


BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



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1st July

Dear Queen + Frances,

I should have sat down immediately yesterday + written but somehow I was only too grateful on arrival to be pushed gently off to bed + only woke up for an evening meal + sent to bed again after that, + in bed I seemed to hear the incessant roar of the engines + see those red light flashes on the wing tips. This morning I had a sort of bilious attack + had to repair to my bed again, but I think tomorrow I shall be more myself. Last night Iee took me for a short drive round the top part of Sidney + we passed the Indian Reserve - awful wee shacks with dirty curtains + no attempt at gardens. We saw one flat faced Squaw. That + a huge Cadillac I saw outside the airport have really made me feel I have arrived, but apart from that a lot does see very English.

ended up to schedule.

The flight across took $25\frac{1}{2}$ hrs exactly. We stopped at Goose Bay in Labrador for refueling in the dark, & it seemed to be a huge airfield into hundreds of twinkling lights. Apparently it is only an airfield & only grew up during the last war. As we were flying westward we had terrifically long twilight & then an equally long dawn. The meals were very nicely served & as Frances said you don't get worried about as they do in a train. Obviously the stewards know that your stomach can't acclimatise to the changing clock, so they just keep on serving up meals in the correct order no matter what, & we had breakfast in the middle of the night & a delicious lunch I suppose about six in the morning. We had a complete mixed bag of passengers, all ages from babies ~~sewed~~ in cradles, ^{screeched} onto the luggage racks (excuse my error) to quite elderly people, & Germans, Norwegians & French, but in any situation an air hostess or someone can

be produced to talk the right language. I was
lucky I had a window seat to sit next to a
nice Canadian woman who had lived all over
Canada & was a very good guide, & the third
seat of our row was taken by a nice Scots girl
from Kilmarnock who was just going for 2
months holiday to New Westminster.

I was able to pick out Tee Christie at the
airport eve before I'd got out of the plane by
Frances' description of her (she was not carrying
a handkerchief in her left hand) & she at
once swept me off under her wing. They have
given me the cosiest welcome & it really is
amazing to come such a long way & find
something so home-like at the end of it all.

Aunt Ina is sweet & I can well imagine
her being a great friend of Uncle Tom's.
She takes the same delight in puns & simple
jokes. Tee is a splendid Zoe-like sort
of character & takes a fearful lot,
& Florence is a wee wee spickly sparrow,

rather a crave little person. Alec has not yet appeared, as he is away sailing until this weekend. I gather that he has no job but just sails & visits friends. I fear he too may be rather a dweebish buddy, but in the little bathos of his which I am at present allotted there is an excellent chart of Vancouver Island which I find most useful. The bungalow is right down on the water & it is a fairly cozy boat. There doesn't seem to be a lot of garden on the sea front & on the other side it is all flooded & little paths & things climb up the walls. Like most other houses here, from the road above you can't see anything but trees & you wouldn't know there was a house there.

I have seen 2 herons, a large robin and a red capped woodpecker. I thought you said the birds here didn't sing, but I hear all kinds of birds singing away.

Florence is fearfully depressed about the job prospects in Victoria, but she has been told she's not to discuss it with me & she only brings it up secretly when we're on our own & I dismiss it airily. I don't think I need go by her.

Today has been a public holiday - I think it was Dominion Day, - & all sorts of local celebrations have been held but I was too doped to take any interest. Tee warned me on arrival & I think she is quite right that it takes about 3 days to recover from the flight. I can't think how these big business men manage to attend conferences every where every day of the week.

By the time you get the Frances will be well out of Goodwood & I shall be so interested to hear how it goes. I hope she is going to be kind ~~to~~ to Kill & allow her to sleep in the end of her bed.

I have remembered another little business

matter - that Miss Buttercote will be
sending me a bill for all the little
transaction she has done on my behalf
lately. Please send the bill to me here,
probably into the photostat.

Wanted that a wonderfully arranged send-off
by Jean! I looked for you as the plane
took off, but your waving base seemed so
far away + I wasn't sure whether I could pick
out Jean's blue suit or not. How you

will have all the work to do preparing for
the Society visit and I expect Frances has
tackled the little shed which is really
rather nice a Ladies Reserve. I expect
I shall get fixed up next week with
Society + will let you know what sort of
accommodation it is + what sort of a temporary
job. Tomorrow Jean is taking me in to
Victoria just for a look round.

lots of love to you both + many thanks
for all your kindnesses over my departure.

x x x x for Jane.