

Saturday afternoon

NELL KOONS

400 EAST 59TH STREET

NEW YORK

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

My Dearest. I am ashamed of some
of the letters I have sent to you -
forgive me darling. I should not have
written at all - but you seemed such
a haven of rest and peace - seemed
as if just to touch you on paper -
things were pressing me from all sides -
and I was too tired physically and
mentally to pull myself up above
them - to get any perspective. I promise
you I shall not be a clinging vine -
and I do know darling - we are both free
spirits - I don't think I shall ever
be so tired again.

I determined not to write you
until I had rested - to-day is the
first I worked alone. What a blessing that
I did not get the murals after all - your

Letter to-day is P. is manner from
heaven - the margin of safety so heavenly
sweet to rest in - to know that I do not
have to worry - that I can lay the whole
thing down and somehow it will all
work out. -

Enclose a letter from Virginia which will
explain itself - none of these things ordinarily
would bother me - it is the strain of trying
to settle everything by a given date to take
my own happiness - from a habit of an
entire life time of putting their life before my
own. I'm terribly disappointed in Mary 34
and her lack of understanding - I saw
a limited viewpoint there - and suspected
more but felt sure of her essential
understanding - I write Virginia each
day - hoping I can make her see the
whole thing in perspective and not let
the littleness of it disturb her - so