

2. The frozen fields lie quiet -  
Winter is here. The farmer's horses  
wait patiently at the cross-roads -  
the children plodding down the  
road through the snow to school.  
All is in the high key - a  
white world. Only the very  
tops of the rail fences make  
a pattern of black lines. We  
are enveloped in a cloud  
of smoke as we fly through  
the snow-white silence.

Ah, Miami - you will have  
to go far to learn this lesson!

Even Time stands still apparently.  
As far as I can figure we are  
already three hours late - one  
can't help wondering if it matters  
at all - whether it would matter  
if Time stopped altogether and  
gave us a rest.



EN ROUTE

John Dewey -

At Buffalo we crossed into a  
different world - Canada. It is  
as if - immediately - with one  
fell swoop - were wiped away  
all the "gee-haws" - all  
the "frou-frou" - all the  
"shee-shee" - the electric  
tricks - the great side-show  
of Life - and one entered  
into Life itself. Here is one  
grand simplification. There  
is no gesture to the public -  
no acknowledgement of this  
great dark horse that goes  
ploughing across its silence.

3. It was hard to leave you last night John dearest - but I did have to smile to myself and wonder how you would transmute it into one of your best dinner stories. Anyway I shan't be the poor little weeping one that you generously rescued from the clasp of Sarah. I shall probably be turned into the hard-hearted wretch who is Hollywood bent! Ah me - There ain't no justice! So I shall try to be true to my own self - and you in your heart know that it is so. It is a great thrilling joy to me to work - to take ideas and give them form. The period in one's life when a woman is with child is actually short - but does one ever cease to be heavy with child and awaiting delivery? I know the pain of labour - I know the danger - I know the cost - I'm not at all sure that it is worth it - to you or to the world - but are we ever sure of anything? Or are we not driven by some urge beyond our controls to give - give give and never count how much? It is so that you have gathered your medals - your honour - your great wisdom and beauty. I acknowledge it with my heart with such pride - but your victory is not mine. Not that I crave victory - or success - but only to give expression to one's own vision, that is all. Do you understand John dear, or is it merely a silly woman's whim that gets in the way of man's important business? I have no business - but I have a life - I am in the middle of it - so what to do? Shall I say to myself "now I will invest everything I have in

(5) To settle like the Fisher Wrights in  
Del Ray - play with a little crowd -  
talk much and do nothing -  
no dearest - no thank you -  
not that for an ending to  
our glorious life. Even to sit like  
Howard Doughty on a quiet side  
porch - to tend a small  
garden and gather historical  
data about one's ancestors - its  
curse for Howard - but its  
not for me! Give me rather my  
beautiful 97 year old  
explorer that swings his  
camera over his back  
and is afoot with his vision!  
I never want to quit - to do  
nothing - for I know that people  
work very hard at it and I  
am no good. I'm not a play person.



EN ROUTE

(4) perfectly safe three-percent Government  
bonds? Shall I refuse the challenge  
of earning a slice from the loaf of  
life for myself? You will say that  
I have carved several slices -  
and I admit that I have -  
and they were sweet - sweet -  
and you and I together are eating  
from those slices. But to quit - to  
say - from now on, we coast down  
hill - we play-safe - we take no  
chances - we will not accept the  
challenge again but only be  
sure of the coupons - the day  
of concerning is past - no more  
to work - to give substance to ideas -  
but only to play - or to sit on the  
side-lines and watch - and  
remember - no John dearest -  
it does not look like Heaven to me.

⑥ That's even the places where idle people play -  
and the things they do - and the very thought  
of settling down terrifies me. Life isn't over for us - we  
have much to give to it - and to receive - to the very end  
- be "explorers"! Let us try to get out of the reach of  
the time-clock - where we can live graciously - but with  
a great undercurrenting rhythm that carries us ever  
and ever onward! Not merely from one office to the  
other - from one convention of talkers to another  
convention of talkers - but to their homes in the Canadian  
wilds where they take the gold from the earth - where  
they struggle and fight their battles and  
live. You will find one thing - & another, but  
each will bring it to the one place and our world will  
grow richer and richer. Believe me John darling and  
don't ever, ever be afraid that anything I find will take me  
from you - it will do quite the contrary - it will  
unite us more than all the years of just social -  
or business living could. Let us try with one great  
effort to swing clear of the pulling and hauling -  
the fears or the pressure of fear - let's make our last  
act the most beautiful of all - the one we love the most...  
Bless you darling - know that I love you and that perfect  
love does "cast out fear" will be, my colored pointer stopped to say, for  
your hours late - so you

"Now there would only be time there we could do during with me"