

10 Bedisloe St., Papatoetoe,
Auckland New Zealand.

8th May 1960.

Dear Bob and Mavis;

Say it was just like old times to read over all your letters to me from the first one in which you advised me, and welcomed me to Roviana.---Yes I still have them all, my penchant for filing and storage extends even to the retention of old letters photos, music, tools, machines, "junk", not piled in some disorganized heap, but filed in ever increasing filing drawers and other storage. It was only a few weeks ago that I went through all the old files of letters and absolutely filled one whole big drawer of a regular office sized filing cabinet with nothing but correspondence records, plus copies of various Social Credit periodicals to which I've subscribed. The correspondence took 3/4 of the space however. It is the sort of work I like to do, but what a wonderful aid to the precious memories one has but cannot always recall.

I guess I've never even attempted to write you since leaving Bougainville, but that doesn't mean that I've not had you in mind. Accordingly away back a year or so ago I began setting aside various pieces of literature in an envelope to you, with the intention of writing a personal note to accompany the lot ---one day,---which happens to be today. John Miller has written me a few times and I to him, though not for some time before a letter like this went out to him. The duplicated letter enclosed was my idea of bumping off as many "birds" with one stone as I could, but I have been unable to do so without a personal note which I can't shorten once I get going. So I hope this address which you gave me prior to your furlough back in '55 is still correct enough to find you. Maybe I should send it c/o the Mission Office in Auckland.

There isn't much use going over my story from Bougainville to Canada back in Nov to ^{April} May '56-'57, except to say that I did it, bringing myself, and belongings even to the Panther m/cycle home here to Delhi. I turned into the gate of my Parents yard just 6 years, 9 months, 3 weeks, 4 days, and 2 hours from the time I had ridden out of it. That may be quite a mouthful, but how very inadequate to express anything at all of its meaning. I had returned as a rabid Social Crediter as you may have known, and plugged into the fray almost at once. There were no jobs available to mechanics in the locality, so I decided to forego even looking until after I tried, as the greenest grassiest greenhorn ever, my hand at waging a one man election campaign in this Norfolk County riding where I am, for the June 10th Federal Election of that year, '57. Of course there was some over all support from the National S. Cr. ass'n., very material help indeed, in the form of an every weekholder mailing of pamphlets, although it was short by some 1000's of the complete coverage. That lack I made up myself, with distribution of several thousand leaflets of my own composition and other printed leaflets. 690 people voted for me in comparison to 11 and 8 thousand votes the other two candidates received. Still I was not at all dismayed at that, for I had had practically no personal assistance at all, not one meeting even since my nomination was made by a canvass of known supporters of the S. Cr. Movement, only one radio broadcast, a free one, donated by the local radio station on the eve of the election, (10 minutes), and I could not have afforded to buy one anyway. But when it was all over I found myself still the rabid S. Crediter, some \$400 poorer, following the 5 months of unemployment and the 1/2 a global tour just previous.

During the campaign I had found a small rural garage near Port Rowan which I was able to rent. I had already bought a '49 Jeep, at a rather high price (\$575.00), a lathe, (\$150) a garden tractor and lawn mower (powered) for \$200, and with the garage equipment already in storage at my Father's place in Delhi, I set up in business. I called that place "Leonard's Corner Garage" for it was on a rural corner. Since then after two years there I decided the income was not enough above the rent to warrant my staying, so by chance after having decided to move out, my neighbour garage and service station operator approached me with an offer to hire me. I couldn't help but laugh at him, for I knew he could no more afford to pay me the wage he offered than I could myself. However I made a deal, by which I rent space from him in his "barn" that was to be rebuilt into a garage, on a percentage of cash I received for my labour charges to customers. So income is still just as precarious, but costs are down, and my neighbour owes me more money than I owe him, for work I've done for him, so I'm literally working out my own salvation. Various pricey bits of equipment, wheel balancer, power ~~7~~ 7" horizontal sander, oscillating sander, electric drill (1/2" since I had already a 3/8" drill) electric impact wrench, electric D C 225 amp electric welder and the power take off to enable the Jeep engine to drive it, and the old tractor governor converted to fit the Jeep engine for this purpose, large bumper "floor Jack" (hydraulic) etc etc have all been added to my stock and now are paid for, as well as some \$1000 worth of stock clear from the 2 1/2 years operations, (which are all properly recorded on stock cards and filing records, jobs sheets etc etc you may be sure) Oh yes I have a '47 Chev coupe too which I pressed into service on the tour described on the enclosed duplicate letter and also my Father's

(2) old '38 Dodge four door which my brother in law had bought while I was away, and which he could not trade in on the new '59 Dodge Suburban which he did buy without taking a great loss in the amount allowed for the old car. So now I have two cars, the Jeep and the Panther. The Chev showed signs of recurring main bearing trouble after the first work I did on it back in April May of '59 so I laid it up when its yearly license ran out, pending proper repairs, and drove the '38 Dodge instead, which is giving excellent service after a valve job, spindle replacement etc etc etc.

Future plans still include completion of the sheet metal and tubing top for the Jeep, (almost complete now except for one door covering up, and the making rigid of the sliding "hatch" cover of the rear part of the roof, that will allow for the swinging boom type of hoist that is to be built on yet,--and the sheet plastic material intended for the windows. I could get the proper "perspex" which is wonderful stuff but very high in price. However I can always replace the sheet plastic with the more rigid perspex later, since the construction will allow for that.)----the building of the trailer cabin, the cabin part of which will be removeable leaving the trailer free for general use as a flat platform trailer, (the cabin trailer idea is for the planned "west" trip in '62 with my elderly pen pal and his wife from England who has or will have passed his retirement age by then--at 65 plus he says---but of course I shall use it on my own property, that I've actually begun to pay for now following the signing of the agreement of sale etc etc that was mentioned in the duplicated letter enclosed.) ----the completion of the payments on the "bush and swamp" property will take a year or so, and I find I've made a smart move without knowing it by getting the agreement of sale signed etc calling for the deed to be drawn up and delivered with the completion of the payments. At the same time the property is to be properly surveyed by then too never having been so surveyed. It means that I will not have to pay any taxes etc until the property is finally mine, whereas the usual method is for the seller to "sell" the property outright and take in payment a mortgage on it etc. the details of which are entered on the deed, and the prospective owner pays taxes etc besides the mortgage payments. However there is no deed for my particular property at all yet, though the agreement requires the sellers (2 brothers) to have the proper surveying done for deed purposes etc. The poor old Panther has had a hard time of it this past winter. It quit in August (Summer) of '58 with a burnt out valve and worn out front telescopic forks, and was laid up in my rented shop. However since moving out of there, there was no indoor storage place for it, so it has lain out side with the big 9X12 tarpaulin that was my side car tent over it, all through the ice and snow, rain and sun ever since. But still it is on my list of things to do, even if no more than disassembling it for storage indoors again. / Of course I'm full of plans for the manner and style of the garage building to be built on the property I'm buying. First will come the bulldozing that one customer will do in return for his bill owing me, and for that will be required some sighting up for proper grading over the high areas without lowering them too greatly in the filling in of the swamp pools next to them. I don't want to and indeed the Tree Conservation Authority doesn't want me to either, destroy too many trees, and my idea is to utilise the existing fairly open space some hundred feet back from the road, (or more) leaving the low swamp pool covered area to one side between the garage site and the road. A twenty foot wide approach road will have to be bullozed up and levelled beside this low area, again following natural high areas. Then I'll let the trees and underbrush grow as it pleases, though in time I may have the pools dredged with a commercial "drag line bucket" machine to make them into more or less scenic attractions in an overall landscaping plan. / I doubt if I'll ever become a super service station operator with money grubbing my chief end in view, so I want customers to come to me because of the quality of the work I do for them, for already I know that my customers will all be my nearest or farther friends and neighbours. This is about as quiet and as out of the way neck of the woods as one could find and the tourist trade which the local Chamber of Commerce get so worked up about leaves me pretty cold. I never liked to rush about as a typical tourist, and I don't want to be troubled with tourists so frantic with haste that they can't wait for a good job to be done for them. The easy going types of course are welcome. But then there are the frantic and easy going types even among my neighbours who may not be going anywhere, except to their centennial birthday.

Is there any use saying more??? I'm still single, despite the intensity of my dreaming, and at 40 yrs may never do more than that in that respect. Father is well and has recovered nominally from his breavement of last Summer. The time I spend travelling to and fro from work and Home twice a week, effectively prevents me from settling down to really get to know either Delhi or Port Rowan societies. In fact I guess there's no one here about quite so "free" to preach Social Cr with no fear of being thought "queer" or having betrayed anybody's traditional status quo. And so that will be the end of all future plans, S Cr propogation. After two and a half years of trying I finally was able to attend my first S Cr meeting in Port Rowan last 26th April with encouraging results, there being 13 people besides the 4 guests and myself, and next Tuesday the 10th is the 2nd meeting to be held. I keep no separate track of my S Cr expenditures, no one will thank me for it, it is a case of my left hand not knowing what the right is doing. I wrote in a letter to a fellow S Cr in England earlier to day, that it is necessary to fight at fever pitch (Figuratively) for ALL of each one of our lives to even hope to overcome the current 250 yr headstart the "orthodox false finance" has over us, much less than the whole history of economic misery and falsity and ignorance. Think