

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

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Stowell Heights, Mena, Arkansas,
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It is to laugh dear Paul! You have another book! I value
Dear Mr. Nichols; ~~it~~ became The Atlantic

We had a good laugh over your letter which arrived with the book which you fancied caused me such concern as to its ultimate return! You have always been my favorite contemporary psychologist - but you have let me down.

You might have reasoned that passions have small significance to me as evidenced by my life, and there must have been some other reason for ^{wishing} the return of the book. As a matter of fact it is one of the books I read daily - I am alone in some mental adventures and must depend on outside help to bolster my fainting spirit - Perhaps you may recall that you did not write of the book, or of your

nevertheless my obsession + dependence

receiving it. I rather fancied
therefore that you did not
care for it, and had forgotten
it until your attention was
called to it. How glad I am
that you found it useful.
And how I wish that we could
talk all about the Russians
I have often wanted to send
you some of these advertised
literature. Do you think it worth
while? I am so sorry that I
did not see Mrs. Nichols - and
I know Berta Matthews is
too. I often receive letters from
Zurich at Black Mountain
College that we should
like to discuss with you.
Arie is hoping that you
can both catch a ride with
some one this summer who

Comes through Mena. As to
your son Paul he will be
all right without insulin.

Almost every one has some
time in life an acute attack
of diabetes - It is curable by
diet. But a neglected case
which has become chronic
means of course that the
pancreas is unable to
function - Then he must have
insulin. When I read your
letter to Peter, he did not ~~cross~~
as you expected, but said:
"You tell Nichols that unfortunately
man does not grow another
organ, like what is it? Some
kind of a ~~crab~~?"

Peter agrees with you
perfectly in your analysis

a an economic situation -

He said: "As usual Nichols
has hit the nail on the head."

Peter has pulled through the
winter very well, but is frail
enough, alas. The College - so
called - here is a mess! God
preserves us from Communist
methods - The Jesuits were
artless lambs with pink bows
an 'em compared to the Communists.
And Commonwealth tries to
out Herod Herod. Of course we
defend their right to exist -
but they are a noxious
growth to me. Our young Presbyterian
Minister here is a radical.
Recently he loaned us E. Stanley
~~For~~ Jones book "Christ's
Alternative to Communism"
which has completely fascinated
me, and for a moment

3³ Convinced Peter. Have you
seen the book? Over
the radio we heard
young Rockefeller give
the address - an eulogy -
at the farewell dinner
given E. Stanley Jones on
his departure for India. As
you know he is a Methodist
Minister there. 10,000

Churches held financial services
for him - and he a Communist
of Paris - Says we must
"beat 'em to it." I wonder
that our Little Minister
holds his job! He is
outlets and mainly braver in
his radicalism, and perhaps the
sleepy old elders do not
know what he is talking
about!

Lovely day. Spring in
the mountains as you know
racks with such delicate
feet - tiny flowers - but a
perfect carpet of them. Do
you hear from the Westons?
Strange! Mrs. Weston sends
cards - speaks of having had
pneumonia - and never
writes a word of the Doctor.
Peter says ask you, for it
may be the Dr has passed
on - and she thinks we know.
Surely not! We should have
heard. Our last letter from him
said "farewell." How often I
wish I could hear Marvin's
voice over the radio. Love
to Mrs Nichols and to you
from both of us.
Eleanor.