

72 Constance St.  
City. June 29th, 1953

Dear Dr. Pierce:

I apologize for being so tardy with my reply to your two letters. The truth is I had my husband home with one of those abominable virus colds-- kind of thing which deprived young George of his hearing; so I was none too easy in my mind.

Then you know what spring is to supposedly respectable females, and on top of that the age old yen to make some kind of garden.... Oh, well I never learn to be bohemian, so why complain ?

Between all this I try to nibble at the Mss. and shall keep at it as best I can. Sometimes I wonder why I dont get a job selling hot-dogs and forget the whole thing. But there again I never learn.

As for the Dove, I try not to even think about it. I recall too well when John Barrimore was taken with Lord of the Silver Dragon and I had a wire to that effect, All the heavens opened and all the angels sang. NOW at last I could rest my feet on dry land and begin to write! But shortly I am told that some fly by night movie Company is thinking about making A Skeleton in Armour ( Longfellow) and our John refused to contemplate acting in anything which might be thought a copey.

Life has handed me several of these sunny practical jokes-- the last one the translation job which I performed ( right word) for a famous Scandinavian author. My Dark Weaver was to be translated in turn and I was to be paid one thousand dollars. I could have used it in the flood-- but so far nothing has come of it except my own eye-strain.

If anyone would believe it I could go on with this tale to epic lengths but again why bother. With very little pushing I could become a devoted believer in dark stars, only something of my ancient ancestry roars with mirth at the humorous idea that the universe takes much notice of my hopes, fears, little fevers, and insignificant desires.

All I hope for is publication of something to save my poor ego and earn me the right to mangle with the other odd ducks who pretend to be authors. Though to be quite honest I should prefer oddities who mess about with ideas if not ideals. With all my other faults I am also Celtic, God help me.

Just to round out this plaint or plea or whatever it is: the Salversons celebrated in solitary granduer their fourtieth anniversary this month; we had a picnic-- and thought of the friends who had made out 25th so gay in Calgary. It is nice to know that memory is neither taxable nor subject to the moth.

I dare say I have miss spelled every other word.  
I always do when a touch of emotion reduces me to pleasant idioy. Any way who cares!

Sincerely and gratefully

L.G. Salverson.