

Paris 23/10/28

Dear Kay:

Spelling was always my bête
noir at school. In my manuscript I
noticed a 'c' in striking, I presume
it is there in the typewritten sheet as
I did it in a hurry. But I never
do anything quite right, always bungle
something. Correct any of my errors and
let me know about it, there's a dear,
9.

Dear Kathleen:

Parting came again too soon,
As usual when hearts are well affined,
For much meant I to whisper tenderly
In your soft-conched ear that appertains
Most nearly to yourself. O priceless one,
You conquer where you go, all faces else
Seem cast in shade, eyes lustreless, voices
But idle clacking, dresses gracelessly
Adorning less endowed, when, like the sun
So suddenly flooding November skies
That all the naked wood stands in amaze,
You pass through dim-lit corridors and burst
Into the banquet hall, resplendent, eyed
By all, respected by the motley crowd,
Beloved by men and gods, hated by none.
Thus you stand out, egregious, striking, like
A tall elm blackly cut against the sky,
Each sweeping curve in clearest silhouette
When pallid evening dies adown the west.
A goddess were you (Psyche had no more
Of loveliness, Venus of brilliancy),
Save that your perfect form Humanity
Doth claim her own. O rich, O rarest gift
That the immutable and poignant law
Could give to any man (while still the frame
The 'too, too solid flesh' doth burn and beat),
I pause, a passionate pilgrim at your door,
I seek the inmost access to your heart,
And while the weary after-hours pass
In slow succession, bound with leaden chains,
Since last I breathed the scented air, and basked
Full in the heaven of your smile, pray send
One word of solace, one small ray of hope,
That mayhap after this lone, aching time,
A joy may come that doth transcend them all.

Lovingly yours,

Geoffrey

Paris, Ont. October 23, 1928.

Geoffrey Bell, B. A. S.

Dear Kathleen:

PARIS, ONT. 19

Parting came again too soon,
 And I was left alone,
 For much meant I to witness tenderly
 In your soft-voiced ear that aspirant
 Next hour to yourself, O priceless one,
 You conquer there you go, all faces else
 seem cast to shade, eyes listless, voices
 but this clinging, dresses gracefully
 idling less endowed, when like the sun
 so suddenly freedom's weather strikes
 that all the naked void stands in awe,
 You pass through his fit corridors and burn
 into the banquet hall, resplendent, eyes
 by all, escorted by the waltz crowd,
 beloved by me and gods, held by none,
 then you stand out, exultant, striking, like
 a tall elm thickly cut against the sky,
 each ascending curve in clearest silhouette
 then a solid form in disc above the west,
 a rugged form you (Pavane and no more
 of loveliness, Venus of Brittany)
 save that your perfect form humbly
 both claim her own, O rich, O great gift
 that the tangible and sojournant law
 could give to my pen, while still the

I gave, a radiant spirit in your hour,
 I seek the instant access to your heart,
 and with the heavy after-hours gaze
 to slow suggestion, bound with languid
 since last I touched the sacred art, and
 still in the haven of your world, my
 one word of praise, one word of love,
 that breathes after this long, golden time,
 # for my love that breathes new life

Yours truly,

Paris, Ont. October 25, 1928

Paris, Ont. November 27/28

Darling Kathleen:

Would that I could go to the post every morning and draw out your beautifully addressed envelope containing as it does an intimate page, each time a little more wonderful than the last, and that is saying a great deal for your first letters struck me with surprise and admiration: something new, a fresh breeze, totally different from anything I was expecting or had experienced, rich with heavy odors, ^{flourished with} sweetness, as from some tropical island, ^{Sea}

← over the murmurous, soft Hawaiian ~~island~~
My darling, don't be too critical, you are clever wherever you turn your hand. That letter was a little wonder in composition and sentiment. I have locked up its intimate appeal in my memory for all time. Speaking of my own letters, I think I made a closer approach than usual to an eloquent outpouring of heart in my last rather frenzied note. I am sorry that I cannot keep up that pitch always. I am sorry I cannot rise to that

- ' Music, when soft voices die,
- ' Vibrates in the memory —
- ' Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
- ' Live within the sense they quicken.
- Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
- ' Are heap'd for the beloved bed;
- ' And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
- ' Love itself shall slumber on.

Dearest, I want you, I want to possess you as a wife. I could tell you of my situation here much better orally, as it contains too much that is commonplace; but suffice it to say here that I could take you any time. Next autumn, a year from next autumn, four or five years — any interval of time you wish. You are the prime consideration, as you have more of your life ahead of you. Don't let me stand in your way, or the way of your parents' wishes, but remember

level every day, for you are worthy of a much higher one. You are worth all the passionate idealism of a Hardy. His pen could not have been too powerful and vivid to do justice to your latent wonders of mind, as well as your more obvious charms of mien and manner.

O, well beloved, I marvel at you, I stand amazed. Your spirits, your fresh, unspoiled outlook, your youthful elasticity all denote your years, but at the same time your wisdom bespeaks the most sage woman of the world. Most versatile one, most tactful one, I could feed on the music of your voice forever, I adore your every utterance; when I am away from you for days on end, I close my eyes and see you, I forget the sensual ears and hear you, I detect your spotlessly clean person by an olfactory sense entirely spiritual. Let me repeat again those lines of Shelley:

that I am ready to receive you
the day that you are free.

You would have the best of
opportunities to go on with your musical
studies here, whenever you come.

Dearest, your great love,
which you expressed as ~~nobody~~ else
could in your last letter, is
sufficient nourishment now. I said
I loved this little fragment of Bliss
Carman:

In Excelsis

'The new moon hangs in the wintry tree,
'The spring rains march by the door,
'The summer comes, and the roses blow,
'The mellow woods of autumn glow,
'And love is more and more.

'The seasons pass, the strong winds die,
'The sunlight steals from the wall,
'The glittering planets wheel and sink,
'The tides return to the ocean's brink,
'And love is all in all.

my love for you is such
Geotner

September 23-30.

Dearest Geoff-

For one week I have delayed
sending the programme of that
delightful afternoon which must
be the last for I know no peace
of mind. Please if it means
anything at all to you let my
love slumber because it will never
die. Indifference - Oh my dear!
Poor, weak homo sapiens.

Ruth.

The Lyre and the Swan are overhead;
They tremble in the fitful wind that blows
From that far margin where Capella throws
Her flashing colors, - - violet, gold and red.
The lingering twilight in the west is fled,
Even the sad last slip of faded rose
and olive, nursing briefly ere its close
The slim young moon; these with the day
are dead:
and now the cloudy galaxy aloft,
From north to south in mighty circling sweep,
Binds the wide heaven with a radiance soft:
The chill night air with fretful sighing keef
The sound is awe of some relentless hand,
Rounding the year at Autumn's stern command.



Miss K. Enticknap,
Drumbo,

Ont.



Paris, Ont. Dec. 28/28

Sweetest Kathleen:

How can I express myself?
How can I send you my full
appreciation of two things uppermost
in my mind, your letter, and your
personal call this morning? How
can I analyze the cleverness, the
subtlety of expression in that
passionate note, or how describe
that supreme bewildering beauty of
your own dear self this morning?
Two tasks equally impossible so
I won't attempt them.

I suggested seeing you Christmas,
even before you gave me the invitation.
Don't thank me. I was even

every few nights the most sanguine love dreams accompanied by actual release and relief.

These dreams usually tend toward a more perfect love than that which exists, but no dream, dearest, could transcend your unpremeditated, almost terrific response. You have made me happy beyond all words, but at the same time you have almost crazed me with passion. I am stupefied. I am harshly self-critical.

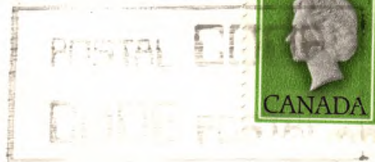
I ask myself: how can I make such a treasure of emotion, always happy? Am I the least bit

more anxious to go to Woodstock than you folks were to have me. And don't suggest that there were any anticlimaxes to my happiness on that occasion. I really and truly enjoyed myself every minute just as I always do when with you and yours.

I doubt not, my most priceless darling, that you love me as you say. Your passionate response to my sincere and prolonged advances ^{was} all that any man could desire in his wildest dreams. It passed by leaps and bounds all my anticipations. Perhaps you do not know that we mean, if we are living singly and virtuously experience

worthy of this matchless maiden's
love? Kathleen, dearest, that
you have had a score or more
lovers, that you with all your
apple-blossom charm have awakened
a flame in so many, and that
in spite of it all your maidenhood
has remained pure and untouched
~~as~~ the farthest snows of mount
Everest is in the nature of
a miracle to me. I can believe
it only by harmonizing that with
the other phases of your being —
you are in every way something in
the nature of a miracle. Darling,
in this and in all things I worship
you with all my heart. Believe me to
be ever your — infallible lover — Geoffrey

Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Phipps
2160 Lakeshore Rd. E., Apt.204
Burlington, Ontario
L7R 1A7



Dr. G. W. Bell,

Drumbo,

Ont.

W

2160 Lakeshore Road,
Apt. #204,
Burlington, Ont. L7R 1A7
February 1, 1981

Dear Geoffery;

I read with a measure of regret in a recent issue of The Paris Star the notice of your retirement, effective as at the end of 1980.

I use the term 'with regret' because, to me, it signifies the end of an era. The start of the era was back in 1924 when I started in the employ of Pennans, and the era ended with your retirement. Soon after I came to Paris and was in need of the services of a dentist I consulted you and there began an association between us which, unfortunately is now terminated by your retirement.

Excuse me while I digress for a moment to apologize for the typewritten letter. I have never considered myself a typist and I use the typewriter out of consideration for the reader. However, my typing involves numerous errors and corrections, and you will find them in profusion as you proceed. Why would this letter be any different than all the other letters I've typed? I just ask that you bear with me and make the necessary allowances.

To return to the subject of my letter, I wish to say that our association has always been, to me, a very pleasant one. Your professional attention has always been rendered in a very capable manner, and always to my complete satisfaction. I am very sorry that your services will no longer be available. Even after moving to Burlington I chose to return to you whenever necessary for the care of my teeth.

The present is considered by some to be an occasion for congratulations. Without wishing to seem pessimistic I must say that I'm not sure that retirement is the time for congratulations and here's the reason for my opinion. We go through life hearing and reading of our later years referred to as the 'golden years', implying years of relaxation and quiet enjoyment of the years which remain. Excepting a relatively few fortunate individuals, it has been my observation that the so-called golden years are the years in which our infirmities come to the surface and plague us. Our faculties such as sight and hearing deteriorate, our teeth need replacing, we get arthritis, rheumatism, hypertension and arterio-sclerosis, which induces heart attacks and strokes, and memory fails completely to function when we need it most. Forgive me if I appear to be cynical but I have experienced all of the foregoing with the exception of heart attacks, thank goodness, and I know whereof I write. However, on the odd

occasion when I permit myself to indulge in a brief period of self-pity I quickly remind myself that I can easily call to mind a number of individuals whose afflictions make whatever is the matter with me seem like a headache by comparison. The other poor individuals tolerate their misfortunes with good grace and make light of them. Then I tell myself that I'm fortunate to be living in ^{an area} not beset with volcano eruptions, earthquakes, floods and forest fires.

Whether retirement is a time for congratulations or not, I offer you congratulations for having endured the rat-race to the point of retirement. You and I can both think of a number of men who didn't make it to the point of retirement. What I will say in your case is that you definitely earned your retirement.

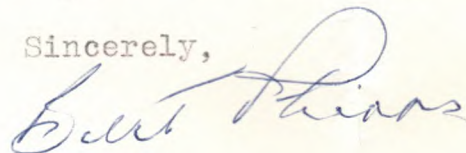
At our ages it is senseless to look forward to a long continuation of years to come. Nevertheless, my wish is that you and Mrs. Bell will enjoy a number of years of quiet contentment together, in the enjoyment of your home, your loved ones, and your recreational interests.

It grieves me to think, Geoffery, that our paths may not cross again. At the same time, there's always the probability that you may be in Burlington sometime, visiting your son and his family. In such a case please remember that if you can spare a half-hour to stop in and say "hello" Dode and I will be more than pleased to see you and Mrs. Bell. Where we live is not hard to find in Burlington.

Before I close I would like you to know that it has been a great pleasure knowing you for this long period of time, and I am deeply grateful for having been able to have the benefit of your professional services for so long. When I visited you last May 28th it was far from my thoughts then that it was the last time I would have the opportunity to do so. In growing older it has become more evident to me that nothing in life goes on indefinitely without change. When change occurs we have to accept it and accommodate ourselves to it.

My very best wishes to you and Mrs. Bell. May you both long enjoy the benefits and pleasures of your well earned rest.

Sincerely,



RETURN TO

BOX 315

PARIS - - ONT.



Miss Kathleen Enticknap,

DRUMBO, Ont.

GRIMBO
JUL 5
CANT.

Paris, Ont.

July 4, 1928

Dear Kathleen:

after a restless night,
during part of which I stayed
awake to see Jupiter and
Mars close to-gether, I sped
along betimes to Paris, but
not without stopping for a
cool plunge at the Devil's
Cave. I have heard that is
is dangerous to dive in ~~in~~ a
heated condition, but thinking
that in all probability I could
not die happier than just
then, splash went I into twelve

and the line came to me

" — by gonder blessed moon I swear
"That tops with silver all these
fruit-tree tops."

Have you read the play? It is
wonderful, most dramatic, and
contains some exceedingly fine poetry.

I hope next Wednesday will
be all right. Still I could
get off early any day you say
and perhaps some you don't.

au revoir
chère amie

Geoffrey

P. S. Pardon the enclosed. It is but
a lapse.

feet of water.²

I am glad you like Mr.
Taylor. Perhaps it is well you
don't know all the nice things
he said about you, time after
time, as long as my stay lasted.
It would sound like flattery
to you, who ~~do~~ not know yet
how sincere and genuine he is.

I have not committed to
memory that exquisite dialogue
— only snatches of it, but from
my general knowledge, ~~fit~~ it
seemed 'en rapport' last night.

Romeo. — "O Blessed, blessed
night! I am afraid,
being in night, all this is but a dream
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

AFTER-THOUGHT

O Kathleen, would one night's unsullied joy,
Whose treasured hours have sped forever hence,
Could be restored into the imminence
Of morrow's dawn! Therein was no alloy
Of baser metal, and the mind's employ,
Bathed in the moonlight, sought a realm intense,
Ethereal; not once the spellbound sense
Felt the impending doubt, or pain, or cloy.

Under the stars of summer, their soft eyes
Dimmed by the moon and cirrus clouds entwined,
Scanning the vast horizon undefined,
Filled with the magic of a sweet surmise!-----
Would that the hallowed time again might rise
Out of the past to soothe this troubled mind.

G.B. 4/7/28