

that is secure — and
 that all the poor world had a
 home — just that — a home — a
 fire side, children, husband
 peace — I wonder whether it can
 ever be — whether it is what men
 really want. Those who have lost
 theirs seem to.

But we must not know how weak
 I am. I want so to be The Rock — I
 love to think I am. Only you, dearest
 know how weak and fearful I
 am.

Some things are more difficult for some
 than for others. Just living on this street
 with its confinement would be like
 taking a living tree out of the earth and
 putting me in cement. It stifles me.
 I could put up with every inconvenience
 in the world better — if I could have
 a piece of earth and sky and
 trees that were my own. Better Jackson
 hand ships a thousand fold (I am

Monday night.

Dearest One.

To-night I want nothing in the whole
 world so much as to lay my head
 on your shoulder and feel the warmth
 and comfort of your love. It's like
 you were calling me saying
 "Come unto me — all ye who are
 heavy laden — and I will
 give you rest." Rest Rest! Rest!!
 I wonder if there is such a thing
 in this world. When I come to
 you — you have no rest to
 give me — but more and
 more and more problems. But
 to-night I forget everything except
 the longing to lay my problems
 down and to rest in your
 beloved arms. One long and
 long and long for a home

not comparing husbands) but only the rhythm of her daily life. This kind of living is a jam session - not music - but forgive me John — I think I have talked of nothing else for five days to you. You must be thinking me very dull!

The boys are utterly lovable — even though the set-up is too exhausting to enjoy them. Jo. night Win is down doing Laundry — and will be writing to Bill after that. But she has so much to see to in the day time -

The war news is more and more in the same direction and one feels his heart breaking in the agony of these birth pains - so long - so long - so long. And even before victory is born, you see and hear on all sides the preparation for its assassination. Even before it is born, your chances of survival are so limited — I tremble to think what chances U.S.S.R. - Gr. Br. - U.S.A - France - China AND POLAND - can have to agree as to its fate. With all the parents and in-laws, and friends and relations quarreling to gether already. Where is the Brother hood of men? It is time for me to go into my "now dwelling" and see if somewhere there in myself, I can find a still small voice. As you are not here — and I am not there - I cannot lay my head on your shoulder. I have put my heart on paper for your hand to open — and your eyes to read — always yours.