

Finlayson, Minn., seems to be nearer civilization (this fine, fresh, "late" May morning) than any place I know. Birds are registering their satisfaction in full-throated paens of praise.
(I must look for hair in the butter.)

Clean-up week here (as on Wall St.) occurs 52 times per year. Nothing is allowed to mould but Graham bread.

"We Are Ours" shall be the name of the play, will write beginning Mch 17 1935.

It shall show toil, seeking toil, unemployment, married life, separation, persecution, payroll robbery. Third act shall open upon the choosing of caretaker for aged mother, care of same, winds up in old man's darling setup, as: "What is your opinion of marriage?"

"I hardly know what to think."

"Would you consider an old man for a life partner?"

"I would; for age is only measure of youth."
(Climax.)

"You are mine."

"We are ours."

Finlayson Minn.
May 21 '34