

Fenwick
Dec. 29th '35

Dear Mr. Page, --
Several times
during this happy Christmas
season I have roused
to the consciousness
that I have not yet
acknowledged the
earliest, & one of the
choicest of the gifts
which have come to
this house - & that
is the book of beautiful

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Poems sent by "The
Pages" & very gratefully
received by your
friend. Indeed it's
the kind of book that
one reads - as I have
read it - with constant
pleasure. Thank you
all very much for it.

I hope it isn't
ill health that keeps
you away from this
snow found part of
Ontario. I saw dear
Aunt Jean & Aunt Margaret

late in November & they assured
me you were coming before
Christmas. But if you have
come & gone without calling
here I could not find it in
my heart to be unforgiving,
knowing how bad are the
roads on the sidelines.

Louis Blake Duff called
here the day before Christmas
& brought me a book that gives

me a sense of alarm as well
as pleasure. It is "Undertow"
by that true genius & insuffer-
able egotist, Wilson McDonald.
On the title page the distinguished
poet writes a line or two saying
that sometime when he is
in Welland he is going to
motor out to see me. So he
has publicly slandered some
of my literary friends in
Toronto, I fear to be his friend

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dread to have him
for an enemy, & only
hope he will forget
his words & leave
me too the soothing
influences of obs-
curity.

Walter McRaye
often speaks of you
in his letters. He &
Pearl are such good
dependable friends.

All sorts of good
wishes come surging
up to be sent to

Page Missing