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Dearest dear Miss Tarbell,

How dear of you to
write me that lovely note when you are so busy
and have so many friends! I can never tell
you how I appreciate your continuing friend-
ship. I was very naughty about Christmas
wishes this year for I had some nasty neu-
ritis in my right arm and it was particularly
acute just when I most needed it. I am
taking a year's leave of absence (after only
four years of teaching!) because Chicago
and the Chicago Tribune "got me" and I
felt I must take on new cargo. For
one as keenly interested in seeing in-
ternational relations relate this is
a sad time to be abroad. Everyone I
see takes was for granted - the only dif-
ference of opinion seems to be the time
when it will break in Europe. Last
evening I spent with a group of
women and whom had been in
their early twenties when the last
war broke. They described the
bombings here in London, - one had
seen twenty people killed on a
London street, and had watched
waiters come out of restaurants
and cover their mangled bodies
with tablecloths. Another told

How the "Times Circle" in the underground had been converted into a maternity hospital as women about to have babies used to go to the underground stations for safety. Another told how she & her family slept night after night in the Hampstead Tube Station because it was such a deep one. I was interested in their stoicism in facing another way, although two of them said they hadn't the courage nor the desire to go on living and would commit suicide rather than live on to see friends & relatives crippled and mentally ruined again.

And now comes the news in regard to our American scene: What are we going to do? When I think of the G. O. P. I quail, yet oh how sadly the Roosevelt administration has needed intelligent opposition not of the Hamilton Fish variety!

I had a marvellous summer in Finland and gathered enough material for a book which of course I shall never write. I

3/ marvel at your physical energy
as well as your mental prowess!
I seem to live in a vicious circle,
never gathering together enough
pennies for a secretary, never
mastering the typewriter myself
and hating the physical act of
wielding the pen! I was wineed
and dined many times the two
and a half months I was in
Finland and gained great
respect for my Finnish friends
and their sense of values.

My sister Mrs. Bignell lives
out in Stoke Poges and I spend
my week ends there. I am sharing
an apartment this winter with
Beryl Power of the Ministry of
Labour but I use my brother-
in-law's office as my business
address.

I expect to stay in England
during the winter & then in the
spring — It all depends
on the war clouds — I may just
decide to go back to the U. S.
and visit some old friends

(over)

in New England whom I
 have not seen for a longer
 time. I do not have to
 be back at the University
 in Chicago until the end
 of September, 1936, but I
 may return a few weeks earlier
 than that. I really would
 like to find a quiet spot
 where I would settle down
 & just make myself do
 some writing. Life is very
 exciting in London and I
 see entirely too many people.
 Yesterday I lunched in
 Soho with Mary Agnes Hamilton.
 Who you know her.

Will you plan to visit me in
 Chicago next winter? PLEASE.

Lots of love, dear,
 Mary Wilson