

26 July '96

Dear Frances,
Every day I hope to hear from you,
but I dare say morning may be
just as taxing as vacating #27.
What I would really like is a
phone no. I try to imagine
Wyndke House, but the name
Plantation Road sounds to me
very unmade up & very
unadopted.

I'm watching the progress of our
new Abbey field home-to-be
with great interest. Last week
they moved it up the road to its
new location, & it is now
perched on girders while they
make a proper foundation &
fix all the plumbing. It took
six hours for the whole moving
operation, & luckily quite a
lot of it was televised & Maurice
yelled to me to come & watch it.
Of course it won't be ready by
October, but things really are
moving, & the Project Manager is
a woman architect.

On Saturday (or was it Sunday?) I went to the OCV Summer picnic held as usual at the home of Frank & Pat Leno — all very casual with a lake to swim in, which was wack (in patches) and inky black to look down into. I find it really growing away from the OCV, but lucky me, I have the Gaelic crowd. Soan Noble rang me to suggest that Beth Potter & I should get together & perform at the Mod next May, Beth on her harp & me singing — I think the set piece is "The Cattle are howling in Bonnie Kintyre" — it might require too much dexterity & wide vocal range for us, but it might be fun to think about it. And of course the harp must be transported to Vancouver!

Our nice Doctor De Mott, who has steered Maurice & me through quite a lot, is going off to

Samoa for 3 years & he will be the only doctor in his region. He is a very dedicated man, & we know he has domestic problems so it may be a good thing to get right out of Victoria & shake his nuts out.

We are still having very hot weather & I'm happy to report that Maurice is getting all keen to go in the pool. He has backed away from the idea for a long time, but just now the water in the afternoons is 84°F, & it really is one of his favourite occupations.

Sandy doesn't mention teeth problems to me, but writes a lot about the Pool's Maritime Trust. I think they are just making use of his being such a willing horse. I've had my bill of how one can get treated by those who take over, & I do hope he will be properly respected.

I've been reading a paper back
I was lent called "Finding
Peggy", by Meg Henderson. It
is really a very sad little story
about a family living in Glasgow
in the 1950's →. Things don't
seem to have changed much
since Grannie did her COS
work in 1910 period.

I hope you are eating
well & are happy in your
new surroundings & that
the sale of #27 will soon be
made final.

Very good wishes to
us both for your total
recovery as soon as possible
& much love to Jane