

Fenwick  
Feb 1<sup>st</sup> '39

Dear Frank,-

Just lately I have been thinking even more than usual of the dear family in New Dundee for, if you have had the same amount of snowfall we have had here, your hills & valleys are snow bound indeed. After the wild east wind of last Monday, Kenneth tried to shovel out the road, but gave up & walked down to Welland. He is on night shift at the Atlas works. Walked back from "17" this morning.

But now his car is at  
Carson's, much nearer  
the highway, so it won't  
be quite so hard for him.  
Happily the man who brings  
the bread brought our  
mail also yesterday, though  
he came on horseback.  
But it is still & sunny  
outside now.

My correspondence is  
so congested in January  
that I adopted the schedule  
of writing a general  
letter on How we spent  
Christmas, & having it  
printed in the Patty  
Perkins department of  
The Tribune; then sending  
a copy to givers of Greeting  
cards & other tokens of  
remembrance. The

disadvantage is that several much – appreciated gifts were condensed out of it. You & Carson & “little” Hyliard (he is as tall as his brother now) each gave me writing paper, which is always very welcome, & there were bottles of perfume & several books of poetry; but otherwise the account is accurate.

Needless to say I am looking forward with the greatest interest to the appearance of your book. It must give you real satisfaction to be able to offer this tribute to the memory of a very dear friend. I hope it is true, as Homer Watson believed, that those who are gone still hold us in dear

remembrance. At times it seems that it must be so. At any rate the belief made his own path in life less hard. I should like to have been among the friends who helped you in this heart-warming enterprise.

I am feeling fairly well & strong, but miss the outdoor exercise I enjoyed so much in October & most of November. Dorothy is in Cornwall, but our little scotch miss Campbell is here, & is so comfortingly clear & systematic & good. Her only fault is a deathly fear of fresh air. However as Walter says, "Only 4 1/2 months to strawberries!" Will be so glad to see you all in spring

Ever lovingly

Ethelwyn

Octo is short for Octogenarian