

Air Mail



Miss Joan Gillis,
R.R. #1

New Westminster, B.C.
Canada.



as I said before it's a dump. It's 3 miles
away. Brooks is the nearest town
it's about the size of Cloverdale.
We've been there only once. It's about 25
miles away. We are about 140 miles
South of Calgary. 80 miles from
Lethbridge. Do you see we
are away from civilization. He' He'!

I guess I'm just pushing
words along so I guess I'll
say good-bye but before I do
will you please give my best
to your Mom and Dad and Louie.
We'll take care of yourself, Joan,
and be good.

Good-Bye & Good Luck!

Albert Okama.

July 4, 1942.
Grimm, Alta.

Dear Joan:

Hello there! I just received
your letter last mail-day. Gee!
it was swell to hear from you.
Thanks a million for writing.
Gosh, I've been a terrible fool.
You've got all the right in the
world to be angry with me, Joan.
I have been busy — but not so
busy that I should neglect
writing to you. Gee, Joan. I'm
awful sorry, I guess I was
never cut-out to write letters.
But from now on you can be
sure you'll hear from me often —

maybe too often. I hope you
don't think I've forgotten you.
Do you? It was awful of you
to write - and - gosh, I just
feel awful about it. Anyway
we're writing to each other now -
and that's what counts. Isn't it?
I still feel terrible and I guess
I always will - unless you
say you'll forgive me. Please!

Well to change the subject
to something much more
important, how are you, Joey?
How are your Mom and Dad?
And little Ronnie? I just
know everything's all right.
How are all your friends?

things and out here we plant trees
to get a wind-break and to have
some shade. Funny isn't it?

Oh yes! you asked where
Rainier was. (I think you wrote Ranier
but it's Rainier) Anyway you won't
find it on the map it's such a
small dump. It's only our P.O. and
our store and garage. We get mail
2 times a week. By the way how
long did this letter take to get to
you? I ask because all mail
coming in takes from two to three
weeks! (I only realized this a few
weeks ago when my brother
brought it to my attention.

Well, to get back to Rainier

was over to your party, well he's
got them developed and he's gonna
send them to you - but not
until I get some prints. Some of
them are swell.

Well, back here on the farm,
all our crops are in, and they are
coming along swell. We've got acres
and acres of grain, and lots of
spuds and vegetables like that.

Gee it sure is some job keepin'
them clear of weeds. Say, Joan,
how is your "Victory Garden"
coming along? Swell, I hope.

Say, Joan, one funny thing
that I learned out here is that
back home we cleared trees to plant

I hope I'm still one of them.

Let's talk about you, Joan,
shall we? Say, did you know
you're a beautiful little flatterer?
"You had me redder than a beet."
Really! But really, Joan, you're
so understanding and everything, I
think your swell. Honestly!!

And, gosh, where did you learn
to write so well. Honestly, when
I read your letter, I think I'm
sittin' right next to you.

Are you enjoying your holidays?
Wasn't that last minute at
school, a grand and glorious
feelin'? I can just picture
you, Joan, slamming your

books in your suitcase and probably
giving a shout of joy. I bet you
made faces at Mr. Thomas
you disliked. Say for instance,
"Jackie Harkin." Gosh, Joan, I
hope and pray you don't have
her next time. She's just
like you said, "Stupid," and
gosh I mean stupid. She's the
most ignorant person I know.
I ought to know. She taught me
for a couple of years and look
what she done to me. Ha Ha.
Honestly though, I think she's
not fit to teach. But then,
who am I to judge?

By the way, Sonny does all the chores.
He milks like an "old hand" now.
We have lots of horses about 25
but only 8 are working horses
the rest of them are wild and
they just romps around in the
pasture back of our fields. We
have two swell ridin' horses. Gee,
their beauties. I fell off once
when I was too lazy to put on
the saddle. (I couldn't catch the
horse again so I had to walk)
I'll send you some pictures
of them and the farm as
soon as I can.

And, Joan, remember those
pictures you took when Sonny

the farm so I'll tell you about it.
I guess Sonny has told you
most of the things though.

Well it's not such a big farm
as compared to some of them
around here, it's got $3\frac{1}{4}$ sections.

(I guess it's large compared to our
10 acres back home - but it's far
from being home.) You see we're
running the farm for a Mr.
Bennett. He moved out to Calgary.
so we've got the whole farm to
ourselves. I guess we are pretty lucky
at least I sure hate to work
sugar-bats. It's such a monotonous
job. Well, anyway, we've got lots of
cows (20), only 3 are milking cows.

I am sorry to hear Mr.
Linkster is leaving you. He was
swell to us. I haven't much
to say for Mr. Sanford. You won't
lose much by his going - but
Keithly! Ye God! What a prize-
sop! Phooey on him!

Ya. isn't it terrible
weather we've been having! I
guess it's the same here as in
Lunny, coz we've been having
rain, rain and more rain.
Honestly the last week (4 days)
~~was~~ the only hot "days" we've
had since coming out here.
Gosh! but was it hot.
Whew! I never seen nothin' like it.

I think I could fry an egg
on a chunk of iron (We have no
sidewalks).

At present we've been
haying, and gosh is that a job.
We've got some 30-odd acres of
hay to put up. We cut it
last week and now we are
bringin' it in on hay-racks.
We are blowin' it into the
barn loft with a grain
separator. Gee this is the hardest
job yet - Oh! come to think
of it, I hate fixin' fence the
most and we spent about
2 weeks fixin' about 10 miles
of fence. Gee that a job, and

I've got plenty of scars to show
you, Joan. That damn barbed wire
can sure make some nasty cuts.

Say, by the way, now that
you've got your holidays, what are
you doin'? Are you workin' somewhere?
And, Joan, will you do me a favor -
eat plenty of cherries for me -
but don't eat the green ones, I
don't want you to get sick.

Gosh, I like cherries. Don't you?

Joan, have you been in
swimmin' lately? I guess we
are pretty lucky 'coz we've got
a swell place to swim only a
few steps from the house.
What reminds me, you ask about

P.S. % of Mr. Bennett is not
necessary. Call me or let every you
like, Joan. I could add a lot
more of nick-names to your list
but anything will do. I ain't
fussy - much. Ha! Ha!
A.C.

P.P.S.
Please excuse my pen-scratch.
I know I'm a limited writer.
We have pens but they didn't
help me! Ha! Ha!
A.C.
