

(started, 18th Jan. '60) Port Rowan Ontario
Canada.

Dear

Now that the time has come that sees me actually sitting down to this long envisaged pleasure of writing this letter, all I seem to be able to do is to sit here and watch the "picture post card" scene that nature is donning outside the window. Great large soft flakes of snow, beautiful beyond description, microscopically, telescopically and normally, slowly circling down, favour the easy mood of relaxation that has come over me. Of course it is not hard to find excuses or reasons for this attitude. I do have to wait for the washing machine to do its turn of duty as regards my workclothes, and the next job on my schedule calls for me to dress up in my outside clothes and either first go on some errands for my Father up town, or go at the job of restarting the old Dodge (1938 model) in preparation for its use this year. Better go now and see to the laundry----

This is the first time I've tried to write by way of a duplicated sheet to you all, and in some ways it may seem rather impersonal. But there is so much writing involved in writing to the 25 or more of you that the repetitative part can well be done this way. The fact that I have a duplicator and often do use it for my Social Credit mailings, has given me the idea. So now I can tell everybody at once how it goes with me, and how often my thoughts turn to that 7 year adventure in globe trotting, during which I met and knew you. Those kind folks in Auckland, and Palerston North, Christchurch and Invercargill, and elsewhere in New Zealand; the passing roadside acquaintances that have lasted; the fellow travellers by sea and land, the Tasman Sea, Australia, the Coral Sea, the Solomons, and Bougainville, New Britain, and Australia again in Sydney's Central Methodist Church Fellowship; all these, and experiences in between, are memories for which I am grateful.

True to my methodical nature, I see the events of the past year falling into the parts of my schedule of living, that might be called Mechanical, Literary, and Social. Of course there is the Church and my Faith, and my business pursuits, but these are part of the whole of living, and not separate.

Mechanical things are my first love, drawing, designing, building, repairing, all come naturally. Accounts and bookwork in the business are maybe literary in a way, but really are mechanical too, being the precise expression of a mechanism even though not in terms of iron, wood, and rubber measured with scale, calipers and micrometer. It is the essential part of my garage business of course but not the hours I spend over the drawing board building some item of equipment on paper before spending dozens of hours more building

(2) it into durable form. The paper building covers a wide range of projects, from garage equipment to automotive transportation, to equipment for house and shop building, to photographic notions. Last year however it had to be confined to garage equipment and repair projects as far as durable building was concerned. My Jeep has its power take-off finally fitted with a triple vee pulley for the belts that drive the electric welder. I couldn't find a 6" triple vee pulley and was afraid it would cost too much to find one ready made so I made it myself with three old water pump pulleys from a Dodge with welding and lathe work galore. The welder is a very useful part of the business running much more smoothly than with the old roller chain drive I built for it first. Only last Sat. (16th Jan) I finished a big job building a 9' X 21' X 21' tank of heavy 1/8" sheet iron (from an old truck dump box) It was to be delivered to a fish dealer in Toronto early Monday (today) and I and my business partner from whom I rent garage space, spent all night finishing it. The electric welder was running almost continuously for the final 19 1/2 hour stint which finished the job. Maybe that is why I have this reflective mood as I began this letter, -just the old familiar fatigue. After intending, for two and one half years, to build a top on the Jeep it is finally taking form last year and this. It is of course no ordinary top, even though made of ordinary steel tubing with sheet metal sides and roof, and heavy plastic transparent sheeting windows. It has to allow for the future building of the loader arms which will be raised from their folded position across the rear of the Jeep to any desired height after the fashion of the loading booms of the cargo ships I've seen so often abroad. In fact the design of these booms and the cable winch, reduction gear, power take off drive shaft, overload clutches and disconnecting mechanisms was reason enough to ponder again, as for many times before, until the hours were not so wee and small anymore, last night, and file away the results in the Plans and drawings folder of my current "personal file". But that's only the Jeep, one of the many, "Things to do" memo. Office desk and filedrawers, (I rebuilt a fine four drawer legal size file cabinet last year too--only taking about 30 hours for which I wouldn't have been paid otherwise) trailer plans with independant coil spring suspension and hydraulic brakes of course, with provision by which a cabin can be mounted or removed at will, the designing of that cabin (part of a "caravan" as my N Z and Aussie and English friends would say), the planning of a proper workshop that can be built in easy stages, of a pole and post construction covered with sheet iron or aluminum (aluminium) after the fashion of the buildings down in Roviana and Bougainville (and here the Jeep loader must pay its way by raising the posts and

(3) poles into place while I scramble up sailor fashion, or like the black boys do for coconuts, and secure them.) plans plans plans, no end of planning one of the most pleasurable and profitable past times I know, -- all comprise part of the mechanical side of yours truly.

Of course there are other kinds of planning, all the way from business plans, like the one that I've got under way to buy a parcel of land near my present work-shop, that attracts me not only for its ownership, but for the reason that it is large enough (four or five acres) to contain the most delightful bush, wild flowers, swamps and pools, seclusion and quiet, shelter away from the heat and cold of both man and nature, plus space for the workshop and dwelling, and the plan by which one customer will bulldoze it level for me, and another wants to draw fill for it, and another may provide the posts and poles, "it" being the workshop and space about it, all "on acc't" of my being a mechanic who can do for them things which would cost a lot of money otherwise.

Now what kind of planning is that? Mechanical, Literary or Social,? Maybe in one way since I have a garage business just because I want a place to do what I like to do; it is just an accessory to my mechanical "bump". But certainly the plan I dreamed of years ago when I invited my little fellow traveller of my trans Tasman Sea crossing, to return Home to New Zealand via Canada from England, and to be my guest in this part of Canada, was social in nature, and can be tucked into that part of my nature as unsocialable as I may be at other times. That plan bore fruition last April May and June. It was finalized by a series of letters, which had to be augmented by a radiogram to the Empress of France in mid Atlantic, to bid Welcome to not only one New Zealander but two!!! My acquaintance had sent a letter at the last minute before sailing, that her fiancé had flown in from New Zealand only five days previous to the embarkation day, to accompany her Home on what was to be for him a wonderful whirlwind global tour. And so at the same dock in Montreal, where I returned to Canada a year or so before, I joined the familiar crowd, from the other side, (not as a passenger arriving) and scanned the rails lined with travellers as the ship slipped into berth. Sure enough our glances locked presently as my eye travelled and saw that familiar remembered face. It was the beginning of a rare week of touring for me, with company this time, about town and over the hills and far away through Ontario's rural scenes and centres. Canada's capital Ottawa was honoured by our visit, even the Houses of Parliament and its Peace Tower. The fact of my Sister Evelyn having her home there made the stay convenient as well as pleasurable. Otherwise I can only

(4) hope that my manner of "roughing it" while on touring trips was not too exhausting to my guests. Of course even at that it was a luxurious tour for me since I had my Chevy coupé adapted to be able to prepare meals and sleep in, without ever having to put up the tent as used to be the case while touring with motorcycle and side car. We found a couple of tourist cabins each night (only two) that we were away from acquaintances' homes, for my N Z guests. They had not allowed enough time for a real visit to Canada, and the 850 mile loop around I shared with them was really far too rapid and at the same time far too little for them to gain a proper idea of Canada. Other friends in Toronto where our trip ended, however entertained them royally and they were taken to see Niagara Falls, the "must" on every tourists schedule in these parts. It was about the time of the Queen and Prince Philip's visit to Canada, and I think they saw her in Toronto. We had skirted along the new St Lawrence Seaway as we left Montreal, which the Queen and President Eisenhower officially opened only the following Friday. However there is little to see from the Highway along the route an airplane trip would allow one to see its overall magnitude to best advantage.

Friday the 22nd January now at 11.20 am.

Since last writing I've gotten some new stencil sheets, of a quite different character being a blue cellulose material,--so I'm anxious to finish the sheet I'm on in order to try the new sheets out.

The snow has not melted yet, and the skies have cleared so that on this second start at this letter, it is another "picture post card" scene outside the window, all dazzling white and unblemished snow to set off the varied hues of the houses beyond the trees in winter dress under the deepest blue sky imaginable flecked with powder puff clouds to match the snow. Over Christmas which Father and I spent alone here this year, I tried my hand at improving on Nature, by decorating the spruce tree with coloured elec lights, out in front. But pretty as it was, it was good for only a week or so enjoyment, so now it is nature's eternal beauty alone to enjoy.

Many years ago from a family of thirteen red headed children a young woman excelled in scholastic accomplishment. Whether it was the steadiness of her English heritage, or the poetry of the Welsh in her family tree, she was an honour graduate in Moderns at Victoria University in Toronto, in 1904. There were many opportunities opened to this gifted woman, but after a period of High School teaching in her Home town of Glencoe, she felt called to devote herself to a higher calling by joining the Womens Missionary Society. 75 miles of wild and almost unknown country lay north of Edmonton Alberta before her travelling brought her to the Eukranian settlement of Baran. There through winters

(5) of snow and frost at as much as 60 degrees below zero, and summer temperatures that might have topped 100 degrees, she worked using her college training at the language problem, in translation for the other missionaries, besides teaching school and all the other duties of that field of Christian Stewardship. While there she met an "itinerant" Irishman carpenter, Methodist lay preacher, and world traveller of parts who came to build a Mission Hospital there. They were married in that remote spot so far from their origins, and together went on to greater and more remote areas, "---to help lift the heavy end of the load,---" The W M S and the Canadian Methodist Church sent them out together with their first child, to West China. By the time of their first furlough 8 years had passed, it was 1920 and they returned with five children to show their parents in Edmonton and Glencoe. By 1921 they all were at work again in Chengtu West China. But malignant malaria, as they then knew it struck the Father of the family, and on recovery they had to return to ensure his continued health. That was in '24. First at carpentry and then as a Layman minister of the United Church of Canada, he weathered the depression years with this loyal and loving wife and mother. She nursed him through the attack of diabetes to full health, but the doctor said it was time to retire else to risk collapse. And so they did in 1940. The children were all away then, and by '45 all but the youngest boy were married. That boy was working locally and made the family a three some for a few years until '50, when he too left again, giving expression to the love of travelling he had so honestly from his Father. His Mother merely said, "You should be returning just now rather than just starting out---."

The years passed quietly for them at Home until the Summer of '56, when the youngest heard from his Father, that his Mother had succumbed to that malady of old age, hardening of the arteries. The boy's six years travelling had gotten him literally $\frac{1}{2}$ way round the world by then, but in only five months he was Home again, to watch the slow close of his Mother's life of selfless service for others and for Her Master. That boy was or is myself of course, not a boy anymore really. ---and so it was that on his (my) return from the sort of bittersweet experience of giving his friends, the happy N Z couple, an escorted tour of part of Ontario, plus about two weeks, there were a few people gathered at the Funeral Home, one car and the Hearse on a 75 mile trip to the family plot in a cemetery not a mile from her birthplace, a few old friends and neighbours, a lone simple grey casket in an open grave. Thus ended a glorious life here, faithfully lived and triumphantly concluded. The Women of the United Church in Delhi here have set up a memorial fund, The Mrs Leonard Memorial Fund in gratitude for the work that she did here, but perhaps in tribute for the lifetime of

(6). service elsewhere also.

My sisters and I felt it most keenly that we should have to leave Father alone in the house "full of memories" as it were, after Mother's passing, but we had no choice. Except for one week when I was away on a working vacation like trip, to assemble and use a floating dock I'd built, to float the component parts of a pre-fabricated cottage over a northern lake to its building site,---- I have been able to get Home twice a week. It was not always just to see how Father was doing, but to finish the house painting job I'd begun over a year before, and to see to various business matters (--collection of accounts via court action etc., something which I'd never done before, but which unfortunately is necessary in this nasty old world.) So now for the second time in ten years the House ~~glistens~~ and shines with new paint, a brilliant yellow ivory, which we have set off with a trim on the window sashes only, of a really bright red. So far only the storm sashes are painted red, since the wet and chilly Fall weather prevented the painting of the fixed sashes. Father was able to paint the storm sashes himself when I brought them into the house for him. I figured I'd have to put them all up too, not a hard job for me, but the indomitable old fighter, my Father, had them up in place as he finished painting each, before I could do it. He drew the line at attempting the upstairs windows however. Nor did he attempt again to fix the garage roof. A few years back when he was only 84 Or 85, he shocked the family by doing just that. My reaction then, down under where I was, was merely, "bully for you, go to it--" But now at 88 he is content to stay on terra firma, and practice as it were, the art of taking a tumble without hurting himself. An ankle which he broke while I was away has left one leg weak, so that now and then should he stumble a little, it lets him down all in heap which of course is the easy relaxed way to fall without breaking your bones. I've used that technique also many times when climbing and roughing it in the wilds.

Herewith is the third start at this letter, being Monday am. the 25th. It is wonderful how the "picture post card" weather has continued. The highly desirable steady cold weather has kept the snow crisp and clean, in place of the usual dirty grey of half thawed scenery. This would have been Mother's 85th birthday, and just now Father is writing to her one remaining brother, in commemoration of the fact.

Enclosed, most of you will find copies of much of the literary efforts I have made over the past year, in connection with my consuming passion, Social Credit. It will take some time to read it

(7) all of course, and it may not be very interesting since it concerns local issues to some extent. However it has been the means by which I've tried to give meaning to my belief in the ultimate necessity of Social Credit in our society. You all know of course from your acquaintance with me, how powerfully the essential and unassailable correctness of S Cr philosophy and policy has affected me. Perhaps by reading between the lines of my writing you will see that it is a problem in itself to translate S Cr philosophy into action. In other words, much of the writing I've done is concerned with the rights and wrongs of the S Cr organization here, which I've joined. Unfortunately it seems that the human element, the spirit of personal pride, --of "take offence"--iveness --of centralized dictation,---of the "dog in the manger" attitude that refuses to delegate authority and responsibility,---and of the reluctance to assume responsibility which the foregoing attitude encourages,-- --of the automatic assumption of a program that allows "money power" to speak more loudly than "man power", surely an attitude made natural by the generations of false economic teaching in this era of "orthodox finance",---and so on and so forth, there is not room here to discuss it more fully. As you will read in the writings enclosed, I've been replaced as a "Director" in the organization here, partly because of my pertinent criticism. In being released from the responsibilities I'd assumed in that connection, I can now "thunder" to my hearts content in support of the reasonable progression in the organization of the Movement, that will by pass, or tend to by pass many of the obstructing elements that are listed above. At the same time already I hear of doubts expressed concerning my loyalty to the S Cr Movement, that is of opposition to any change. It is going to be a slow process to convince everyone, (many agree wholeheartedly with me now, so far!!) that it is only possible to establish Social Credit, on S Cr principles, and on no other principles will it ever be established. When on one hand we stand for the policy of decentralization and individual freedom (not license) with security, we can never attain that end by practicing centralization of control, non-delegation of responsibility, and the insecurity that good men feel when they see their best efforts over-ridden and countermanded by a "higher" authority, so called within the Movement. There must be established a pattern by which individuals, especially the born leaders who are the most individualistic of all people,---may express their enthusiasm "SECURE" in the knowledge that their work will be in cooperation and not conflict with the other equally individualistic leaders

But now it is time for me to drive out for a few wrrands for Father before going back to work in time to measure up a diesel bull-dozer for new repair parts. to be continued in another "start".----

(8) Thurs. 28th January at 11.10 am. and again I'm seated at the same window as before with an even different winter scene to enjoy out side. Every branch twig and trunk, post and wire has a trimming of white from the soft clinging snow of last night. It might have been a bad night for driving, but I didn't mind it at all when the Jeep ploughed into the yard here at 2 a.m. I hadn't intended to get in quite so early, but the plan for last evening's get together with the brothers who own the "bush" covered property, to have them sign an agreement of sale with me, -- didn't pan out. Instead the one brother who did show up, discussed the building of a portable saw milling outfit he would like to build, to facilitate his business. That piece of equipment would likely take six months to build so what was a mere three hours or more of verbal and sketching, planning.

But it was just three hours off the time this morning in which I intended to conclude and duplicate this letter, -- ho hum!! Events come so dashingly, that if I don't conclude it, sooner, it will have to be stretched to include the immediate events later. For instance, a letter and photo have just come in the mail which fore casts a possible visit from friends in England, in '61. What fun, for by that time I will have my cabin trailer finished and will have excuse to go on another tour, with my friends, and perhaps with my Father also. Father has never even seen his two grandchildren, my brothers girl and boy out "West" near Winnipeg, nor have I since '50, so a slow sight seeing trip by easy stages through Ontario's Northland the rocky forest clad jumble of nature unspoiled amid her myriad lakes and streams, -- the land of Canada's fabulous mineral wealth, the gold mines, silver, tungston cobalt and lead, iron and hydro power, only 1200 miles one way to Winnipeg, -- gee whiz, I better stop this or I'll be taking off ahead of time just to see again those wide open vistas.

Often I dream of how it would be to make such a trip into a Honey moon, but as yet there hasn't appeared a member of the opposite sex, who has allowed herself to become used to the rough and tumble of outdoor living, to extent of despising the soft, enervating, and stifling of all creative energies, -- "way of life" -- that most people follow of necessity by the "clock punching drugery" imposed by today's "work for works sake" society. Maybe one day the girl will appear who thinks nothing of living and sleeping in below freezing temperatures who knows that most ills and ailments are contracted by trying to live "with the crowd," in hot houses in winter, and cold houses in Summer!!! Maybe there is a girl who will join me in seeking first the "Kingdom" by "taking thought" not for ourselves, but for all God's children, that they may "feed and clothe" themselves, from God's bounty.

Cheerio until next time from Yours truly, *Wally W. Leonard*