

(2) a great relief from yesterday and the day before. But still no rain - it is a crying need here. This afternoon we are going to drive to a little town called Chagrin Falls for supper. There is a famous place there called Canary Cottage which was famous when I lived in Ohio and has recently even been written up in the New Yorker. It is nice to know that mouse traps to make a path to their doors!

Tomorrow we are luncheon with Claire - and Sunday she & her husband and a few others are coming here for cocktails.



My dear one.

Friday morning - Decoration Day - how many graves are being decorated - and how many new ones waiting to be. The Civil War heroes found a bit of earth to receive them but our heroes of to-day will be scattered to the four winds.

It feels peaceful here - and remote. I can almost understand the isolationists of the middle west. For this one small week I pretend that I am justified. This morning Bill & I painted the fire place - and fixed some flower boxes. The air is sweet & cool

3. I have made an old-fashioned strawberry
short cake and we will eat it on the
small veranda - with a cat bird
singing his heart out to his love in a small
nest nearby. It is all small and
suburban ^{would} but I realize more than ever
that the small man with his small
load knows something of peace that
the big man might well envy. There is
not the pressure - and there is a
certain faith by necessity - as though
simply taken for granted - Ah me
my dearest one how humbly we
must walk along the pathway of
life if we wish to pick the precious
blue flowers - I must bring you some
my dearest dear one - so that

you will know and look for them.
Perhaps I am not meant for the wife of the
important one - perhaps it takes another
set of values - I think it does -
surely for the worldly wife. But
you are not in need of the worldly
goods - any more than I am. We
need love and peace - those two
things make a haven from the trouble
of the world. and without them be it
ever so well organized & managed -
it has lost the heart. We have the
making of the most beautiful - most
high - shall we fail? (cries of)
No - no - no -) you are my
Beloved husband and I will. (I am yours) }