

25 Spruce Road Chichester N.Z.
S.W.I

Dear Wallie and Olga, Geoffry, Grenville, & Andrew; 13th February '60

The Radio has just bellowed into my ear that it is a $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 am. at just freezing temp. down in Cincinnati in the middle of the Ohio River valley. That is many hundreds of miles south of here and only in the night can this little radio pick up its "Music till dawn" programme when all the other stations have signed off. The programme sponsored by American Airlines is a most excellent one of classical and great masters symphony and choral works only. Of course the A Airlines want that to be the tone of their programme, to match superlative elegance of their "flagship" D C 7 and Electra flights between the major cities of the Continent.

I see I have fired up a bit too much here in my "shack" and both the wash water and the tea "billy" were boiling merrily, the later complete with tea (green tea in a tea ball, enough for one cup according to 'hoil' but which I brew with two and a half cups. Green tea and the black tea we buy here is flavoured more strongly than anything I was served in N.Z., and I don't mean the strength from just merely adding more tea to the cup, that makes the stuff taste awful I figure, but this green tea at only a $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful to two cups is a mighty flavourful drink. I must try some from the Chinese restaurant to see if it is stronger.) It has been a bit chilly today rather than the mild rainy weather as high as 40 or even 50 that followed the spell of steady winter (and therefore more desirably seasonal) cold weather that obtained while I was writing the duplicated letter enclosed. Business was slack, so I skipped going to the shop (300 feet away) until evening, and got a straight eleven hours in bed 'till eleven this morning. The remainder of the time went to customer acc'ts preparation for mailing tomorrow. I usually get them away about once a quarter, though it doesn't often make any difference, so few people have money anyway, and they aren't the ones who 'charge it'. I'm not quite so soft hearted as I was, but have become more adept at judging when to wait for payment will really be a favour or help to a customer, regardless of what they may think or rather, -- what they may say.

Business is good enough for me, but not to have to continue to pay the rent I was paying formerly, so after two years in the first place, I pulled out of there when I returned from my trip last June, and moved across the road. A month or so before I had tentatively arranged to put my tools and equipment into storage with the neighbour across the road, while I shopped about for better quarters. However he evidently did some thinking too for he came to me later with a proposal which would have had me working for him, for wages, (evidently he had no stomach for my competition) -- However I knew he'd never be able to pay me the wages he suggested, so I suggested I could ~~rent space~~ rent space in his buildings for my business on a percentage of my cash labour receipts. He heaved and hawed for some months but that has been the way, it has worked out. So I've paid no rent money since, and even if I should subtract all the rent due from what he owes me for my services on his buildings and machines I would still collect from him. It one account I would rather continue to be owing to me.

I must avoid repeating anything I said in the long duplicated letter, and confine myself to answering yours. Maybe I did after a fashion in my Christmas Card mailing, though I can't be sure, there were so many of them. All through '59 I had envelopes addressed to various pen-pals including yourself, with a copy of the latest piece of literature enclosed each envelope waiting until I could find time to insert a personal letter also. Accordingly the envelopes filled up with literature from my hand (not my pen since it was typed 'ad lib' directly on stencil for duplicating usually) but never got sent off. Now I'm neglecting my 3 Cr writing to wade through the pile of envelopes, and write a letter like this to each of you. I have some 50 odd copies of the duplicated letter to send off, though I shall not attempt such a long extra letter as this to those acquaintances with whom I seldom corresponded.

Last November Father let himself be 'dragged' as he put it, away from the Delhi home up to my Sister Evelyn's home in Ottawa. He was there for about six weeks, but would never admit that he really 'felt at Home

(2) there! in any of the letters he sent back to me. I may have my yen for travel honestly enough from Father, but I guess he has passed that stage. Still I don't really think so for I expect he will be all anticipation when I tell him that I'm planning a "cabin-trailer trip" out west to my Brother's place in '62, and that he'd better get ready and come along. It is just that he can't bear to be anyplace where he can't be of any use, except at Home. Really it is rare gift to be able to accept others gifts and assistance, without either 'being' or 'feeling' guilty of being just a 'sponger' or a 'hanger-on'.

I'm philosophizing just there, or didn't you notice, -- and to continue, --- in this nasty old world where we've been brainwashed for so many generations into "instinctively" believing that we must "work" to live, to the extent of thinking that we should not even live if we don't work. Of course by "not working" I don't mean idleness, rather I mean "working for a living", apart from that glorious adventure that is real "living". That is the curse of the world, that men have to "waste" so much or all of their lives, merely working for a living. Why the wild animals do as well as that, and who are we to lace ourselves into a straight jacket that permits us to be no better than the animals when by all accounts, Divine and Human we are the supreme creation upon earth!!

No I'm not married, and there is no reason for me to add the word "yet" after that statement either, for I will not be married until I find a woman who is never 'idle' in the sense I put it above, and yet who is not too busy making a living, to "live". Under the term "idleness" as concerns to true use of our lives, I would include lives devoted to the vapid social whirl beyond the needs of recreation. Real living is not overly concerned about physical comfort, and though by instinct I am very orderly in my habits, (if not my hours) and so dislike "mussy" people; still if their "mussiness" springs truly from their preoccupation with great and creative "living"; then may they be mussy. Of course I can't imagine very many more than a minority under our present economic and social system, living with such freedom as I have, without even the fetters of an unearned income. Such an income is really a fetter today because of the social false doctrine that supports and perpetuates the "--you mustn't live unless you work--" idea. Such an income leads today to the "I am better than you" pride based on a man's worth measured with money rather than the true wealth of his God given ability, and life. Such thoughts are behind the concluding paragraph in the Dupli cated letter. However the intelligent girls I've known are too fond of comfort of material things, and those who have not those comforts I fear merely stupidly yearn for them. I would like to be surprised by one of the dull round.

This will have to do for now, will it do for the year?? Be sure to write and advise me of your opinion. At 4.30 am. it is cooling off in the shack here, after being too hot a while back (up over 40 degrees) and I had to open the door to cool the place down while I banked the stove (coal). Now it is closer to a comfortable 35-40 temperature. Of course I'm dressed for the in and out sort of work I do, and prefer not to get overheated in a hot room when I must remain dressed for chilly barehanded work often outdoors. I can't heat up the outside, and it costs nothing to cool down the inside, ---so--- The indications are that its late enough in the day to go to bed for a while.

Enclosed also are some postage stamps I've been toting about for years. Cheerio and solong, all the Best etc etc etc from

P.S. I've not answered your letter (Yours truly, very well I fear - but give my best wishes for Olga's continued good health to her and be sure you survive yourself with the help of my sister Alice's youngins. Wesley W.)
gave Father a 1/2 Persian 1/2 Siamese kitten - named "Bulet" - being totally black. He has grown amazingly - and is the finest ever sensation piece Father could have been given - a less demanding creature diverting companion would be hard to find (in the animal world of course)
As ever - *[Signature]*