

April 11th 1917.

My dearest Laura

It seems strange to be sending
one another Easter cards in these
troublesome times. I suppose you are
worried about Francis. Howard of
course cannot enlist if he wished to
do so. I am divided in my mind
as to the virtue of war. I know it
is a tremendous devastator and stops
the machinery of much necessary
philanthropy - gifts to the local need etc.
But I am forced to realize that it is a

tremendous force for good not done to nations
but to the individual. It is better to die
suddenly for an ideal than to creep into old
age - so often fruitless senility - with never
having touched the flaming swords of
self sacrifice and patriotism. I am
thinking of the thousands who have lived
narrow material lives - suddenly face to
face with reality and death. I am
thinking too of the change in Rupert Brooke's
poems of that marvelous sonnet "The Dead"
written after he had been in the trenches &
just before he was lost in the Aegean.
Perhaps you know it already.

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

There's none of these so lonely & poor of old,
But dying, has made us ~~a~~ rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Haliness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth.

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Hatredness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage. "

Then laying aside the individual I see the whole
world jumping forward with the banner flags
of democracy! Think of Russia without
Vodka and without Despotism! What a
nation she will make when she begins to
develop her resources and capitalism

supplants feudalism.

Two days ago I left this and now
I am back with sad news. Howard
has been put to bed for six weeks and
as much longer as need be until
his hip is well. The tone is affected
in some way similar to a tone bruise
he developed in his hand a month
ago. How sad and hard it is!

He has his first formal dinners
in the coming six weeks as well
as innumerable dances so that it
does seem so cruel to have him on
his back with so much fun in store!

Still that of course amounts to little if he can only get well. But his activity will always be limited. And when he has a superb muscular development you may know how he longs to swim and play like the rest.

Well dear, life was not meant to be easy was it?

You would not guess, Sam certain, unless you peered into my days, how much I enjoy your various gifts. I never wear them but I mentally thank you all over again.

I am still struggling with the typewriter. I have the keyboard pretty well in hand but no speed. If practice makes perfect I may arrive.

The short story is still thrilling. I find it full of difficulties. It has signposts reading "no anything allowed," "strictly business" which separate it from the leisurely novel. I long to lift the top off of the brain of my characters and

April 18th

I shall never know what I longed to do for events have crowded too fast upon this

wayward letter. And Laura. Sam so sad.
The swordick with Howard is bone tuberculosis
and I cannot see where to turn. I began
this letter talking lightly of death as a
means of the futures salvation. I forgot the
homes and hearts that are broken. How
glad Sam that Sam free to be with him
morning and night.

Much love dear

Thrice