

Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> June 91

Dear hois - Peter,

We went for a bit of a run in the Aug. last Monday (Queen's birthday holiday) - mainly to clear out the cobwebs after it had been standing, unused, in the carport for a while. We had been going to have a look at Garden-World - down past Dan's surgery - for quite a while, so we made that our target. It is a very large complex, but all we bought was a cappuccino and cheesecake slice each at the cafe there. The Aug performed well, as always, but we decided to book it in for service. It was well short of the mileage interval but not far short of 12 months since the last time. Bob Watson - where we have it serviced, is very convenient, being right at the Auburn rail station. Unfortunately the day we picked happened to be the one that rail unions also picked for a lightning strike. I had to walk a mile or so then struggle onto a crowded train, then repeat the exercise at the end of the day. I don't know why the strike was held, and I doubt if the union concerned does either.

On Wednesday we went for a Robus organised walk of about 8 km along by the blue Yarra to Bankia Park for lunch, and return to a spot near the Wankoe Golfhuts, where we left our cars. Our monthly Robus meeting will be on this coming Thursday.

The apartment you looked at in Parkville was not sold at auction last week. It was passed in at \$172,000 (reserve \$180,000) I also forget to mention that I rolled over your bank bill for another 3 months, later. I don't have the precise details at home and will post them to you next week. The interest rate was just over 10% and the amount of the bill was \$133,000. This cost about \$240 less than the maturing amount of \$130,000, so I re-imbursed myself for the amount put in to buy the last one.

The Australia All Over program this morning included an interview with Kenneth Jack, a noted Australian artist who was at school with me, and whose photo appears in the 50 year re-union with mine.

I am writing this after lunch, and hope to get it finished before the family start arriving for afternoon tea. They were all coming, but Sam has rung to say that they have been held up at a judo competition in which Greg & Michael are taking part. It is going to be a lot later finishing than they thought,

20 they will be missing.

Next week-end we are going up to Bendigo for Joyce's 70th birthday celebrations (do you really celebrate turning 70?). Pat and Will will also be there, on their way across to Adelaide for holidays. We will stay overnight at the same motel and catch up on news of their family.

The weather has been mixed this week, a few nice days (a sunny day for our walks) but rain again yesterday. It is fine again today, but a bit cool at around 16°. By this time next week we will have passed the Winter solstice, which I am always happy to do. It may not get warmer, but at least the days start to get longer.

Grandpa was here for tea on Thursday, and will be here again next Thursday because we have a date on the following Thursday. Normally we alternate with Doug & Mabel.

Dot is managing to get a few more words in her vocabulary, but I haven't been able to train her properly, yet. (I don't think she likes me.)

The saga of the Mercedes continues. One was supposed to come down from Sydney during the week so that we could have a look and just option of it. I still don't know when or if we will be getting one. If we do, we might have to start looking for someone to buy a Pug, or a bit. With some difficulty we can justify having two cars, but three would seem excessive.

The family have not yet arrived, but if I hurry I may be able to get out into the garden and prune a few roses before they come. It looks like winter now. Most of the deciduous trees have lost their leaves. On the other hand the first of the daffodils are out, and the daphne is in bloom. Some of the early canelias have started flowering. We noticed on our walk that many of the wattle trees down by the river are in bloom. I much prefer the summer, but the winter is really not such a bad time.

Love,  
Gene  
and Helen