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~~10~~ Oct, '00

Dear Frances,

I was appalled by your last letter, & only when I decided I must reread it did I find David's note neatly tucked into the envelope. So by now you must be relocated in the Lady Nubfield where you have always hoped to land up! It will be further for David, but not impossible.

I do hope you are going to like your new surroundings; there may be a few short comings but it does promise to be much more suitable.

My head is still in the clouds about the Yukon, but life here is also taking over. On ~~Saturday~~ <sup>Sunday</sup> afternoon Marion had got tickets for us to go to a Hungarian Festival of Dancing. The costumes were brilliant, the girls twirled & the men danced till the gunpowder ran out <sup>of the heels</sup> of their boots!

On ~~Sunday~~ <sup>Monday</sup> her step-daughter invited us both to a mammoth Thanksgiving Dinner, with a huge ham, sweet potatoes, etc. followed

② by pumpkin pie + cream, I will never regain my waist line at this rate.

Today in the morning we had our hand bells practice, + Peter got us to try

"Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella" - it is a French carol, + I wonder if you know it?

In the afternoon I went to see my friend Maria McLeod who is having very slowly to learn how to walk again after a hip operation that went wrong. It could be a year or more before she is recovered, so I just try to be light entertainment for her, like telling her all about the Yukon trip.

And then I came home + wasted a lot of time reading "The Cremation of Sam McGee" which is a gruesome masterpiece.

I'm so glad you are installed in the Lady Nubfield, + hope to hear about it in your next letter. Could you let me have a phone no? Please thank David for his note.

Much love to Jane