

2.

set off for the day. The events of the day are almost too simple to be reading - altho the writing of them is pleasant enough. I can see you skipping it all - and of it to the eternal things to get done.

Here I have none. I know when I wake that there is nothing more important to the day than taking all the sweet and beauty I can find. It is never-ending - the joy and freedom and exaltation it brings to each hour. Perhaps I have been lazy all along the years - and only now can indulge myself. Anyway it is delicious! I simply luxuriate.

September
1943

PECKETT'S ON-SUGAR-HILL
FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dearest.

Last night was the coldest night we have had. I pulled up all the extra blankets I could find and still wasn't quite sure about extending my feet to the bottom of the bed. I curled up like a squirrel. This morning I hurried out on my balcony to see the world covered with frost. Also to share a blueberry muffin with a friendly chipmunk. How I will visit with you before I

3. The maiden hair fern in these woods is the finest show of all — whole mountain sides covered with it. The White Birch lightens the woods — and the evergreen mixture gives smell and flavour. It is very pleasant walking — the mountains are there whenever you look. The farms are of a later vintage than pleases my eye — They are a huge, freshly painted blot on the landscape instead of a part of it all. But one does not quarrel over details. I am not here for picture taking but to taste the mountain air. I love the sting of the air — even in the hot sun. I know I am — "Northern-Hearted". I love the thought of November days "There is iron in our Northern winds: Our pines are trees of healing".

It is much more potent than iron injected by a needle. This is the Power of Robert Frost and needs the November days to make you feel its spell. Otherwise you merely occupy a Tourist room. But the feel of it is what I love best. I would love to spend a winter in some old house — in the old way.