Friday Jan 17

Dear Marion,

I thank you for sending the photo start to me.

But I don't think anything ever affected me as that did.

It's been many years since Niki and I thought alike, dreamed alike, wrote "poetry" on identical sheets without consulting each other - and I feel that

a part of me, the romantic dreamy, rose-colored-glossed and most valiant part was tortured and died with her. Too, I was perhaps the first Jewish person whom she knew, and while her fight was not personal - but for a right way of living - her death becomes to me, a personal sacrifice.

And yet I feel so futile.

I saw no Crusader - hate a
Pardon me for spelling these thoughts to you. I know you, too, must have made your spiritual adjustment to this thing and I should not intrude on that adjustment while I'm in the throes of trying to work out a philosophy of living. Strangely,

the person who understands and helps me most these days is my own daughter. She and her husband are living with us. (Have been for lack of an apartment for since he came home from the service.)

In about a month we are driving to Florida to meet spring. So, you see, my life lies in pleasant paths and I have much for which to be thankful. My husband is
Mrs. William J. Mack
617 East Mitchell Avenue
Cincinnati 29, Ohio

This most gentle loving
and lovable person gave me
the most wonderful love
and happiness I have ever
known. We've been married for
six very happy years—
my son is married to a
very fine girl and sometime
in early summer, they expect
a baby. So you see
what Mom lived and did
emphasizes the softness of
my exisance. I wish still
that there were some way
I could make her
sacrifice count. Perhaps
I'll find it sometime.

Would you be interested
in publicizing this any
further? I have a very good
friend Mr. Sam Sherman of
the Milwaukee Journal who
might be interested in doing
something about it. If you
want to contact him feel
free to use my name.

Everything good to you
and again, thanks. Sincerely, Grace