

Fenwick
May 17th

My Dear Frank, --

It is too
kind of you to remember
my birthday with this
beautiful Diary. It is
years since I kept a
daily record of doings
& happenings, but this
temptingly empty book
cannot be resisted. I am
reminded of
"Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which each one of us must
write
His word or two; and then
comes night."

2

Dear friend, your "sheet of paper white" will blossom into a thousand lovely deeds that "night" can never obliterate.

You remember telling me that Walter McRaye was too pronounced in his likes & dislikes? He & his cousin were over here for an hour or two last week, &, in talking over a literary woman of our acquaintance, he said, "I don't like her: I don't like anyone I have to make allowances for." Now he knows that's not true, for he often speaks of those

he likes & does make allowances for. He must be making such statements purely for effect - or to see what his hearer will say. You & I will pay him the compliment of not believing his extreme announcements. His last note showed him in rather an amusing plight. His friend Kathryn Munro Tupper, a Toronto poet, spent a week-end with them, & read a lot of her sonnets aloud to him, with a view to obtaining criticism, which she expected to be favorable -else she would hardly have read them aloud. He says

4

rather pathetically, "I hate sonnets, especially the Biblical Kind – Kathryn's Kind. What was I to do?" All I could tell him was to give thanks she did not ask him to write a Forward for her book.

I was surprised - & almost as ashamed as proud of E. Dee's tribute in the Globe Mail. She is Mrs. W. B. Dorland of Power Glen, St. Catharines, & puts me up on a [pinnacle] [pinnacle] far too high. She is a dear idealist. All my life I've been trying to find words to fit my emotions, & it's a fascinating occupation; but nothing I'm sure, that one should be praised for.

Dorothy's Charlie is
back here again & helping
with the farm work, as
it is a slack time with
the silk mill in Cornwall
& a busy time on the farm.
He & D are perfectly happy
going down in the evening
on their motorcycle to see
Ken in the hospital.

I shall write in my
new Diary every day
what shall I record? The
weather? the chance occurrence?
Best deed of the day? Inspiring
thought of that date? Letters
received or sent? The lovely
thought that came to me
when I woke at dawn?
Thank you again & again
for giving me so much to
live for. Ever sincerely
Ethelwyn

The Tall Evergreens
Fenwick
Ontario

Welland

May 18

8:³⁰ AM

1938

ONT.

Mr. Frank E. Page

New Dundee

Ontario