

Wesley W Leonard R R 3 Port Roman, Cal.
21st October 1962.

Dear Friends; Herewith a second note to accompany the others you will find in the envelope. I don't know whether it will be an apology or merely an explanation of why you never received a communication you may never have expected anyway. But having put the time and effort into the duplicated reports and letter of almost a year ago, it seems reasonable to still send them out with a "one year later" point of view.

When my Mother was well, (several years before she died) it was always her job to contact all the members of the family circle of acquaintances. It may well be impossible to do the same again, yet in some ways it is only right that my parents' friends should know "how goes it," still.

Of necessity Father's life is closely tied in with mine now, even though my mood and mode of work is so foreign to him. He can never break the habit of rising before or with the dawn, and retiring with darkness, which is almost the opposite of my hours of work. Often and often my repair business will see me just finishing some machinery or auto repair as dawn rolls round, the urgency made necessary by the combinations of weather, the harvesting or planting, and the human element. Father was always a builder, yet the manner of my one-man building of my "Bush Shop" as I call it (being my lot is almost all bush covered) left him quite at a loss. He just didn't try to follow all the details, such as the building of the winch on the shop jeep with which to use the 26 foot high tripod (also assembled and electric welded for the purpose on the yard) to draw the 40 foot wide by 22 ft high arches of the shop into the upright position, and all the cable braces tightening, and the manner in which the 450 sq ft of glass of the windows was fitted with no sashes nor putty, nor even window casings. It is so hard to speak of these things so different from the traditional, and overcome his extreme deafness. He has got a very powerful hearing aid now, but even so it is not quite adequate. I had to get no less than three ear moulds made before the present one is almost passable. Still he greatly admires the cement floor I finally got poured in the shop last July, all 120 tons of it with 104 bags cement and 1000 gallons of water that went into its making. I've explained many times how the 380 feet of 4" tile and the 54ft of 12" pipe will be used as air ducts buried in the floor as they arc, to circulate hot air from a furnace for radiant heating. It will be necessary to actually build the furnace and show him no doubt, for the final explanation. Of course the whole plan is unprecedented as far as the construction details go, though the Ancient Romans were using radiant heating in their hollow walled houses, centuries ago.

Being cook and shopper, at least, since Father is dish-washer, leaves me no time to finish the "Bush House", so it has remained unchanged. I was not successful in getting the sand out of that "near" well either, and now plan to dig it up and replace it with a cistern. If other odd and established wells dry up as they have been around about these dry summers, it is better to depend on rainfall.

On two occasions this year I've introduced a young woman to my household, but one was already earning too much money and the other could stomach no country life, so I'm still in the market for a marital partner. Indeed it appears my house will never be done until such partner appears for whom and with whom it will be worthwhile to finish sooner than later. Sooner or later or never, that just about explains everything doesn't it.

I'd be pleased to hear from any or all of you, sometime in the ensuing year, which from the 23rd Oct. will be Father's 91st, and Father of course would also like to hear from you all.

Cheerio for now from Yours truly;

Wesley W Leonard