

But darling - what a blow to hear about poor old Knox - I
can't believe it somehow - He seemed to be so fit and
came and healthy. Just a week to-day since our Picnic
Rally - yet it seems another world - but anyway
it is a satisfaction to have done it. It's the same
way here - no matter how impossible it seems - it
will be a satisfaction to know that I have done what
I could. Thankful too that I can do it alone - as though
I would shield her from any other eyes than mine - I
will not even tell you of it - it would pain you more than
I could bear.

The heat is so oppressive - like a great weight on one -
I hate to think of poor Win with a bouncing Adam
pounding her ribs all night long. But oh the joy of
reward for all the pain one goes through -
so quickly forgotten - I try to look forward - to think
of September with its cool blue days and the pink grass
in our fields and the smell of Autumn in the
air - and Win with her Palor over and me putting
on booties and singing my first grandchild to sleep -
this is what I resolutely dream of when the nights seem
so hot and endless.

I am sure Win will come having you if the weather
isn't too unbearable - But it would be cruel to try to
visit with the temp at 102 - which I see it was.

However it is not like Florida — usually after a terrific hot spell it turns cool. Here there is no hope until the end of October.

It gives one a strange sad feeling to see a city of "oldsters" as they call themselves — all a bit foolish in their pursuit of happiness and their marking time — it seems unthinkable that people of intelligence could feel so little human sympathy in the world of which they are a part — or are they? I walked to the post office last night to mail a letter, and to get a breath of air — and past all the shuffle-board courts with the cheering and fun and frolicking.

Then I thought of John and I thought no — I would never want to see him turn to a play-boy — age should use its strength and wisdom to greater advantage than shuffle-boards. Me for a farm — or at least a stream — what wouldn't I give to see the West Branch and Monday and Kamine and you to force a cool drink down my throat and John to come in from his eternal damming — it is home and dear beyond any words. Maybe we have to go through things to make us appreciate other things. I know I appreciate you Bet, darling and all you do to make my home bright and happy — you are such a beloved friend to me — more you couldn't be. Dearest love ever
Beth