

DorleLettersF L0003 (English)

Trois-Rivières, Quebec, 5.7.55

Dear Aunt L. Just a quick letter before it gets dark. Our second day of vacation is already over, that is, I've been on vacation since Friday, but on Friday Inge's mother and Sister M. left and I wanted them to be able to spend a lot of time with their fiancés, who she has been doing technical drawings for, so we left Toronto on Monday. We went for a swim at midday and in the evening tried out the air mattresses, which you can get very cheaply at the special sales. Otherwise, no particular events, except that when we encountered a ship on the water, we went out again in the evening, so many at the Quebec border, that was already new territory up to the beginning of Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands, and a large, beautiful bridge to the States, and the St. Lawrence River with steamers, which is very busy there and makes the Rhine from Bingen to Mainz seem small and natural, of course. In the evening we drove ashore onto a mown meadow and first went for another swim in the river in front of us. Then we got hungry, as we still wanted to go to Chicago. We still had potato salad and anchovies, then we played a game of Twenty-One before a thunderstorm, which was rolling in very spookily. It was a magnificent spectacle of colors and wind on the water, the boat was tugged at its anchor a few times, and then it was so warm at night that we had the doors and windows of the car open and just lay in our sleeping bags in our pajamas.

You can probably imagine that by 5 o'clock in the morning we felt the need to stretch our legs, even though we had both slept well. So I slipped out of the sleeping bag; Inge was still lying in the back. We drove off like that until just before Montreal. There we went for a swim, did our morning routine, and finished off the rest of the apple salad. Then it was on to Montreal. You could notice a difference right from the border. All the traffic signs were different from over there, the traffic rules weren't as strict, and the people speak French and English—French as a dialect, English as the language of school; the people aren't as polite as in Ontario, they're more laid-back. Montreal itself is beautiful, but completely different from Toronto, it makes a much more European impression. There are churches on every corner, very nice ones with beautiful altars, and above all, St. Joseph's Oratory is magnificently situated, in the middle of the city on the mountain. I will send you pictures then. Has she already written that she took a drawing course?

Warm regards, Your