

Box 3. Delhi, Ontario, Canada.

Feb. 23/57.

Dear Wesley,

Your Mother is still ALIVE, and expecting you to come here as quickly as you can,

If emergency arises, you might fly from London shipping your gear to follow you. Of course I cannot for your air trip. *PAY

Your Mother had a bad turn this morning, she is in bed as I type this.

Your basket of shells arrived, didnt have time to look at many of them. An air mail letter from Mr W³ J. Harris, is here unopened waiting for you here, other newspapers of SC cult are here too.

I guess you will know that I am carrying some care here all day on the watch, and almost all night too, I am 85, you are aware, and we can get along fine here if your Mother is well.

I was at a funeral yesterday, Mrs Ecker, died in the St Joseph's Hospital, she went for an operation on her tongue, and burst a bloodvessel, and died almost instantly, such a funeral full of people, some standing. Mr Ecker, his Doctor Son, was terribly broken up.

I am enclosing 2 advertizements you might respond to if you plan to stay here, but of course I do not know your plans, if you cannot get a job here you will have move on, You know we can get on with our Old age pensions combined, but we cannot face further expense

Wilfred Hoover, runs a Car-selling outfit, here, seems to make it go, of course his father left him money.

Corner's outfit are out of the car business, into this Irrigation Service, doing well I think, but that is not on your line.

I am afraid you are going to find things pretty tough for you here, whether you think it or not, you must face the fact you are seven years cheaper than when you set out on this World Tour

The New Canadians here are getting to the top of things and they have jobs for their own Nationals First.

Alice, has entered a business house as a kind of Secretary's Job, she figures she can pay her bus fare, pay a servant for house work, and save a substantial sum weekly for the bank.

If anything happens I will again use this same address, it will be 16 days before the RMS ORCADES arrives at London, for speedily ~~telling you~~ telling you the latest about your Mother.

Yours as ever, Father. WML.