: We arrived in Banff yesterday morning and Pete left at 6:00 p.m. for Ottawa. The last evening in Vancouver I spent sewing the Sergeant's "hooks" on Pete's uniform. He felt too self-conscious to wear them that evening, so he said. Next morning when we went through the gate at the station, a Military Police called out "Sergeant," and Pete paid no attention, walked right on to set the bags down, then realized he was being addressed! Pete said he overheard the Medical Officer say to the girl who took it in for him to sign, "I can't understand this, an L.A.C. being sent to Air Force Headquarters in Ottawa. I never heard tell of anyone lower than an Air Commodore getting a posting like this!" We are thinking it has something to do with Pete getting second prize in the painting.

May 29, OTTAWA: Arrived this morning. Much to my surprise I was sent to see Group Captain Conn right off and he told me I was an "official war artist!" I am to remain a sergeant for three months and have my choice as to where I wish to paint. It is to be Number Four Training Command and I am my own boss and move from station to station, painting. At the end of three months, if all goes well, I am to be commissioned F/O and sent overseas! They sure remustered me fast, from a photographer to an artist, but evidently we are quite envied. Each of us is to be on our own for three months and only answer to Group Captain Conn, Air Force Historian.

May 31: G/C Conn told me my appointment came only through my painting, both in the show and samples sent in, and not through any other influence. Mr. McCurry (Harry Orr McCurry), Director of the National Gallery, told me I had a friend and admirer of my work in A. Y. Jackson and he was all for me. Although we haven't met yet, he told McCurry something in my work, if developed, might lead to better things. Actually what I want is that my work is good and to heck with me; the work is more important.

June 2, BANFF: Everything sounds too good to be true; it certainly was well worth waiting to have it happen as it is happening. I wonder now why we were impatient. Even if the war is over before you get overseas you will have your chance to paint, and show what you can do.

What could be better than this time of year to paint on the prairies?

June 6: I am all excited tonight, not just about the invasion but because tomorrow I go to Calgary to meet Pete.

June 9, CALGARY: Pete arrived yesterday morning, and you can imagine how good it was to see him. He will be at Currie Barracks for a few weeks. He wants to live on the station, for otherwise he can't possibly get the feeling of the life. It's a training station, and at the coast all the stations he was on were operational, so this will be a bit different. It's on the outskirts of Calgary.

June 12, BANFF: Harold called out the window, "If Mom isn't home, why don't you come down and see our mother?" He and Davey were busy playing airplane on the sofa with an old radio for the controls and the wire the "intercom." Harold was in front, a pillow on end behind him, and Davey in the tail with a pillow in front. The language was wonderful. I had to be a side gunner in the middle and after we had bombed

APPOINTED WAR ARTIST STOP
WILL BE IN CALGARY SOON WRIT-
ING PETER

Pete to Catharine



Catharine to Pete

Catharine to Mother

Catharine to Pete

Davey and Harold, nephews who lived next-door, born 1936 and 1938 respectively.

- Berlin and shot down a couple of Japs, the order came to "bail-out." Otherwise, I doubt I would have gotten home at all.
- Pete to Catharine *June 13, CALGARY:* Today I have spent finding out where I am so I will have an idea where to start in. It is all rather confusing and such a lot of yellow paint. All the planes are that color. The sky is enormous and the scale and proportions will take a lot of considering aside from the color scheme. The lads all speak of the mountains, but I haven't seen them yet.
- June 14:* I started painting this morning, the left side of an Anson from the rear. I chose it because it was tied down for repairs and would stay in one place longer.
- Catharine to Mother *July 1, BANFF:* Pete has a new method of working. He makes a careful pencil sketch of the composition a quarter the size of an eleven by fourteen. Then he draws it in on the canvas with maybe a bit of color. Then takes it out when there is a good effect and can paint the color rather quickly. He usually has quite an audience too, but I guess he gets used to that. He says sometimes they start the planes up and he is nearly blown away!
- Pete to Catharine *July 4, SARCEE:* The sketches I made yesterday and today of a wrecked plane, came along not too badly, the various spectators made rather amusing remarks. Some wondered why I painted an old wrecked plane when there were so many good ones around, and two lads thought I should put the sketch up in the airmen's mess as a warning if they didn't fly right and clear the fence!
- Catharine to Pete *July 10, BANFF:* Have you read the article by Lawren Harris in *Canadian Art*? It's what Harry Adaskin was talking about and in my letter to Murray I mentioned the same thing, having centers with a library, art gallery, concert hall combined. I'm all for the plan, aren't you? If people have good thoughts like that, Canada will be a great country.
- Pete to Catharine *July 14, SARCEE:* Worked on the small sketch of the sunset and the control tower, and the color and perspective look better. A pilot came in to look and he was awfully good about all four that I had set out and said I had caught the circuit flight as it looked to a pilot. It is good to have frank and constructive criticism from one who is flying and knows the station.
- Catharine to Pete *July 27, BANFF:* This afternoon I worked on the Balinese girl for Mr. Phillips. (It's a wonder you weren't moved about now, for that's what happened every other time I reached the stage of trying it.) I'll need your advice on whether it's good or not. I find it very difficult to copy anything and had quite a time with it, especially the features, for the little sketchy bits give it the character and it's very difficult, really impossible, to repeat strokes.
- Mr. Phillips — Walter Joseph or W. J. Phillips (October 25, 1884 - July 5, 1963) the Whytes and the Phillips had met in the 1930s and became close friends before the Phillips moved to Banff in 1943. Mr. Phillips is recognized as Canada's greatest watercolourist and woodblock printmaker.
- Pete to Catharine *August 8, MACLEOD:* Arrived here early afternoon. If you would like to come down, you might find quite a lot to paint around the town. Some of the old buildings are wonderful.
- Catharine to Mother *August 8, BANFF:* Pete spent all morning repacking and getting his stuff together. He went over and got Mr. A. Y. Jackson who is on the committee for War Artists. Pete was supposed to show him his work. He is a wonderful man and gave Pete a lot of helpful criticism. In the last war he spent three years as a private in the infantry and then was given a commission and told to paint. After not having done any for so long he found it hard at first. Found it difficult not making the pictures pretty but warlike.

August 11: Mrs. Jonie came to see you tonight. Mrs. Jake was with her. Mrs. Jonie wanted to know where her "boy" was. So I told her in the RCAF and in Macleod and painting. She seemed to understand.

Catharine to Pete

Mr. Phillips stopped to talk, wanted to know how you were getting on. I told him I thought you had some rather good sketches, and that you had used up the material you were supplied with. He said he had been frightfully busy as they had one hundred and forty-two or one hundred and fifty-two art students and he was painting too, "The Sisters of St. Martha" for Mr. Gibbon. He's going out to Sunshine for a week when the school is finished. He asked if we had met the Australian painter. I said, "No, is he here?" and he said, "Yes, but he's drunk all the time." I said it was too bad to come so far and then do that.

August 15, MACLEOD: We got to Macleod twenty minutes ahead of time. No sign of Pete, so I figured he hadn't come back from sketching. The man at the desk was certainly diplomatic; said, when I asked, that Peter might be a little late getting back and then when he showed me to the room, there was a very surprised Pete inside, getting all spruced up and on his way to the bus station. Well, I wasn't sorry the bus was early; seven hours on a bus is enough in one day.

Catharine to Mother

August 17: Still here. I feel as if I were on a real spree or vacation of some kind. The first day started out overcast. Yesterday it cleared into a lovely day, with beautiful clouds. We both painted; I in one direction, Pete in another. The light on the prairies is very intense and hard on the eyes. You get so you can barely tell the color. Then after a rest you can see quite well again. Today Pete made pencil sketches of planes while I made a sketch of the grain elevators. This afternoon we went prospecting for new locations to paint from and found a hill overlooking the RCAF station and town. Pete tried that and I did the other way, prairies and mountains. One always seems to have something to make sketching more difficult. If it is not mosquitoes, it's rain; here it's wind. Pete tied his sketch box to a fence post; it worked well.

August 24, SARCEE: I got permission to go up on top of a hangar to paint and the view was fine. The major arranged it for me and now I have a new place to work and made a good start today.

Pete to Catharine

August 25: Saw Charles Goldhamer at the train and talked with him for a half hour. He didn't know any more than I did but is going to find out when he reaches Ottawa. S/L Baker told him in June that if the others didn't want me, he did. Charles said that Pat Cowley-Brown hadn't done very well at the coast and that Donald Kenneth Anderson had gone overseas. Charles thought he would like to see me do the coast! I told him I had gotten along fairly well but would be glad to be in civilian life again and work freely. He is going to recommend that we work in pairs as it is better to have someone who understood the work to talk to.

September 25, BANFF: Pete got word this morning to report to Ottawa as soon as his annual leave is up. He doesn't know where he will go from there or in which direction.

Catharine to Mother

October 7, OTTAWA: We got in yesterday morning, a little late. The day before we were delayed while six trainloads of Nazi prisoners went to western prison camps.

Pete to Catharine

October 16: I shall stay here until Pete knows what he will be doing. Yesterday, two of the Army War Artists came over to see Pat Cowley-Brown and Pete and discuss their work. They talked for a couple of

Catharine to Mother

hours. Pete I think would like to get started on his job. He was going to paint on some larger canvasses but the only room to work in is full of office staff. They are supposed to be moving into another office.

October 30: The day we arrived in Ottawa, Pete was greeted with the news that he was to be given a commission and sent overseas. He should have been there on the twentieth of September and gone with the other war artists chosen at the same time as he was, but for some reason Pete wasn't notified; the message evidently got mislaid or lost.

They hustled him off to take his medical exam and other tests and he was told the only thing that could hold him back was his not being medically fit. He did hear the next week that he had passed that, and then it seemed they hadn't sent for his papers from the coast and he'd have to wait for those. He has been getting his painting kit ready, etc., and then Friday as he was leaving the office, the Group Captain told him he was awfully sorry but he couldn't get him his commission after all. The Air Force is cutting down in every way and don't want to give any more commissions out.

Pete still thought he was going overseas. On Saturday he had more chance to talk with the G/C and it seems he can't go overseas without a commission. It is quite a disappointment all round.

Pete to Catharine *November 10:* I have applied for my discharge and the procedure is under way, but like all other things it is best not to have high hopes or plan on anything.

Catharine to Pete *November 13, CONCORD:* Got your letter and presume that the painting prospects are not too bright in the RCAF or you wouldn't be asking for a discharge. Maybe I'm not as enthusiastic about Air Force life as I was at Tofino; anyway you were willing to go anywhere. I didn't like the thought of your trying to sketch where there are flying bombs dropping.

Pete to Catharine *November 26, OTTAWA:* Tomorrow I turn in my heavy kit, gas mask, tin hat, webbing, blankets, etc. It certainly is a pile of stuff. I keep one blue uniform, one summer, all shoes, underclothes, etc., including great coat.

Catharine to Mother *December 1, EN ROUTE WEST:* In Montreal, the blizzard just getting under way, we went to the Gallery first, saw the Army Exhibition and another one of four Canadian artists being hung. Met Mr. Arthur Lismer who is one of the best known Canadian artists, an older man. When Margot Panet introduced me he said "Peter Whyte, I know him and of him; the name is familiar." He had met Pete in Banff several years ago.

December 2, BANFF: Pete's discharge has come through and he has to report to Calgary for his final papers.

December 23: It feels a bit like the night before Christmas for we have had to do everything, tomorrow being Sunday. I decided it was a good chance to do up Pete's Christmas present, and was just in the midst of it when Lila and Cam came in. We were sitting in the living room and I was showing them the thing I had for Pete when the back door opened and someone said "Calgary Herald" and it was Pete, home a day earlier than I expected. Lila and Cam were pretty quick and got the present hidden and he never knew a thing about it.

December 31: The last day of 1944 and may 1945 end the war. We are having rather a quiet New Year's weekend. Pete got back on the bus Friday night.

Lila and Cam — Lila and Cameron Stockand, Pete's sister and brother-in-law.

Part IV 1945

January 5: Pete is back, and out of the Air Force at last. He told the boys it was going to be nice not to have to cut grass and wash windows and scrub floors any more. Last night I remarked, "One thing I am going to get you to do is split some wood."

"Here I thought I was over doing all the Joe jobs and, first thing I get home, you start in thinking up wood chopping. Heck, I might as well have stayed in the Air Force!"

January 14: Yesterday an envelope from the Air Force came for Pete. He said, "These are my credentials being returned." As he undid it out dropped two sketches he did last summer. G/C Conn (the Air Force historian) was asking if he would make two larger pictures from the sketches. Pete was so pleased, for when he left Ottawa he told them that if they wanted him to do any more work he would.

January 19: Col. Moore came down to ask if we would show slides at the annual ski meeting tonight. We remembered we had made a few black and white slides from negatives of Switzerland and Austria. Thinking it might give people here an idea of the way they do things in European ski resorts, we made up quite a lot, then toned them blue which adds a lot.

January 24: A little while ago there was a shout outside the window — Davey and Harold on skis — they said they were the ski patrol. They had parkas on, fur around Davey's hood. Both came in to show us their new ski poles and Pete fixed their straps and showed Davey how to put his pack on. He was very pleased. Davey is a funny child and very shy and sensitive but he said to Pete when they were at the work bench, "Pete, you know you are awfully good to me." Pete was quite touched.

February 21: George McLean told Pete he heard Mrs. McLean often speak of him in her prayers, and that it is going to make her "feel good in her heart" to know he is back in civil life, and "will make her faith in God stronger to know that this thing happened." I guess they didn't like the idea of Pete fighting. It is interesting to think they live up to the white man's teaching better than the white man.

May 8: We had a quiet evening except to go over to the main street at 8:00 to see dummies of Hitler and Goering made by Ike Mills burned in front of the Legion. Rafts of children, little boys on bicycles bringing paper cartons from all directions for the fire. Ike appeared, having had a bit too much beer in the Legion, and told them they were not to burn it until tonight. The kids were good and most of them went home as we did. A little later we heard the fire engine and, sure enough, the temptation had been too much for some little boys and the fire had been lit. There was little real excitement and I think most people sat near their radios to listen to special broadcasts as we did.

Thank goodness it is over at last, and what a relief to all those with members of their families in Europe.

June 24: As we were eating dessert Jonny and Harold appeared and thought it would be a nice evening for a ride. Pete said it would be pretty crowded and maybe we'd have to let Jonny "run behind." Jonny looked very serious and said to Pete, "Oh no, I can't run very fast." The way he said it made us all laugh for we could just picture ourselves driving round with little Jonny aged four, running behind!

Pete took us up Tunnel Mountain and then came down the old Corkscrew Drive. The children shrieked with excitement and Mom

After Pete is home again, the pattern of the documents is straightforward. From 1945 to 1962 they are, with a few noted exceptions, Catharine's letters to her mother.

Jonny, another nephew, born 1941.

Mom — Pete's mother, Annie Curren White, called "Mom" by all generations of the family.

threatened to jump out, but after much backing on the hair pins we made it. It's the road the buckboards used to go over, and we went on it in 1916. It hasn't been used in years.

July 12: Pete is busy working on the second picture for the Air Force.

Tom Kaquits, an Indian, dropped in to ask us down to the Sun Dance in Morley. He told Pete the Sun Dance, which lasts three days or more, is being held this year to commemorate the end of the war in Europe and to welcome back the Indian lads who went over. He said that two years ago they prayed that Pete wouldn't be sent overseas and they are glad now he is out of uniform. We could hardly refuse to go down after that.



The prairie is thick with wild flowers — a real carpet of them. As we came over a little rise was the Indian camp in a large flat; about two hundred very white tents all pitched in a large circle around the Sun Dance lodge, three large tepees in back of the lodge and inside the circle of tents. It seemed funny not to see more tepees. The Sun Dance lodge is built by first picking a large aspen tree or Balm-of-Gilead, a green one; much ceremony in the choosing of it, I believe. Around this a high wall is built and from that to part way up the tree, poles are laid across to make a roof. All this is covered in with green aspen boughs you can't see through, and inside is an inner wall waist-high with the opening near the door. We walked along the row of tents until we came to David Bearspaw's, paid him a call, and then walked nearer the lodge. A group of men came over to us and spoke, remarked on Pete's clothes, we think because he is no longer in uniform. When Pete asked Dan Wildman about his father, young Dan said he was in the lodge and would we like to go in and see him. Pete asked, "My Missus too?" and he said, "Yes." (We weren't sure what is permissible at a religious event like a Sun Dance.)

Inside a group of Indians was beating drums and singing and three or four squaws singing, sitting on the ground, their shawls over their heads almost hiding their faces. We were taken over to where old Dan was sitting. He is quite blind but when he realized it was us he seemed glad, and we were told to sit beside him. Old Mark Poucette had come five minutes before and after saying "hello," got up and stood facing the centre pole and raised his arm high above his head. He stood several minutes in silence as if he were saying a prayer, then moved to another point and did the same thing. He did it three times, once having to move two little children from where he wanted to stand, he just brushed them aside, so to speak.

When the singing began we were surprised when other Indians began popping up from behind the wall made of aspens. In their mouths they had reed whistles which they blew. When the music stopped they dropped back behind the wall. They didn't all rise at once, but when the spirit moved them, and they had rather a fixed stare as they gazed at the centre pole. They had pipes, peace pipes and one Indian brought the tobacco and they passed it to several other Indians who took a puff, the last one smoking it. Sweet smelling stuff was being burnt. We got up when the music paused and went outside again. It was all so beautiful, unhurried and rather lovely.

August 7: We surely are living in momentous times. Wonder if the Atomic Bomb will bring the War with Japan to an end? If it will give them a chance to save face, maybe they will surrender.

August 14: The War is over at last! The news came as I was writing; Big Ben chimed the time and Attlee read the reply from Japan, and said a few very appropriate words. The War is over! We decided as it was then after 5:00 we better think of meat in case we had two holidays ahead. It was fun going over town. Everyone had a broad grin on his face; there was a long queue at the liquor vendor: people trying to get their ration of beer, the other things had been sold out before. After supper we went over to see if there was any excitement. We could hear the singing coming out through the open doors of two of the churches and it was a lovely evening, clear and a beautiful sunset. People were strolling up and down and were joined by those coming from the church services. A truck load of kids was collecting wood for a big bonfire on the school grounds and there were rumors of a parade. About 9:30 the summer school, four hundred strong, paraded out of the Auditorium. The fire engine, its siren blowing, led the parade, and then a few flags on long poles and all the students following behind, ending at the school ground where the fire was soon burning. Mostly old boxes, but a really grand bonfire, lovely against a turquoise sky. Later as the fire died down they danced around the fire in a large circle and then sang *O Canada*, the *Star Spangled Banner*, the *Marseillaise*, *There'll Always be an England* and *Pack Up Your Troubles*. It was all informal and spontaneous, though had it not been for the summer school to get things going, I doubt if much would have happened.

November 1: Pete was to help Allen Mather with the wharfs he floats across the river by the skating rink for a bridge for the skaters and curlers. Slush ice floating down the river had banked up against the floats, breaking them apart and swinging them down the river. Pete, thinking it would be an hour's job said he would help. On my way over town I walked that way, saw Allen still had two floats to shovel off, so took our snow shovel down and got one cleaned off before lunch. We went back at 1:30. It was quite hard shovelling; on the second float the weight of snow had sunk one end so the water had flowed over and made it icy and soggy. I heard Allen say to Pete, "Do you suppose Catharine would give us a hand on the ropes?" He came for me in the row boat and I got onto the float they were trying to get into place. We had to clear an open bit of water for it to move onto. I never realized what a river is like in the process of freezing. The slush ice was awful. The snow falling on the water makes a thin film roll about like a veil in the water and looks more like goldfish food than anything else. As against a float or other ice it packs solid, five and six feet deep. We had to break off bits at a time with the snow shovel and as it rose to the surface, push it out of the way, but there wasn't enough open water to move it into. Allen came near taking a header when his hook slipped when he was pushing against another wharf. Allen got a winch near the end and we were able to get all the floats in place. It took us until 5:45 and we never stopped working. It is the nearest I have come to yachting since I came west.

November 4: Pete has a new job, a fossil to photograph for Mr. Sanson who thinks it may be a dinosaur egg. It looks like a stone cannonball with the remains of a quarter-inch layer of something else around it. Mr. Sanson thinks it is too valuable to send to Ottawa; he is afraid they might keep it — so he wants the picture to send them. Pete went around to get it yesterday and was quite amused. Though it is so very valuable, Mr. Sanson couldn't find it in his shed!



V-J Day Bonfire, oil painting by Pete

Allen Mather, a native of Banff, proprietor of the Bow River Boat House and "Mather's Rink," a skating rink adjacent to the boathouse.

The last we hear of the Baker-Carrs is in the autumn of 1945. In September news was received that D'Arcy had been released from prison in Osaka. A month later he arrived at Malton Airport in Toronto in a B-25 escorted by John Baker-Carr and a crew of six men. D'Arcy didn't even know that John was in the States until he saw the pilot boat come alongside off San Francisco and there was John aboard. John had somehow wangled him a priority and he went off the ship before brigadiers or anyone else. He is going back to England and I think is anxious to return to China. Having bought a pair of boots while in prison camp for seven cigarettes, he believes that there is a good future in tobacco and in spite of what happens it is still a good business to be in." (October 27)

Mr. Sanson — Norman Bethune Sanson; he came west with the expeditionary force during the Riel Rebellion, and moved to Banff where he became the curator of the National Park Museum.

1946

“Robin” — Russell Robb III. Pete’s suggested nickname, Rusty, stuck.



From a Christmas card

January 6: Thursday the Art Class in the evening. They pay for their materials and Pete helps with the drawing part. I think he is better than the instructors they send, but naturally I can't say that. Funny, people aren't often thought so much of in their own town. Most people think of him as a little boy who grew up here. But they appreciate his help and are doing well.

January 28: Bud Gourlay came with a bottle of ski lacquer he has concocted, Pete made a design for the label, so Bud brought him the first bottle.

January 31: We have been skiing a bit lately, trying to help the run from the Upper Hot Springs down; it is what might be called constructive skiing! Tourists or local people can go up and have a swim in the hot springs, helping the bus companies which run up half the time with just one or two passengers. It costs just 25¢ up and takes about ten minutes from town. Then they can have lunch or tea at the Ashtons, which helps them, and then ski down the three miles right to the bridge. It is a very gradual run so anyone can do it, through the trees and sheltered on a stormy or windy day, and it is fun.

March 24: In case Russ forgets, what do you call Robin now? We don't want to call him “Robin” if he doesn't like it. Do you think you could start the children calling us “Pete” and “Catharine”? Our paper boy, who is not ten, calls us by our first name, because all the children do.

June 7: A man came to demonstrate a Jeep to us. We are trying to decide whether to get one. It is a Willys Jeep and brand new and made for the civilian, mostly for farmers. They will go almost anywhere over the roughest ground. We figured it would be wonderful thing for going out painting with. We could throw our stuff in the back and wouldn't have to worry where we took it.

June 18: Sunday we drove in the Jeep up to Bow Lakes and back and found it not uncomfortable at all. Franklin Arbuckle called, a fine illustrator from Montreal, a young, awfully nice fellow with a good sense of humor. He is to be here a week and has borrowed Pete's bike.

June 26: The family arrived in great style. The children didn't say a great deal. The first thing Gale did was flop on the bearskin rug and Robin followed suit. Pete suggested we call Robin “Rusty,” which is the usual nickname for Russell out here, and in a shy sort of way he approves his new name.

July 3, BOW LAKE: We finally got headed for Bow Lakes. Rusty was to ride in the Jeep part way and Gale the rest, but when we stopped for a drink of water Gale got in the Jeep, and Russ and Kitty came with me.

It was a beautiful evening. Pete took all but Rusty out in a rowboat. He was too busy with the cowboys. He really is funny. Before supper I was washing out the Thermos bottles in the creek and Rusty took great delight in running back and forth across two boards which bent enough to get his feet nice and wet each trip across. We suggested his shoes might be getting damp, but he insisted it didn't matter. He hates to be told to put on a coat or sweater. Today it is raining hard and he isn't going to wear a raincoat. He's so afraid of being a sissy, so we are trying to figure out some way of impressing him with the fact that big boys have sense enough to keep dry and warm, without being told.

July 21, BANFF: We had some meat for David Bearspaw. When Pete went to his tepee and called “David,” in a moment out stepped David in his long underwear with a sort of breech cloth of an old colored

blanket and smoking a pipe. We were all a little taken by surprise but decided that after all he was far better dressed than most of the young girls and too old women in shorts!

A papoose was born in the camp Monday night and it was taken up with the mother Thursday morning for everyone to see. Norman Luxton made a little speech about it and then took off his hat and started passing it around. About this time Gale was pretty hot, having run, and she happened to take off her cowboy hat and first thing she knew people began dropping in money. She didn't know what to do but had presence of mind enough to go and give it all to the Indian mother.

December 22: We decided now the war is over that we would have a Christmas tree again. They have a really good system of getting trees in Banff, at least it is a very sensible way to do it. The Government men cut the trees where they should be thinned or cut and bring them in to the Gov't garage and anyone can help themselves. You can tell where to get them for the amount of little twigs and branches get thicker and thicker on the street as you near the source of supply.

January 1: Another year and my first letter is to you. It is the most perfect New Year's Day you ever saw, frosty and clear. It was 10:00 I think when we got up. During breakfast we spied a cow moose and her calf browsing on the willows between our yard and Barbara's. A girl in brilliant red, fuzzy, woolly pants floundering through the deep snow with a camera aimed at the moose. She had a white ski jacket, but the bright red pants were enough to frighten more than a moose. She kept walking nearer and nearer, taking more photos right into the sun so probably none will come out, unless she is awfully lucky. The cow got nervous but she never backed up at all. We began hoping the young girl would run out of film, but she kept approaching until she couldn't have been more than fifteen or twenty feet from the two moose and we began to think she would try to pet them. Luckily the film must have run out, for she turned and went back to the road where her boy friend was standing. Quite delighted, we imagine. Isn't it funny how a person can get away with a thing like that, red pants and all?

Pete was getting the car out when Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips came in. Mr. Phillips wants us to send some pictures to the spring exhibition in Montreal with the Calgary group.

February 13: Had a busy day yesterday. On the 8:00 news we heard that Jim Brewster had died very suddenly in the night. He has probably done more than any one in Banff for the tourist business. One of the first to take parties out on pack trips, founded the Brewster Transport Company, entertained all the noted visitors from way back, even the King and Queen; was very strong politically and a great friend to many in Banff; always generous in support of things in Banff, he will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Simpson came over after lunch to ask Pete if he would open the skating show Saturday, for Jim Brewster had always done it and she seemed to think Pete would do it alright. I never have heard Pete make a speech so hope for the best. He says, "We seem to get all the good jobs!"

February 14: Pete had been working on his picture to go to Montreal, but it has been a week full of interruptions.

March 14: We often test people out for the fun to see if they notice the

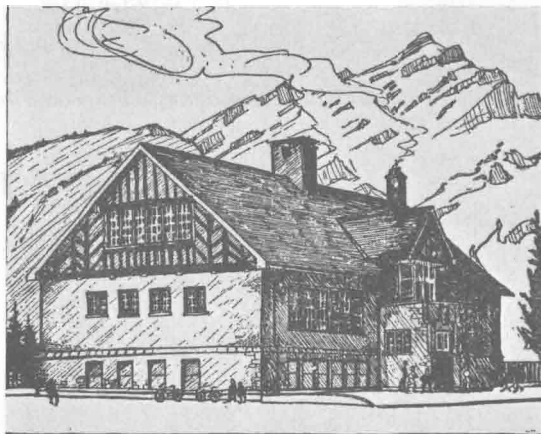


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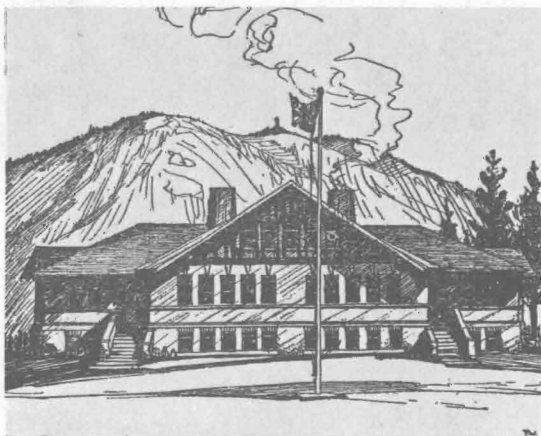


Pete, Gladys Phillips, Walter J. Phillips, Catharine

J. W. G. MacDonald — Jock MacDonald,
1897-1960.



Banff Elementary School



Banff High School

pictures. Some see the pictures before noticing anything else in the house. Little Jonny came over the other evening and right away noticed we had an Indian head instead of the camp over the table and then he remarked on the new pictures Pete had stacked on the floor. He sat on his heels and studied them for a minute and then looked up at me and said, "They are pretty good, aren't they, Catharine?" in the most professional manner. Mom never seems to notice them. Cliff will say something if he hasn't too much ski business on his mind.

Just had a note from Marmie Hess of Calgary, asking if she can bring two artists, J. W. G. MacDonald, whom we have wanted to meet, and Stan Perrott down. They are driving up for the weekend. Will have to run around with the duster.

March 16: When they came in and sat down the conversation didn't seem to go very easily. We talked to each other in couples, but after we had gotten beer and crackers and cheese and cake we talked as a group and it seems to go better that way. I think they expected to just come to another house in Banff and then felt they had landed in a museum.

March 19: We went up Tunnel Mountain and looked for places that would be good to sketch. The old spots that Pete used to paint from are so grown up that they are all changed from a sketching standpoint. One doesn't realize how much the trees grow in ten or fifteen years.

March 29: The lady from Montreal I met on the train when I came back in December went through back east a while ago. I sent her a Christmas card of the Stoney Indians and told her it was one of Pete's pictures. We went down to the train to see her a minute on the way through. She thanked us for the picture and we told her it had gone to Montreal where she lives. She said she would be sure and go to the exhibition. Got a letter the other day saying that it mentioned Pete in the newspaper. Yesterday the paper came.

Viscount Alexander, the Governor-General opened the show. There was a long article about the exhibition, saying, "Landscapes again make up a great part of this exhibition. Some of the more notable of these are a Laurentian scene by Richard Jack, RA, RCA and a snow scene by Thomas Carside, ARCA. (That means Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy.) Then it mentions two pictures by Franklin Arbuckle, and a picture by Hugh Jones and three by Harold Beament and "a striking composition of mountains by Peter Whyte."

We thought it rather exciting to have Pete's picture mentioned like that for there were over 150 oils in the show.

May 9: Mrs. McAuley gave me some vitamin B1 pills for the forget-me-nots she gave me. Did you ever use them on plants? I asked if you give them to the plant or to the gardener. You mix them one to a gallon of water and then just water the plants with a watering can. I am going to try it.

You get the pills at the Drug store, 35¢ a box, tiny little things. Edmée Reid told me last year they were all enthused about them and wondered how a person like Carl Rungius would like them for his wild flowers as he is a great gardener. One day Carl was told by the doctor that he should start taking vitamin B pills. So he went to Charlie Reid and asked if he had any vitamin B pills, and Charlie said, "Oh, yes," and produced the box, telling Carl to use a gallon of water with each pill. Whereupon Carl said, "My Gott, how can one take them that way?" Charlie then realized they were for Carl not the plants!

May 17: Well we are getting on. I have decided that we too are struggling artists, but instead of struggling against poverty and hunger it is more family problems!

July 2: Pete got a letter from David Bearspaw some time ago and I will copy it for you as it was written in an amusing way, especially the ending:

“My dear son Pete. I’m going to let you know what I think about. Well I’m getting to old than I was before. and I couldn’t work for my living and that’s why I’m getting starving and so I want to know if you could lend me ten dollars let me know if your going to lend me or not if you do that I’ll give you back this coming fall when we sell our Beef. And I’m willing to do it And I very pleased with you. so let me know as soon as you can let me know it by mail. I ate all my Beef money thats why I say that Thats all And I say hello to you and your wife & shake hands with you. Good bye & good luck to you. From your dady Chief David Bearspaw.

July 13: We called on the Bielers the other night. He is an artist, Swiss by birth, and she is French Canadian and they have four very well behaved and lovely children. Yesterday we had all of them to tea. They loved all the things in the house, being interested in everything.

July 16: Jonny showed one of our guests all our paintings. We thought he would make a good guide at the Fogg Art Museum! He even pointed out the Hawaiian girl and the funny ski one and a frame Pete made.

July 23: Such a busy time as we had during Indian days. When Pete said he would help we never expected it to be the money end, and for nights I dreamt of dollar bills and Indians, for they like to be paid in small change and dollar bills like the Chinese; it seems more that way. It took me all day Monday and Tuesday to straighten out the books and I should have done the bills today. Maybe by tomorrow I will be through. Never again do we take on this job.

July 25: During the Indian Days we found Mark Poucette without a place to sleep. He said, “That’s alright, my son, I come and sleep at your house.” Pete quickly remembered we had a small tepee at home. We came back, got that, an old blanket we keep in the car, enough food for breakfast, a tin pail, a few cups and plenty of tea. Went back down and after a bit of urging got some Indians to set up the tepee. Mark looked very regal sitting inside as we left him. Pearl told us Sunday they had been down and our tepee was rolled up with the blanket inside and hanging from the poles as Mark had gone home a day early. We forgot to go down until late Sunday night and sure enough there was the tepee and the rope. Though it had been there over 24 hours not even the rope had been borrowed. I wonder how long it would have stayed unmolested among that many white people? Pearl said Mark told them he had sixteen head of horses and a good many cows, and when they asked if he had any sons to leave them to, Mark said, “I have ten sons, they all die, long time ago my friend, Dave White, he give me one of his sons, Pete Whyte, Pete my son, good.” The Moores told Pete not to be surprised if he inherits sixteen horses.

August 7: We went up to the Alpine Club to meet Fred Brigden, a Canadian artist from the east, a really remarkable person, seventy-six and very lame with arthritis and yet he has been sketching at O’Hara.

August 11: He has more influence than one would realize. It was



George Pepper and his wife Kathleen Daly (Pepper); two Toronto painters. Kathleen, or Kay, had taken hot baths in the Banff sulphur springs to overcome the ravages of polio, and lived in Canmore in 1944-45.



interesting having him down. He was very complimentary about the sketches and wants us to send something to the Canadian Academy show and the Ontario Society of Artists show next year.

August 16: George Eisenschiml appeared to get our shares in the Winter Sports thing up at Norquay; we figured we were lucky to get what we paid for them, for we had figured it was to help the skiing. He has to get a majority interest before he can go ahead with the ski lift.

That night we went over to see George and Kay Pepper and ended up spending the rest of the evening with the Phillipses and A. Y. Jackson.

August 28: We ended up last night at the Moores and stayed too long but had a nice talk. We are all keen on getting a museum built in Banff before all the old people with collections of Indian bead work etc., die off. The Moores are prime movers in the thing and we are very interested too.

September 1: The new Banff Art school is to be built on Tunnel Mountain. We aren't crazy about the flatroofed architecture. The Morants in fact were so disappointed that the "chalets" weren't to be Swiss that they said had they given any money to the thing they would have asked for it back.

September 16: The Peppers came bringing with them a friend Clair Bice from London, Ontario, curator of the new gallery there. We showed the sketches, and they want Pete and me to have an exhibition in the east, at London, Toronto and even Ottawa. It rather amuses us to suddenly have so much interest in our things.

September 20: We asked Goon (the Chinaman over at the Brewsters) to tea. He left this noon for China, the first time he has been home for ten or twelve years and he had a family there. We think he didn't feel right being seated and drinking tea with us, instead of waiting on us.

We went to the train to see Goon away. It was a bit teary on his part, and Fern's and Dell's, for he is the most wonderful Chinese you ever knew. All the Brewsters were there. Fourteen in all. When Goon showed signs of tears we hustled him aboard and then all waited to wave.

November 7: About Christmas, am awfully sorry to disappoint you but we really can't make it this year. We appreciate the invitation and we know how much it would mean to you to have us there, and we would enjoy being there ourselves, but I know it is wiser if we stay home for a few months until Pete really feels better and until we get our affairs figured out and settled up.

November 9: Pete had closed the gate and fixed the furnace and put slippers on and we were on the verge of going to bed after 9:00, when there was a knock on the door. Pete went and I could hear him say something about "not knowing you and couldn't you come tomorrow?" Then, "Yes, I remember you." He didn't sound very cordial, and then he said that we were just going to bed. I figured from all the men's voices it was a crowd from Calgary feeling pretty gay and coming up to see us before the Saturday dance, or just up for the weekend. However they all came in, five of them, only one of them I knew. The most important looking man was introduced as Honorable Paul Martin. (I thought he must be a Member of Parliament from some Calgary riding.) Then Percy Moore, who is very fat and jolly and used to drive for Brewsters when Pete and Bobby Hunter drove for them. I thought it was Percy Moore who had

come to see Pete, but no, it was the Member of Parliament, evidently wanting to see Pete's pictures. When Pete went to the door this perfect stranger said to him, "I am Paul Martin, the minister of Health and Welfare and want to see some of your pictures." Pete thought he was kidding, and still didn't know what to make of it until he heard the others speaking to him as the "Honorable Minister." Percy Moore is his assistant and in charge of the welfare for the Indians.

At first the "Honorable Minister" was a bit stiff, but he soon loosened up and was down on the floor on his hands and knees getting a better look at the sketches, calling Pete by his first name and enjoying himself. Ended by buying a sketch of the glacier at the Columbia Icefields which reminded him of the time he and his wife were there. We both had a good laugh when the evening was over. It wasn't until Martin wrote down his address that I realized who he was! After all it isn't every night we get Cabinet ministers dropping in!

January 3: This morning, I cleaned up the "wind storm," as Pete calls the mess I made in the studio doing up Christmas presents, paper and string and bits of boxes all over the floor.

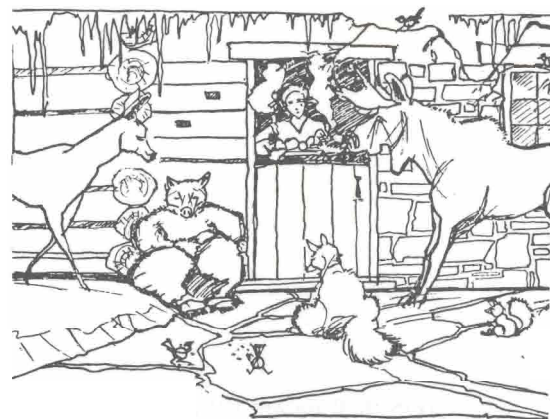
February 15: We are the worst savers of things I ever saw, yet it takes so long to read over old letters we just go on keeping them. I think Pete gets that way from having lost so many things when he was away at school that just got thrown out or the brothers thought they were theirs. The result is he likes to keep everything, just in case it comes in useful or will be interesting later on. I guess I just inherit my collecting from Grandpa, only most likely it is the wrong stuff.

March 7: We were busy trying to get the sketches picked out and framed for the exhibition we are to have in London in April. We seemed to have a hard time choosing the ones to send and finally Thursday afternoon we locked the door (Pete had seen some Indians in the distance) and set to work upstairs. Just got nicely under way when there was a knocking at the back door and we could hear voices. Thought of course it must be Indians, so laid low and waited and soon they went away. When we looked there was a stick wedged in across the screen door. We knew it must be the Morants, for they always play jokes. Went to the Mount Royal but they hadn't been there. It turned out Murray Adaskin was up for the day only, and we did feel sorry we had missed him. They wrote a message on the stick we didn't notice as it was on the wrong side of the stick for us to see.

March 24: The exhibition in London (we hope it got there in time) is to go to Windsor afterwards and we can find out if it is possible to have it shipped and be shown in Concord this summer. There are thirty-five sketches, 11 x 14" in size, nineteen of Pete's and sixteen of mine.

April 25: I have decided that life is a balancing of things. If you want one thing you have to give up another, you just can't have or do all you want, and it means trying to figure out which of the alternatives to choose. Pete and I have made our life into the kind where we work as a team and we do practically everything together. We like it that way and feel we do better doing things together. Pete by nature isn't as methodical as I am and doesn't like bookkeeping, whereas I do. Gradually I have taken over all the keeping track of things and filing papers.

June 24: The Walter Phillips came to tell us how well the exhibition looked. They were there for the opening and Mrs. Phillips said it was



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Elizabeth Rummel ("Lizzie") had managed Skoki after Jim Boyce had a falling out with Sir Norman Watson.



such a relief to see something sane after so much of the stuff they had seen in Toronto. She couldn't get over the picture that had won first prize in Toronto of \$500, a cow with pink horns and something sticking out of its side. They were quite funny about the Montreal Spring Exhibition, the show Pete had two pictures in last winter, and sent one down this year, but it wasn't hung. She said she doesn't know why Mr. Phillips was hung, for his and one other were the only two that weren't this awful very modern kind. She said the letters to the paper were terrific as so many people were up in arms about it all. A new man in the Montreal Gallery and Mr. McCurry (of the National Gallery who, Mrs. Phillips claims, is easily led) picked the show as the other man in the jury resigned in protest at the pictures they chose! She was really funny about it.

July 9: Did I tell you that Elizabeth Rummel has quit Temple now? She was running Skoki when Russ and Kitty were there. Had been there six years, but when Cliff was let out, Sir Norman and Captain Head asked her to stay on and run the thing. She didn't know what to do but loved Skoki, so decided to stay with it. Evidently Sir Norman has sent out a Swiss manager and a Swiss architect. We have heard all sorts of rumors from the local carpenter, how the architect wants all the things put in last year changed around, how they don't care how much they spend. Seeing that Elizabeth had the signing of the cheques, maybe she did care.

July 29: One thing that uses up one's energy is to have so many diversified people. The last three days we have had people from all over and all stages in our lives, you might say.

Monday afternoon two Norwegians from Camrose, interested in Norway and skiing, and Pete had to think back nearly thirty years to when he stayed with them. Then Tuesday we had the two Boston ladies who talked of twenty years ago when we were in Art School. Then yesterday we went up and saw Mr. Brigden. Then Mrs. Castle from Honolulu here for tea in the afternoon. Saw Mr. Brigden off and more talk at the station where the train was an hour late. Now today Charlie Comfort and Will Ogilvie, down for a short visit just before supper, two eastern artists who both were Army War Artists in Canada, so again different talk. Charlie Comfort has done lots of illustration for the Hudson's Bay and Will Ogilvie, born in Africa, is one of the better Canadian Artists. Aunt Maggie Grayson and Uncle Charlie came down while they were here to say good-bye to us. They are both over eighty and were leaving that night for a sixty-five mile ride to Cochrane in the Greyhound bus.

August 1: Charles Comfort, overseas as an Army War Artist, he told us about his studio in London, or the building where he worked, being hit by a V2 rocket bomb, and the whole place a shambles. He said he was in the toilet at the time, otherwise he would have been killed as several were.

Mrs. Comfort was talking about our exhibition and I told her about the duty you had to pay on the frames. She said a friend of theirs, a very modern abstract painter, was taking some pictures across the line. He told the Customs men that he was an artist and this was his work. They looked at the pictures, couldn't make head nor tail of them and thought the man was crazy, so let him through without any trouble at all!

September 5: I guess I never thought to say how stout, the polite way of saying fat, Pete is getting. Actually he wasn't very much stouter until last year and everyone teases him. But sometimes people who were very muscular get stout when they stop exercising strenuously. Still can't give you an idea about coming on. Right now Pete doesn't want to go away from home very far. A lot of his trouble is emotional.

September 22: We feel badly that we worried you so about Pete, so please don't worry any more for he is feeling so much better and more like doing things. He gets very tense when he is troubled or worried about something. It came to a head two weeks ago and that caused him to be sick. The things that were troubling him are settled; he should feel better and he is much more rested. Hates me to say anything about it anyway.

October 7: Barbara came in to say a friend of Pete's at the station was going to wait there until Pete came to get him, someone he had known twenty-five years ago. We couldn't think who it was, then we thought of lots of people we might know but not be too anxious to see. Barbara went back to telephone the station, but the man wouldn't give his name. Pete went down and came back with the man. It turned out to be a skier! Sigfried Steinwall. Pete hadn't recognized him, but do you wonder, for it was 1920 or '21 when he was last here, 27 years ago. Steinwall is a Swedish jumper and had a lot to do with the building of the Ski Jump on top of the Grandstand in Calgary. Pete often tells a story of Sig's being here during Carnival time and being very interested in trying to talk to Mark Poucette though he had quite a broken Swedish accent. Mark, who couldn't make head nor tail of what he was saying said, "You look like a white man but you talk like a Chinaman!"

January 20: At -10° with a gust of wind whirling up the fine snow, we saw Jim Simpson coming down from the post office, his hands in his pockets which held his suit coat open. He has never been known to wear an overcoat, no matter how frigid the weather. He did have a necktie which shows it is a little colder this morning, otherwise his shirt would have been open at the neck. With his big hat it looked like a mild summer day!

February 4: Tully Montgomery, the Canon of the English Church came down to call. He hasn't been here for a year or two and though he doesn't know it, he is our minister. He has a good sense of humor, so we got telling stories and he stayed over an hour.

February 10: We have at last heard about the sketches, they have been shown in Tilsonburg, Ontario for a couple of weeks at the beginning of January, and now they will go to Kitchener and Brantford. Following their showing there, they will be shipped to Hart House and the Wakunda Art Center in Toronto during March. So they have done a bit of travelling!

Remember in the pre-war days we used to stop off in Concord on our various trips. Now it seems to get more and more difficult to leave home. I guess we are what they call "bushed."

March 4: We went up to the Phillips' house for tea to see his recent watercolors before they go east. I wish you could see them some time, especially the ones of waterfalls.

March 27: I think there is a change coming in what people will like and that they will get back to more conservative things, but perhaps more

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Jim Simpson at left, sketch by Pete

dramatic. In a hundred years they will probably say cubist and abstract art was a result of photography. When you were very young if anyone wanted a portrait or a landscape it was a realistic thing people liked, so they could remember the person or the place. When photography came in, it took the place of a picture of a certain person or place and there wasn't such a demand for the much more expensive painting. Without the demand the artists who did that sort of work didn't prosper and they began experimenting and crazy things became the style. Anyone could paint them without much practice in drawing and the pictures flooded the market.

Canadian Art Magazine came today. I haven't had a chance to more than glance at it, but note there is an article on Abstract Art by a great friend of ours, Lawren Harris. It shows a portrait of Will Ogilvie by Charlie Comfort who was here last summer. They both are grand people.

We had such a nice letter from Kay Pepper about the exhibit. She wrote. "Your exhibition at Hart House was a howling success and afforded us all a whole-wide-West full of pleasure on Sunday. The Sketches really looked magnificent in that quiet coveted Gallery — and we got our innings at last! It was good of Mr. Ignatieff to declare an "open Sunday" and to give *us* the privilege of inviting fifty artists, students and Banff enthusiasts there — and to our studio afterwards for tea, where there was a great tizzy about them — and you.

"I believe many have made enquiries about the purchase of pictures. Miss Kidd (Secty.) advised them to get in touch with you direct. That is the way Lawren Harris' exhibit is being handled through the Galleries."

May 10: Pete hates to have me discuss how he feels but the worry and strain of the last few years since he left the Air Force have taken an awful lot out of him, and everytime he gets feeling a bit better, maybe gets a picture out he wants to paint on, he gets slapped down again. Some people might have ended up by having a nervous breakdown under the circumstances but luckily it hasn't been that; but worry is bound to tell on a person some way, and perhaps if you are sensitive enough to be an artist you take things differently than a businessman would. Little by little Pete has been feeling better, only he has had more setbacks than we bargained for.

Dr. MacKenzie — Duncan MacKenzie, not only the Whytes' physician in this period, but also a close friend.

May 27: Dr. MacKenzie told me he thinks it was the way Mom brought up the family so strictly that has resulted in the three boys having the difficulties adjusting themselves now. She was so strict about Sundays they couldn't even whistle in the old days unless it was a hymn, and she wouldn't go on a picnic or ride in the car on Sunday. It was a sin to dance or be seen in a beer parlor. Good old Scotch Presbyterian. He thinks they had no outlets. I think he is right. She still tries to handle Pete as if he is a little boy and he resents being treated that way.

June 1: Dr. MacKenzie thinks Pete has lost a bit of confidence in himself and if the doctor in Vancouver can put his finger on the trouble he will soon be alright.

June 5, VICTORIA: Pete is eating much more than he did in Banff, which is encouraging; the change of air does anyone good. At first he was very tense and nervous, but is gradually so much better. It's the first real holiday of this sort we have had since before the war.

June 8: Yesterday he said, if we can have a good summer and get out painting and not be upset or disturbed, in the fall or winter he would like to be able to make a real visit to Concord.

June 15, VANCOUVER: Pete and I both saw Dr. Davidson yesterday and are to see him again tomorrow. Then we may have an idea how much longer we will be here. He has explained what causes Pete's tenseness. Seems that a "very imaginative and intelligent person" (Pete says he has imagination but is not sure about the intelligence) often gets this way, especially if he is a "perfectionist." In doing anything he is anxious to do it right and his body and muscles react in the natural way and become alert and tense and anticipate or imagine what is going to happen, instead of just waiting and seeing. He says it's quite a common thing. Pete has to learn to "relax."

July 6, MORAINE LAKE: We finally got up here. It is the sort of place we seem to like best and Pete seems more relaxed. It's so quiet, the scenery lovely and the atmosphere informal. This is the first summer since the first one nineteen years ago when we haven't had to plan to be back to see this person or that. It seems funny but it is so.

July 12, BANFF: Marmie Hess, (a very intense and artistic person who lives in Calgary), came down with André Biéler, (an art teacher at the summer school who looks the part with hair standing up off his forehead in the right style.) He is staying in the new summer school building and as yet there are no doors to the rooms. One night when there wasn't enough room in Banff for all the tourists wanting rooms they took a lot up there and he said it was really a madhouse with children running about and people of all ages and descriptions and no doors!

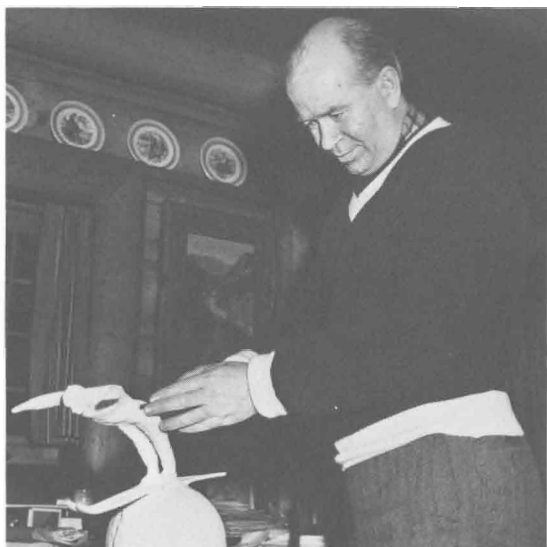
July 20: We just took a run down past the Indian grounds to see if any Indians had come in. Tom Simeon was batching with another Indian and we learnt for the first time that his wife had died while I was in Concord. She is the one Pete painted years ago: "The Red Squaw."

We just took another trip down to the Indian Grounds. Found Jacob Two Young Man there and asked about his mother who nearly died last winter. She was at their teepee he said, so along we went and poor Mrs. Jonie was outside and crawling on her hands and knees as she can no longer walk. She must be ninety but as bright as ever otherwise.

July 27: They want to have an exhibition of our sketches at the Auditorium for the summer school. They have only just come back, arrived just before Indian Days, but we didn't unpack them until yesterday afternoon to see if they were O.K. Mr. Biéler suggests we hang the show Sunday.

July 30: At present they have an exhibition of "Western Canadian paintings" that were picked, out of seven hundred submitted, by A. Y. Jackson, a Mr. Bawden of England (who must be very modern and who is to have his pictures hung in the alcove when ours are shown on the side walls of the Auditorium) and another man I have never heard of. We went to see it yesterday and didn't think there was one really good picture, all very amateur. It is causing a lot of comment as a good many artists who should have been included, like Phillips, are not.

August 7, MORAINE LAKE: Marmie Hess came in with Dr. A. Y. Jackson; he is quite deaf now, but a wonderful man. As two of the waitresses are art students in Vancouver Pete thought they would like



George Eisenschiml legally shortened his name to George Encil between the last entry mentioning him and this one.

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to meet the famous A. Y. Jackson, so took him over and introduced him as Dr. Jackson. They never thought of his being the famous Canadian artist, and when Pete asked him if he knew their teacher and he did, one of the girls, asked Jackson, "Do you paint?" Then she realized who he was and they all had to laugh. She told me later she didn't really know if he was still alive.

August 20: Pearl was much interested in our opinions of a girl fourteen and a boy about the same age who are from Banff and went to the Summer School. Doris Livingston does really lovely watercolors; the other, Albert Roberge (whose mother is about the only person in Banff who goes out cleaning by the day) had never worked in oils before and did a very good scene of a back alley.

September 17: We have had a couple of calls from George Encil who has the Chair Lift on Mt. Norquay. He wanted some photographs for the Memorial cabin and when he came to the house saw a ski jumper Pete is modeling and wants it for a trophy, also a downhill racer, so Pete has been seeing about that, ordered the plasticine in Calgary and got wire for the armature and the lumber yard to make a base and Charlie Beil to come and look at the thing to see if he can cast it.

November 24: We have changed our Christmas card. The first one which Pete drew was a ski cartoon, but as it was a funny photographer taking a picture of an old lady skiing in a skirt who had just made a run down the ski hill knocking all other skiers in all directions, he suddenly thought that people might think it was supposed to be us and not at all complimentary to me.

May 6: If we get to Concord, it will be something; and as it is you we are going to see most of all, we don't want to be entertained. It's funny, but Pete seems to have lost confidence in doing things away from home. Emotions or something, but he has been better about lots of things. He seems concerned he has changed so, having lost his hair and gotten very stout, but I tell him he hasn't changed inside and that's what counts.

June 11, ENROUTE HOME, GLENWOOD, MINNESOTA: We are staying over Sunday with the Oliver Kaldahls. Pete used to jump with Oliver in Banff years ago. He feels so much better. Now that we have managed a trip east together for the first time in ten years it may not be so hard to get "underway" again. If we can get back into painting more, things should be better.

June 18, BANFF: The kids all wanted a ride in the Jeep and so helped take out the things. My poor hats in the silk bag I found at the bottom of the pile when we came back!

June 23: Norman Luxton told us that, at the meeting to decide who should run Indian Days, he told them he definitely couldn't do it this year or ever again on account of his health and when someone suggested we do it, he got up and said for three years we had done more than our share and they shouldn't even ask us to help.

June 30: Pete did well this morning and remembered it is our twentieth wedding anniversary. I would have forgotten all about it. I feel all set up too, for when I called in to tell Miss Carrick we would be home for her to bring Annora Brown down (she is an artist) the niece who came to the door called "Aunt Margaret, there is a girl who wants to see you."

July 5, BOW LAKE: It's the first time in years, certainly since the war,

we have been able to come out with what Pete calls a "free mind." We hope to get some good sketching.

September 3, BANFF: This week's highlight was a picnic to "Maureen" Lake. We had promised Billy MacKenzie a picnic and thought we should try to get it in before school starts next week. Billy and Jonny and Donny Becker and soon Lona and Mary Lee all sat around the table and planned who should bring what. It was to be Billy's picnic, so he was head man and made the last decisions. You wouldn't think they could spend so much time just planning, but that is part of the fun, thinking of things to bring. Billy said his mother would make the cake and Lona could make some cookies when she got home. Donny thought Grape Aid would be the best to drink.

The kids wanted to sit in the most uncomfortable spot, on a cushion in the very back where the luggage goes. We got to Moraine which Jonny, and now Billy, calls "Maureen Lake" and which they all nicknamed "Meringue Lake" as I had made some meringues to take along. The girls helped with lunch while the boys were off over the rocks exploring. They were quite interested in "Consolation Lake" beyond Moraine. When Donny called it "Condensed Lake," Lona corrected him and said, "It's Constellation Lake."

September 6: Haven't written you since Sunday. The Labor Day weekend turned out very sadly for us. Little Donny Becker died Monday morning and we all feel so badly for he was one of the best kids in town. He was very adventuresome and knew no fear, a good sport in every way and a great leader among the boys Jonny's age.

Billy was very troubled; for, as he said several times, "I were the first friend Donny had in Banff when we went to kindergarten together." (He often says "I were" instead of "I was.") Then again, "I were Donny's best friend." They were together a lot and Jonny too, for they are all in the same grade at school. We got ginger ale and cookies and Pete was awfully good talking to the kids, for they wanted to know all sorts of things. Nellie said that morning Billy had followed her around the house asking questions and then he said, "You know Pete and Catharine are going to feel awfully badly about Donny." She said "but they don't know Donny as well as you." Billy said, "No, but they thought an awful lot of him."

October 14: We gave Carl Rungius a ride home and made him a short call. He seemed in fine spirits and had shot a ram on his hunting trip with a forty inch head, the record is forty-eight inches. It looked a bit gory to me. We also took the ski models up to Charlie Beil that afternoon for him to cast in bronze when he comes back from a trip to Arizona.

November 15: We always seem to be working on "wills" at the last minute. I suppose because going by car we think something might happen to both of us at once. It seems to make Pete feel funny to think of how things should be done after we are dead, and it does sort of give one a queer "half-gone" feeling. Pete, who gets writer's cramp over one letter, had some time making a will. We got thinking of the house and leaving the property for a Library, Art Gallery and Museum and that made a difference in my will.

November 22, SAN FRANCISCO: Pete was anxious to go and see Belmore Browne who is painting the diorama backgrounds for three African

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groups in the Academy of Science in Golden Gate Park. I said something about not wanting to interrupt Belmore at his work and a Mr. Lombarty said, "You wouldn't bother him, for when I came in he wasn't working at all; just sitting in a chair looking at the part he'd painted." I guess he doesn't realize one of the hardest parts is planning the thing out and just as much work goes into that as putting the actual paint on.

November 27, S. S. PRES. WILSON AT LOS ANGELES: This morning we took the Interurban from Wilmington into Los Angeles, takes about an hour. Then a taxi to the Otis Art Institute where Pete went to art school in 1923-24. We asked for Leonard Richmond, who is now the head. We expected the one who painted in the Rockies years ago and instead, much to Pete's surprise, it was a man who had been at school with him here.

February 13, BONNER'S FERRY, IDAHO: It will be just three months since we left Banff and we really have enjoyed it. The change has done us both good. Also we have a good idea of what Honolulu is like after the war. The unsettled world situation and weather kept us unsettled too.

September 25, BANFF: The kids asked if we would record their band with Davey and his saxophone. We said, "yes," without quite realizing what we were in for.

I wish you could have seen the "orchestra" troop in. First there was Davey, very tall with his sax and accordian, he is about twice the size of any of the others; then Jonny with a coat hanger and dangling from it two different sized pot covers and one small rolling pin; Billy, armed with numerous lids and pasteboard boxes, but insisting he needed our garbage pail for a bass drum, so that had to be washed out a bit and in the meantime Pete had warmed up the Indian drum for Gordon Standish to play. Another boy, David Fairless, was to use the accordian when Davey was not playing it or a kind of plastic whistle they have in school, or a harmonica.

They finally got set up at the other end of the front room. Billy was on his knees to play the "traps" with two boxes, a stool with two lids on it and a couple of other things to bang, it was surprising how much noise even a box can give off when hit hard and often enough.

Davey announced as a real band leader would, and each player he introduced would oblige with a short bit of playing on his instrument. It was perfect, and they were all so serious. I never saw anything funnier. Billy, working away on the boxes and lids, looked like a miniature drummer. Then they all started in. Davey is just learning to play a saxophone so there were a few sour notes but he moaned away pretty professionally; then after a bit of a tune accompanied by bangs and whacks and flute tootlings, he would walk over by Billy, put down his sax and grab the sticks (bits of kindling wood really) and start in on the "traps." He could make them really sound like something, hitting with such speed that the lids would often fly off the stool top and have to be retrieved by Billy who never even cracked a smile. After a bit of this he would hand the sticks back to Billy and take the accordian from David Fairless and so it went, giving quite a bit of variety to the music.

After each session I would have to play it back over the recorder and then they would give us another piece. It was so noisy our ears rang

and at times they were so amusing the tears ran down my cheeks. As poor Joe, the enormous St. Bernard, had been standing at the kitchen window giving an occasional bark, he was bound to get in. There was no use trying to keep him in the hall as he doesn't mind very well, if at all, and is too big to make do anything, so he came in soaking wet from the rain and wandered among the "musicians," flapping a huge wet tail across their faces and then would stand and drool a bit in the back of one's neck. It was all a bit confusing and rather noisy but the kids did enjoy it. We broke off for gingerale and cookies about four and then they all went home and we sat down exhausted.

February 4: Friday morning early Norman Luxton came along to tell us that Mrs. Jonie died.

April 13: Nick Morant sent us a box the other day about the size of a hat box. It came by the big express truck and the expressman wanted so to deliver it himself he came two or three times before he found us in. When I went to the door, he said he had been twice that afternoon. I said it was pretty wet to leave the box outside, and he said, "it isn't that" and turned the box around in his hand and there, looking out of a cellophane window, was the cutest toy rabbit you ever saw, with ears on springs that wiggled. He had the funniest expression as he sat on a tissue paper nest and peered above the edge of the opening. Underneath it was written, "wild animal, hurry or there will be twenty." Can't you imagine the box with a bunny peering out travelling across Canada in an express car! The cellophane was cracked but nothing hurt.

May 3: Think I told you how we moved an old coal bin from one end of the shed down to the further end and decided to use it for the garbage pails to keep the animals from strewing the stuff all over the lawn. It is one of those bins with a sloping lid and long enough for three big garbage pails in a row.

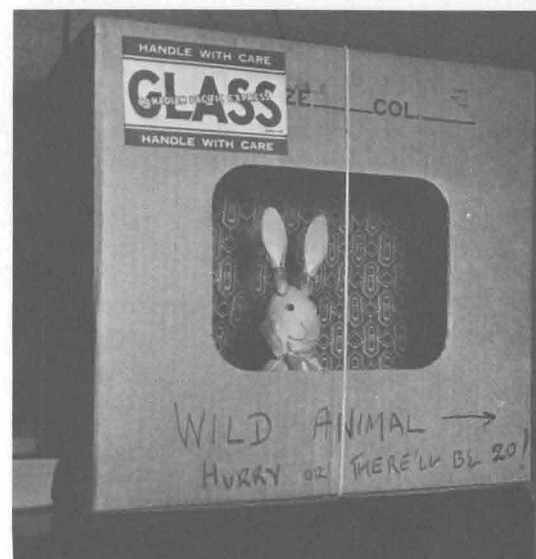
Tonight at supper as I sat by the window something caught my eye and just in time I saw a very light colored cinnamon bear scrambling up the Balm-of-Gilead at the back door. He is one of the tiny cubs of last summer, about a year old, and then I looked at our coal bin and sure enough the other cub was inside with his head and one paw sticking out from under the lid having knocked off the little section that unhooks. He evidently pulled out one hook altogether which undid the other and the piece was on the ground. He did look funny. Pretty soon the fat one came down the tree, but when he tried to get in at the garbage too, the one already inside would bat him one over the nose, so he had to be content with the stuff that had fallen outside on the ground.

Finally the one inside hopped out and the other clambered in, all we would see was his hind end and one foot, he seemed to be standing on his head inside and eating from that position, but soon his head appeared alongside the hind leg and rear, and somehow he got turned round and out. They are so funny the way they act. We are not sure how well our new system is going to work after this!

June 7: A knock on the door and it was Cyril Paris with Earle Birney, a well known Canadian poet and writer. He was brought up in Banff, his father was a house painter and he and Pete and Cyril all played together. Pete has only seen him once since when he was about 14 I guess. He has a beard and looks the part. A red one, but is awfully nice and has a dry sense of humor.

1952

Nick Morant and his wife Willie, close friends of the Whytes from the early 1930s; Nick, a CPR photographer, noted for his outrageous sense of humour.



Photo, courtesy Nicholas Morant

July 6: Just after supper when we had visions of going to bed early, Pete went to put the car away and Mr. Gordon Conn came up the drive. A man who is very interested in Academicians and conservative art and ran a gallery in Toronto for five years to try and help such artists sell their pictures. He is a great friend of Kenneth Forbes. In he came and we had just sat down and started to talk when Uncle Jack Campbell dropped in. He is the exact opposite in a way, being very slow and works on his ranch near Cochrane. He hadn't seen us all winter and was just up for a few days and that left me to talk to Mr. Conn.

I showed Mr. Conn all the pictures but found he was a bit difficult to talk to. We don't like the very abstract art any more than he does, but a lot of the Canadians who paint that way are good friends of ours and he was the kind who had no use for a person if he didn't approve of all they did! So I had to word things in such a way as not to agree with him and yet not lead him on to saying too much against!

July 9: In the evening the Biélers and Liliás Torance Newton, one of the best Canadian portrait painters came, and we showed them the sketches. We were glad to meet her as it is fun to meet the various artists that way. She is in Banff for six weeks. She is using Belmore Browne's old studio and wants to paint Indian heads.

July 21: We found old chief David and Mrs. Bearspaw waiting for the train from Morley to arrive with their dunnage, including their tepees. They began to get cold, so Pete thought it would be a good idea to get the old tepee we have and put it up as a shelter for them until theirs came. So back I came to look for that, but couldn't find it anywhere. (Remembered the next day it was in Sam's workshop covering up a stove.) For some reason the CPR, instead of putting the special coaches on one of the morning trains hitched the cars onto a freight and forgot to send the freight.

It was getting darker and darker when a big truck came slowly in, loaded down with baggage. When we saw David standing with the rest looking in the half light for his bundles we did feel sorry. We had given them our two brown blankets to wrap around them and evidently they thought they were for keeps as they used them the rest of the time and took them back to Morley!

It had gotten pretty dark when the first hailstones hit us. We ran for the car. The lightning was terrific and the hail hit the car so hard we couldn't hear the thunder. I never heard such a racket. David came over and got in with us when it got really heavy and there we sat for a good half hour while it hailed and then just poured. No chance of their getting their tepees up that night. It was really pathetic to see all the dunnage on the ground and just a few tents and tepees up of those who had arrived by car or wagon.

David's son-in-law came over and asked if we could find a place up town for two old people, David and Mrs. Bearspaw. There was no hope of finding a room so said they could stay with us. Along came David and Mrs. Bearspaw wrapped in a big brown blanket each and somehow wedged into the front seat with Pete, for Mrs. Bearspaw is one of the plumper Indians.

It was 10 p.m. when we got home and we were pretty sure the Bearspaws hadn't had supper, so while the others sat in front of a fire in the fireplace and smoked I rushed around getting a quick supper. When they were eating the soup I passed them some cheese and David started



to put the soft cheese into his cup of soup, whereupon Mrs. Bearspaw said a few words in Stoney and laughed, David stopped and Mrs. Bearspaw said in English, "my man, bad man," and we all laughed.

They managed to stow away quite a bit and then we all sat in front of the fire again and talked a bit. We tried to figure out where we would sleep. We had the couch and a single bed in the little room upstairs but didn't think they would want to be separated; if we gave them our bed it would be hard for Mrs. Bearspaw getting upstairs and the bed is high and she might fall out. As they are used to the ground and maybe a mattress on the floor we decided to make up a bed in front of the open fire. We pumped up our air mattresses, placed them side by side, a blanket, then two flannelette sheets, and a light sleeping bag on top. Made a good bed and Mrs. Bearspaw was in it pretty quick. We left the back hall and downstairs toilet light on all night so they could find their way.

It was midnight when we went to bed and by 6 a.m. Pete heard them stirring and was sure they were used to getting up that early so up we got too. By the time we got downstairs the back way and peeked into the front room they were both sound asleep again. We had our breakfast and time to wash up all the dishes from the supper. While we were doing them David walked by in his underwear to the bathroom but I just kept on talking and never noticed.

October 3: The two pictures that Pete sent to the R.C.A.F. art competition came back and Wednesday Pete got a letter saying that the wife of the Air Vice Marshall is interested in buying the portrait of the Stoney Indian Chief.

Yesterday the Jaeggis asked if they could bring Rockwell Kent down to see us when they come in from Assiniboine. He and his wife are out there visiting Elizabeth Rummel while he paints two pictures of the mountain. He has had wonderful weather for it.

Pete's eye still bothers him a bit and if that doesn't clear up soon we may have to go to Calgary about it.

October 7: Kent has been out at Assiniboine painting and stayed with Elizabeth Rummel for two weeks. Flew in and out. Are here for a week. We found them awfully nice and right away when he stepped into the kitchen he noticed Pete's Indian camp and really liked it. We had quite an evening. They stayed until 11:30 or later and as they left he said it had been a "real treat" to spend the evening here. He has a good sense of humor and while out at Elizabeth's, in trying to help her get her camp fixed up, he had hand-made a beautiful toilet seat for the privy. Said he wished now he had thought to sign it, but even then she had something to offer, a seat made by Rockwell Kent which even the CPR can't offer.

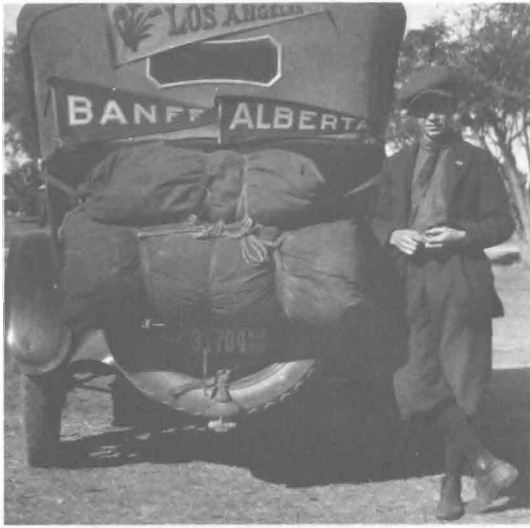
Rockwell Kent himself is great fun and enjoys everything, very easy to talk to and interested in most everything. Later Cy Harris told us when he spoke to the Canadian Club he said that as soon as he had collected the money for the picture he was painting of Assiniboine, he was going to tell the man that he had found half a dozen artists in Banff who could have made a better painting of it for him.

February 11, PORT JARVIS, N.Y.: Pete is really feeling so much better and seems like his old self; of course, it will take time to build up physically, but by the time we get back to Banff he should be able to do the things he wants to.

February 24, SANDERS, NEW MEXICO: When Pete was a young lad, his



1953



Gray Campbell the Whytes met when he was in the Banff Detachment of the RCMP. Overseas with the Air Force during World War II, Gray met and married Eleanor, and after the war the couple and their children took up ranching, which experience Gray had written the book about.

father and mother took the four children on a six weeks' motor trip one fall about thirty-three years ago. They drove over much of the country we went over. In those days there were often just two ruts to follow and they camped out. One place Pete remembered very well was a place called Sanders. There was just a store and in back a stockade or wire fence. The store keeper told them to camp in there when they bought their groceries, as it was Saturday night and the Indians would be coming in pretty wild and they would be safer there than camped by the road. Pete said he woke up late at night when he heard drums and singing and a lot of Indians rode into town but they were safe inside the fence. They bought a Navajo blanket at the store for \$18.00 and we have it in the house. Pete was much interested to see if the store was still the only place in Sanders. There is a cafe at one end, the post office in the middle, a small general store and a new curio department added on. It looks much the same; only the road is changed.

March 28, BANFF: When we got to Milk River we called up Gray Campbell to see if we could see them.

It was good to see them of course we all talked at once and about the book, *We Found Peace*. It was all very exciting and they told us about the wonderful reviews they have had, have been on the radio in Calgary twice. Signed books in both Eatons and the Hudson's Bay.

I have been busy keeping up with Pete, for he feels so much better and anxious to do all sorts of things, has been working hard on the camera equipment and wants to adapt the Leica lens to the Bell and Howell. One of the best lenses off the old Bell and Howell fits on the new one and all we need to get is a new finder.

July 23: Pete has been having trouble with his eyes for quite some time and found so much difficulty in reading, he realized he must need glasses. His eyesight has always been extra good and it has gradually gotten worse this last year. It is much more serious than we had thought and he finds he had cataracts on both eyes, one worse than the other.

August 21, EDMONTON: Just a few lines to tell you that they operated on Pete's left eye this morning and, except for being rather uncomfortable lying in one position, he seems to be feeling well. I didn't realize they do it under a local anesthetic. Pete said he could hear the doctor talking and asking for things to be handed to him. They told Pete not to talk and to try not to listen.

August 26: Pete was up today for the first time. The nurse said he would have "pins and needles" in the soles of his feet, which he did but wasn't light headed. I think because he never did run a temperature.

August 27: Edmée and Charlie sent some flowers and the joke was on me. They came to the room at the Hotel, a beautiful arrangement of a dozen salmon pink and white gladiolas in a large lavender basket (without a handle) but a big lavender bow. I was just going to the hospital. Even with the Jeep it seemed large to get in the door — when I got to the hospital I found I could hardly see around the thing and certainly not over and it was too big to carry on one side. You know how big glads are. They were arranged in a spreading manner. I had quite a time manoeuvring it through the door without getting a bud in someone's eye, and just inside was the largest expectant mother I've ever seen. It was only expert handling that missed her and as she felt a blossom pass her nose I could hear, "Aren't they lovely." I sped on and was laughing

so to myself that I couldn't help smile and am sure everyone in the corridor thought I must be very pleased at myself with such a grin. Made a triumphant entry into Pete's room only to find him sound asleep. Actually flowers bother his nose and he can't sneeze or cough on account of jarring the eye.

September 7: Did I tell you the end of the gladioli story? After my taking them to Pete in the hospital, found they had been sent to me, knowing Pete isn't much on flowers?

October 12, BANFF: Pete had just one cataract removed and won't have the second one done for another year. When you have just one done you can use the other eye for seeing. It will be another month before he gets glasses for the eye operated on.

November 12: Yesterday was Armistice day. Went for a walk in the morning, up to the crossing and back and then to the corner by the bank just at noon or earlier when the short parade was coming. Mounties first in their scarlet coats and then the Banff Band. First occasion they have marched as well as tootled and we thought they did awfully well. The three in front looked a bit odd, two tall men with short Louis Trono in the middle, he was leading, having been in the Navy band during the war. Must be about twenty of them. It does help any parade; before we had to rely on Annie Fulbrook who played the bagpipes and had such short legs it was hard for the men to march and not overtake her.

January 27, HONOLULU: Did I tell you about Pete? We each had two leis of flowers, one each from Pearl and Edmée. Pete and Joe were conversing with Pearl through a window for a few minutes and then they began coming out. The first one to come was a little short person dressed in a gray suit just like Pearl's and first thing we knew Pete was walking over to her and putting a lei round her neck saying, "Welcome, Pearl"; luckily he isn't much on kissing people. The lady looked a little bewildered and more so when we all called, "No, Pete," and he took the lei off again. We haven't stopped kidding him yet.

March 29, EDMONTON: Don't know how long we will be here, see Dr. Marshall tomorrow and unless he can fit glasses will be going back to Banff right away. After waiting six months for glasses Pete seems to be worried, though he won't say much, that his eye isn't going to be ready for them. It's hard for him to think of much else.

April 3: Last evening he read the newspaper for quite a while. It all seems strange to him for it's over a year now since he has read.

April 25, BANFF: We had such hopes that Jean would be alright. You are going to miss Jean more than anyone, though we will miss knowing she is in Concord and her wonderful letters every Sunday. She never missed writing. Seems strange Jean was taken ill on the 19th of April; 47 years to the day since she arrived in Concord.

May 6: We were so glad to hear from you today. What sad news about Belmore Browne; it is hard to realize as he was always so active, but it is as well it happened quickly.

June 6: This getting used to the glasses is very trying. By lifting them, Pete can see very well without turning his head all the time, in fact he can see clearer than I can, and he thinks he could then drive the car. To paint it is very awkward; right now he is trying to copy other sketches at 18 inches to 2 feet with his reading glasses, has graphed the canvas so as to get the drawing accurate, but he can't see both the sketch and canvas he is working on without turning his head.

1954

June 9: Pete worked morning and afternoon trying to draw in a head from one of the Balinese sketches. It is slow work for him.

June 16: Walter Phillips came down to ask if we would like to see the murals he has painted for the new vista dome car on the CPR. Each is named after a park. The CPR asked several Royal Academicians to each paint a set and Mr. Phillips was chosen to do Strathcona Park in B.C. The nearest road to it is 30 miles away but he got some photographs and slides to work from and knows the type of terrain. We think he made a wonderful job of it.

August 9: Just had time to go to the station to see one of the new scenic dome cars with a mural by Charles Comfort. Mr. Comfort had the Banff Park to do, lives in Toronto, and Mr. Phillips who lives here had a park he had never been to in B.C.! The mural is of the hotel and view, very good, but we think Mr. Phillips' is much more striking.

September 21: We drove right to Louise and turned in on the road to Temple, ate lunch, and then Pete sketched Mount Temple from there and I did one of the yellow larches on the slopes of Paradise Valley. Then we drove up to Lake Louise itself, first time in two years.

As we walked to the edge of the lake, looking its loveliest in the brilliant afternoon light and clouds rolling over the top of the glacier, a couple came along and the man walked up to Pete and asked, "Is this all there is to see here?" I couldn't look at Pete, who tried to think how to answer that one and suggested a climb to Lake Agnes.

The following day we climbed up to the Beehive, a half mile up and beyond Lake Agnes. It was the first time Pete has tried to walk and carry a pack with the painting things. We took it slowly and rested fairly often and it was about noon or a little later when we reached the Little Beehive. The larches were just changing and really lovely. Before we could get started painting, three people arrived and they were so enthused about everything that we got talking and wondered if we would get started. Having carried the stuff so far, we felt we should sketch, but bet if either had suggested just photographing we would have agreed. Finally we both set up the equipment and did larches in front of Mt. Victoria and Lefroy. Worked over two hours standing until 4 o'clock and then set out for Lake Louise with a few stops for more photographs. It was the first rough mountain trail Pete had gone up or down. The down part is the most difficult, as he can't tell heights very well.

October 22: Last night Pearl was here again to discuss museums etc. She said Col. Moore always said it was like a nest egg, if you put one in the nest a hen would start laying and the same with a museum, once you start everyone will get interested and we might get a real one some day. Mr. Harvie has built two log buildings, over near Norman Luxton's store. The museums are open free and very popular. The first one was so popular they had to build a bigger one.

November 28: The other afternoon Norman Luxton took us to the Museum he has built with Eric Harvie's help. He always did have a lot of stuff in the store or trading post on the other side of the bridge, and not enough room to display it all, so they built a nice log building about the size of our front room, but still they had more than would go into that so have built another larger room, about four times the size of the first and in between is a narrow room they used to use as a workshop.

Eric Harvie, a Calgary lawyer and philanthropist, was the founder of Calgary's Glenbow Foundation.

Norman wants to hang photographs in there. He calls them pictures and we aren't sure if they are just photographs or some paintings. He thought if Pete would do some rather sketchy Indian subjects to make a frieze around the upper part of the room it would add color, done in the manner of the Indian camp or even more sketchy. Pete is going to have a try at it and Norman says he is to be paid for it as it will be quite a job. Pete thinks he will make five pictures for each long wall, and have things like the Indian travois, travel when dogs were pack animals. At the end he thinks he might do a camp scene and have the subject on either side lead up to the end scene.

December 26: Ike Mills came to the back door. We had sent him a box of groceries knowing he and Alma were a bit hard up, and he was in tears, told Pete it was so like his father and what he always did for Ike, said he couldn't get over it. He often imbibes a bit too much and may have the evening before, but he was alright yesterday morning, only the more he talked about how good Pete and his father had been the more tears rolled down his cheeks. He is a very tough appearing character, but has a sentimental side. He said he was glad to get it off his chest, for since 6 a.m. every time he thought of it the tears would come.

January 7: Pete has been working on his Indian camp but wants to have the drawing as accurate as possible before painting it in a sketchy manner.

January 12: I have been mounting some slides of the Sun Dance in the southern part of the province to help Pete with ideas of proper designs for his tepees.

January 14: I often wish I were like Grandpa and could write just a sentence if that was all that was needed, but of course it took so long to decipher his writing one felt one had received a longer letter. Perhaps I can develop the habit of not being so long winded.

January 25: Pete is working now on one of the smaller paintings to go along the side of the room. He is going to have two going at once. One a scene of the Indians putting up a row of tepees, each one in a different stage of erection, the other a scene at night with the lights of the fires glowing in the tepees.

February 4: The light for painting is getting better each day and now, if there is not too much bother, I can work about four hours painting, and the rest of the time doing things which do not require daylight. The eye seems to be standing up to it quite well.

Aside from the eleven paintings which I hope to complete for the Museum there are five landscapes to do for others, so I will have to keep busy.

February 8: The Carnival starts tomorrow and we have been asked to judge the ice sculpture on the main street, again. Groups of two, three, or four children have been hacking away for two weeks. It's not easy like a snow man. This is a large block of ice and once a thing has been cut off it's off. Some of the animals are really good, one is a seal with its head up and a big ice ball balanced on its nose, the most graceful I think, then three little girls made a cougar and this has the most action.

April 28: It is nearly a year since Mom left for the coast and she is anxious to get back into her own home, though how it will work out I don't know. It seems so hard to find anyone she approves of to stay with her; she wants to be alone.

1955

Peter to his mother-in-law.

1956

May 9: We are getting the house ready for Pete's mother, and we expected her Sunday from the coast. That evening we got the news that she had died suddenly while shopping in the Hudson's Bay store in Vancouver. Mom had gone out of the house joking and went down town alone for last minute shopping and I expect she was doing a little too much and excited to be coming home and that may have caused her heart attack.

July 24: I met Johnny Bearspaw who said he had just been told his father was pretty sick.

Over we went to the tepee and found old David hadn't missed a trick that afternoon, no doubt did a bit too much for his age and had a heart attack. The nurse from Morley told Pete he was pretty low and she couldn't get a pulse at all, rather wanted a doctor to see him.

Dr. Tittmore prescribed some pills to help and said there was nothing more he could do unless David went to the hospital and was given oxygen. He didn't think he would last very long without it. Johnny thought it would help if he had a mattress to lie on, so we got our rubber mattress and blew it up, everyone helping to pump it. Then Pete, the nurse and Johnny went into the tepee to move David onto it. Pete said it was quite wonderful. When David saw him, he said a prayer in Stoney which Johnny translated to Pete. He said "My Son. I will soon be leaving you. I want you to be happy for I am going to a better place," or words to that effect. We said good night to him and that we would see him tomorrow, though we really didn't expect to.

July 25: Next morning bright and early we went down to the grounds wondering if David was alive or not. He was still sleeping but after a while we saw him coming out of the tepee looking quite himself but he slept most of that day.

February 2: Frank Kaquits, an Indian living in Morley who wants to be an artist is coming up for Pete to help.

Today was the day; we had sent him \$2.00 for railfare and expected him on the 10:30 train. He was to bring his paints in a suitcase, palette etc. So down we went, the train was even on time, but no Indian. At lunch he arrived. Had missed the train and hitchhiked up, so Pete gave him enough for lunch overtown and told him to be back at 1:15. Back he came right on the dot. Pete took him upstairs and then showed him how to draw a sketch in charcoal, then wash it in with turps and then paint in oil. They worked until after 4 o'clock; it was pretty intensive.

February 5: Friday night we went up to the Walter Phillips (the artist) for supper. Mr. Phillips has cataracts on both his eyes too, but has painted pretty steadily before they get too bad. Just now is working on a book.

February 7: Mr. Lonsdale, the minister, is doing remarkably well. When Pete points out something that could be improved he tries to do what Pete suggests and corrects his mistakes. I think he is an awfully good teacher that way. We often think how we used to get two or three minutes once or twice a week on individual instruction and Mr. Lonsdale gets an hour or more.

May 18: I did some more raking, this afternoon. One thing that happened, very sad, was a little squirrel which must have fallen out of a tree when jumping from one branch to another and killed itself. When I went to dump a load in the wheelbarrow I nearly ran over it. It was lying on its back with its feet spread out and one leg sort of kicked once, but otherwise it was still. Never realized they had accidents like that.

Little Cliffy, aged three, Bev and young Cliff's boy, was near where I dumped the leaves, when I came along he jumped up and down very excited called "Pete Cat, Pete Cat" to try and tell his mother it was me. *September 16:* We went up to see Carl Rungius. First real visit we have made him this summer and then brought him back for steak which he enjoys rare. He was in great spirits and really enjoyed it, ate two helpings of everything, even a little more steak. He hasn't been here for ages. He looked at the painting Pete did of David Bearspaw's burial and told Pete it was "outstanding" which coming from Carl pleased Pete so much. He also remembered the portrait we call the "Red Squaw" which he had Pete exhibit in the National Academy in New York, said it was still an "A" picture and he said to me, "I love it."

January 27: What a lot of exciting news in your letter that just came, the most interesting to us is to think of Russ, Kitty and Gale going to Japan. Did they decide all of a sudden? We were in Japan at the end of March and had snow, so it really isn't until April that spring comes.

February 27: Pete has been thinking of getting the cataract removed from his second eye and we had planned to ask Dr. Marshall about having it done last fall; then in case it took a long time to get used to the new glasses or a delay of any sort, thought we better get our trip east in first.

March 7: Pat Mackenzie back from U.B.C. for ski races. She brought an unusually nice friend, Doug Robinson. They stayed until midnight talking skiing. We were pleased to think they thought us old fogies interesting at all.

March 12: It doesn't look as if we would be going to Edmonton for some time. The hospitals are all so full it is hard to get a room. Pete's trouble isn't urgent, so naturally others will come first.

April 8: The reason you aren't getting cards is probably because Russ and family were in Manila such a short time. From there they went to Saigon and most likely there are only one or two planes a week to the States.

May 8: Had a card from Russ in Nikko written May 4th and he wrote, "Here we are for the weekend. Lovely country as you well know."

Actually the flying is an easy way to go and now you don't mind our staying just a week at a time it will be easier for us to get away from Banff. Doesn't interrupt our work here as much.

May 10: It is nice to think Russ will be leaving Japan in less than a week and by the time you get this should be in Concord in a week.

May 21: Perhaps it was just lucky you didn't want us to go east just now, for a very sad thing happened yesterday morning. Dr. Duncan Mackenzie died very suddenly. We went up yesterday afternoon after speaking to you and Patsy came outside to speak to me for a bit. Mary Lee Mather came. She was very upset too as she is a great friend of Patsy's and Mary Lee lost her father when she was 12. Later we took her up to see Patsy. Reason I am telling you this part is because Mary Lee paid us the nicest compliment we have had. She said, "You know Lona and I were talking about it just the other day. The best place to come to if you are having trouble is your house." Lona lost her brother just before Mary Lee's father died.

May 26: We are so sorry you have been worrying. We thought the cable from Japan such good news and showed Russ was getting on well.

May 28: It is hard waiting for news from Japan but as you said to us on

"Little Cliffy" is the third Cliff White in succession in the family. His father, also Cliff White, Catharine refers to as "Young Cliff." Neither should be confused with Pete's brother, called herein "Cliff."

1957

On May 12, Catharine's brother Russ suffered a heart attack while the family was in Tokyo. The news was kept from their mother until May 20th, since it was believed his condition was improving.

Russ died on June 2.



Unused design for Christmas card; Pete's animals nearing the Boston Science Museum

Bradford Washburn, in paying tribute to Russell, noted that "he guided the Science Museum through the raising of over \$1 million for Boston's new planetarium."

the telephone, "no news is good news." Sounds now as if Russell is over the worst. It is too bad he isn't nearer home, but just as well he isn't in Bangkok or some of those out of the way places. I have tried to get a letter off each day, but not hearing much except that he is doing nicely, it is a little hard to know what to write.

May 30: After telephoning you we went over to enquire about planes. We arrive at Boston Airport Wednesday June 5th.

August 10: Thursday we got enough food in the Jeep for a couple of days, we keep the canned food in there, and left in the morning for Moraine Lake. Had just gotten to the campground when it started to rain, and first thing we knew Frank Kaquits spotted us from on top of the rockpile and was down to see us. The art classes were up sketching, the two nuns in his class too. We just heard he had won a scholarship at the School of Fine Arts for next summer, so are very pleased. Mr. Lonsdale got one too, and both are pupils of Pete's, rather a joke!

August 11: To the train to see Carl Rungius off for New York, a sad occasion as he is leaving for the last time, though he says he may come back if Eric Harvie gets the gallery for his drawings and sketches built in back of the studio. He would just come for the opening.

August 15: Pete is still hoping to have his eye operation this fall. Just how soon we don't know. Pete feels once he gets the other eye done he will be freer to move about and can perhaps do more too.

August 17: A private room for August 21st, means operation over with and has waited so long now that we just hated to put it off again. Last time Pete was three weeks in the hospital, but we hope it won't be that long, perhaps two.

August 22, EDMONTON: It's interesting that the more modern we become the less service there is. Fewer mail collections and fewer trains. I suppose because now people wire or telephone hurried things and go by plane or bus. No ink in the room either as everyone has a fountain pen and few write; ink always dried out anyway.

August 23: The operation is or was this morning and the usual time (if all goes well) for Pete to be in hospital is two weeks.

August 29: Wonder how the new building at the Boston Science Museum is getting on? I expect they will need a lot of money and gifts to finish it. Wasn't Russell the head of some fund-raising committee for the Science Museum? I have been trying to think of something we could do for Russell's sake for the Museum as he seemed to be more interested in that than anything. Have you any plans or ideas?

September 1: Just thought I would telephone you this morning but guess I'm not much good on a phone; couldn't really think of much to say. Maybe you and I do better writing. After all we've had 27 years experience; at 175 letters a year, or say 150, it is over 4,000 letters! Well maybe not quite that many.

Mrs. Marshall had asked me for dinner tonight with them. We had brought some sketches Pete has done since his first operation, so they looked at those as Pete had promised them "one for each eye."

October 5, BANFF: It is just a month tomorrow that we returned from Edmonton and Pete said this morning that by the way his eye feels he doesn't see why we couldn't go to Concord in a couple of weeks.

October 8: After lunch it was so lovely and clear and the snow on the mountains made it so beautiful we took the cameras and went out the

west road. When we returned we stopped at the station to see if the evening train was on time and found a little lady looking for a taxi, so gave her a lift. Pete isn't supposed to lift bags and such like, so I carried the bags for her, to the car and into the bus depot; they were very light, and guess what? She wanted to give me a tip! 35 or 40¢. The way we were dressed, I guess she thought we needed it!

December 14: I thought to get lots of notes written, but Syd Vallance came about setting up a foundation to allow us to do the things we would like to do sometime in the future, like helping build a Library and Art Gallery. Have been working each evening too, sometimes doing up parcels and sometimes writing cards until I get a stiff neck, of all things.

December 29: In the evening Pearl and Edmée came down to see us, also to tell us that the doctor who looked after Carl Rungius and lived in the same building had just died following a stroke two weeks ago. Jim Boyce was talking to me about Carl and said how he had outlived all the doctors who used to come out west to hunt or go on the trail, and each one had warned him not to do this or that, not to try hunting anymore and he mustn't drink too much and here Carl is still alive and about six of his doctor friends have died. Carl must be about 87 now.

February 15: Don't know why I take so long doing things. Must be getting old. Got quite a shock the other day when I read in the paper about people who are middle-aged between the ages of 45 and 65. I didn't think one was middle-aged until they were at least 60 or 65. Well perhaps in cities they are, but not out here. I refuse to be.

April 18: Pete is busy working on a drawing of the new Banff elementary school to use on the diplomas given to each child who passes. It will be reduced in size and a black and white cut made. Pete did three sketches several years ago for the other schools and so they asked him to do one for this building. A chore, but nice to have them like the drawings.

May 12: Big Jim Simpson dropped in and we had a long talk about all sorts of things. Especially the reason why we are interested in setting up a Foundation. Jim was all excited about the prospect, and was back again to talk some more.

May 15: We have had in the back of our mind an Art Gallery and Library or perhaps some sort of historical museum and several friends have made suggestions or offered to let us have certain things so we are very busy drawing up papers and getting ideas and figuring things out. We aren't saying anything as yet but working towards the future.

We went over to Jack Turner's Art Gallery to see if Belmore Browne's paintings had come in, for they are sending the last ones they have for sale from New York and they are on their way now. We would like to get one or two of his paintings if we can, for any future plans we have of a Gallery.

May 24: I don't wonder you miss Russell so much and especially for advice and help in so many ways and the interest he had in the place. We miss him too, for he was so good in writing and giving us advice too. He wanted us to start what is called a "Foundation," so the money you put in is all spent for charitable purposes. We have been working on the idea for about six years but always something happens to keep us from getting the papers drawn up or worded right.

Syd Vallance became Pete and Catharine's lawyer after Pete's Uncle Clifford retired.

1958

Jack Turner — John Davenall Turner, (1900-1980) a painter, and with his wife Grace the owner of Calgary's first serious private art gallery, the Canadian Art Galleries.

May 28: We have been looking for Indians to get a good appropriate name for the Foundation we are forming, as we don't want to use our names, but not an Indian have we seen since we thought of asking them. Yesterday after lunch decided to take a run down to Morley and see if we could find George McLean.

George was outside fixing his wagon and team and seemed glad to see us. It was hot in the sun and he said "come down in the shade where we can see the lake."

We sat in the shade of one tall spruce and the ground cedar was quite fragrant. Pete explained a little that we wanted a name that wasn't too long, but suitable for a place where there were paintings and books and our ground with the grass and trees.

George sat for a while and thought, and then said the name Wa-Che-Yo-Cha-Pa and tried to tell us what it meant. It means "anything you see, anything you do, it's perfect. Doesn't matter what you do or what you see. All there. Would draw influence" (by that he meant it would be educational) "in that way perfect, in that way nice and beautiful. Your mind draws to the work, and the influence draws. Can't say nothing against."

It sounded rather appropriate to us and coming from George had meaning and it was really lovely sitting there with the nice breeze off the lake.

June 2, BRANDON, MANITOBA: We are coming as fast as we can, though it means pretty steady driving, over 400 miles a day.

June 25, SOUTH-WEST HARBOR, MAINE: We have driven round by Seal Harbor and Northeast and they have changed so little. Somisville hasn't changed one bit in thirty years that I could notice. Northeast too is much the same, except the Rock End Hotel where we stayed years ago is gone. Burned down. They cut a lot of trees near the town and filled in part of the harbor. It looked different and not as "swell," very simple in fact. The roads have been widened in some and are all overgrown in others. We drove up the hill at Seal Harbor and I knew my way better than Billy did! But what a maze of roads and so overgrown I don't see how one could have passed another car. You could hardly see the houses. Finally found Hillside Cottage where we stayed; it's pink, sort of an orange shade; I didn't approve.

June 29: We headed west along the Baie de Chaleur to where Pete's father came from. Pete tried to recall the places from his trip in 1929. Decided to drive back to Nash Creek and see if we could find Pete's uncle, Uncle Jim, his father's youngest brother who had gone west for a year and then returned to the old farm. We asked at the store and an old gentleman sitting on the steps gave Pete directions with his cane, drawing imaginary routes with the end. I wondered if Pete could tell where to go. He said that "there was no finer man in the valley than Jim Whyte but it was too bad he had let things go."

Pete saw one neat little farm he thought looked like the old place but it was too neat for a place "let go." A boy said it was up the little road just beyond the grove of trees. It was so overgrown we could barely get through. Looked like a little old abandoned house, trees grown all around. Pete went around to the back and sure enough Uncle Jim was living most of the time in the kitchen. He is 87 now and lives like a hermit in a world of his own.

Billy — Billy Spurling; the boy Catharine asked her mother whether she would mind Catharine's writing to when she was at Wheeler.

1959

January 22, BANFF: This is Pete's birthday — and I am always afraid I will forget. Had a couple of books that came a week or more ago from a second-hand bookstore so saved those, did them up and an Eskimo carving I got before Christmas, and put them under where he sits so I could get them out easily when the day came. When we got up this morning I didn't think of it until we were dressing and I looked out at the sunrise, and suddenly I remembered "It's the day!" Spun 'round so quickly saying, "Happy New Year!" it quite startled Pete for he had forgotten too. Why I said "Happy New Year" I don't know but after all it is a good greeting for a birthday!

January 29: We were just turning around at the Upper Hot Springs when a Volkswagen came alongside and young Cliff got out and said he wanted to see us. He and some others are trying to help the young kids to ski and thought it might be a good idea to try the trail down Sulphur from the Hot Springs to town. Pete, right after the war spent quite a bit of time blazing the trail and helping the government make it, and was very enthusiastic about the possibilities, and we skied down quite a bit that winter with others, but someone tried coasting down and ruined it, and, when that was fixed, a moose walked down and sank in so far it made it very rough. Here was Cliff come to try it, for he had heard of it but didn't know exactly where it was. Funny part was he had thought of coming down to ask Pete but there wasn't time, as he had the chance of a lift up, and when they started up in the car, who was ahead of them but the only person who knew exactly where the trail went and how to get on to it! He skied down after Pete showed him where to go and then we picked him up at the bottom. It was the first time we had driven up there for months. Funny we went on the spur of the moment.

May 5: Last night a big black bear came by the house sniffing this and that, then stood up and looked in the window, and rubbed his nose on the glass — he should have used a hankie — was just about to reach up for a coconut filled with peanut butter for the birds that hangs from the eave, when Pete knocked on the window and shook his finger at him. He turned away as if he had understood he was being reprimanded and off he went to the next house.

1960

May 1: There was a mess of bricks and bits of mortar all over the back yard. We started in, thinking to take it leisurely, to move the whole pile of bricks from the two-storey chimney and rubble to back of the shed where we could pile it. I got the chairs to sit in when we wanted to rest; and as one big chunk of chimney had to be knocked apart, I started to sit down at that, while Pete did the wheeling away.

Then we heard little voices and all the neighborhood children appeared. Four, too young to go to school, and the oldest boy in grade three. Of course they wanted to help and from then on we hadn't a moment to even straighten up and take a breath. They were such surprisingly good workers. They picked up bricks off the ground and put them in the wheel barrow, watching for their fingers. Two raked so hard we were afraid the grass as well as the bits of rubble would come too, and they were all over the place, getting rides back in the wheelbarrow and using a box and tiny toy barrow to take loads of grass and stuff away. The joke was that we had to work as hard as they did to keep ahead of them. If Pete didn't watch, they got so many bricks in the barrow it was too heavy to wheel, but in about an hour and a half the whole job was done and it could have taken us most all day.

1961

August 9: It was so bright and not a cloud in the sky so we came to the Mt. Chancellor Campground. A nice cool breeze off the river and a shady spot under some spruce and two good subjects.

We had lunch, then sat on camp stools, usually standing to paint. First sketch I've finished this year in spite of catching my foot on the tripod and collapsing the sketch box. The palette flew out in one direction and landed butter side up for a wonder and the tubes of paint went in every direction while I covered myself with blobs of paint from the wet brushes I held in my hand. The lid of the box had fallen shut so I expected the worst when I looked at my sketch. It was improved if anything. At the end of the afternoon as I was cleaning the palette on my lap the canvas on the camp stool ripped and I collapsed in a heap. What next I don't know.

December 30: A bang on the door and little Cliffy about seven and Tinker Macleod the same age with her little brother of four who live next door, came to see us. They were cold and wet and wanted to get warm. They were really very good and well behaved and it was fun to see the things they noticed. I got them gingerale and cookies so they felt it was a real party. They spotted the bear rugs and the pictures and Pete overheard little Cliffy telling the other two that the tiny sketches framed together, "are done by a real artist."

January 5: First I write notes on Christmas cards as fast as I can and every chance I get, even most evenings. Now Christmas and New Year's are over and I'm just as busy thanking people for the things they sent! Friends were so good to us and our larder is well stocked; even wild strawberry jam from Edith Pass strawberries.

January 19: Eric Harvie has asked us to come down to Calgary to see what the Glenbow Foundation is doing. They collect "Canadiana" and anything historical from the early west to the present day. Have a library and archives, lots of paintings. Then they lend the collection to museums and libraries where they can be exhibited.

March 11: Have had quite a few callers lately. Thursday the Williamsons from Calgary called and while Mr. Williamson was with Pete looking at paintings I more or less entertained Mrs. Williamson in the living room. Moncrieff Williamson is head of the Art Department at the Glenbow Foundation — originally from Scotland and really knows a lot about good painting.

Otherwise Pete has been working on a new painting; big rocks in the foreground and a mountain and clouds behind.

March 15: Well we have television at last! Remember how you wanted us to get a set and there was no use as we were too far from any station? We can get it with just a portable set in our house, for we aren't anxious for an antenna on the house.

October 6: Don't know if you remember Barbara Whyte, our sister-in-law who lived in the large house next to us and has four children.

The house really belongs to Peter and me and we have offered it to the Banff Public Library to use. The library is nearly ten years old now and still in a basement so crowded it is a shame. They are delighted about the idea. The government have given us permission to have the library there and the Rotary club has quite a fund saved up for them to buy the shelves and furniture. All we would do is to let them use the house.

1962

January 9: Last evening we went over to see how the library is getting on. It is a good sized house and central for the library and they are very pleased. They got a work party together last night and in the afternoon for an hour about ten men and a truck loaded books into cartons and onto the truck and unloaded in the new place on the shelves that were put up the other day. Now the volunteer ladies are to come and get the books in order.

January 15: Pete is trying to make some drawings to illustrate a book written by a friend at the coast. Didn't seem too much of a job until he got started, but as it is about the war and the lads in Army college, he has to be sure the uniforms and tanks and such things are all correct.

January 23: Gray Campbell is publishing it at Sidney, B.C. A friend of theirs, John Windsor, has written the story of his army career and being blinded when his tank was hit in Italy. We think the book well written and are all anxious to help.

January 28: Wonder if you or Hanne watched the TV broadcast of the man who was to orbit the earth? We had to get up at 5:00 to see it. Had the alarm set but woke around 4:00 and then when it came on the radio at 5:00 a.m. we went down and tried the TV. Watched the whole thing until nearly 8:00 when it was called off because of the cloudy sky.

February 15: The most beautiful day today, clear and sunny, lovely light on the mountains and here we are, Pete drawing upstairs and I should be doing Income Tax figures. Looks as if we will have to wait a while longer to see Lt. Col. Glenn orbit the earth on TV. Pete wants to go out so all for this letter. Loads of love, Catharine.



On February 18, 1962 at the age of 98, Catharine's mother died. To her longevity and her preserving all of Catharine's letters, we owe most of the materials in this book.

We ourselves are most interested in the Banff Public Library close by, with future plans to build reading and reference rooms with Archives and possibly an Art Gallery of fireproof construction. We had some good sketching and camping trips in our Alaskan Camper this summer and are looking forward to painting in Banff this winter.

We haven't travelled very far this year, but we would like you to know we are still here in Banff and always enjoy having our friends come to the house. Being home more than usual, we were pleased to see many from near and far during 1964, including ski jumpers from forty years ago.

Earlier this autumn we chose from several of Pete's old designs a pencil sketch quite typical of our quiet life the last two years. Peter had been in bed since May and didn't feel up to making a finished pen and ink with colour, but we both wanted to send our Christmas and New Year's greetings as usual. The cards were printed and a few already sent before December 3 when Pete died quietly in his sleep. I know how much you enjoy seeing our animal friends each year.

Without Pete there can be no new amusing animal cards to send. This year I have had one of his oil sketches reproduced. It was painted about 1938, as we used to ski at Skoki. It seemed appropriate, for after 20 years, learning to ski again has meant more to me than anything else. It has opened up a new world of younger friends and new interests and given me more energy and enthusiasm.

My main interest is the new building for the Banff Public Library and Archives of the Canadian Rockies, designed by Philippe Delasalle of Calgary. It is now taking shape under a huge cocoon of plastic and we

1963

This and the following extracts are drawn from the annual Christmas letters Catharine prepared.

1964

1966

1967



1968



Portrait by Peter Vogan,
courtesy Calgary *Herald*

1969



Receiving her honorary doctorate from
the University of Calgary

1970

hope it will be finished this summer. Maryalice Stewart is our Archivist and interest is growing in historical papers, photographs, books, paintings and a few artifacts belonging to this region. In digging the water line an old buffalo skull was found seven feet down; it may be prehistoric!

The first six months of 1968 Maryalice Stewart and I spent lots of time on plans and furnishings for the new Library and Archives Building which opened the middle of June. It came out even better than we anticipated and Philippe Delasalle's concept and architecture was greatly admired by over thirty thousand visitors last summer. Nearly a hundred of Peter's oil paintings and sketches were on exhibition in the Gallery and Fireplace room downstairs.

Made several Sunday Ski Tours with the Calgary Ski Club led by Peter Fuhrmann in the Bow Lake Area. The last one to the fine new overnight hut on a ridge below Nicholas Peak. Then on to Hans Gmoser's new lodge in the Bugaboos for a week, skiing with the Brooks Dodge Party from New England. It was fabulous to be flown up in a few minutes by helicopter for runs dropping three to four thousand feet. A good many falls I buried myself in the deep snow, but so thrilling.

July was spent painting with Kathleen Daly Pepper of Toronto in Povungnituk, Quebec. A great experience living in an Eskimo settlement with such fine friendly people. It was especially good for me to do portraits again after so many years. I hoped to continue sketching at Lake O'Hara in August, but I did more hiking than painting.

This autumn continued various activities including bicycle riding before breakfast, climbing Mt. Rundle with David Zweifel, a young violinist now playing in the Calgary Philharmonic, and a hiking trip to Mt. Assiniboine.

Had fun helping Ruth Wilson in kitchen during Easter in Bugaboos as she had fifty to cook for. Back there in May to ski fifty five thousand vertical feet or sixteen runs in four days.

I have been given all sorts of unexpected honors which I appreciate but don't entirely deserve — so many others have contributed. My father, Russell Robb, whose efforts and wise investments made possible the funds for the Wa-Che-Yo-Cha-Pa Foundation. Dave White, Pete's father, leased the land on the river and his store building's rentals contribute. Eldon Walls in business matters and Sydney Vallance with sound advice. Philippe Delasalle with his exceptional design of a beautiful and appropriate building for its setting and use.

To show their appreciation the Banff Kiwanis Club made me Citizen of the Year; the Soroptimists, an Honorary Member; the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, a Member. The University of Calgary gave me an Honorary Degree. The only one I couldn't accept was to be Marshal of the Lions Club Parade before the Horse Show as I was at Lake O'Hara. Just as well; I might have had to ride a horse!

Easter Monday at a Pow-wow in Morley the family of Walking Buffalo made me a Blood Sister with the name Princess White Shield. Mary Kootenay and other members of George McLean's family made me a beautiful white buckskin costume.

The biggest event was the trip to the Himalayas of Nepal with the Canadian Alpine Club group. Fifteen of us hiking and another fifteen climbers. Out of communication and no real towns, just a few hamlets

and villages we passed through. Beautiful scenery and terrain. From the intensely terraced and cultivated steep slopes of the lower mountains to the high valleys and ridges with yak pastures and stone houses or shelters.

To Twin Falls in Yoho with Fran Drummond, who will fix up and again operate her lovely log chalet. On three day pack trip with old Jim Simpson, Jimmy and David to see pictographs of old Indian trail; Jim is now ninety seven, hadn't been on a horse for fifteen years, not since he was eighty two! Jim chased slow pack horses with vim and vigor and used some unique language in his old style.

Helped form Alberta Museum Association. Attended B.C. Museum's annual meeting and workshops in new Provincial Museum in Victoria, B.C. Was appointed by Alberta Government to Board of Governors of Glenbow.

I lost a very special friend this autumn, Hanne Johnsen of a heart attack. She and her sister Helga were with my mother for many years and also came west to be with us when Pete was ill. I will always be grateful for their devotion. Returned just in time to see Jim Simpson again. He had been failing all summer and gradually slipped away.

My musical life began last spring hearing Rostropovich, the famous Russian cellist, and later chugalugging champagne at his insistence!

In July on Banff-to-Baffin Island Expedition, five boys and five girls aged sixteen to eighteen. All flew together to Pangnirtung, an Eskimo village of six hundred. Next day we flew over desolate tundra and rock to fantastic little valley, glacier-topped mountains on all sides, one with precipitous granite buttress-like cliffs and a solitary peak with perpendicular face which dominated the valley. It is thought that no one but Eskimos had ever been there before.

First day others climbed and I alone in camp, seventy degrees and hot, decided to take advantage of little sandy beach and dip in the lake. So quiet, no bathing suit, no matter. Had hardly taken my clothes off when a huge jet from Europe flew over — seemed quite low and slow. Not much privacy these days.

The highlight of summer — Annie, wife of David Atchealak, a Dorset artist, asked me to go on three day camping trip in their canoe with their family. We left in rain about 11:00 p.m. for a little island where other friends were camped. The men folk set up our umbrella like tent, a pole in the center and were off seal hunting. They used two cariboo hides to sleep on. The hair sort of springy, better than my small foamy.

A big Arctic char lay over a boulder and we could slice off bits to eat raw. Boiled some for lunch, drinking liquid out of pot. Later when visiting family in big tent we ate tiny clams gathered by very jolly English-speaking Eskimo girl who punctuated her remarks with great laughter.

Next day to make room for Coleman stove in our tent, all the kids helped me set up my tent on hill in back of rocky beach. Evidently ancient camping place as rings of stones too. Children collected rocks precious to them and presents for me. Early the last morning sounds of outboard motors and then fusillade of shots and bangs woke me. Little excited boy appeared, "A Whale." I grabbed more clothes and followed down to steep gully. It seemed sad, a ten foot Beluga or white whale, the body floating gently in the shallow water looking like a dolphin with a



Asleep on the Chilkoot Trail 1972

1973

1974

1975

1976

1977

1978

In December 1978, Catharine made her last sketch, beside the pool at Springfield in Dominica. In a coincidence she would have believed meaningful, I later discovered that one of J. E. H. MacDonald's last sketches was done of Dominica in 1932.



Catharine's last Christmas card

smile on its face. Men waded in and started cutting it up, the water turned bright crimson. Slabs like bacon sides were shared with all men in the hunt. Only the smiling head was left. Was not sure I enjoyed the sight. It was a wonderful experience and all the nicer being invited and only person from outside being along.

I tried cross country myself last winter, but I didn't have much chance to practice for the Canadian Ski Marathon from Montreal to Ottawa which I had promised to enter with Carmen Robinson. It was quite an experience taking part with 2,794 other skiers!

Later by mail to my surprise, a lovely wooden shield with Marathon Crest and engraved on silver plaque "Oldest Skier, 1976"! Never having won anything for athletic ability, I seem to do it for age and have been the oldest in the Veterans' Race at Norquay the last three years.

I returned from Switzerland in time to meet Carmen Robinson and Jan Burks in Montreal. They went in the Ski Marathon, but with so little practice, I didn't. It was fun seeing "Jackrabbit" Johanssen at the age of 102 starting out with the others. (Erling Strom this September told a good story about "Jackrabbit" who when asked how he was skiing, replied "about as well as I skied one hundred years ago"!) I came home in March in time to make what has become our annual ski trip to Skoki.

Time goes by at a faster clip each year — just wait until you race into your seventies! The sketch may give you some idea of my desk, always gathering letters to answer. No time now to look them over as I have decided to fly to Dominica in the West Indies for a short visit with Thor to see the new National Park develop.

All sorts of unexpected things happened last winter starting with my being presented the Historical Society of Alberta Award for "Outstanding Contribution to Alberta History." It was really the Staff of the Archives of the Canadian Rockies who deserved it, both past and present. Started by Maryalice Stewart and headed by Ted Hart, it has become the top Mountain Research Centre in Canada specializing in Canadian Rockies material.

Did better in Bruno Engler's Vets Race at Norquay. It's called a fun race and in costume. With the boys' encouragement to ski my natural way I tried a bit of Hannes Schneider's system — didn't cut the poles too close and didn't fall either run and much to my surprise won the Senior Lady, as I got the trophy for being the oldest competitor too!

Most important honour was being made a member of the Order of Canada. The motto: "They desire a better country." Was for being President of the Peter Whyte Foundation which brought Pete into it too, as we had the ideas together. The Investiture was on the 19th of April. Rather appropriate for a girl born in Concord, Mass. As Olive Beil said of Charlie's, "It made one proud to be a Canadian."

After Christmas in Dominica, 1978, Catharine came home to Banff. Unexpected complications following an operation resulted in her death on March 7, 1979.

