

DorleLettersJ L0008 (English)

Toronto, Dec. 11th. 53

Dear Father, First, please excuse me for writing in ballpoint pen, but I don't have any more ink in the house, and it's evening now. How are you? I hope you're well. It's not that long until Christmas. You're very well off, having had so long, 13 weeks, free. You can get a lot done. How was the harvest? Hopefully good. Now I'll write a little about my work, and things aren't so good there, because it rained half the time. A lot of the fruit was rotten. My work will also be finished much sooner, since it wasn't a busy season. I've already plowed half the farm. On the weekend, I was in Toronto for the first time. We went to the "Royal Agricultural Winter Fair." It was a very large exhibition. Mostly, they had horses and cattle on display. DL 6 played against the Jack Tariffs two weeks ago, but they lost 6-0. They won against the Hamilton Tiger Cats. It's just typical that I couldn't get tickets. We just slaughtered our turkey so that we can let him or her age properly.