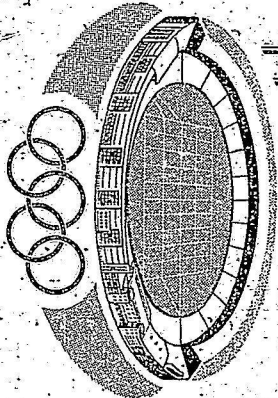


ORCADES en route Sydney to London approaching Fremantle by Sat.
it being 10.15 a.m. of the 13th Feb. '57 now. Dear Evelyn & Coy.
I have not your last letter by me just now but I know that when I
rec'd it the 27th Nov., it came just in the nick of time for me to
get it before leaving these parts for good or ill but for sometime
at anyrate. It was the 25th when the Polurrian arrived at Buin and
took me aboard bound for a ten day trip to Rabaul. Plans for onbooking
from there varied from the 3 or 4 months wait that Rev. Wesley Lutton
the Chairman of the Meth. Overseas Mission hoped for (with good reason
since he had had to make bookings that far ahead for staff members going
on leave, also in view of the fact that I had promised that they could
have my services as engineer while I had to wait!) to the 3 or 4 weeks
that I feared I would have to wait, - while none of us knew that the
Bulo lo arriving on the 1st Sunday I was there would have some 40
vacancies and would give me only 5 days to re-pack, label, tag, and
orient myself to the idea of another voyage so soon to Sydney in the
middle of its Christmas rush. /// On the trip I wandered ashore at the
first place where I could window shop in some "luxury" in the city of
Brisbane. There in a little hole in the wall 2nd hand shop I found this
little old portable folding Corona typer the same kind as the one
Father had for so many years, years ago, and which Alice had the bad
luck to lose. It was of course Father's idea that I buy the machine, -
he and Mother having had the most trouble reading my writing. /// On the
1st. I arrived in Sydney and was lucky enough to find a room for one
night at the Y.M.C.A. Hostel. My luck held then until before the p.m.
was out a cancellation had released a room (shared with 3 others) until
the 26th of Jan. I did not stay that long however, but 1st. was able
to reoperate the Panther and join in the Christmas fellowship of the
Central Meth Mission, even to the extent of being one of the hardy
group who bellowed (until we esp. I had not voices left) at the good
old carols outside the down town Sydney Pubs and bars overflowing with
tipplers, - who came out to hear us and to even join in with great good
humour on or off key it didn't really matter. Later on I was able to
join the Lyceum Theatre (owned by the C.M.M.) choir which was really
just the ordinary C.M.M. choir with the services held in the big
theater hall (movie picture hall) /// Because I was possessed of a
different attitude this time to the last time I was here I was
very pleased with the reception the people gave me, i.e. the way they
seemed to accept me as one of the group. It is very true that people
are only as friendly as one is oneself. Until I moved my base of oper-
ations out of the down town area to a camp site on the yard of some
most hospitable people to whom I was referred by John Miller of Rov-
iana, I continued to join the Y.P. Fellowship of the C.M.M. at both the
Wed. nite Bible study group and their Fri. p.m. Forum Club. I had my
ideas more easily on tap than most of them and managed to get various
verbal freeforalls going in the discussion groups as well as being
stimulated by the others arguements, and points of view. /// It also
sparked various aspects of my presentation of S.Gr., which I then
typed out and gave to Rev. Mr. Coleman associate minister there with
the Y.p. work and a few others copies of my efforts. Of course I did
not expect anyone to come up with adverse criticism of my ideas but
Mr. Coleman seemed to go out of his way to listen to what I had to
say and appreciated my literary efforts. /// The two weeks I worked
did give me a fair amount of money (£39/6/6) but they also took up a
considerable time which I thought I would have had for all the errand
running etc. that I wanted to do. One of these was to see to the re-
pair of the big duplicator I brought down from Kihili. When the three
rollers needed were replaced the transformation of the results was
simply amazing after the hours of fruitless attempts to get even as
good or rather poor results as was illustrated in that "Peace and
War" pamphlet I sent to you. Another errand was to look up an "invert-
er" which was needed at Kihili to change the 110V D.C. current to
110V A.C. in order to be able to operate the sound pick up of the
moving picture projector there. The D.C. current would run

(R) the silent part - the film projector and lamp assembly but the sound pick up required the current to be transformed to 4V for the little bulb that shines thru the sound track to the elec. eye converter part, or something like that. I made some 10 phone calls and rode about 50 or more miles at different times in city traffic to finally fail to find one but at least found a concern who could or would look up such a unit if Mr. Joyce would write to them and authorize it. I would have bought a unit and sent it out "on time" or as a gift if it had not been too expensive. I sent the information I did find of course. The other errand concerned myself, - being the getting of the S. Cr. pamphlets duplicated. This turned out to be such a costly item that when I saw the nicest little duplicator yet complete full foolscap size etc but small and light and simple and about 1/3 the price of the big cumbersome office machines, - I bought it on the spot and carted it off on the back of the m/c in its deceptively HUGGE carton. /// The job at the diesel truck sales and service may have taken up my time but it more than paid for this "Presto" Made in Holland dup'tor. I was lucky to be sharing the hospitality of these people, the Cowells, while working in the shop and then when time came to build a proper plywood & sheet metal bound and rivetted case with removeable lid etc. The old timer Father of the family was no end impressed with all the things I did for myself and being a one time contractor etc (was on the local Council for many years before retiring it seems) was very willing to give me all the bits and pieces of plywood, timber, and scraps of sheet metal that he had about. es
 /// We left Sydney at 4.00 p.m. Fri. the 3th and I had the unusual experience of having the three Cowell daughters (the youngest married and was there to see me off too with her husband) and the oldest about my age) to see me off, giving me the equally unusual exercise of waving to them until out of sight and later too when the ferry boat on

which they returned to the main part of the city passed the Oreader under the great Harbour Bridge. /// In my cabin there are four of us living in amicable confusion of the cramped "H" deck quarters. It bodes rather ill for all the little projects which I had planned to do during the voyage. However after finding that it is very easy for me to get up at 5.00 a.m. as well as the fact that the lounges are brilliantly lit all nite while deserted, I now plan to snooze and sleep all the time when people are trying so hard to amuse themselves during the afternoon and evening, then start on a quiet and undisturbed a.m. shift 12 to 1 as it were. /// By the time we reach England 12/3/57 and then Canada by April at the latest I hope I shall be able to tell you in person all about it. So until then so long and "Keep happy will you" (does the Happy Gang still hold forth on the air & conclude their sessions that way yet) /// A sever yours, Y.O.D.B.

XVITH OLYMPIAD MELBOURNE 1956



MRS. F. M. HENDERSON,
 1392
 ORILLIA AVE.
 OTTAWA, ONTARIO,
 CANADA.

POSTER 1957
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 REGULAR AIR MAIL
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 Melbourne 13 Feb 1957
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 AUSTRALIA
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Wesley W. Leonard
 40 Pines D. D. Weymouth, Boston Lodge
 Clendon Road, Buntingford, Suffolk - England
 (while there)