

#18

Letter's from
Edward Winslow Spragge's
son, * E. H. Winslow-Spragge
who was a Lt
in the R.C.N. * John.
World War II -



A Proud Supporter of
Canadian Wildlife Federation



file #18

Canadian Navy

Dearest Mum & Dad:

I wonder if you got my last letter? I hope so - as I feel it was the first real letter I've written in ages. However maybe I'm just painting a rosy picture of it to myself.



6412/42

November 25
At Sea.

I'm now wedged in my upper bunk with one foot braced against a transverse beam overhead my right thigh hard against the wooden guard rail & my head against the bulkhead behind. Spread-eagled, as it were, with a pile of esquire magazines on what remains of my lap - for a desk. It is one of those days when the safest & most comfortable place to be is in your bunk. Fortunately we have forced-draft ventilation so the air remains fairly cool & fresh below - even with all doors, scuttles (portholes) etc. closed up tight. The deck below is a mass of socks, sea boxes, oil skins, life-jackets etc. intertwined haphazardly with overturned chairs & waste paper baskets. I'm feeling quite cozy & contented up here so if I begin to talk & drivel don't blame me. I find when one's self gets intermingled with one's over-turned chairs etc. one's temper is inclined to become short. As I have had to handle a lot of books & papers & do considerable writing while at sea, my temper suffers greatly when everything goes slithering off the desk one way & comes slithering back twice as fast the other and when you eventually grab the piece of paper you're trying to write on the ship takes a violent lunge upward and a combination of gravity & decreasing air pressure causes a large blurb of ink to descend on your other virgin paper. So you see my bunk is my refuge - my little heaven on the ocean. ^{QUOTE} And I said unto myself as I stood at the foot of my bunk. Therefore stand ye amazed amid

tangled life-jackets and waste-paper? go ye up into yer bunk and find peace amid turmoil. And so I betook me up into my chey lounge and did drag mightily on a fag and did forget the sordid sights below and everything was as a deep purple, yea verily, quite rosy." END QUOTE but don't quote me.

These coveresses are mighty fine little ships. They take a bit of getting used to but after a time one puts one's entire confidence in them. I have felt quite comfortable ever since setting foot aboard & le mal de mer is non-existent as far as I am concerned. Appetite was a bit thin at times though. At present I'm supposed to be learning the in's & out's of quarter-deck routine - that is ~~to~~ supervising the getting out & securing of lines ^{aft} & fenders etc. when coming alongside. I'm a babe in arms to 'date but one learns. This trip has been a little easier for me as I am standing a better watch 8-12 at night & 8-12 in the morning ~~than~~ before, I had the 8-12 at night & 4-8 in the morning which made the question of sleeping difficult.

I was very fortunate in seeing Alice. We had a very pleasant day together. However she will tell you more about it. She is looking very well. She & Louise cooked us up a very fine breakfast in their apartment. He Al went out & lunched at noon (Alice, Lewis, my pal & a friend of his). In the evening Alice broke open the larder & produced some delicious steaks. (First I'd tasted in months.) In the evening Al & I spent a short time celebrating on gin & tonics in the local pub. When she said goodby next morning she appeared in her uniform which is very smart indeed!!

^{cont'd} Mary & Jerry are looking very well and feeling chipper. She will probably write you shortly. I sent you a money order to apply on Graward's Bill.

The coat looks very well indeed and I'm certainly glad to have it!!

I have been very, very busy. I'm sort of joint signal's and gunnery officer but I don't have to do the book keeping for the gunnery part

Still me loves I'd better close now so that I'll be sure to get this into an envelope.

a very Merry Christmas
to you all and loads
of love.

If I didn't send Ruth + Frank
a card this is a special greeting
for them. Hi Ruth + Frank.

Love

John (Edward)
Winshaw-Spragge

Re
Moments of
the Ocean

Car Navy -

Ames Merrettoria
J.M.O. Stephens
Orfld.

Prob. 1942

Dear Mother & Dad:

I just pulled a good joke on myself ha. ha. And you are the lucky winners? He set our clocks back one hour yesterday and I, in my usual careful way, didn't bother to change mine. So having got all dalled up in my fur boots, Indian sweater, blue parka jacket, sheepskin etc. and ready to go on watch at 1150 P.M. I now find it is only 1050; so rather than try to go to sleep again in this tossing sea I shall endeavor to do what seems far more important ~~and~~ - write to you.

you have no idea what the rolling and pitching of one of these tubs is like. Chairs float by and the glass in the racks & cutlery in the drawers crash endlessly back & forth as the ship sways to & fro. Occasionally as you are walking as sedately as possible across the wardroom you are forced to leap into the air and land with your feet against the back of the settee as the deck drops crazily away. Going up steps also has its problems - one moment you feel like superman - light as a feather - and go dashing madly upward with no effort at all and the next an invisible giant hand forces you down

so that you just don't do anything until once again the bows drop away into the next abyss. However down below you have only the bumping of waves against the side and the continuous up & down & corkscrew movement of the ship as weather indications so it generally comes as a surprise when you find the companionway door practically torn from your grasp as you step out into the night. Where are the stars and milky way and the beauties of a night on the ocean? (If you're interested they've all gone to bed like every other sensible being) Nothing remains but a howling blinding gale, roaring through the rigging like a board of ~~demons~~ demon wolves and all the time bucketfuls of spray smash against the shattered roof glass of the bridge. Hell enough salt. I have got so used to it that I don't even feel slightly nauseated any more. In fact never felt better in my life. I have even developed an appetite for the first time in about 3 years. Most of this I attribute to the fact that I'm getting more time out to sleep.

Thanks for all your letters & cute Easter card.

Oruch Love.
John.

Letter written by
Terrance H. Winslow an officer
in the Army in Newfoundland.
Written to his mother
Mrs. Edward P. Winslow in Montreal.

Brigus, Newfoundland,
January 31, 1941.

Dearest Mother,

We have not had much in the way of letters from any of the family in Montreal lately, so I sent you a night letter last night to enquire whether all goes well at home. To be sure of reaching me by wire I think it is best to telegraph collect, particularly if addressing care Base P. O.

The two weeks leave which I have now is the regular furlough granted after six months service in the army. I could have got home to Montreal but of course travelling is expensive and besides it takes precious time.

Here at Brigus I have Mary and Paul with me, and in a modest way it is nearly ideal for them. We are staying in a modern and comfortable farm house the property of Capt. Will Bartlett. He is a younger brother of a more celebrated character Capt. Robt. (Bob) Bartlett. Both men have sailed as skippers in these waters for many years — Bob having attained more than local fame as an explorer and navigator. He was skipper for Admiral Peary in his polar expedition.

Nowadays, since the decline of the Labrador fishery and seal hunting the two brothers earn honest dollars every summer by taking the sons of rich Americans at \$1000 a head for long cruises to the far North in a ship specially fitted and equipped for the purpose. The boys help to work the ship, and everyone seems to benefit from the arrangement. The fathers are pleased to keep their sons out of mischief for the summer, the boys have a wonderful holiday under conditions of work and discipline, and the Bartletts appear to do nicely.

Even the Standard Oil Co. contributes by paying for half the oil used, and a good part of all the supplies used are donated by other large concerns interested in advertizing their products. The Smithsonian Institute makes a yearly grant towards expenses on account of scientific data obtained. The voyagers also help to keep the larder stocked by hunting and fishing in the far North.

All this leaves out Mrs. Bartlett, who really manages the farm on which we are staying. She is an intelligent and capable young American who went North to Labrador as a nurse, and there met Bartlett and married him about 8-10 years ago.

incomplete

12/3/76

Dearest Mum:

Thought you might like my little recollection
of Mary's Ceremony.

Love

A close friend who lived with Alice.
the Simons family for 13 years and left to become a Nun

THE CLOTHING OF A NOVICE

Like the parents of a bride after the wedding, we found many reminders at Faraway Farm that Sister Mary Augusta had lived here -- the Norwegian sweater in the hall closet, the Bicentennial picture of her in colonial costume in the living room, the amethyst paper weight she had given me on my desk, the leaf panel she made for Gus in the study. She was with us for thirteen years and left us nine months ago.

It was Saturday, November 27th, that we left Connecticut to attend her Clothing at St. Margaret's Convent in Boston. We parked by Boston Commons and walked in the gathering dusk to Beacon Hill. We went up narrow, gas lit streets to Louisburg Square where the Convent rose straight up from the pavement, four or five stories of red brick, with a large door recessed into the wall.

A white haired lady in lay clothes admitted us to a wide hall with polished floors. A small table had an exotic long stemmed bulb on it, blooming full open in flamboyant pink. A vase of rosebuds stood by a statue of the Virgin on a gilt wall shelf. We passed into a comfortable parlor to wait.

We were not to talk to Mary until after the service, but thoughts about her filled my mind. Mary bringing in the first wild flowers in spring. Mary teasing Muffin the cat. Mary asking, "May I have a little hay for the Crèche?" Mary at Christmas remembering everyone from her baskets filled with brightly wrapped gifts. The adventures Mary and I had with our pet field mice, and her note, "Do not disturb. Nocturnal animals." Mary and Brook and

the raccoon that joined them one evening on the porch to their wild consternation. Mary valiantly digging her car out of the snow to get to work.

Thirteen years of memories sharing our family life. No one can remember when Mary wasn't here. She came to help with Grandpa when he lived with us. When he died no one even thought of her leaving. This was her home where she returned after her busy days as secretary of St. Paul's Church in Norwalk. But Mary did what so few dare to do. She got off the beaten path to start something radically new.

Still waiting, we watched TV for a while, and then I went upstairs to brush my hair, ruffled from the walk across the Commons. There was no mirror in the bathroom, which reminded me that in the Convent the inner life was more valued than the outer appearance.

At a quarter to six we went into the Chapel. We were given seats in the Choir Stalls opposite Mary. She was kneeling there in prayer, her eyes closed, her face serene. We could look to the back of the Chapel, beyond a screen of arches to Mary's friends who had come from St. Paul's. The Sisters filed in quietly around us.

Reverend Mother Margery Raphael, the Mother Superior, took her place. She was a tall, slight woman, in black robes and veil, her eyes lively, and observant. The service began.

A Sister lit six candles on the altar. Delicate hanging lights twinkled. Flowers on either side of the Altar crucifix were a bright medly of yellow, bronze and ruby. The Bishop in lavender cope and mitre, accompanied by Father Jones, Chaplain of

the Convent, processed up the aisle, preceded by a Sister swinging a censer and filling the air with incense. The Litany of Reception began with the lovely clear chanting of the Sisters. Mary rose and left the Chapel to change from her Postulant's blue dress to the new robes of her Novitiate. When she returned she was in gray with a deep rounded white collar, and still in the same white veil. She knelt at the altar steps before the Chaplain and answered his questions.

"You have been elected by the Mother and Sisters, a Novice of this Convent of the Society of St. Margaret. Do you wish to be received as such?"

"I do."

Other questions she answered, "I promise, God being my helper." Her voice had new tones, slow, melodious. A sister arranged her skirts to hang more gracefully behind her. The same Sister placed a new veil on her head. She received her new name, Sister Mary Augusta, as the priest took her cross from the Altar and hung it around her neck.

"Lord bless this cross. May Sister Mary Augusta persevere in your service, and by the cross attain to the crown..."

The Sisters chanted the psalm that has the words, "May your sons grow as the young plants and your daughters as the polished corner stones of the temple."

Father Jones delivered a short sermon, though his young daughter said later, "Daddy, it was too long." He described the difference between "novelty" and "Newness", the first being passing fads and the second "the new things of God" that all could partake of

by being open and ready for new relationships, new opportunities, new kinds of awareness, a glance, a touch, a smile, or even something big and frightening. He said we are far too prone to want to control God with our own limiting concepts instead of listening, being aware, and making ourselves available for God's purposes.

The Bishop closed the service with a benediction, and we made our way with the Sisters and the guests to the halls and sitting rooms to greet each other and wait for Mary before going in to supper.

In the Refectory there were four long tables and a buffet set out with cheese, bean salad, chicken salad, pumpkin and other pies. We helped ourselves to food and sat down side by side. Mary came in with a cluster of Sisters greeting her with handshakes and kisses. They all sat together, about forty of them. Father Timothy, Rector of St. Paul's sat opposite me with an Indian priest, and my husband had the Bishop on his right who told us about the work of the Sisters in Haiti.

After supper, we finally got an opportunity to greet Sister Mary Augusta. "It was the closest name to Gus I could find," she said. This was a beautiful surprise for us. While going on to the "new things" she did not forget the old. We chatted a few moments and gave her the greetings from the family and hugged and kissed her.

Shortly thereafter we took our leave and made our way from old Beacon Hill, still softly gas lit, passing the gracious facades of old houses lining the small steep streets.

A Recollection of the occasion
by Alice W. Simons, Nov 27, 1976

Mary came to live with the Simons family temporarily and stayed for 13 years. She was indispensable as a friend and helper and was greatly missed when she left to become a nun. 4

Lady Limerick Red Cross official in
England

THE MONTREAL DAILY STAR, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER

26, 1941

Countess Visits Blood Service Clinic

Allice W.S. ✓



The Countess of Limerick, special British Red Cross representative on a "thank you" tour of Canada inspects the Montreal clinic of the Red Cross Voluntary Blood Service, through which many lives are being saved overseas. Picture

shows the Countess, second from left, with Miss Edith Nicolson, Montreal commandant of office administration of the Red Cross Corps; Miss Jane Urquhart, chief technician for the clinic and Mrs. R. Palmer Howard, secretary of the blood centre.

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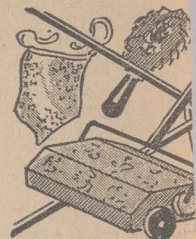
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Larger size,

50 Whitelands House
Cheltenham Terrace
London, S.W. 3.

11 Nov. 42

Very good
re-organisation
of 2
Nov.

Dearest Daddy:-

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your wonderful letter to me of 27 Sept. that arrived today.

I feel desperately sorry that you are unable to resume work, but at the same time feel that you may grow even better & bigger tail feathers in the days to come. We always did think your plumage was pretty fine, and your strength and your courage remarkable, so I think it will be nice for other people as well as the Rand to see your performance. I hope the Ottawa idea works out. Daddy, I honestly feel very proud to know you are a fighter through & through. As I said to Mum it does me good to know you are both putting your best foot forward. Everyone that does well these days in good cheer, patience & courage helps someone else who may be feeling a bit weary & fed-up. We're all so very much more dependent on each other — most people I see & work with have nothing of value but their friends, old & new. I

will certainly look forward to reading the letters you have received from members of the Staff. Mr. Wood very kindly forwarded me the copy of your letter to him, which I thought very fine. I made copies for Palmer & Donald, which they now have. I think the explanation there is a good one for me to use. I also lunched with ~~him~~^{Mr. Wood} at the Junior Carlton Club last week. I do feel that it was kind of him. I think he is a dear & very interesting.

Well now - Some news for you that I didn't give Mother, but which no doubt you will pass on. First I have very much enjoyed my sojourn at Whitelands House. Not only are the two girls most congenial, but the flat is extremely comfortable. BUT - in spite of all that I am moving out. I think the flat is too expensive for the amount of time I'm in it. I would much rather save a little & enjoy good "leaves" and have more spending money. So I have been most fortunate in getting into

an attractive large house that has been converted into one room flats with bath room & telephone. The rooms are bed-sitting rooms. My room has a balcony overlooking a square with nice trees. Breakfast is brought up to each room on a tray & there is a small restaurant downstairs where one may have dinner at 2/6 a night. There are about twenty people in the building - mostly service people. But I'll tell you about that next week. There is central heating & my room has a small electric fire place. The house is quite close to Hyde Park which will be lovely for Sunday walks. The Manager is a very nice man who is the husband of one of the people in the office with me - so I'm quite sure the residents are nice people. The House Keeper is very sweet & the cook is said to be good - that also remains to be seen. I'm looking forward to having my

meals prepared for me, as I find it a little
much to work all day & get my meals as
well. Particularly as I don't get home
till 6 or 7. Well - its an experiment. I
also feel it will be easier for Palmer
if he wants to come to town - there
won't always be extra people about
as it is at present. I'm moving in
on Saturday & Sunday the 14th & 15 Nov.
Louise is working at M.T.C. Headquarters
in the "petrol" department & types with
one finger & is renowned for her neat
figures in the book. She is well &
cheerful in spite of the strain of
Jim up in the air most of the time.
He is said to be an excellent pilot. So
fun when he comes in & talks about
sweeps over here there & everywhere.

I'm interested to hear you are
competing with the squirrels in the roof, but
I wonder how they like the taste of insulation.
I'm sure it must help to keep you cosy.

I had fun yesterday. I am very
fond of the paintings of Peter Scott who

does pictures of wild ~~forest~~^{birds} so well — you know, flights of duck over marshes — one in particular I adore of three small swans flying across a great green wave curling over in white foam. It is exquisite. So I set off to find a print of it on Bond Street. The first shop I tried had a dear old boy in it & we had a long conversation. Most of his paintings were in the country & his shop had a bad blitzing once & still looked pretty shaky. As we chatted a most distinguished looking ~~officer~~ British general came in. ~~I saw~~ He was looking at an Elkin hunting scene & was told it was £500. My man told me to take a good look at him because he was the famous tank man, General Horrie, who was brought back from Libya last year. He must have seen me staring at him because on the way out he said to us all in general "Glad the news good!" — Poor man I bet he'd give his eye teeth to be in Libya right now. Which reminds me I've just been listening to the 9 o'clock

news about the capitulation of Morocco
& Algeria & of the Nazis marching into
unoccupied France. Stirring days, these
last few! After visiting several other
shops I finally found my swan picture
which will look lovely in my new flat.

The Address: 44 Queens Gardens
London, W. 2.

Telephone for John: Paddington 1880.

This will get to you just
about the Christmas season so I hope
it's a lovely one for you in spite of
everything. I'll miss you all terribly.
Nothing could be as much fun as some
of the Christmas's at 55 Aberdeen. But
it's no good feeling sorry - the one thing this
war has taught us all is 'laugh and the
world laughs with you -'

Did I tell you I'd seen Donald again.
We had dinner together. He is fine & full
of pep. Well much much love to you

Daddy dear & all the good luck in the
world go with you.

Alice.

4780 VICTORIA AVENUE
MONTREAL

March 14, 1942

*Alice
Blood donor Clinic*

Dearest Mum and Daddy:-

Anne and I loved your letter which we got yesterday. It is most satisfactory to all of us that you both are having such a splendid holiday. You've made us all very happy by going away, which seems strange on the face of it! We miss you of course terrifically, but can hardly wait to hear your Southern drawl when you return.

I am sitting in ski pants about to depart for the North--me and the pants. George and Mary Montgomery are going with me, and we are going to spend the week-end with my mother-in-law. This is her last week-end with her house. I was up last week too, and had a marvellous long ski--about 12 miles--with Nina and Per Hall and Bob and Jack Cundill, also Barbara Whitley, who was staying at the Brown Shingles with me.

I have had a very active week. On Wednesday I had to read my Blood Donor Report at the big Annual Red Cross Meeting. Had to stand up in front of the Head Table and speak into a microphone. I really enjoyed it. Am dying to someday be a good public speaker. The next night I had to give a one minute recruiting speech for our three Red Cross Units, and also slipped in a few seconds about the Blood Donor Clinic. This was in the Rose Room of the Windsor Hotel, and I was one of three speakers on a programme starring Dr. Anna Louise Strong, a great feminist and authority on Russia and China. She certainly gave a very strong appeal for civilians to get busy with their initiative.

We are operating three weekly Clinics now, which keeps us busier than ever. I have Ruth's friend, Barbara Emmans, helping me as secretary. She is perfectly sweet. Poor child, has just broken off her second engagement. So is glad to have lots to do.

Everyone is fine. Aunt Clare is coming to spend next week-end with us. Mary is well. Barbara is more adorable than ever. Anne has had another cold, but looks very able bodied to day. She has been deluged with letters from Donald all week, which has helped her keep cheery through her cold. I have had two wonderful letters recently from Palmer. There is a chance in a million that he may get a Research job out here sometime soon, so I am holding up my plans for going over there for a little while longer. However I have my name in, but if I find he is coming over here, I can withdraw it.

Much love and hugs and kisses to you both,

Alice

1939.

Como

Que
Aug 30

Dearest Daddy

My conscience certainly gave me a kick to-day when I realized that this is the first time I have written you, since you went away to other lands! A great deal has been happening since then. Mother and I had a wonderful trip to Saranac + New York etc.

I certainly liked my first
 trip to New York though
 I don't think I slept once
 while there - it was so noisy.
 We went to many different
 places on our travels which
 we will have to tell you
 about when you reach
 home. We took some
 very good films - 4 to
 be correct - We actually
 took 6 films but two
 were "duds" so we were
 presented with two brand
 new colour films!

Next week the younger
 crowd here are putting on
 a play called "You Never
 Know" It was written by
 Joy Thomson - daughter of
 P. A. Thomson and is most

amusing. I go back to school on the 15th and I'm afraid I don't enjoy the prospect of studying again.

I don't expect to do very well this year as I am taking half my matric.

Mummy has been very well but lately she has had bad hay-fever - She is looking and feeling better after her trip to the States - She

said - her only sorrow on that trip was "she didn't have her dear little Edward"

So Papa take a bow -

There have been quite a few parties lately - very sort and kind - In fact we had a party here the

other night. Mums showed
the Royal Tour pictures which
she has joined together herself
& had titled. Then we danced
It was lots of fun - I wish
you had been here to
sing some of those crazy
songs of yours for us.

I am writing this letter
in the dead of night so

Donald will post it
in the morning - I must
go to bed now -

We are all looking forward
to seeing you very much
I trust the journey across
was not rough

Ever so much Love
& we'll see you soon

Most Affectionately

Mary-Lois

Letter written when
he was on trip
to England.

1939

Como, P. Q.

Dear Daddy.

We are all
looking forward very much
to seeing you on
Saturday or Sunday.
You must have had
a wonderfully interesting
trip -

Donald and I are
still out in Como

²/
Having a wonderful
time - It has turned
quite cold and is really
rather nice.

Alice and Palmer
left at about 6 o'clock
this morning for Baltimore
after having spent
two days at Mrs. Howards
new apartment - They
both looked very well
after their sojourn in
Murray Bay -

Donald played in a
very exciting cricket game

which went on for four
days - He was batting
for two days on end &
no one could put him
out. This weekend he
goes up for the Labor day
holiday to Toronto to play -

I am going up to
St. Agathe to stay with
the Hastings for a most
exciting event. Hazel
& Eric (Harrington) are
announcing their engagement
so my bridesmaids are
following in my 'excellent'
foot steps very fast -

Mother has had quite a
spell of bad hay fever
but I think it went away
a little bit during our
two days in town -

Everybody in the class
is quite well including
Grandmother -

Looking forward to
seeing you on your
return -

With very much love
& I hope the trip was
not too rough -

More than affectionately

Anne -

Letter written by
Terrence Winstan (an
officer in the Army) to his
mother Mrs. Edward P. Winstan
in Montreal. U.S.

COPY

Brigus, Newfoundland,
January 31, 1941.

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All this leaves out Mrs. Bartlett, who really manages the farm on which we are staying. She is an intelligent and capable young American who went North to Labrador as a nurse, and there met Bartlett and married him about 8-10 years ago.

In this atmosphere we are comfortably settled for the next 10 days. Food and accomodation are very good, which is of course unusual to find hereabouts. The house is heated by a coal stove in the front hall supplemented by open fireplaces, of which we have one in our bedroom making it very cosy.

Paul enjoys the farm animals, horses, cows, pigs, poultry and finds ample scope to amuse himself, though there are no children here, which condition, however, is strictly localized at the farm. The primitive village and ancient fishing port of Brigus, one mile from here is alive with them as Mary and I found out yesterday when we skied in.

It seems that skis are an unusual means of locomotion here. When we reached the outskirts of the village I noticed one or two youngsters who gazed at us for a moment, and then turned tail running as if for dear life into the narrow alley-ways which serve for streets. Within about a minute afterwards curious little figures began appearing like magic from everywhere, and before we had traversed a hundred yards further our progress was almost completely blocked by about 40 children pressing in on us from all sides.

Whether the excitement was caused entirely by the skis, or by Mary's trousers, or just by the fact of the arrival of two strangers I do not know. At any rate we hastily shed our skis and took refuge in the post office from which vantage point I counted the throng of children up to about forty. I had a feeling amounting to a certainty that if we had remained outside exposed publicly to view for another couple of minutes more the count would have mounted to eighty easily.

And having told of the children I must tell you that our troops in Nfld. are even more impressed by the number and characteristics of the dogs. Our camp "somewhere in Newfoundland" has attracted a canine population wonderful to see. To whom did these creatures belong? What is their breed? Why do they love us so? These are questions to which no one can give a satisfactory answer.

Most of the dogs are very large with heavy wooly coats apt to be black in colour. Day and night they remain on guard (always outdoors) with our sentries, sometimes exposed to the most foul weather conditions imaginable. When the unit, or some part of it moves, the dogs come too, and if the movement is done by mechanical transport, perhaps twenty miles out and twenty miles homw, they run tirelessly beside or ahead of the column. Needless to say the men are touched by this faithfulness, and so many stories are told extolling virtues

endurance and sagacity of our four-footed friends.

Life in this part of the world is enlivened by many quaint and amusing incidents which provide entertainment for anyone who can readily enjoy a quiet chuckle. I wish I could pass them on to you, but the humour usually depends upon some little turn of speech or circumstance which is too elusive for written repetition. Being easily amused myself by trifles, I take great pleasure in these people and their ways.

Tomorrow we plan to go "trouting" and for this project today acquired a bit o'loine (line) and three hooks. In due course we shall sally forth to do what the others do, chop a hole in the ice in a nearby brook and try our luck in hopes of a speckled trout for dinner.

Now that I have some leisure for the first time since coming to Nfld I must tell you how well all my gears and equipment has turned out. The greatcoat is a beauty, probably the best in the regmt. Sleeping bag, not in use at present, very good. My portable radio a success, particularly useful to keep Paul entertained. It brings in both short and long wave from overseas. Skis with new steel edges are excellent. Also tell Dad the squash racquet is in perfect order, but I have been only able to use it once so far. Similarly for skates. I have played just one game of hockey (part time) on them.

In addition to these incidental sporting activities I have introduced snowshoes to the Regmt just lately in a manner which I shall describe. One of our outlying posts is exceedingly difficult of access due to snow drifts and difficult terrain, so a few days ago I persuaded Ordnance to authorize me to purchase for the Regmt at Govt expense two pairs of snowshoes and mocassins. In place of ordinary mocassins, which are not available here, I got eskimo skin boots. These are soft leather, water-tight knee boots made by the Labrador natives from sealskin. When I trotted up to the Officer's Mess one evening in this outfit the sensation created was considerable. The general effect was enhanced by the fearful smell - like dead fish - given off by the boots, and the circumstance that no one had ever before been known to have obtained such favours from Ordnance. Apart from the smell the skin boots are quite useful as well as being somewhat unique, and by now a fair proportion of the officers have equipped themselves privately at their own expense.

Since starting this letter your telegram has arrived in answer to mine with the most welcome news that you all are well, and I look forward to receiving the two letters forwarded on here in due course.

Letters from
Sub. Lt. E. Winslow-Spragge
(John)

R.C.N. 1942-1945

son of
Lois Winslow-Spragge
(AWI)
Edward Winslow-Spragge

Dearest Tom & Dad:

I wonder if you got my last letter? I hope so - as I feel it was the first real letter I've written in ages. I however maybe I'm just painting a rosy picture of it to myself.

Canadian Navy

6512/42



November 25
At Sea.

I'm now wedged in my upper bunk with one foot braced against a transverse beam overhead my right thigh hard against the wooden guard rail & my head against the bulkhead behind. Spread-eagled, as it were, with a pile of esquire magazines on what remains of my lap - for a desk. It is one of those days when the safest & most comfortable place to be is in your bunk. Fortunately we have forced-draft ventilation so the air remains fairly cool & fresh below - even with all doors, scuttles (portholes) etc. closed up tight. The deck below is a mass of socks, sea boots, oil skins, life-jackets etc. intertwined haphazardly with overturned chairs & waste paper baskets. I'm feeling quite cozy & contented up here so if I begin to talk & drivel don't blame me. I find when one's self gets intermingled with ones over-turned chairs etc. one's temper is inclined to become short. As I have had to handle a lot of books & papers & do considerable writing while at sea, my temper suffers greatly when everything goes slithering off the desk one way & comes slithering back twice as fast the other and when you eventually grab the piece of paper you're trying to write on the ship takes a violent lunge upward and a combination of gravity & decreasing air pressure causes a large blurb of ink to descend on your otherwise virgin paper. So you see my bunk is my refuge - my little heaven on the ocean. ^{QUOTE} "And I said unto myself as I stood at the foot of my bunk. Therefore stand ye amazed amid

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8 AM

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12 Midair

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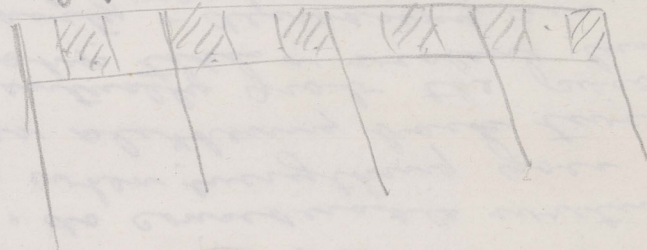
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$$3 \times 8 = 24$$



tangled life-jackets and waste-paper? go ye up into yer bunk and find peace amid turmoil. And so I betook me up into my chey lounge and did drag mightily on a fag and did forget the sordid sights below and everything was as a deep purple, yea verily, quite rosy." END QUOTE but don't quote me.

These corvettes are mighty fine little ships. They take a bit of getting used to but after a time one puts one's entire confidence in them. I have felt quite comfortable ever since setting foot aboard & le mal de mer is non-existent as far as I am concerned. Appetite was a bit thin at times though. At present I'm supposed to be learning the in's & out's of quarter-deck routine - that is ~~to~~ supervising the getting out & securing of lines ^{aft} & fenders etc. when coming alongside. I'm a babe in arms to date but one learns. This trip has been a little easier for me as I am standing a better watch 8-12 at night & 8-12 in the morning. ~~Before~~ before, I had the 8-12 at night & 4-8 in the morning which made the question of sleeping difficult.

I was very fortunate in seeing Alice. We had a very pleasant day together. However she will tell you more about it. She is looking very well. She & Louise cooked us up a very fine breakfast in their apartment. He Al went out & lunched at noon (Alice, Louise, my pal & a friend of his). In the evening Alice broke open the larder & produced some delicious steaks. (First I'd tasted in months.) In the evening Al & I spent a short time celebrating on gin & tonics in the local pub. When she said goodbye next morning she appeared in her uniform which is very smart indeed!!

cont'd

Mary & Jerry are looking very well and feeling chipper. She will probably write you shortly. I sent you a money order to apply on Stowarth's Bill.



The coat looks very well indeed and I'm certainly glad to have it!!

I have been very, very busy. I'm sort of joint Signal's and gunnery officer but I don't have to do the book keeping for the gunnery part

Still we loves I'd better close now so that I'll be sure to get this into an envelope.

a very Merry Christmas
to you all and loads
of love.

If I didn't send Ruth + Frank
a card this is a special greeting
for them. Hi Ruth + Frank.

Love

John (Edward)
Winshaw-Spragge.

P. S.

Will thank you for
all the fine parcels
when I open them on the 25th.



I checked on one and made some pancakes
Thanks Pop. the candy was very good
(also the pan-cakes.

John

Re
moments of
the ocean

Can Navy.

Ames Merrittoria
J.M.O. St Johns
Nyfld.

Prob. 1942

Dear Mother & Dad:

I just pulled a good joke on myself ha. ha. And you are the lucky winners? We set our clocks back one hour yesterday and I, in my usual careful way, didn't bother to change mine. So having got all dolled up in my fur boots, Indian sweater, blue parka jacket, sheepskin etc. and ready to go on watch at 11:50 P.M. I now find it is only 10:50; so rather than try to go to sleep again in this tossing sea I shall endeavour to do what seems far more important ~~and~~ - write to you.

you have no idea what the rolling and pitching of one of these tubs is like. Chairs float by and the glass in the racks & cutlery in the drawers crash endlessly back & forth as the ship sways to & fro. Occasionally as you are walking as sedately as possible across the wardroom you are forced to leap into the air and land with your feet against the back of the settee as the deck drops crazily away. Going up steps also has its problems - one moment you feel like superman - light as a feather - and go dashing madly upward with no effort at all and the next an invisible giant hand forces you down

so that you just don't do anything until
once again the bows drop away into the
next abyss. However down below you have
only the bumping of waves against the side
and the continuous up & down & corkscrew
movements of the ship as weather indications
so it generally comes as a surprise when you
find the companionway door practically torn
from your grasp as you step out into the
night. Where are the stars and milky
way and the beauties of a night on the
ocean? (If you're interested they've all
gone to bed like every other sensible being)
Nothing remains but a howling blinding
gale, roaring through the rigging like a
hoard of ~~demons~~ diabolical devils and
all the time bucketfuls of spray smash
against the shatter-proof glass of the
bridge. Hell enough salt. I have got so
used to it that I don't even feel
slightly nauseated any more. In fact
never felt better in my life. I have
even developed an appetite for the
first time in about 3 years. Most of
this I attribute to the fact that I'm
getting more time out to sleep.

Thanks for all your letters &
cute Easter card.

Orwell Lane.
John.

Letter
to St Pierre
on about V. day -
J. H. H.

(45)

St. Mes. St Pierre.
24 Aug 1945.

Dear Mother & Dad:

Our course ended rather abruptly on V. J. day & so I returned to Montreal & packed up and then went to Leam for a couple of days where I was looked after in Royal style by Anne & Ruth & fed magnificently by old Annie who practically worked herself to a frazzle producing cakes & cookies etc. for me. David & Barbara were my boon-companions following me about like a couple of puppies. However on Sunday the *Mercus* arrived and Nick took over as local

hero. So the pattern of little feet subsided for me for a while.

The previous weekend I was in Como and Jack Peask came out. He had a little get together on the Saturday night and Hugh Stalace dropped in. You will be glad to hear that after lazing around most of Sunday Jack & I excavated most of the weeds from the driveway (Probably all grown in again by now) Barbara working right along with us endeavouring to rake up the weeds as we scattered them hither and yon. I explained

to Anne Ruth all
the virtues of grass cutting
- good for the figure
etc - but don't know
whether I was hoeing in
fertile soil or not.

Strangely enough this
is the ship that Dick
Stickman is in. He lives
a sort of day to day
existence afraid to send
laundry out etc - not
knowing how long we
will be here. Moore
seems to be very well
informed on the subject.
No doubt, when Iawa
gets over its V-Fitas we
shall hear.

One night when

I was in Montreal I
was wandering along
St Catherine Street wondering
whether I would drop into
a movie or go home &
jack. However, I spied
Mrs McCallum & Barbara
in one of the line ups so
wondered over to say hello.

Barbara said "I suppose you'd
like to be taken to the show"
& I said "Well, I supposed
I would." So I saw a free
show & got a lift back
as far as their place.
Very pleasant indeed!

I hear that you're
having quite a gay old
time at Dotts. You
kids are the limit!

P.S. St Pierre is named
after the suburb of Montreal
- St Pierre.

This ship is quite a
bit larger than a corvette.
I'm still trying to find
out where everything is
located. We have been
so crowded that my cabin
is the C.O.'s sea cabin which
consists of a bunk. The
set up is even smaller
than what I had in
Amherst.

If you should pass
through here you could
find out if we are here
from the Naval officer
in Charge. In the
meantime my address is
1400 St Pierre
% N.O.C. Quebec.
Quebec City
Much love John.

P.S. please send
me a couple of
the small
photographs.



H.W.T.
Answered
June 15/42
airmail and mail 1 large
and 2 small photos.
W
Esquimaux B.C.
20/5/42
24

Dear Mother & Dad:

Very glad to receive
your letter today.

Well I had a fine
trip out on the train although
the crowd was rather queer.
One night I got stuck in
the diner with a gal of
about 38½ + whose fingers
& neck were adorned with
the most amazing collection
of diamonds & pearls. She
was from the U.S.A.
ahem and as far as I
could figure had tried
every train run on the
continent. Apparently
she was determined that

met me at the station
 at Vancouver and
 I took a room in the
 Georgian Hotel
 which was very
 nice. Friday afternoon
 after I arrived I dropped
 into the Bond office
 & Mr Mc Gillivray invited
 me to lunch the following
 day, he also invited Mr
 Williams. Lunch fine, &
 after went back to
 Williams' ~~new~~ house
 & spent the afternoon
 he's rather proud of the
 house & of his new
 car - the car has a
 special automatic
 gear shift. Had tea
 there & met his daughter
 & also a man by
 the name of Nelson
 (I think) who said that

I was to lay ~~her~~ ^{her} dinner
for her but tight-fisted
Johnnie out-sat, and
fumbled her & finally
she dived up!

The run along Lake
Superior and later through
the mountains was
superb and I got quite
a few pictures. One
girl on board asked
me to take some Koda-
chrome movie ~~for~~
~~her~~ so going through
the mountains I
had this a. movie
camera in one hand
and my gun in
the other. I nearly
fell over, ^{board} a couple
of times rushing
from one side of
the train to the other.

Gary Manson

he had met you at
Kimberly. Koubner will
send you photographs
of them both when
they are developed.

Took the boat over
Monday morning and
arrived at Royal Roads
about 4.30 Sunday
afternoon.

The Castle as it
is termed is situated
in the midst of a 600
acre property which is
reached by almost a
mile drive through almost
a forest of trees, ferns &
flowers. As you round
the curve of the driveway
and stop beneath the
archway at the front door
you are dwarfed by the
massive ^{grey} stone, ivy covered
building with its great

Five Montrealers Become Naval Sub-Lieutenants

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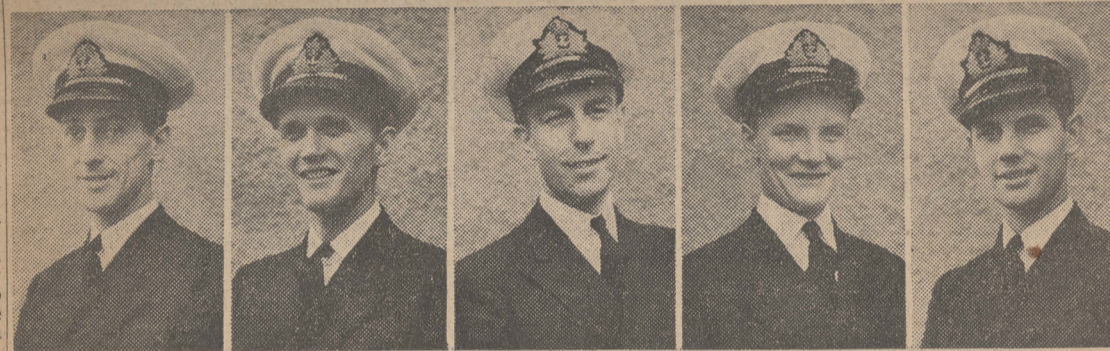
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L. S. Stockton H. W. Patterson R. W. Stronach P. A. Lefebvre J. W. Fitzpatrick



A. I. MacTier T. R. Hastings G. F. Hearn E. Winslow-Spragge L. J. M. Gravel



J. A. Laurin D. J. VanBommel H. R. Barrett W. R. Noble D. S. Hallman

Seventeen Win Commissions, Completing R.C.N.V.R. Course

Three Former Ratings Included Among New Royal Canadian Navy Officers

SEVENTEEN Montrealers have received their commissions as sub-lieutenants in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve, according to a statement from the Naval Service section of the Department of National Defence. All of them are graduates of a recent officers' training class held at Royal Roads, one of the Canadian Navy's training centres. Many of those promoted are graduates of McGill University and three are sailors who served as long as two years on the lower deck.

Officers Listed

The new officers are:
Stockton, L. S., is a graduate of McGill in metallurgical engineering. His wife lives at 3798 Ethel avenue, Verdun.

Patterson, H. W., former reporter of the Montreal Gazette, graduate of McGill and of Columbia University. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. S. Patterson, 3792 Wilson avenue, N.D.G.

Stronach, R. W., was a student at McGill when he joined up. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Stronach, 5635 Dunmore avenue.

Lefebvre, P. A., was also a student at McGill when he enlisted. He is the son of Major and Mrs. O. A. Lefebvre, 4143 Dorchester street west.

Fitzpatrick, J. W., is a graduate of McGill in commerce. He won the highest awards in the chartered accountants' examinations of the class of 1940. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Fitzpatrick, 144 Percival avenue, Montreal West.

MacTier, Anthony L., is a son of Col. and Mrs. W. S. M. MacTier, 1733 Cedar avenue.

Hastings, T. Roy, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hastings, 3510 Redpath street.

Hearn, George F., was a draftsman before joining the Navy. He served on the lower deck for two years. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hearn, 4810 Grosvenor avenue.

Winslow-Spragge, Edward, was for two years a student at McGill. He was a teller in the Bank of Montreal before joining the Navy. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Winslow-Spragge, 55 Aberdeen avenue.

Former McGill Student

Gravel, Louis J. M., was a student at McGill. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gravel, 3570 McTavish street.

Laurin, J. A. (Bob), before enlisting was secretary-treasurer of the Dominion Insurance Agencies, Ltd. His wife lives at 2054 Claremont avenue.

Van Bommel, D. J., was a sound technician with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation before enlisting. He is a graduate of McGill. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Van Bommel, 415 Grosvenor avenue, Westmount.

Barrett, H. R., was a cashier of the Royal Bank of Canada in civil life. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barrett, 3444 Marlowe avenue.

Noble, W. R., is a graduate of McGill. He is the son of S. R. Noble, 4463 Montrose avenue, Westmount.

Hallman, D. S., was a high school student before joining the Navy in which he served as an able seaman for 18 months. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hallman, 19 Fifty-third avenue, Lachine.

Bachand, B. J., is a graduate of the University of Montreal. In civil life he was planning manager of the Abbott Laboratories, Montreal. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bachand, Three Rivers.

Cameron, M. L., was a clerk with Simmons Limited, in civil life. He served two years as an able seaman on the Lower Deck. He is the son of T. L. Cameron, 11 St. John boulevard, Chateaugay Basin.



B. J. Bachand M. L. Cameron

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Yule Ditty Bag Cheers Sailor

Moving Letter of Thanks Sent League

ANNOUNCING at the convention of the Navy League of Canada that 100,000 Christmas ditty bags must be raised this year for merchant seamen and men in the Canadian Navy, David Gibson, national president, read the following excerpts from a letter received from a 19-year-old sailor after he got a ditty bag last year:

"I am the sailor who received your parcel, and I want to thank you and tell you how much it meant to me, especially this year, for I looked forward to a Christmas without even a letter, and away down deep, I admit, I was just a bit sad. This life on the sea takes you away from home and family, and sometimes Christmas doesn't mean much to a sailor. It is all in a day's work and one day is the same as the next. When I got your ditty bag, it made me feel different and it was the only parcel I received, but it was a grand one.

Home Was in Coventry

"I won't give you a life history of myself, but perhaps you would like to know a little about me. My father was a sea captain, but he died when I was 10 years old. My home was in Coventry and I worked and lived with my mother and little sister until I was 18 years old, when I joined the Navy. Life at sea is not an easy one, but I like it. It has been bitterly cold and we have run into bad storms. For days we don't know what it is to have dry clothes on, and they almost freeze on you, but I want to do my bit to win this war — for even we must and will.

"I said our home was in Coventry, but it is no more. Nor have I a mother and sister. Both were killed in that brutal bombing. The day they were bombed I received a parcel from mother containing two pairs of socks, a picture of herself and Mary and a Bible of my father's. Those socks seemed too sacred to wear.

Mentioning that the league had supplied 30,000 ditty bags last year, Mr. Gibson said that the I.O.E. has guaranteed to supply 20,000 and the Red Cross 30,000 this year. He said it is fully expected the league will succeed in raising the remaining 50,000 bags.

Allies Smash Huns in Raids

(Continued from Page 1)

was the largest since operations were started with the raid on Rouen, France, August 17.

The Air Ministry revealed that yesterday's operations had been carefully planned to give the bomber planes the best possible protection. Allied fighters dominated the

Work Reported By Navy League Strafe-ing

(Continued from Page 3)

ment then approved provision of \$265,307 for the league.

The league then went ahead, according to details furnished at the meeting, and obtained the difference between this amount and \$1,000,000 to provide services, mainly comforts and welfare, not only at the clubs and hostels but at the large recreational centre opened in Halifax, and for other activities.

Work for Merchant Navy

Mr. Randles reported that, although much still remains to be done, great progress has been made toward having the Merchant Navy officially recognized as the "fourth arm of the fighting forces." He also said he is endeavoring to have the Selective Service Board recognize the merchant navy as the fourth arm and give the merchant seamen equal privileges as the three other arms.

He reported that merchant seamen manning pools in Halifax, Montreal and Vancouver are in full and active operation handling large numbers of men continuously, and that two schools have been opened for the training of merchant seamen to fill the rapidly dwindling ranks. The schools are the Marine Engineering Instructional School at Prescott, Ont., and the St. Margaret's Sea Training School at Hubbards, N.S.

Between the two day sessions the delegates attended a lunch at the Mount Royal Hotel where they heard Capt. E. R. Brock, in charge of R.C.N.V.R. divisions in Canada, clarify the situation regarding the activity of the R.C.N.V.R. in connection with the Sea Cadets corps now sponsored by the league.

Won't Take Over Cadets

Captain Brock declared there had apparently been some misunderstanding as the R.C.N.V.R. had no intention of taking over the administration of the Sea Cadets. He said the R.C.N.V.R. will merely assist in the training of the cadets, providing one or two officers for each of the 20 cadet division to assist in formulating training syllabus and in the actual training. He declared that the league was performing a national service in sponsoring the corps. He was thanked by L. T. Spalding, of Hamilton, Ont., national director of Sea Cadet Corps.

At the same lunch Sir Montagu Allan was offered and accepted the honorary presidency of the league.

It was reported that the membership of the Sea Cadet Corps was increased from 3,000 to 5,000 during the year. The league is endeavoring to raise the membership to 8,000.

Pictures taken at Queen Elizabeth Sea Cadet camp on Georgian Bay and the Victoria Cadet Camp at Collingwood, Ont., and at the various navy men's clubs and hostels were on display. Delegates also saw a film depicting activities at the camps, clubs and hostels.

Last night delegates listened to the weekly broadcast of the "Merchant Navy Show" over the CBC network from 8 to 8:30 p.m. and

practical purposes the same, for the Mustang is faster than thought; it must be operated and combatted by reflexes — the reflexes of young minds, which are instantaneous.

If I, at my age, were set to machine gun a Mustang at this distance, I would start shooting 100 yards behind him, and would probably be given permanent kitchen fatigue where I couldn't waste valuable ammunition.

After we had been ground- strafed several times and had a sufficient dose of Mustang-shock, we were loaded onto wheels again and whizzed to the airport whence the Mustangs had come. The pictures of our position were printed and ready for us—pictures that had been taken minutes before by our friend Cliff.

I wanted to meet some of these fellows who took such glee in ruffling our editorial calm on the field of battle. I shook hands with Flying Officer Hollis Hills of Los Angeles; with Pilot Officer Charles "Smoky" Stover, Sarnia, Ont.; with Pilot Officer Don Sherk, Grimsby, Ont., and with Pilot Officer Champlin of Long Island, N.Y.—all R.C.A.F. aces.

Sweep Veteran

Hills had recently been over the French coast on a sweep and had shot down a crack Focke-Wulf 190 fighter with his reconnaissance plane (and if these Mustangs are mere, tame reconnaissance I'll take a horse and buggy). "Smoky" Stover had been ground- strafing when German fighters dived on him. He got out, but he slapped off some of his wing on a high concrete post. "Baiting," I think he called it.

"How did you like the beat-up?" they asked me.

"We L-loved it," I gasped.

Hills took off shortly for a reconnaissance over the coast, probably 30 miles away, and in minutes we heard his voice coming in from over the Channel, telling headquarters what he had seen.

They live a fast life when in the air, these Mustang boys. And the first thing they talked about when we broke off was a cup of tea.

I felt that I could have handled a little aspirin.

Willkie Calls For Action

Tells Chungking Of People's Demand

CHUNGKING, Oct. 3 — (A. P.) — Wendell Willkie pressed tonight for immediate aggressive action, declaring that the war cannot be won by timid souls.

"I view this war as a great world struggle for freedom," Willkie said at a banquet given in his honor by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek.

"It won't be won by timid souls. It will be won only by bold, courageous men who inspire their peoples to undertake and carry through bold plans. Timid souls can always find reasons for delay in aggressively pushing through to victory."

Willkie told the audience, which included leaders of Chinese military and civilian life and diplomatic representatives of the Allied Nations, that the "common man" everywhere among the enemies of the Axis wants action now.

"I have learned that the ordinary citizen, from Cairo, to Moscow to Chungking, is a lover of liberty and wants action, action now," he said. "He feels the time has come for the United Nations, in a great union of effort, to take the offensive everywhere.

"He is ahead of his leaders—this plain citizen of Africa, or Europe, or Asia, or America. He wants to get on with the war. He wants the job done.

"He no longer fears the myth that Germany and Japan are invincible. It annoys him that much of the might of the United Nations stands idle, awaiting action on some future day.

"This ordinary citizen is ready now. He is the strength of the United Nations. His faith in the justice of our cause makes him a super-man. We must all catch his infectious spirit of enthusiasm for immediate, slashing, courageous attack to enable us to sweep over aggressor nations, and on to a new world of victory with justice, freedom, equality and opportunity for all nations."

Willkie told of his visits to the Mediterranean area, the Middle East, Russia and now China. He toured the battle fronts of Egypt and Russia talking with military and Government officials, "but above all," he said, "with scores and scores of people, regular, simple people, and what did I learn from them, particularly from the ordinary citizen in whose intuitive judgment lies wisdom which even the experts should respect?"

"I learn the ordinary citizen wants action now."

The poisonous coral snake most hatches from an egg; the harmless garter snake brings forth its young alive.

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FROM THE
Dr. J. O. Lambert



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Boy

(1951)

To Dear Mum and Daddy,

on the wonderful occasion
of their 39th Anniversary -

May there be many

happy hours ahead -

with love from each

and every one of us -

Friday, October 12th 1951.

Mary + Duncan

Ruth + Hank

Anne
Donald

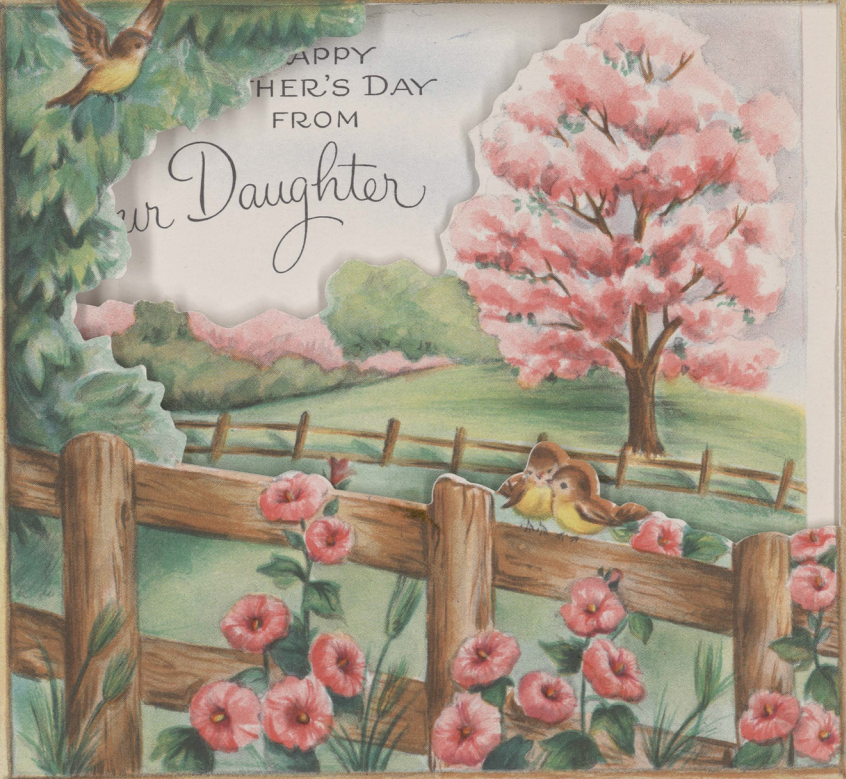
John
Isabelle


COPYRIGHT *Coats* CANADA



51

HAPPY
MOTHER'S DAY
FROM
Your Daughter





A little late I'm afraid
but it still comes with
lots of love

Mary

acknowledged
June 21/51

June 19/51

HAPPY
FATHER'S DAY
FROM

Your Daughter

You're just the dearest Dad on earth
And guess I ought to know it,
And this has come with love today
To sorta help me show it.

COPYRIGHT *Coutts* CANADA
A *Hallmark Card*

25FD 518 - 7

HAPPY EASTER

Pal o' my heart





A little Easter thought
for you with love

Pal o' my heart
so steadfast and true,
Courageous and helpful
in all that you do;
Cheering, endearing
sharing a part
Of each Gladness, each Sadness
That lives in my heart;
Sympathetic and tender,
the truest, best part
Of all that is Wonderful -
Pal o' my heart

and the best of wishes

Louise .

Easter 1941.

(Lois)



MINNEAPOLIS U. S. A.

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TO DADDY
on
Father's Day





Daddy, this greeting
has come to bring
A hug O and a kiss X

your way

But it 'specially brings

a great big wish

For a HAPPY FATHER'S DAY.

Lots of love
from

Alie

10 F9980

AN *American Greeting* CARD

CLEVELAND © U.S.A.