

Dear Miss Dorothy; Twice last week I worked clear 7th November '60 8.35 a.m. through the night, turning in at five a.m. once until noon, and the othertime not until 3 pm. until 6 pm.---and then the usual 2 to 8 a.m. snore period,---(by the way I don't believe I snore at night although I was told I did once, perhaps so if I were a habitual "onmyback sleeper", which I'm not.)

So on Sunday last (yesterday) I deliberately stayed in bed until noon, no trouble there, and rose rose meals making, only to find that bed still seemed the best place, what with a bum tooth acting up again, and fatigue coupled with the exasperation of the jobs and the customers who so insisted on rush jobs over night, (both jobs back fired by not being satisfactory the same as almost every "rushed" job is unsatisfactory and requiring of far more work than a more leisurely job in the first place.) But come 9 or 10 pm. after church and choir I brightened up and went through much neglected addition and calculation on the current book keeping and plans for the Bush House's completion. A couple of hours on the one and four more on the next and finally another three or so and I'd made the last problem come clean, and was saying to Father in my letter that I'd better get to bed before the day, when low and behold it was day break already, and time to prepare the meal I'm eating now. Presently a knock came on the door, and my bulldozer customer - neighbour came wanting a push with the Jeep to start his service truck, in the 20 degree temperature dawn.

The Sunday before I had gotten away in time to reach my old "Home" church called "Dunn" church where Father preached last, (just east of Dunnville) for the morning service enroute for Miss Fagans. I was late for the two o'clock meeting hour because I got mixed in coming down over the mountain, and had to go into the city to find my bearings. Of course you all were later still, but I had promised to return for the evening service to take the solo two lines in the anthem, (just the simple hymn, This is My Father's World, but it went very well with me as tenor and the few school girls' treble. There is one other tenor of sorts, but he is often hopelessly lost and the others growl in the basso. Of course I'm naturally a light basso myself and tenor tires my voice quickly, though I can do it a while, and I relax by booming out in the bass by times. The minister very kindly offered to drive me down to Hamilton again on the Monday on learning that I'd intended to stay over on the Sunday and shop for building materials on the Monday,---if I would return for the evening service. I am flattered that he valued my presence that much, and that he would go to such trouble to "have a good visit with me" as he said. ---and we did have a good visit while visiting, from Social Credit to the Christian "Social Gospel" on the way to Hamilton, to the nature of our two family backgrounds and my world tour on the return trip. Oh yes and I think I saved about 20 dollars by buying three 2nd hand fluorescent light and all the water pipe fittings I needed.

Now I have to finish up the plumbing of the Bush House, and the wiring, the building of the kitchen stove and sink canopy unit, and the storage room over the cellar driveway and see to the laying of the tile over the wells in preparation for the collection of water from the eaves troughs, when the wells are being filled in and when the eaves trough get put up. The main second layer of insulation has to be put up on the ceiling, and then most of the gyprock wall board, on both outer and inner walls (of partitions). So that by the week end the place will be livable if unfinished, for Father to come down and have the satisfaction of putting the finishing touches according to what his strength will allow him to do.

Also---so that you will be able to come down with us, and while visiting, see, by helping straighten up the place, how you would like to make it your Home !!! I'll try driving up to Toronto Saturday pm. and call on you first, and if you want to make a dream come true we can return via Islington in the morning and pick up Father. He will be the ideal chaperone. So I'm giving you fair warning, period.

Cheerio for now from;

Yours truly;