

You will have to forgive us for being desultory in correspondence—and in acknowledging or reciprocating as to Christmas cards. Perhaps we are even worse than desultory. Amy has her hands full looking after her mother, now 84 and almost wholly dependent on her physically and spiritually, altho; ~~not~~ fortunately, not an invalid. We can get nobody to stay with her, or to look after her, except a friend who comes in, a night or so at a time, as a "baby-sitter", on those rare occasions when we can get away for a few days. On top of all that, we finally bought what we believe will be our long-say-it permanent home, a year ago last August—an old stone house, with 35 acres of land, out in west-central New Jersey. Between that place and Jamaica Amy has ~~the~~ all she can do, especially with one other house needing attention (and—astound-sale) and with the usual coterie of tramp animals—mostly ~~strays~~ snatched from the ash heap to clean the gas tanks of the S.P.C.A. On top of all that, I am back at work, as Legal Consultant, for the American Social Hygiene Association—handling just about all the legal work incident to the resumption of war-basis activities of the Association in connection with the program assumed at the request of the armed services and the Federal Security Agency. So there is little chance for Satan to find mischief for our active hands. But all this entails correspondence—and we have to ask our friends' charity and indulgence. As for Xmas cards, we have sent out none since 1941—for half a dozen reasons. We hope to resume this year—but———"when you see that blessed day, then order your Ascension Robe."

As ever—sincerely—and this time grievously—

—Tom Lawrence