

Writer of the Uncanny

Editor:

I read the Sonia H. Davis article on H. P. Lovecraft on the book page of the Aug. 22 Sunday Journal. I thank Mrs. Davis for giving us her impressions of one of the finest writers Providence has ever produced. My husband and I knew Lovecraft so well that we often visit his grave at Swan Point Cemetery in memory of a very dear friend and a gentleman of the "old school."

Often, we typed Lovecraft's manuscripts, finding it a joy to assist this prolific writer of the weird and uncanny. Lovecraft lived in a world of his own making, a sort of "dream world" where night became day. Most of his writings were accomplished at night. Providence was Lovecraft's first, last and only real love in my opinion. He derived his inspiration from Providence's little-known alleys, back streets and ancient burying grounds. We knew Lovecraft I really believe, better than anyone else (outside of his two aunts), and no finer gentleman ever lived. I feel safe in saying, than this man who just could not reconcile himself to married life, perhaps because his writing meant his entire life to him.

MRS. MURIEL E. EDDY.

Providence.