

2 attacks on the enemy and we take in
safety to our stronghold where we may
re-arm for the next attack. But it is
necessary to protect that place and not
be taken by surprise. Now for the
once more - for I still hold you and
know the answer in your heart is mine.

Good night dearest - Bless both of us that
binds our hearts in mutual love.

Thursday morning

Decoration Day - and what a day!
From all the cold, grey, rainy
days they have stolen the sunshine
to save it for this day. It is more
than a day can hold - all gold
and bright arrows and air
like bubbles of champagne. What
do we decorate - I forget - is it
the graves of the old soldiers -



My dearest one.

West Branch - 12 midnight - stars overhead
sound of our river and the peace of earth
with all things sleeping, you are very near
to me here. Last night it was different - there
were barriers between us - why, I don't know -
I only know that to-night there are none. You
are here in my arms - we speak from our
hearts - we might even smile at last night - we
are so sure of ourselves to-night - my dearest
my beautiful one - husband. How can it be that
the world can ever close us away from one another -
if ever we needed each other it is in these anxious
hours. Forgive me John - I will try always to know
that you do not mean it - help me, dear. I do get so
tired of politics & business and world problems - you must
remember the home is ours and keep it safe - it is the
only thing we do control. Let's have no fifth column
here. With that post in safe hands we can
never fail. We can make

3 It on the gods must smile to see us Decorating
the old graves and making new ones in the same breath.
It on the gods must weep if they have a heart for the pity of it.

I have gone twice to the radio to turn it on - then I
look out at the sun so bright on the White Pines -
the blue pansies faces so trusting to the sky - the
bird singing its heart to the day - and I say
No - it is no use - and so I do not know to-day
the latest horror. I shall get into my oldest
clothes and work in the garden after I have
taken this to mail to you. Digging with one's
hands in the earth is like touching a beloved
face - Your dearest one you are ever the great
King - the great oak - the best of earth's gifts -
and to find you I must go back to earth - the
world cannot take away this. I must remember.

Daniel has promised that there will never be
a repeat of last week - so we shall hope - I
will let it ride until your return at least and try
to get things done for your approval. Sometimes it seems
all the justification of self to one's self is a striving
that kills something else - but I'm sure I could not
tell you what that is. The beauty of animals and
flowers and earth is that it does not waste that thing
in justifying its right to be - unless you become as little
children - you shall in no wise enter the kingdom -
give the youth a taste of your love - your great beautiful soul
and let the arguments go - the answer is not here. W.