

DorleLettersD L0003 (English)

Toronto, June 22, '56

Dear Mother! This will be the last letter from Toronto; by the time you get it, I'll already be on my way. I have 3 months' leave from the hospital, so I'm going to check things out over there first, and if I don't like it, I'll come back. So I'm not taking much luggage with me at all; I'm storing everything at your place. The enlarger has to come with me, of course, although on the trip I'll probably be shooting in color and with the Rolette in black and white. How do you like the color pictures, by the way? Nice, aren't they? For showing people, at least. To be honest, I haven't been able to get truly excited about color yet; with black and white, you can bring out so many things and effects, shadows and light and so on. But maybe I just haven't worked with color enough yet. And because of that, you don't have albums and can't look at them. Tomorrow I'm going with Inge and Klaus to their cottage again; it's quite cozy now, with electricity. For his birthday, Klaus got an inflatable boat from Inge's parents and a table set from Inge, so now he sits in the inflatable boat all day and fishes. And on Sunday is our big summer festival at Schmoeler-Haven. For three days, Omar, Ellen, and I painted a poster, a cowboy on a horse without a head, where you can then stick your head through. Yesterday I took three pictures of the pastor with pistols on a galloping horse as test shots, and last night after 8 o'clock I developed and enlarged the film to check for flaws in the picture. The pictures are hilarious; I had to laugh so hard while enlarging them. The horse is about 1.75 m high, not quite life-size, so the head looks too big, like in a caricature. But since I made the picture in color, light blue and green are the same tones on the film, so we have to create shadows with paint between the two colors. Then Inge made 65 raffle tickets with rubber bands, with prize numbers on them, which will be sold; one number will win a motor sailboat. Then Sigmund made a game of skill, a larger aluminum disc and 4 smaller discs that you have to cover the larger one with. Siegfried has a shooting gallery, Klaus has two caricature heads that Inge painted, with the mouths cut out.

On Saturday at 5 in the morning, we went camping in Algonquin Park with the youth group, 16 of us: Victor, George, Friedwin, Christel and Horst Wermescher, Werner Kjör, André, Käthe, Gisela, Hans-Jürgen, Uta, and Hans and I, Klaus, and Inge. We had 6 tents. After we rented 6 canoes, we paddled far into Lake Opeongo and found a wonderful campsite. We set up the tents and built the campfire. Then we went swimming and canoeing. In the evening, we sang by the campfire until 1 o'clock. André played the accordion, and since there were only 8 of us at the fire—the others had already retired to their beds—it was so nice, really cozy. Then we also heard the animals: bullfrogs, deer that were barking, and beavers gnawing on trees. There were thousands of black flies and mosquitoes, and they seriously disturbed our sleep. But I crawled into my sleeping bag and slept soundly. The next morning, George, Victor, André, and I went on a "bear hunt." We took the boats 2 hours into the backcountry and then hid them in the woods. After that, with a compass, a bush knife, and provisions, we set off, marking trees as we went. We also saw bear droppings; Victor hunted a lot in Alaska, you see, and knows his stuff. We saw deer and young foxes, and lots of mosquitoes and swamp & rotten trees. But it was very interesting, and after a 2 1/2 hour march, we came upon our camp, had lunch, and returned to the boats on foot,

getting lost along the way. In the evening, there was a thunderstorm, but it's also fun to huddle in the tents and sing or tell stories. Later, Anethe and I grilled some wieners, and with all the canoes, we snuck up on the campsite of another group that we had already spent the day with. But they couldn't catch us. The next evening, we all drove to Highway 35, where Gisela and I said our goodbyes. André played the accordion, Siegfried handed us Life Savers, and Inge gave us flowers. And so we set off with song and music. Gisela will take the train back from Vati's place, because she is very nice and we sing and talk a lot, which is lovely for me. It was a very sudden decision for her to come along. It was all decided at the Schneider's summer festival, 5 days before I left. We have a small tent, so we'll camp and cook every evening. Well, the travel report will continue in the next one; I have to go cook Debswurst soup.

Warm regards, Dole