

MRS. JOHN V. N. DORR
WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT, CONN.

John dearest -

Monday morning seven am. - The
mocking birds woke me! How soft the air
feels - how sweet it smells. I had
forgotten. This is an unusually unspoiled
little town - none of the curse of the East
Coast - a gentle people come here - a people of
good breeding. I found mother much better than I
had dared to hope - her nurses excellent
and altogether a great weight from my
mind. Also the Hospital is filled so that it
was necessary for me to live outside
the Hospital - which takes away the
most dreaded part of the trip. Through

2. Dr. Mease I got a lovely room & bath at the Yacht Club Inn — with food when I want it. The woman who has ^{run} ~~had~~ it for twenty-one years is a perfect peach and the people are all old timers — a bit on the elderly side but with their dignity still intact. I look out into an orange grove and count my blessings.

I will not go to the Hospital until Ten am. — and stay until 10 p.m. Everyone there has been waiting "until hell came" — now I must somehow make good. We are led into strange paths — the thing to do is to go willingly —

Pie — "Conduct me, Jove, and thou, O Destiny,
Wherever your decrees have fixed my rotation.

I follow cheerfully: and, did I not, —
Wicked or wretched, I must follow still.

And so I follow my allotted path —
finding it much pleasanter than I had thought.

(3.)

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The trip down was an easy one, your friend had to be curbed a bit in your instructions to take care of your wife - but that was done. He had a beautiful state-room and enough liquor for a continued drinking bout. I had a Cuba Libre with him - and showed him pictures for an hour or so - then much to his disgust I broke away from the party and came back to my lonely seat. I do not think I am anti-social (and he is nice) but it can so easily get out of hand.

Instead I talked pleasantly with a Jewish sergeant who shared my berth - and gave him of my home made bread and our good West Branch turkey - turned in about nine and slept soundly.

4. I feel a strange sense of well-being and peace that I haven't felt in years. Perhaps it is only Bob's happiness that I have longed for so long. One cannot take his own happiness alone. I feel flooded with it now — and can't tell whether it is hers or my own.

The joy of the West Branch in winter time — without the pressure of the experimental rotation or wayside inn — with Anna and Bobson to live in the outer room so pleasantly. It is the first time in our life together where I see ahead an interval of peaceful living — of good health and freedom. What joy! Once this bonus fever is past we will touch the stars at night — and the earth and sun and wind by day — with a warm fire and love indoors — who could

(5.)

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ask for anything more than that
Sir? I am rich - and if you feel
your riches as I do - Then we
are truly blessed - and will bless all
we touch. After all what greater Thing
could we do? When is good? It seems
to me. When the externals and the things
of the spirit are in harmony. This has
happened at the West Branch and now
a new blessing is ours. Hold fast to it dear
John - don't be side-tracked on that road
which leads only to accomplishment - for this is the
great accomplishment. I see your dear face
before me whenever I move. God bless and keep
my beloved husband - Ever. M.