

June 13, 1939

Dear David,

To-day I received the letter you sent out on Decoration Day. I waited two weeks for it but it is a beautiful letter and it was worth waiting for. There's so much I want to say to you in answer and yet I've been sitting here for about five minutes without writing a word. Just sitting here with a big empty ache inside of me – and being as undecided and indetermined as ever. – As far as my insight to politics is concerned the condition in Europe has not improved – to me it seems as though war might come at any moment – (and it would be a welcome relief for our poor Jews.) and when it does come I want to be here with Migdon – and with you if I can have you. I don't want to be someone fleeing for his life – with a child in his arms. – Darling, since you left I have not discussed you or my future with any member of my family – including my mother (for which my mother is very much hurt). I wanted to reach certain conclusions myself. I wanted to reach these conclusions through your letters to me – and through my desire to do what's best for us – because you have given it to me to decide (and not to my family or anyone else). As for being influenced by anyone – I can assure you that I'm not.

But coming back to your letter. Your life is so complete there – so almost complete – that in your own words it does sound "heavenly". And you can imagine how I want to fly to you to fill in that beautiful picture you paint. But I do know myself and I know I'll never stick it – I am too selfish and too small. And so I have another proposition to make to you. I'm not going to hold you to any bargain to return here if I don't come to you. I want you to try to find happiness with another bachura. There must be someone there who is worthy of you – more so than I – and eventually we can be divorced – In years to come we will forget and perhaps be happier so. About Migdon – I can't write. But you can have other "מגדנות". I'll try to be satisfied with just this one.

I sent you a check of Rays by Air Mail last week. You must have been surprised because it was Ray's check. Well, she drove me downtown and I stopped in the post-office to get a money order as I did the time before – well – the clerk there, wanted to make a very complicated affair of it – he wanted to send the stub of the order to Tel Aviv and then you would be sent a special notice to come to the main post office – I thought it wouldn't look right so I asked Ray for a check. I hope it was all right. The time before another clerk was there and he gave me the money order to send.

Has Abe written to you yet. I've heard talk that he has a letter that's almost finished to send to you. Let me know what he says. Tell me how long it takes for an Air Mail letter to come and if it comes sooner I'll send them only this way. Your last letter took only thirteen days to come. Answer me by Air Mail if it's quicker. We can't go on writing letters forever. So there won't be many more between us.

I can't ask you to come back here – there is too much emptiness for you. But one thing I'm certain of – that is – if you do come we will live in New York. The Myrtle K.M. is planning to open an office there with you in charge if you return. But darling I'd be ashamed to look you in the eye if I tore you away from that life that you love so much. Why should I value our lives and comfort so – and allow happiness to fly out of my life. Will you be an embittered cynical person if you return. I couldn't bear that. After this longest separation since we know each other I need your understanding and love – and not any bitterness any more. I've had my fill since March 16th. – And so if you decide to stay there I will try to arrange my life to the best of my ability – and you will do the same there.

I've cried so much over this letter that I can hardly see to write.

What news? Are Dov and Simcha adjusting themselves any better. Will they ever be real kibutzniks? Isn't Simcha jealous of all the pregnant girls?

You must write to my mother!

Who is taking care of your feruncle. Oh god – another feruncle !!!!!

I bet you lost a couple of pounds since you're there. Are the meals any better? Is the mitbach run any better.

Migdon is fast asleep now otherwise he'd write you. But he asked to say that he asked about you this morning while I was dressing him.

Can't write any more if I want this to go Air Mail.

Love you more than ever

חיה

P.S. Migdon has a boy's haircut.