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# Easy Acres

"WHERE EASY DOES IT"

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Wednesday

Dear Bob:

There is no other house for miles as far as one can see. A nice black landscape, bare trees & rugged hills. A splendid sense of isolation far from the crowd's maddening stuff. A black horse with his back covered with fine snow standing stolidly in the pasture & reminding one of Hall's Whitman's "The Impatient".

Unable as yet to assume my social duties in regard to conversations & perusal, it is very apparent to me that I am living with very fine people. Nice cuisine.

It appears that I recuperate quickly & that I must consider plans to find my way back (the way back to the same old things or to metamorphosis). It is a strange commentary on human affairs that I can feel myself so full of hope after absorbing more than my fair share of the slings & arrows.

The treatment so far is physiological & is doing much good. One can not