

having to move Jan 1st — and no place to go. It is really desperate. I shall bring Christy home with me. Peter will be in the Hospital, Win can sleep on the couch in the living room at Joans, and Bill live at the barracks. Not much of a Christmas in that. But my prayers have been answered so many times and it is time I look again.

I've read your letter of to-day. "your letters are most helpful - as well as a consolation" — well darling. I long to pour out my love and all my heart — sometimes it seems to come free and clear. To-day doesn't come as free as I want. Ever since that damn telephone call the heart hides a bit from me — keeps me wondering what it is you want. I think I know, but do I? Sometimes I could hate the Dorr Co. — so to keep from hating it, I have to love it twice as much.

Next time don't bother to telephone! I think the expense bothers you, for purely personal reasons, and I would much prefer a good, personal letter, where your heart speaks. That's what keeps mine singing.

The day is so sparkling and wine-like — but mercury down to 10° above even at noon day. This is the most beautiful spot in the world. I love to feel its pulse — and peace — and it to you — we, 7.

Monday
Dec 10th

My Blessed John.

Your train letter from Scotland arrived this bright winter morning, like a bird to my hand. I am deep in Christmas letter — with the kitchen the scene of activity. Xmas cookies mean Xmas. I shall try to get a box off to you to mail with this letter. I love to picture the Inverness Town, the wedding, the dear people. How my heart responds to dear people, and how it recoils from N.Y. — really it is frightening. I wish we could go on renting the apt. — and not live there. It is not living.

Andrea just telephoned that Arthur has gotten a "flat" — how nice! Maybe in June we may be there together, who knows.

I love to hear all that you are doing — but Ah John darling — the anti-climax to all anti-climaxes was after two days of waiting for every time the telephone rang to hear your dear voice — and only to

Mrs. V. Patten
The Flat 55 R A

3. She and her four boys are going up to Vermont for skiing at Christmas and they are very gay and full of the spirit of Xmas. She said she had done nothing about Xmas shopping - and didn't intend to. Sometimes I think I envy her - but no, I shall be repaid in packing my boxes. It is my way.

Lillian is coming out to-night for the night - Constance to-morrow night - a most convenient time for me as I am almost swamped with things to get done - but they only come once a year or so and it is now or not at all. Robert will be here also - we are still busy with Xmas cards - what a job that is.

Bob has been in the Hospital with a strep sore throat but is much better and home again. I was so anxious. Now it is only Win and her problems that is difficult. Peter has a cough which hangs on and prevents the tonsil operation and there is that awful feeling of

2. He told to wait longer - finally in the night - out of the blue, comes your dear voice into my room - "Oh, is it you - I was trying to get Goldthwaite." Funny what a turn your heart can get by a twist.

I called Goldthwaite in the morning and got him at the Dorr Co - in a meeting where I relayed to him your anxieties and fears and trust in him. He will write you directly about it. I think with you away he takes much more responsibility and thought for your problems than when you are here. And while I don't think he knows all the problems, still I have great respect for his over-all wisdom and knowledge, also his ability to bring out the best in men. That is very necessary at this time. Try not worry about it John dearling, but keep your mind, body and spirit refreshed to inspire your men with confidence instead of fear. I am so happy that the English group are working together - and with Arthur too. He is better off there than in the D.G. office - I think McPhee would love to go there too. She seems very happy -