

28 Wells St
Ashburton N.Z

Dear Florence and Leslie; (Watson)

3rd February '60

Finally, its time to actually get at the last item of the programme that is designed to finish up this letter, and all the others which I've been putting off for so long. Because you see there are so many people all over the place, (the world) to whom each and every one I sincerely want to "talk to" and to renew old acquaintances. But it is such a time consuming job to write the way I always did to each and every one, much of the same news and all that which has been happening here. So I've duplicated it all in a letter enclosed. So there is no use enlarging upon it here. I guess you know I've become a "rabid" Social Crediter, and I like you to read the examples of S. Cr writing I've been doing in '59, and by them try to envisage the "adventure" I'm having in that field, --- an adventure quite as real and challenging as any I've experienced while world touring. Besides being adventuresome it is Real Life, the Vital issue by which our society must stand or fall ---the place where Christianity has never in all history been put into effect,----.

How are you both, I trust Florence's health has improved, and that Les is well as before. I am well despite the fatigue which has always been my problem. Father is well and amazes everyone when I tell them he is still at Home alone "batching it". Of course now in this severe weather when the roads are snow covered or ice covered, and slippery for walking especially for oldtimers like Father. At 88 he can claim that distinction with justification. My Sisters Evelyn and Alice the two red heads are well though Evelyn has periodic bouts with her "ulcer". Alice is expecting a fifth child some time this Spring (Spring that is "here"), and at the same time is taking further College Education with a view to obtaining qualification for advanced teacher training. She is the brilliant member of the family, entering College back in '36 or '35 with four scholarships etc., and leaving in '39 a full fledged B.A. Now that most of her family has grown up, she plans to use her intellectual abilities more fully, and take the advent of another baby in her stride. It was her family's Summer cottage for which I built the floating dock and carted it 300 odd miles up North into the Haliburton Lake district, and launched on a tiny lake there, to float the prefab. cottage over the water to its site. (totally inaccessible by road of course. My Brother Etheridge still lives on his farm out near Winnipeg, about 1200 miles from here. I think he is well though we seldom hear from him (or of him via his wife, he's not a writer like me though formerly he could write a very fine letter)

I think Father and I shall have to plan on making a trailer cabin trip, (caravan trip) out there perhaps in '62 Summer time. Father has never been through the great spaces of the North country. If my new pen pals from England the 65 year old man and his wife can plan to arrive here by then it would make an excellent four some for the trip. It would be nicer for me if there was a wife for me to make up part of the party, but I've not the remotest hope of finding a mate before then.

I had to give up my rented shop building in which I spent two years at the beginning of my garage business. There was not enough income to do more than just make ends meet. So I planned to quit and look for other locations when my neighbour then, approached me with a proposition by which now I rent space from him in the ramshackle old barn that doubles for a shop, originally with the plan that it will be gradually converted to a proper shop. However I think that since I would probably have to do most of the planning building and all such, my partner of sorts not being the "working type" nor having enough ability to make his work effective anyway, (you know the kind ---makes you feel "Oh you better let me do it, cause you'll spoil the job")----I will just bide my time until I can get this bush property I'm trying to buy, and build for myself. I feel that I've spent a bit too much of my life building for others, without any real benefit either for them and for myself either.

It is 3.15 am now and the temperature has dropped to about 5 above zero outside the shack where I hold out all week next the shop. However I'm finding that it is quite easy to work at such temperature, without any heat at all, as long as there is shelter from the wind. Two pairs of all wool heavy combination suits of underwear, two or three pairs of socks, in felt boot socks, on two or three felt insoles in all rubber pullover thigh height overshoes, two pairs of trousers, a denim work pullover, and zippered jacket over all, leather cap or cloth sometimes, and washable drill finger gloves, (not mitts with which most tools and parts can be handled. All this clothing which would be unbearable in a heated place, or in warmer weather is not at all restrictive and allows one to work in and out of shelter and even some heated area work with no danger of colds and all that sort of "hot house ailments". Here's the page's end so herewith the letter's end also. All the Best and so long for now, and let's hear from you sometime this year.