David Cobbett's fiancé

Linda Finnie
243 Kenaston Avenue
Town of Mount Royal

November 5,

Dear Mrs. Winslow-Spragge,

Thank you so much for inviting David and me to tea. We always enjoy a visit with you and leave feeling a little wiser and happier.

We managed to get our dishes safely to their temporary home (my basement) and then

stood back and admired them.
We will treasure them
because of their past and
because you wanted us
to have them. It is
especially nice to start
of with bits of the past,
to feel rooted in tradition
and a solid sense of
family. The "Harrington
dishes" will be one of
our "bits."

with love,

Linda

Box 1046
Banff, Alta.
T0L 0C0.

February 7, 1975.

Dear Granny:

And so how are you these oh so cold and wintry days? I sincerely hope snug and cosy at Parkside. For myself I am happy and well, living here in Banff. ~~Nag~~ Many times I've tried to leave her to move onto other things in other places, but for one reason or another the connection is not made and I remain. Finally got tired of waiting for "we'll call you" syndrome and began one or two of my own things here. One of those has lead to the next and I find myself immeshed and engulfed in what is happening here; one of those problems of life, as so adequately stated with "the grass is always greener on the other side". It may just be greener but it depends how you sow and read and nurture what is there. It all depends on the person in the final analysis (not doing so well with my penmanship this evening.)

The only other thing I'd like to say about life is that I know not where it leads me but I look forward to its every turn and twist.

I know not, as well, how I got into all of

THAT, FOR I WAS HERE TO SPEAK OF OTHER THINGS.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR HAVING THOUGHT OF ME AT CHRISTMAS TIME, AND FOR HAVING SENT THE TIE AND THE CHECK. I HAVE WORN THE TIE QUITE A NUMBER OF TIMES, AND GET VERY NICE COMMENTS FROM SOME OF MY FEMALE COMRADES. TIES ARE ONE FORM OF APPARAL NOT OFTEN WORN IN BANFF BUT I ENJOY DOING IT FOR THAT VERY REASON. THEY'RE NOT SO BAD. AS FOR THE SUM OF MONEY YOU SENT, THAT WAS WELL SPENT UPON CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, AND WAS GREATLY APPRECIATED.

I HAVE A SMALL GIFT FOR YOU WHICH SHALL BE ON ITS WAY SHORTLY. THERE WAS SO MUCH INDECISION ABOUT WHEN AND IF I WOULD BE IN THE EAST THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD BE BRINGING IT WITH ME. THAT HAS GONE SOUR FOR THE TIME BEING AND SO IT MUST COME THROUGH THE MAILS.

THAT WAS A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK YOU SENT ON GREAT UNCLE DAWSON AND I AM TRYING TO GET IT INTO A FEW SHOPS AROUND TOWN. THERE SHOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE A COUPLE OF ORDERS COMING OUT OF BANFF. I STILL HAVE TO READ THROUGH IT MYSELF AND LEARN MORE ABOUT HIM, WHICH I LOOK FORWARD TO DOING SHORTLY.

I JUST RECEIVED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM HOME YESTERDAY WHICH WAS A TRULY FINE EXPERIENCE — TO BE ABLE TO CELEBRATE TWICE IN A YEAR IS QUITE A GIFT IN ITSELF.

THE PARENTS WERE IN MUCH THE SAME QUANDRY AS I AS TO HOW AND WHEN.

MOST OF THE TIME IT IS LIKE A CELEBRATION HERE IN BANFF. THERE IS BOTH THE SWEAT AND TURMOIL BEFORE THE EVENT AND THEN THE HAPPENING. AS YOU KNOW I HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH A NUMBER OF MUSICAL PROMOTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN MOST REWARDING - EXPERIENCE-WISE. AS FOR FINANCIAL RETURNS - THEY ARE MOSTLY OUT GOING BUT YOU CANNOT EVER EXPECT TO BE AN OVERNIGHT SENSATION, NOR CAN YOU HAVE UPS WITHOUT THE DOWNS. WE HAVE A FEW MORE EVENTS UP OUR SLEEVES AND THESE SHOULD CLEAR US WITH THE BANK. ALL IN ALL THERE IS LITTLE WORRY.

AS I SAID OTHER THINGS HAVE STEMMED FROM THIS ACTIVITY - THE MOST NOTABLE BEING AN APPOINTMENT TO THE BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS FESTIVAL COMMITTEE. I AM NOW SEEKING OUT THE JOB OF FESTIVAL CO-ORDINATOR. ONE OF THOSE FREE TIME, ALL THE TIME TYPE OF JOBS WITH NOTHING TO HOLD IN YOUR HANDS BUT THE SUCCESSFUL EVENT. I HOPE IT HAPPENS.

I MUST BUZZ OF NOW BEING SOMEWHAT BUSY LIKE THE BEE TO CONTINUE ON WITH A COUPLE OF OTHER THINGS.

ONCE AGAIN THANK YOU FOR YOUR THOUGHTS AND I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU SOON.

WITH LOVE

Brian.

David Cobbett

566 Lansdowne Ave.,
Montreal,
Oct. 1, 1968

Dear Granny,

It's got to the point where our visits to you are as much to please Linda as myself; as she always enjoys seeing you so much.

Needless to say, we both very much enjoyed our visit with

Our visit to you
made what would
have been a very
good weekend into
a treasured memory.

Thank you
so much for a
wonderful time.

Your grandson,
Dave

you very much.
As for me, I always
came away feeling
that I'm a better
man merely from
having talked to you.

One thing is
certain; I always
feel better after
eating one of your
sumptuous feasts, such
as you prepared for
us on Saturday!

WWD

Nov. 19, 1969.

Dear Granny:

I know that it is not good etiquette to start a letter off with an apology, but I must and tell you that I am sorry that I did not answer your letter sooner. However, I think that I have a pretty legitimate excuse for that and this simply is that I could not find very much time for extra activities last week and for that matter I'm pushing right now. It is almost the end of the first term and it seems as if all the professors have gotten together to get their last licks in before we go home for Christmas. Consequently the work is something out of this world and is keeping me very busy.

It was very kind of you to write to see how I am doing here and I appreciated it very much. I shall try to give you some of my impretion (impressions) of the university but I hope that you will forgive the brevity of the letter. I live off the campus and added to this I was late arriving at school (2 weeks) This has left me in the posxition of not knowing and not being able to meet alot of other students. The only way that I have found to accomplish this feat is to attend parties and other functions of this nature, but I don't really enjoy the life and so I try to get by with the friends I made before at other schools. FRiends are not everything but they sure help make life at a university more rewarding.

I have already mentioned the workload and as I said it is pretty steep although I did not think so at the beginning. I don't believe that I am caught up in the university life the way I should, but I hope that this will come naturally. My marks are rather a disappointment to me but I figure that if I keep on plugging away at the work that this also will change.

The campus is a particularally beautiful one and the facilities are very nice. It is a real pleasure to be here although I miss Montreal quite a lot. I am determined that I will make it through this year and onwards to my degree in the faculty of business. I still do not know where or what I am going to do in the future but I think that a degree in this subject will stand me in good stead in whatever I decide to do.

It is quite an intriguing life and I really have to find out what it's all about. Not knowing where my real interests lie make this a little difficult. Time will tell and I will have three more years to think about the future.

I am still going out with Page and I have seen here quite a number of times this term. Other girls don't really interest me the way she does and consequently I don't mind journeying to see her on weekends.

Once again I am sorry that this has to be so short but the studying must come first and so I must take your leave. I shall try to get a more informative and interesting letter off to you in the near future and if this is not possible wewill be able to talk about it at Christmas. Also thank-you for your wonderful letter. Hope to here from you again.

Love,

Brian/. Dudos.

Dec. 31/74

Dearest Grannie,

I'm spending a quiet New Year's Eve, as I usually do, thinking about myself, my good + bad points, my aspirations my failures, + my good fortune.

Along with "good fortune" comes the people I love,

and who love me and you are right up there in the #1 position.

Most of what you have given me would be impossible ever to repay - for these are the deeper, more intangible aspects of your giving which have come from within you.

But I can at least

tell you how much you have meant and will always mean to me - an inspiration, a guide, a comforter + a teacher.

Please forgive me for not coming to your Christmas party, but was in bed with the 'flu'. I wanted very much to come.

Have a very happy 1975

with love

XX's Dinee

Carlton Cards

100WN-22533A

Jan. 4/77

Dear Grannie,

My life has once again returned to its usual quiet, slow-paced rhythm; I returned here to the Farm to find a houseful of people, friends of Dr. Shep's and he himself, so Christmas went on for several days after the actual day, with lots of noise, celebrations, and fun. But now, everyone has gone, and there's just Eric and me, my five cats, my doggie, and my beautiful birds outside on the feeder. The peace feels almost as if someone has gently lowered a soft and gently darkened cloak over me, reducing my vision to just what is around me here, keeping out the noise, protecting me from the stresses of a different, faster-pace life outside my little valley! Eric also seems happy to be home, to sleep in his own bed, and to find places for all his new toys. The weather has been just perfect this week, quite mild, and sunny and windless. Eric and I have gone showshoeing several times through the woods, across the brook, up and down hills; the snow is very deep, and powdery and clean. Eric has taken to snowshoes without any problem, and actually, he has become very fond of the sport, frequently asking that we go out walking together. Next year (or perhaps early this spring), I will get him a set of cross-country skiis, now that I've seen how he loves the woods; I think he will get the hang of skiing without any problem.

I spent New Year's eve at home alone, doing a sort of 'personal inventory', which is what I usually do on New Year's. I sit down to a evening of thinking about the last year, where I have done well, and where I have failed, what has made me happy, and what had had the opposite effect; and then, I turn to the coming year, and write out an 'overview', a sort of general map of what I hope to accomplish in terms of social, spiritual, intellectual and creative aspects. When I have completed my overview, I then take out last years one, which I stash away for the year without looking at it, and re-read it....it is amazing how much one night of careful thinking and planning can affect the tone of the whole next year; I usually find that I have followed pretty closely along the lines of my 'overview', and it is very helpful to me to have some kind of general guide for the year.

Wasn't Christmas just beautiful this year? I enjoyed myself so much, being home and seeing all my family, my brothers, my Aunts, Uncles, and you. The highpoint of Christmas for me was the 'unveiling' of the three little pigs; I feel so proud to think that you have done this for me, and I just can hardly wait now to have my own little mansion, and to hang your picture in it. Thank-you as well for the very generous cheque, and for the owl ashtray. And, for the very smart green shirt you gave to Eric; it's just what he needs, since he has two pairs of green pants, and nothing special to go with them. Auntie Mary gave Eric a record player which has turned out to be the hugest success; he listens to it by the hour, literally, and is learning the words to the

songs on the records without any help from me. It has great possibilities as such, and I am now going to see what there is available on records in the way of educational stuff for children with speech problems.

Well, Grannie, I must go now, for the sun has come up, and it is time to prepare for the new day. I wish you the very happiest New Year.

Will write again soon,

much love, + xx's

Dinee

D. Cobbett
Forest Farm
RR4
Mansonville Pq.
J0E 1X0

MANSONVILLE
PM
4
P.Q.

MRS. E. Winslow-Sprague
2 Parkside Place
Montreal Pq.

Emperatriz Hotel
Madrid, Spain
July 3, 1969.

Dear Granny,

I will start off by apologizing for not thanking you for the $35 which you sent me. I know I should have sent you a note but I was so excited about the trip that it completely slipped my mind but now instead of writing a short note to you I can write a letter.

The plane arrived on schedule on Tuesday, July 1 at 8:00 A.M. Madrid time and 3.00 A.M. Montreal time. Since we were pretty tired out from our long journey we slept during the siesta period to try and regain our strength. That night fourteen of us ~~hoped~~ hopped into some taxis and went to a Flamingo nightclub, it seemed boring at first because I was not used to it but it gradually got better and better. On Wednesday half the tour decided to go to a bull fight while the other half would take a tour to the art museums in Spain, however since Spain is noted for its bull fights that is what I chose. The bullfight was in Burgos which is 150 miles from Madrid. We left Madrid at 10:00 and arrived at Burgos at 3:00 and we visited a Cathedral which is supposed to be the ~~tos~~ best in Spain. At 4:30 we headed to the bull fight and I was excited about going but by the end I thought it was the cruelest sport in the world. It got to such a point that I was rooting for the bull. If the bull had a chance I could see the excitment that it could create but there are about ten people against one bull and they ~~to~~ stab the ~~poo~~ bull with knives and spears to weaken him for the matadore and so when the matadore ~~stab~~ comes into the ring the bull is so weak he can barely stand up. Also if the bull somehow does win the fight by goging the matadore another matadore comes in to kill the bull and they do not let it go which is unfair. After the bull fight we had something to eat and it was the first meal I enjoyed while in Spain. All the food is greased up with olive oil and this does not agree with most of our stomachs but at this ~~particular~~ particular restaurant we had chicken which was greased but it tasted good. We ~~&~~ arrived back in Spain at 1:00 A.M and then my roommate, myself and two girls from ~~the Maritimes~~ Nova Scotia went out on the town and we arrived back at the hotel at 5:00 A.M. The tour of Madrid was put at 3:30 P.M on Thursday and we are ready to go. So I guess it is time to go, I will see you in a little while and I hope to hear from you ~~soon~~. soon.

Your grandson,
Vic.

Feb, 10/77

Dear Grannie,
Please forgive me both for not replying sooner, and for my 'choice' of stationery, which really isn't a choice at all, but at the moment I have nothing better; I have been feeling guilty for days about not writing to you, and finally today, decided I'd write in spite of my lack of better paper.
Thank-you for your generous gift of $50.00 which I have deposited in the fund. I wrote to the Montreal Gazette to try and get in touch with Laura Raun who wrote about the log houses, but have since received my letter back, saying on the envelope 'no person by that name here'....so, I guess I'll try to write diredtly to the company in U.S.A. and see if my letter will find its way there.
Today is a most beautiful springlike day...with the thermometer pushing its way over 50 degrees; I had begun to despain that a warm day would ever come again, and today gives me faith again.
This winter has seemed utterly endless out here; it has been a winter of gloom for me, for the most part. I guess we all have times in our lives when happiness eludes us, and searching for some source of happiness is not usually the answer....as I'm sure you know. Happiness starts inside, and if its there, then outside things can enhance this feeling of happiness. But if there is no joy in the soul, no amount of warmth or sunshine can find its way in...no object, no thing, no person can lighten a gloomy soul.
I have been doing a lot of praying and soul-searching....and feel better for it. The day my Uncle Stuart died, and I was feeling as if all the sun had gone forever, the chickadees returned.... it was almost like a sign to me, for I had felt that day as if I were totally deserted and alone, and had been praying sad prayers; then, all of a sudden, the chickadees, which had been conspicuously absent all winter, began to sing in the trees, and feed from my window-box bird feeder, and I felt alive and happy once again.
It's funny, when you pray for something as abstract as happiness, you don't really expect to have that wish granted....yet it was

granted to me....for, seeing the chickadees return made me happier than money, people, gifts or anything else. Deo gratias!
Uncle Stuart's funeral was yesterday, and it was a sad affair. I was glad to have gone, and it made me feel such warmth towards my family to see that Tyler was there, and that Frankie had come all the way from the Maritimes on a day's notice. It's funny, I used to think that growing up, and growing older was only a loss...a loss of childhood carefree times, when other's troubles didn't affect you, and you weren't supposed to worry about much of anything. But not until the past two or three years have I ever known the joy there is in giving, the reality of sharing, the beauty of being able to actually feel the pain of others suffering, and to try to comfort them. I think that some people never really grow up, for they never change....they never seem able to empathize or share very much....and they never go through stormy times....and I have come to believe that stormy times are all appart of growth.
Eric and I spent last weekend at Granby, with my old friends the Robinsons, and had a very good time. Dr. Shep and friends were here in our absence, working on the garage, and it is almost finished at last. Dr. S. will be leaving for England the end of March and may stay until the end of this year (Dec.). It will seem strange having him gone for so long, though I don't see all that much of him now. I often wonder where I would be today had it not been for him....in many ways I owe him my life.

I'm glad you like the jams....it's nice having a choice of toast coverings I always think, instead of the same old marmalade and strawberry jams. I was thinking of our times together in Almonte when I ordered those jams for you...remembering nice sunny breakfasts together, while we discussed the future, the present, and what we would do that day. You have given me so much that is so valuable to me...your encouragement, your ideas, your support....you are an example to me which I will always hope to emulate in some way or another. I love you, Grannie.

And now I must say goodbye for now...night is beginning to drop down and I must stoke up the fires. Love XX's Diane

65 East 23rd, Vancouver 15. British Columbia
February 27th, 1973.

Book referred to was on George Mercer Dawson

Dear Granny,

A much overdue letter - yes, I admit it and I apologize. I sometimes get in that special mood enabling me to throw myself in the sheer joy of it all, and a few letters creep out and (if fortunate) find themselves soon in the belly of a mailbox. Alas - such action is infrequent. However, what sparks this letter is the conversation I had with Mum and Dad last night (whoo- what a bill this one will be!); and during the course of it, I was told that you never received my letter thanking you for so kindly sending me your book. I am surprised, as I received it in good order from my mailman when I was living on West Eleventh (in November) and I remember sitting down & writing you almost by return mail. I regret your not having gotten it - from memory, it was a most excellent letter! No really - I was so pleased that you went to the trouble, and was sorry that only a note could express my thanks. It gave me the opportunity for once to successfully read the whole thing, and many people have been awfully interested in hearing about, and then reading, G.M.D's life.

It was very funny the other day - I was serving some tiny little spry old lady in the shop where I am currently employed. We got to talking, and she mentioned her trip last summer to Dawson Creek to visit her eldest son. I said that that was interesting and how much I would like to see Dawson Creek myself, since it was named after my mother's great uncle. She replied "oh, George Dawson, you mean". I must admit to surprise coming from me; that someone not living in that area to know the founder's name.

I was also interested a few weeks ago when I accepted a Bank of BC cheque from a customer. You are probably familiar with some of the "picture cheques" some banks are issuing now - with photographs and drawings on the cheque. Well Granny, the Bank of BC has cheques with small round pictures of the early founders of this province on the front, with a very brief paragraph dealing with that particular

man. Well, the cheque had a picture of George Mercer Dawson on the front, and it said that he was particularly interested in the origins of place names. I wanted to keep the cheque and send it along to you, but it was written out for $50.00 or so, and I think my boss would have appreciated it more having it in the bank than on its way to la belle province. Sorry! Did you know that there is a huge elementary school on Burrard Street here in Vancouver with the name Sir William Dawson School? The first time I saw it I almost fell down on the street! The school unfortunately has been boarded up for this school season, and the property is up for sale. I guess it's prime land for another horrific Vancouver sky scraper.

Life in Vancouver is good. The weather is a balmy 60° and the crocuses are up, with the daffodils coming a close second. The boring frustrating days of unemployment in November & December are over, and I am currently working in a Scandinavian-type store. My complaint there is – it's terribly boring! I keep asking them to give me work in order to keep my mind busy, and they barely oblige. My job with The Quest was constant work and there was hardly time to breath – I'm breathing more now, but regret it!

It certainly was good to hear your Christmas greetings over the telephone on Christmas Day... certainly talking to everybody made us feel better. Oh gosh! – I'm embarrassed... I don't think I ever wrote you after Christmas – oooo I am sorry. I wanted to thank you for that generous gift at the time – I must seem so ungrateful, but please believe me I am not. To be honest, it came at the perfect time – I was flat broke – and feeling very uncomfortable about it since it was Christmas and all. Because of the cheque, I was able to have a small party for some friends with Christmas cake and nuts and stuff, and it certainly made the season a little more jovial. Thank you.

Well, the hour grows late and this mouse must jump into his wee warm bed – a working day tomorrow! Do take care of yourself in mind and body, and if you have the opportunity, I'm always happy to get your letters. Bye for now. Love, Chris.

From Christopher Ducros grandson.

2467 West Forty- Seventh Avenue
Vancouver, British Columbia
V6M 2N3
5 March, 1976

Dear Grannimums:

This is just going to be a short note, I fear. I'm running around like crazy these days what with seminars, essays, sculptures etc. implicit with school in the attempt to get all finished well in time for the end of the month when I will at last get that B.A. Today is Friday and I don't think that I will be gatting a second of sleep all weekend. Poor me, eh?

So how are you these days, my dear? Dad wrote me and said that you looked absolutely radiant on your birthday. It sounded like that entire weekend was one of great ceremonies and event, what with the last Winslow-Spragge wedding, your birthday, and the Cobbett anniversary. I would have liked to have been there for the occaision (s). Well, Granny, since I wasn't I must send you a birthday kiss:

X

I have been told in the past that they are better in person, but since there is a mere 2,400 miles between us, that will have to suffice!

The weather in Vancouver has been really very nice. Surprise of surprises hit us last week when about 6 inches of snow fell and covered the city. The place was paralyzed for one day - it's so amusing when compared to the same amount falling in Montreal. All the crocuses and snowdrops were shivering under their cover of cold whiteness, however, now that most of the snow has melted, they have recovered their composure and spring happiness, and are cheering the robins and the rest of us.

It is crazy; now that I almost have the one degree, I am considering returning to school in the autumn to go for another. I believe this time it will be either in Winnipeg or Toronto. I prefer Toronto for its close proximity to Montreal, however, the University of Manitoba has a much better scholastic environment - besides offering a much more involving and recognized programme. The way I see it, should I go to Ryerson (Toronto) I will graduate certainly well-equipped for a job. However, should I graduate from Winnipeg I will be considered by prospective employers to have a much more professional status. I imagine it is the difference between a technical xxx school and a university. Whatever happens, I shall be looking for employment in the next few weeks with the intention of receiving good dollars, primarily, since education is of course not inexpensive. There is a good possibility that I might end up working all of next year to better equip me financially for three further years. Oh yes, my current fascination is with interior architecture.

I was very extravagant the other day and phoned Brian in Banff. It had seemed like such a long time since we had last communicated. He sounds awfully well, and quite excited by his new, and quite prestigous,

position with the Youth Orchestra. I am so happy that everything has worked out so well for him in Banff. I am quite excited myself because he thinks that he will be able to fly out next weekend and stay with us here. That will be so super. He is also pleased with Mum and Dad's offer to accompany them in Europe - he has been anxious to go for years, and this too has unfolded at a very good time for him.

Well I think I must skip off now and get a few things organized. I have to go out for a few hours to wish Allan Carlyle (one of Dad's old bridge buddies, and the father of my best friend, Fraser) the best as he is celebrating his birthday today. Maude, his wife, is a terrific hostess and will more likely than not have cooked up all kinds of goodies for us. Mmmmm - even a nice home-cooked meal!

So, I shall fly now, but send all my very best wishes to you and hopes that you continue on so very well. I think of you a great deal and would love to sit down and talk with you again soon. The afternoon we spent at Christmastime together was so very very nice and unfortunately not often enough are we able to do it. I adore the rock that you gave me (more correctly, the geode) , and the little blue ceramic dish sits proudly on my desk to remind me of you. Take care of yourself.

Much love,

Christopher

File with Grandchildren

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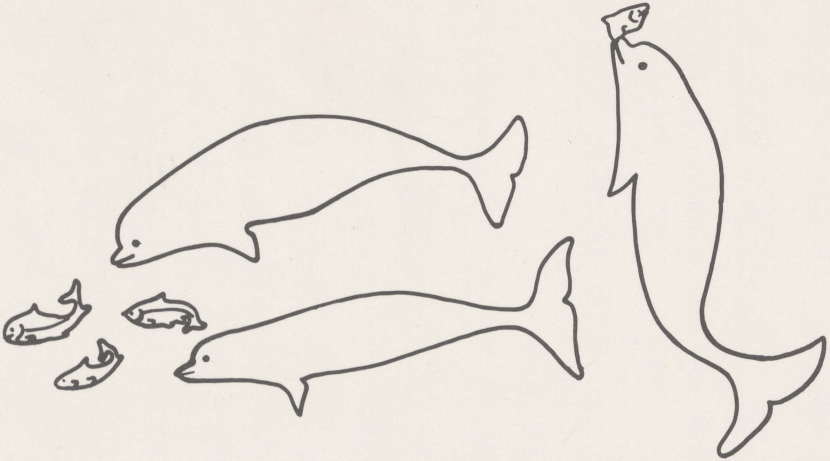


HUNTING WHALES *BY HENRI NEPARTUK* BÉLUGAS À LA CHASSE

IT AWFULLY SLACK (AS I SUPPOSE MOST GOVERNMENT JOBS ARE!) AND OCCASIONALLY GETS BORED BY THE LONG EVENING HOURS IN HOTEL ROOMS WHEN ALL HIS CO-WORKERS ARE GETTING DRUNK IN THE BARS... THUS, HE CERTAINLY APPRECIATES ANY GOOD READING THAT ANY OF US CAN GIVE HIM.

I SEEM TO BE IN FULL THROTTLE NOW WITH SCHOOL - THE MARCH STUDENT TENSION IS UPON US ALL → BEAUTIFUL VANCOUVER SPRING WEATHER CONTINUALLY TRYING TO CLOSE THE BOOKS ON US, TAKE THE PENS OUT OF OUR HANDS, AND TEMPT US TO GO FOR NICE WALKS ON THE BEACHES OR IN THE COUNTRY - I SUCCUMBED FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND AM NOW FURIOUSLY TRYING TO CATCH UP! ANYWAY, I MUST GET BACK, BUT I DO HOPE THAT SPRING TIME IN MONTREAL IS FINDING YOU

3069 WEST FIFTEENTH AVENUE, VANCOUVER - V6K 3A5.

DEAR GLANNY,

I MUST HALT MY SCHOOLWORK FOR A SHORT MOMENT IN ORDER TO DROP YOU A SHORT NOTE. FIRSTLY, I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR EFFORTS & THOUGHT IN SENDING ME THE TWO BOOKS, GOOD NEWS AND CHRISTIANITY: THE WITNESS OF HISTORY. I MUST ADMIT I HAVE YET TO HAVE SUFFICIENT TIME TO READ THEM IN THEIR ENTIRETY, HOWEVER AS YOU SUGGESTED, I HAVE SENT THE LATTER PUBLICATION WITH BILL ON HIS NEW JOB, WHERE I AM SURE HE WILL APPRECIATE READING IT. HE IS AWAY ALL WEEK, ACTING IN THE CAPACITY OF CHAIN MAN (?) IN A SURVEYING CREW FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT. HE IS ENJOYING IT, BUT FOR A FEW THINGS. HE FINDS

in top form. THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THE "CARE" PACKAGE - VERY MUCH APPRECIATED, I ASSURE YOU.

Love,
CHRIS.

MARCH 18TH 74.

ORIGINAL DRAWING - ESKIMO-INDIAN CO-OP - GREAT WHALE RIVER, QUE - VIA MOOSONEE, ONT.

"... And it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

May that be truly said of us — and all of us!"

Dear Gilmanians —
I do hope we'll have
a few bright little days
with us Christmas morning.
Love Chris.

Duclos.

February 5, 1972.

Dear Grandy,

I am sorry that this is somewhat late and I would hope that you would understand that this is somewhat due to my personality, somewhat due to the work that I have been confronted with in school. In any event, I want to thank you most sincerely first and foremost for being at my twenty first birthday get-together. It was an extremely fine occasion in my mind and it was so nice to see all those people who for so many years have given of themselves in somewhat of a behind-the-scenes manner. I want to thank you as well for the very fine letter opener and scissor set that you gave me at that time. I am sure no other implements are more useful to one in my position at present and will be in the future. The letter opener may get somewhat tarnished as it would seem others are as reticent as myself in writing letters. The only people I find who write faithfully are those institutions who I owe money to or who wish to have some of my money.

Well we never did get together over the Christmas holidays for our talk or whatever. I suppose what I had in mind was to talk to you, find out something about the family background and get to know you somewhat. It is NOT always good to visit with specifics in mind but rather to see what might evolve in the course of a talk. That is the sheer beauty of social intercourse, that it is so very unpredictable. Usually it is not so much what is said as how one says it, the emotion and certainty or resolve which one may interpret from the way a person talks.

Life as I have inferred has been rather hectic these last few weeks. It would seem that since I returned from my holidays that all the professors wish to get in as much work and essays as possible before the end of the year and so they have opened with both barrels blazing. Never a dull moment can be anticipated by all. Where we are all going is a rather obscure question. A number, a very great number, of points of views are presented with no absolute resolve in mind. It is sort of fascinating to know that from all this information one must judge what one will do in life and perhaps what views one will hold on life. One may become whatever one wishes. It simply appears that one must keep an open mind the whole time one lives for there truly are no absolutes by which we may use about various things in life - one must determine his very own interpretation of things, however using guidelines set by others. It sometimes leaves the law hanging in awkward positions.

And so life goes on and on. My twenty first birthday has been and gone. It really was no different an event than any other. I really must determine why such an event should take place. One day I am not a 'man', the next I am. No I have been a man for many years and I am still a child today and hope to be child-like for many years to come. Where is the fine dividing line between these two concepts? One is as true a conception of me as the other. This particular time to me seems to be a defining time. To compare me now to then - to see where I am going

I am getting older, hopefully wiser, viewing things from a more sophisticated outlook but at the same time this may be childish. I may be taking life too seriously and all my songs may be no more real than pages of history, and sitting about writing intellectual rhymes. Happiness and joy in the life, in the mind that I have, must be my ultimate goal to set for myself. A confidence in myself to look others in the face and feel a sincerity in myself that others may feel – that is my goal. All I have to do now is find myself. They say it's an uphill climb, but what is good if it is not gotten by some hard work?

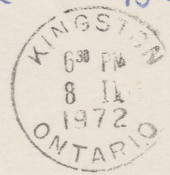
My view may be Utopian but it is one I hope I do not fall short on, for life would not be worth it if I could not achieve this.

I have gotten off my topic of conversation here and I hope you do not mind, that you may understand, as I think you do, what I am trying to say.

One last thanks. I thank you for being such a fine grandmother and a person. I wish to thank you for being such a fine example to me in my life. If I come close to the achievements that you have made I should feel very proud of myself, in private of course. Thank you for the thoughts every now and again and for our chance meetings.

With love, your grandson,
Brian.

Brian Duelos after his 21st birthday



Mrs. L. Winslow-Spragge
2 Parkside Place.
Montreal, P.Q.

July 5th, 1973.

Dear Svanimums -

So how are you old friend? Healthy, happy, smiling, and enjoying the rays of sun in your garden I hope. I've thought of you so much these past few months, as I have of the others who have given so much to lil ol' me in my nineteen years - being off as I am, often being very alone, gives me a chance to reflect a bit and appreciate all these great people - most especially you. Being so far away is often pretty awesome - I miss so many things so much - all those little things which made up my home, my life, and me. It was time for a change as I felt so indebted, often so unsure of my own capabilities - making the inevitable break so suddenly leaves many soft ends dangling. But here

I am in Vancouver, working at a beautiful job with so many kind people, trying to meet some fine folks, and living in my own tiny little apartment. It's really fun to plan for things for a period of time, then poof - spend a whole paycheck on something you want to have so much. My one problem is that I could justifiably be called a packrat - just like you and mum - always picking up a little object here or there that tells a little story and makes you feel happy you have it... I suppose one of this sort is not called a packrat, but a collector - the former is more fun though. My apartment is half of the main floor of a house built around 1910 - it's quite neat. It's sorely in need of repairs & "little" touches-up, and this all comes nice & slowly. I seem to constantly be at work. As co-manager I have so much to do - especially

Since the shop is not doing exceptionally well - the one in Banff, as usually, has business booming, as will the new shops in Victoria opening next week - incidently, how is The Crest doing? It seems to me such a crime when a shop such as The Quest has so many beautiful things, with a pleasant atmosphere and cheerful staff, doesn't thrive. I can't understand it at all - but the staff is all pulling very close together into a tight friendship and forming a great determination to keep the shop alive and kicking. It's a challenge I'm enjoying.

Well as usual with these little notes, space runs out prematurely, but there will be time in the future to go on. Right? Do pick up a pen and pad if you have time and give me a shout - I'd like to hear from you very much. Above all, take care of yourself Granny. Love Chris.

:)


J CARSON
1975
©

with your very generous cheque. You have really been so good to Marcel and I. We bought a beautiful rusty-orange rug to go with the sofa that we had re-covered. It looks great!, and we could not have bought it without your help.

I hope everything is going well for you - have you done any painting?

Thank you once again for everything. Love,

Marcel & Hélène

xxaxOOxxoxOOxxOO

Jan. 27/77.

Dear Granimum,

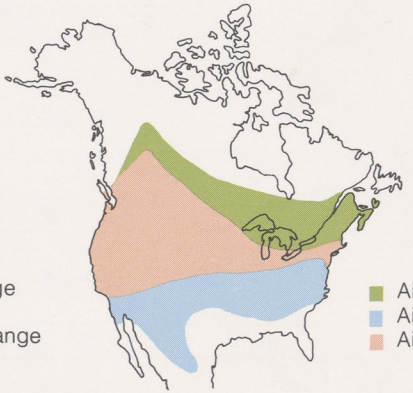
Thank you so much for the Christmas presies! I just love my little Scottish Silver Charm - the little horse has really got a lot of character and is one of my favorite charms! The Dutch sugar spoon is lovely - and we use it all the time (Marcel was quite "tickled" when he opened it up!)

We also received your letter in the mail

P.S. WE ARE MOVING TOMORROW INTO A 2 BEDROOM APT.!

LONG-EARED OWL

A master of camouflage, the Long-eared Owl can compress its feathers and appear to elongate its body to resemble a broken tree branch. Long ear tufts enhance this effect. Strictly nocturnal, they are seldom seen, roosting close to the trunks of dense evergreens. This crow-sized owl (13″ to 16″) eats mainly mice and other small rodents. Its calls include a variety of hoots, barks, and shrieks.



- Summer range
- Winter range
- Year round range

- Aire de répartition en été
- Aire de répartition en hiver
- Aire de répartition l'année durant

HIBOU À OREILLES LONGUES

Le hibou à oreilles longues, maître de l'art du camouflage, peut comprimer ses plumes et semble allonger son corps pour ressembler à une branche d'arbre brisée. Des aigrettes mettent en valeur cet effet. Strictement nocturnes, on les voit rarement juchés près des troncs d'arbres à feuilles persistantes. Ce hibou de la dimension de la corneille (13″ à 16″) mange principalement des souris et d'autres petits rongeurs. Ses cris comportent une variété de hululements, d'aboiements et de cris perçants.

The above information has been researched and edited by the **Canadian Nature Federation**

THIS IS A GENUINE
Pepper House
ORIGINAL

L'information ci-dessus a été recherchée et éditée par la **Fédération canadienne de la Nature**

604 Clarke Avenue
Montreal 217, P.Q.

December 27/69.

Dear Grandmums,

If ever anybody asked me to name someone who I thought best symbolized the spirit of Christmas, I would surely say you. You are so full of kindness and thought for others that it never ceases to amaze me. I want to thank you so very much for the beret and the scarves - they are really lovely. I honestly don't know how you manage to get all these things done.

Christmas has been especially wonderful for me this year because there have been a great many things I have come to realize. I have

that some day I will be as good as you and mum and Dad. I think the most important thing that has happened to me these past months is that I have come to believe in God. This, I think, is probably the most important discovery of my life. In believing, I have found so very many worthwhile things. The bible, for one and all the things of which it speaks. At the christmas Eve service this year I have never felt more strongly the will to do good and to make this coming years and all the following ones more worthwhile than any others I have ever spent. I just cannot cannot find the words to express what I felt during that service - a closeness to God which I have never in my

learned that giving is much more satisfying than taking. unselfishness must be the greatest virtue of all. with the wonderful parents I have, and a grandmother like you, you would have thought I would already know all this. However, I have found that there is a great difference ~~in~~ ~~that~~ between knowing something and realizing and becoming aware of it. I suppose for a good long time I was too involved in my own problems but now I am sure enough of myself to feel confident in giving my time and thoughts to others. I know I am a long way from being perfect but I feel happy that I am moving along the right road. I just hope

life experienced before. I know it is something which I will never forget. For the first time I believe that I am into something very good. I adore school and feel sure that it will lead me to succeed. I hope this letter does not sound too confusing and that you understand what I am trying to say. It is still difficult for me to convey these thoughts to others. I suppose what I am really trying to say is that now, more than ever before, I find such joy in life and that the more I try to give, the happier I become. I think I am finally unlocking the door to life.

All the best for the new year. I hope I will see you before returning to Toronto.

Much love,
Jennifer.

Dec. 27, 1969

604 Clarke Avenue
Montreal 217, P.Q.

Dear Grannimums,

As Jennifer told you, we exchanged our gifts and I must admit that the red, white and blue scarf and tammy look rather smashing on me with my navy blue coat. Long scarves are in style now so I was hoping to receive one for christmas! I really love it - thank you very, very much.

So far, the holidays have been great fun - the gathering at your house when Aunt Isobelle and Uncle Ed. returned all the 'pigs' to the various families, the Harrington's party where we saw all the young children running around all excited, needless to

say, about Christmas, Jer's and my party where we saw all our old friends again and, of course, the annual Christmas party at our house where we had an all too rare visit with our many terrific relatives. And so, Christmas is over, once again, for another year but the new year is just around the bend and I'm sure there will be many a party up north to celebrate!

It was wonderful to see you again and thank you again very much for the elegant "red, white and blue." All the best in the new year.

much love,

Janie

Tues., Sept. 24

Dear Grannimums,

Thank you very much for having me up to your charming and peaceful home in Almonte. It was really great to see the house again and to see you before my Swiss venture! I hope I did not inconvenience you too much with the closing up.

I would also like to

marvellous company, delicous food and perfect surroundings. In other words, thank you for everything!

much love,
Janie

Thank you very much for the cheque you gave me. I hope to buy a good German radio in Switzerland with it.

Thank you also for the talks we had. Those and the article about the existance of God have made me think of Him and of His reality.

It was fun to see Uncle Ed and aunt Isobelle and Debbie again and to see their new house.

Thank you again for the

January 23, 1977

To my dearest Grannimuma,
Who is as thoughtful as they come.
Thank you for the generous cheque
Which I have not spent as yet.
But for myself I shall buy
Something that will catch my eye.
Something useful or something pretty
Or maybe even something witty.
The note paper is so lovely too.
The first one I write to is naturally you.
The flowers make me think of spring
Oh! What a very funny thing!
For outside there is still piles of snow
and I'll be skiing tomorrow for all I know.
So thank you again and without further ado,
I will simply say I love you.

PTO

Much love from

Janice xx

1974

td 12

Apt. 17, 6 Howard St.,
Toronto 5, Ontario,
January 14/1974.

Dear Grannimums,

Well - as usual I'm rather late but I hope that won't undermine how much I adore the picture you gave me. I have never seen anything like it before but I can't stop looking at it and admiring the absolute perfection of every stitch and the beauty of the colours. Along with the other lovely picture you gave me in the fall, I suddenly realized how nice it would be to build up a collection

of good artwork and how nice it will be to know and remember the wonderful lady who started me off on my collection - and especially that the very first was something done by herself - thank you so very much, grannimums, you have no idea (or probably you do!) how much these pictures mean to me & the pleasure I derive from them. Your cheque was also a lovely treat and is being put towards the framing of my new addition. I can't wait to get it up on the wall and think I shall put it where I can see it when I wake up on those grey mornings and I shall have a fresh, warm breath of summer.

I was so sorry I didn't see you before I came back to Toronto. as mum probably told you I was working very hard the last days of my visit in order to get caught up on my work - I barely left my room. I did call on Re Friday I left hoping to drop by for a brief visit but unfortunately you weren't in. But I will be down again either for my mid term break in March or over Easter weekend. It was such a nice treat to have you spend Christmas Eve & day with us and hope you will make a habit of it.

Did mum tell you that Peter & I became very involved reading your book? It was so fascinating & a real treasure.

lots of love & hugs & kisses Jenny

Barbara Van Nimwegen
3329 BELLA VISTA SOUTH
SEATTLE, 98144
WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

August 25/76.

Dear Grammons,

I am finally getting around to writing a few letters. I had forgotten how much time a tiny baby takes. Your parcel took a long, long time coming out here, arriving just a day or two ahead of delivery day. The main thing is that it did get here and I did enjoy the soap and the violet perfume in the sweet little container (which I keep beside my bed.) It was such a thoughtful present - the mother is the one who deserves all the presents anyway! Thank-you very much.

Michael Winslow is his mother's pride + joy and I am loving every second I am with him. I realize now how fast this time goes and so I live from day to day. He is a very good baby. He manages to

MICHAEL WINSLOW - 2 WEEKS
JULY 1976

MICHAEL WINSLOW - 3 DAYS OLD
COMING HOME - JULY 15, 1976

sleep through most nights. He is learning to smile and watches very intently when I talk to him. He weighs over 11 pounds so he is nursing well too. We go to the pediatrician tomorrow for a check-up + I expect we'll have a good report.

Derek has decided that his brother is NOT so bad and has not started digging the hole yet! He loved getting your nice letter. He is getting pretty busy. He has been going to Vacation Church School this week and he has also started Soccer Practice two days a week.

Don is doing well too. He just had two weeks off. He went back to work on Monday + finds it quiet as the nurses are all on strike so there is very little surgery - only emergency operations.

I hope you will enjoy the enclosed photos. Michael is wrapped in your shawl in one, + he is lying on a blanket that Dinee crocheted in the other.

Much love,

Barbara.

Mrs. E. S. Winslow-Spragge,
"Cedenbrae"
233 Hamilton Street,
Elmonte,
Ontario.

Barbara Van Nimwegen
3329 BELLA VISTA SOUTH
SEATTLE, 98144
WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

A8

WE HAVE A GRANNY
WHO'S GROOVY AND GAY,
AND WITH US LITTLE PEOPLE,
SHE SURE HAS A WAY;
SHE FEEDS US, SPOILS US,
AND IS OUR CONFIDANTE TOO;
WE SURE LOVE OUR GRANNY,
CAUSE SHE CHEERS US UP WHEN WE'RE BLUE.
SHE REALLY IS LIVELY
AND PLAYS MANY A ROLE,
LIKE LOVEABLE OLD SANTA -
WITH HIS PRESENTS - O MY SOUL!
WE'D LOVE TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING,
AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU;
BUT NOTHING WOULD COMPARE,
INSTEAD, ACCEPT THIS TOKEN TRUE -
SO HERE ARE TWO CANDLESTICKS
SHINEY AND NEW,
AND TO MAKE THIS POEM RYHME,
WE'VE BOUGHT THEM IN BLUE;
AND HERE'S HOPING THAT THEY'LL SHINE
JUST AS BRIGHT AS YOU.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY