

They are not mine. I can't even seem to work out the W.B. problems for they go into realms of development from which I am again excluded. It seems only an "adjunct" to the Dorr Co. Here is something that knocks at my heart - and looks to me for answers.

There is plenty to keep me busy - but Oh how I dreamed that you would care enough to get on a noon train on a Friday - and spend a few days in this peaceful hill-top with me.

I thought if you were really hungry I could lure you here - instead of always the other way round. So we each create our own image out of our dreams. God bless you dearest - we two are joined by more than band —
Eves. D.

My Dearest.

How very strange is life. How little we know the pattern we weave. Here is poor Tom, whose main contribution (outside of his children) has been that he could swing an ax, and that his dream of a farmer was in his hands — Here is Tom, chopping his own leg! What ironic fates pursue us. It was his one pride - how true he could swing an ax.

I've been turning it over and over in my mind since — Looking for a better answer than fate. I think I understand. They were putting their best foot forward — Emily Blake, (Tasha's boss at Oxford) her husband, her mother and her sisters were there to spend the day. They had made every effort to "make everything go well." There gets to be a kind of tension set in in spite of oneself. I know. I have felt it. Tom was trying so hard — yet really had such a small part he could play. They planned their picnic — lunch at one by the River —

3. everything is being done right and that it will be clear sailing. But knowing Tom, we cannot count on him too much - he needs no complications to make him full of self, pity and condemnation.

All this has happened in a few hours - yesterday at this hour I was delighting in the fact of their victory over all odds. I can't see that it proves anything - unless perhaps that the inner balance controls our fate.

Well, Tasha is here now - her dear face so anxious - her body so heavy with the new child - her house so unfinished. For the children all things are Holiday. Bethany and Seth are here to spend the day! Tempers more! Each little boy prostrates himself before the little gold locks! The eternal woe.

I must put this in the mail - but before I go. One does not find freedom from care even in New Hampshire! But one feels at least that he is just where he may serve. Surely I make no headway with all the Dorro Co. problems I labour with. I was not even looked to - for

2. Everything was going beautifully - the first self-consciousness was over - the picnic was starting. Tom took along his ax to make the walk down easier for the mother (and because he secretly knows that is how Tasha loves to see him - with his ax on his shoulder). He was eager to play his little part. But even here where he was most at home - his "unsureness" of himself in front of others paralyzed his co-ordinations - he swung with his hand but not with his mind. Poor Tom! Of his simple part is denied him - I fear for his mental healing.

He went in emergency of course and happened to choose a Dr. Bliss, who has an unsavoury reputation. He was once Gov. of the State and has mixed politics and medicine rather badly - no one has a good word for him. I am going down to the Hospital with Tasha this morning and going to get Dr. McKeally - the very fine surgeon - Dr. who came to see me - to see him. It may be