

Friday
April 22

My Dear Friend,

I was very
glad to have you say
that no matter how
hypercritical my words
~~my~~ might be you would
know that my motive
was kind. I believe that
is true. If I were boiled
down to the last little
whiff of myself, that whiff
would express kindness.
No credit to me. I happened
to be born that way.

Mentally I am forever
analyzing sentences and the

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meanings of words. When you say, "The chapters suggest the trend of the narrative," I feel like saying "No; the chapters show or explain the trend. It is the titles that suggest. Also I should say, "The book was written in (not for) the interest of art lovers." But in these cases, & all others I can trust your judgment. Don't hesitate to retain your original version when you are sure of your ground.

That is a splendid picture of Homer Watson in the Millar book, & I do envy her the reproduction of some of his best paintings. When she

the biographer is willing to stand aside & let her subject have the stage, there's a big change for the better. But when she speaks of "condensing & editing" his letters, one is reminded of that abhorism which ends with "where Angels fear to tread."

No; Ryerson sent me no bill. I am entirely indebted to you for a book that I should certainly have ordered for myself had you not anticipated me.

I think you have a very just estimate of Walters character. He's something of a snob. Says he won't let anyone bore him.

But isn't there something
lacking in one who can-
not find interest in every
phase of human life?
I know there is real kindness
in his heart & a great deal
of courage. I like him,
but have really more re-
spect for his cheerful
and hardworking cousin.
It is really remarkable
that with his fine taste
in poetry an in the best
prose, he should not
be able to see -& deplore
-his own [turgid] style.

What do you hear of the
dear aunts in Fenwick? I
should write to them. Thank
you so much for Easter
greetings. Ever yours

Ethelwyn