



Goan Gillis
R.R. #1

New Westminster, B.C.

Canada.

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Painier, Alta.

Dear Joan:
Hel-lo! How's the thrill
of Scott Hill? Thanks for your
very nice letter. I certainly enjoyed
hearin' from you. Jaysus, Joan, don't
let writting long letters bother your sweet
conscience, 'cause I love 'em. I love
to (as you say) "wade through 'em", too.

Well, Joan, what are you doin' this
bright and cheery morning? Ah! Good
Morning, Joan. Sleep well? (I hope you
read this in the morning)

Well, anyway, how are you Joan?
None the worse after that "horrible" weekend,
I hope. It sounded like lots of fun
to me. And say, I don't mind being
your "it".

Now for more about your letter:
About the work over here; holy foo but
I must of put it on thick. Of course,
I have time to eat! I'm usually first at
the table and last to leave. Boy, but do
I love the dinner call! Not because I'm
hungry but because we can rest - ah!

beautiful rest.' Seriously though, I'm not working that hard. The work has been hard but I'm getting use to it now. We've finished all the field work and there's really not much work to do now. But there's enough to keep us busy — damn it. But don't worry, Joan, I'm not working myself to death. Here, pinch my arm. See, I'm alive. Ouch. (you pinched me too hard). Lily, ain't I?

What do we do in the winter?
Nothing! Nothing except the chores. My brother and I may try to find work elsewhere — but not till I have a vacation. Gee, I wish I could go home for a visit, even for a few days. I do day-dreaming, though.

Music? I think I like Bing the best. I like smooth lingering music. Of course I like classical — but not too classical. One thing I don't like — yet — is that corny cave-man music (rock & roll I mean). It actually drives me nuts. (Of course that's taking for granted that I'm sane — which I'm not out here)
Of course everyone has their own particular

likings — but I like Bing any time.
He drives me nuts, too, in a different way.

So you were building castles in the
sands? How romantic! Oh, I forgot.
There were children with you. How horrible!
I pity you, but I bet you did have some
fun, huh?

A working woman, are you? School's your
job. Stick to it. I would if I could.
Which reminds me, school begins soon
again, huh? Tech, tech, how time
flies. Now books and scripping with the
teachers. When I think of school now
they seemed lots of fun.

You mentioned disagreeable odours of
fish. Phooey! I met a skunk the other
day and I thought it was very cute.

Seems he didn't think the same of me,
anyhow, I got the worst of him and he
got the best of me. I'll leave it to your
imagination as for what happened. Anyway, the
dog killed him and I went on my way.
Well for the next week the dog and I were
both in the dog house. I wouldn't attempt
to describe the odour. Phew!

The moon? I don't think I've ever
stopped to admire it. (I hit the hay just about dark)

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The sunset is pretty out here, considering the fact that there is nothing but bald-headed prairie hills to give it a beautiful atmosphere. I think the other kids will back me up when I say that the sunset is very beautiful.

I work in my talking suit so I have a pretty fair tan — but if I keep this up much longer I'll be burnt to a black crisp. Boy, it sure has been hot on some days, the last two weeks for instance. But today was cold! Can you imagine that? In mid-summer, too! Cold today — hot tomorrow! Gosh, what goofy weather! How is it out there?

— Did I leave any questions out?

Well what are you doing these days? Working in the pea-plant or are you taking care of the husband with the sick wife? Oh yes, there's a baby in the family too, isn't there? (Ain't a bit funny am I?)

How are Wonnies and your folks? I hope they're all well. And you. Are you taking good care of yourself?

Say Joan, do you still marry shows? Gosh, I haven't seen one for so long, I forget what they're like. Honest. I haven't gone to Calgary yet, but I expect to some time.

during the month. My brother took a truck load of vegetables in last week. He'll be gain' in quite after now and I hope to make one of the trips with him. I honestly wouldn't mind seeing Calgary again. I can still remember some of the old haunts where I used to play and get into a lot of mischief. After all it's only been about ten years ago.

Gosh! Here I'm talking about nothing — I guess I'm boring you, huh.

Take care of yourself, Joan.

And Give my love and best wishes to your folks and of course Donnie.

Good-bye till next time — and don't worry about us 'cause we're all fine.

Yours,
Alley.

P.S. —

PPS. (Imagine that!) no P.S.

Bye Alley.

(Oops! over)

Joan, will you tell me how long my letters
take to get to you. This letter will
leave Rainier on the 14th one of the two
mail days we have.

Thanks.

Ally.