

P R 3 Port Rowan Ontario,
2.30 a.m. 10th July '63.

Dear Irene:

Please convey to your parents my thanks for the most pleasurable afternoon and evenings visit at your home, and of course reserve a lion's share for yourself. My besetting sin is to try driving when half asleep, and though I did succeed a bit at the half way house corner south of Simcoe, the old Chevy had her head most of the remainder of the way home, even until it approached my Bush Ect drive way. There I wheeled across an approaching pair of headlights thinking mildly as I did so that I probably would give that driver quite a turn. Evidently I did for hardly had I come to rest before the house (100 yards screened by the trees from the road) when headlights came in after me, and presently an irate voice let me know in no uncertain terms that, ---"if I hadn't put on the brakes I'd have hit you broadside, ---I was all over the road, ---no signals, nothing, ---" By this time I saw that the lights belonged to one of these nice white cars with black doors, so discretion was the better part of valour, even though I began with, "---well you wouldn't have seen my arm even if I had put it out.!!!---didn't realise it was an emergency, ---just swung into my garden--- thanks very much for the warning, sorry I created such an emergency, must have misjudged your speed---" to which the CPP grunted, "probably", and drove off. Actually I had approached the drive ^{way} at about 40 mph, and the cruiser likely was doing 70 or 80, because it was well away when I began my turn. Its likely I was across his course of direction before he realised it, and he had wheeled and braked after actually passing my intersecting point, and went all over the road as he said. If I'd been more awake I would have been more courteous. I admit for he likely was shaking with the spurs long afterwards. I arrived at 1.45 am. Monday.

---and I've not had time to even get into town for some shopping since. However this evening I quit early, to write my sister Evelyn a letter reporting on Father's progress which was good when I called at the Hosp. on Mon pm. In fact he's quite the favourite patient with the nurses, much as he was when in Hamilton General in 1960. He quite glows when people (nurses in this case) fuss over him, and is as happy as can be since he is not really sick with a disease this time nor the time before. (Of course to me he means the same as ever. ---I don't count, I'm not his "public", the old codger!

In the general interests of efficiency, I had thought I'd visit down Winger and Wainfleet way last Sunday as well as at Dunn; and was quite delighted to have you upset my plans, impractical as they may have been. In fact having survived the CPP episode, I may be repeating last Sunday's schedule and if you will be so kind as to upset my Winger and Wainfleet unscheduled visits, I'll be equally delighted. Say next Sunday????

Now I must plaster my poison ivy with antiphlogistine (which in three applications now has taken the itch almost all out though not the pimples yet) and turn in for the tail end of the night.

So Good Night and Sweet Dreams; I'll see you along the way, in dreams, sweet dreams----(remember "Stage Door Canteen" the war time movie??)

Yours truly;

Wesley W. Leonard