

72 Constance Street
Toronto, Ont.
Aug. 7th, 1958

Dear Dr. Pearce:

How charming of you to remember that my first
sings were poetic- if not exactly poetry. For that reason and no other
I am sending these little books, you may get a quiet smile from reading
this and that simplicity.

If I remember correctly Donadd G. French was taken with the lyrical
quality of the verses, but as you know this is a Celtic weakness. So
much so in my case that I still find it hard to get any enjoyment from
the iron tread of superior poetry. However, I had the sense to realize
that I was not twin soul of Shelley, and therefore stayed grounded.

I did write some war stuff, which Watson Kirkconnel liked and had
published for me; also some dramatic bits for radio etc. But only my
alter Ego knows where the stuff is now: somewhere in boxes snuggled
down with other relicts of mental brain storms.

By the way I have cut two hundred pages out of the book, and hope
to cut yet another hundred. Mass murder you see. In fact I was all
primed to out-do the modern warlords, but as usual some darn thing
happens. This time its a romance gone on the rocks of religion. My
roomer lost a Catholic lover (thank heaven) and now goes home to
mother. It means another upheaval for me- and I mus t say I hate this
daying bait for victims, and would much prefer an igloo to myself.

This gossip is designed to waste time; I am waiting to send the
children a message, they have been married two years on the 8th, and
it is now after midnight of the 7th. They are at Martha's Vinyard
having a vacation. Right at the back door of Leif Ericson's old booths
in Vinland. I am thrilled about it!

Sincerely Yours

Laura G. Selouson