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30 May, 2004

Dear Michael,

I have just come inside after filling the "gaps" in the array of Impatiences which I plant around the trees in the garden behind the house. When we arrived in Canada I bought some tulip bulbs and suggested that Basil plant them as "Master of the House". The gesture was largely because I did not know which way up to plant them and it transpired neither did he! Fortunately, we have both learnt and have much to see for our efforts on this coast where the mild climate is very much more conducive to gardening than that of Nova Scotia.

When we returned from a cruise in mid November I had a nasty cough and a fluctuating fever. Despite eight doctors and numerous cat scans etc the problem is only now being diagnosed and chemotherapy is to begin in mid June. This diagnosis has been traced to mesothelial cells of asbestos in the space between the chest wall and the lung membrane! An Englishman, well known to a local friend, apparently had a persistent cough which was eventually diagnosed as being caused by asbestos in the ship in which he was torpedoed during the war! I was on the Admiral's Staff in Simonstown but never torpedoed! I did, however, accompany Basil when he was assessing possible asbestos mine areas in the Transvaal many, many years ago!

Now on to much more pleasant activities for the Cookes. Some many months ago Basil was invited to attend a small symposium on certain aspects of Early Man sponsored by the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, to be held in late May. He was noncommittal about attending as we were still in the dark regarding my health problems. However, he did start to work on a suitable topic for presentation and suggested that he would pay his own way if he decided to attend! He did not in fact go but had telephone calls from the Chairman/woman and all were complimentary about his paper!

In recent years we have witnessed the intense "hype" that attends any holidays and one of these is "Mother's Day". Patrick does a lot of business in the Eastern United States so ended up flying from Miami to Seattle in Washington State where he collected a rental car and drove North to Vancouver. Here he arrived at 10 p.m. on the Friday. Saturday - Mother's Day - was celebrated by five Cookes as Christopher and Sharron came to lunch. The day was perfect and we spent much of it outdoors. Patrick the next day spent time on his computer writing reports but we did have some time to catch up on news. Before leaving the Maritimes he had reminded his three sons NOT to forget their Mother's Day. This they did in very different ways. The youngest made a card, the second or middle son woke his Mother at 7.30 a.m. (a little ahead of her rising hour) with a tray with scrambled eggs, fried bologna and coffee! The eldest son telephoned his Father on the West Coast with us to request that \$50.00 be placed electronically in his bank account as he was broke and unable to make a suitable

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purchase for his Mother! We might have been disturbed by this but Brandon has just finished his First Year at University with 2 A-, 2A, and 1A+!

The enclosed very special photograph came to light and should, we feel go to you. Basil had both sides copied and I am retaining those with the 'photos I have of Win. She was, I am sure, the most universally loved of the Woolley Family. My Father and Mother became very ill when both suffered the aftermarth of the 1921 'flu. Win came to the rescue, though I gather that at that time I felt that I was coping quite adequately. Each morning after my breakfast, I would go into the kitchen and give the order to the Cook regarding the meals for the day! I gather there was a great similiarity in these which Win, on her arrival had to work round to ensure balanced meals for all. However, Win and I did enjoy each other enormously. After her death her Doctor talked to Mick Moore and commented that he thought that Win was looking forward to something and was "waiting" for her birthday a month or so away. Mick replied that she had in fact been waiting for my visit from Canada to see her in Cape Town. Indeed, when you looked after us, so nobly in Calcutta, you told me of her death.

I am sorry I have not written before but I was left not knowing what was what. My Meals on Wheels have also experienced problems as our Treasurer has developed Alzheimer's Disase and this has involved diplomacy as well as keeping things on track. The final problem was the picketing of our meal preparer by striking hospital workers but all recipients are now again fed. During all this you will appreciate that Basil has been kept very busy!

Much love to you and Dorothy. Tell her that I have taken the one action open to me - I have had my hair cut as short as a boy in the knowledge that I shall hopefully not notice how much I lose when receiving the chemotherapy!

Affec Dorelle