

Fenwick
May 8th

Dear Mr. Page, --

So many
thanks for all your good
wishes and kind thoughts
on my birthday. "Your,"
of course, is in the plural
the chief difference I
have noticed ~~in~~^Δ since the last
anniversary, is that my
deafness has increased
& I have two or three
times been spoken of in
print as a "pioneer" –
a word that I always

supposed was only suited to one's grandmother or to people born in 1790.

It was Mrs. Will Balfour who "started something," when she asked about my Bel Thistlethwaite contributions to the Globe. I thought she wanted the information with a view to assisting some young relative or schoolgirl, who had to write a composition. "The Home Maker" is very kind; but the proofreading in that paper is terrible. There were five mistakes (one in grammar) in a little poem they reprinted. Not

the kind that people Know are errors, but the kind that make you wonder if the writer was in a trance or mildly delirious. Worst of all, my old friend, Graeme Mercer Adam, was referred to as Adam M. Graeme! But I do thank you for the clippings all the same, as I wanted to know the extent of the carnage.

That last word reminds me of "Give your Heart to the Hawks." I found the book fascinating and read every word of it. The author is extraordinarily sensitive to every aspect of beauty; an artist to the core in feeling & the choice of words. But seemingly he

can't resist the lure of the horrible. Very few pages of the book that are not blood-stained & the mental agony corresponds with the amount of gore. But that is quite in line with the sadistic urgings of Modern verse. But beauty of phrase - the sure eye of one who is poet & artist both - lifts this book far above any other volume of free verse I have seen. So I can thank you sincerely for it.

Not long ago I met Miss Margaret & Miss Jean Dalrymple at Mrs. Rob Balfour's. Both looked well,

but your Aunt Jean had
lost considerably in weight.
I think it was wonderful
that Margaret stood the long
strain of her sister's illness
as well as she did.

The last I heard of Carl
Ahrens he was a little
better in the spring weather.
They have more than their
share of trouble. How valiant
of Homer Watson to hold on to
his little shred of vitality.
Walter McRaye looks forward
to a good season for peaches.
He is proud as a peacock of
his fruit farm.

We are all well here & hope
that you have quite recovered
your health. With sincere
affection to you & yours, & a
special caress for tall Ellen,
Ethelwyn Wetherald