XXXXXXXX XXXX R. F. D. 1
XXXXXXXXXXX Bethel, Conn.

Feb. 26, 1941

Dear Meta Post:

I hope you understand why you never have heard from me. To begin with I haven't thanked you for your charming Christmas card. The interior that Mrs. Beale's made, it's so charming, so <u>you</u>. There are a few Christmas cards I always keep that go into a permanent collection.

But there's an earlier letter I should have answered and you must have thought it queer that I did not. You wrote me just as I was leaving New York after my first siege in the hospital trying to build up a tired old heart. I followed the doctors literally until September, then they told me I could go to work if I was careful. I thought I was careful, but not enough I suppose, for the next thing I knew there was another heart attack and I was in the hospital. My sister had had me in hand and she's a good boss, but I find you've got to consent yourself, that it is necessary to take certain precautions if you are going to building up an old heart. So I have given up New York and come to this quiet little place in the country and I know I'm getting stronger.

I feel like such a slacker to be doing nothing in these ghastly times. But probably if I were about my old business of talking and writing I'd be as futile as most of the talkers and writers seem to be. I wonder sometimes if there was a power that could shut the mouths of the world for a year if this whole thing would not straighten out. Evidently you can

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talk a country into anything. Witness Hitler and Mussolini not to say anything about U. S. leaders.

But here's something that is important that I want to ask you about, and that is Helen Burr. The last I heard of her she was in New York troubled, I am afraid, because a piece I had written on the Booth-Franklin episode had not been published. She thought, I think, I had never submitted it to editors. My agent had, and it had been turned down several times, very properly, for it was a bad piece of work, written when I had no business to be doing anything.

I was in the hospital when I heard from Helen and not allowed to see people or attent to mail, and then I had a note from her saying she was going to South America to join her husband. I want very much to write her and tell her why I could not carry out her suggestion about publication of the piece which she evidently thought was all right. She's so loyal I am sure anything I did she would think was all right, and then she was keen to get Franklin into the picture as it certainly should be.

Can you give me Helen's address? Then I can bring her up to date. I do hope that if she has gone to her husband they can work it out.

I wish I could see you. I doubt if my guardians will let me go down to New York this spring, but may be you can drive up someday for a call. I hope by the time spring comes to be given a little more freedom with visitors.

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To look at me you'd never think I had been sick a day, at least so they tell me. I'm so humiliated to have to put brakes on myself.

Love to you,

Affectionately ,

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