

Thursday, Jan. 30, 1969

4:05 P.M.

Dear Sylvia,

What can I say?!?

You probably received a call from Bob Shaw before you received my letter, and since you have been kept up to date with all the confusion and indecisions of the most recent part, I know you're not confused. A letter from Bob Shaw (the foreman at the printing plant) triggered his latest decision. Menachem had a reservation to leave on Tuesday with a few hours stop in London. Keeping in mind a few things I said in my previous letter — Lord, give me strength.

Want to know how confused I am? There are times when I'm glad we'll be leaving! I live in constant fear that they'll meet on the street — even if by accident. We went to the theater Saturday nite — I could not keep but feel that she may be there — and she would know me because I was with Varda and Menachem — but I would not know she was seeing me. Yes, maybe I'll be better off, where all I have to fear is a letter from the mailman! Menachem keeps assuring me that we are on the road to a bright future, but his verbal assurances have not assured me. He tells me to I must have patience — that emotions cannot be turned off just by paying so — but I do wonder how much patience I'll need, and how much patience I'll have at my command. I'll keep trying.

I am now sitting in a beautiful cafe where the affluent women of Tel Aviv spend their afternoons. Menachem had an appointment at 4 o'clock. We had lunch out and decided I could wait for him here rather than go back to the house and become depressed. I bought several of these air letters to keep me busy, and this is the first one I'm writing so that I can have it peeled before he returns.

We put Varda in school yesterday. It may be several weeks before Menachem sends for <sup>us</sup> me, and even if it is only temporary, she needed something stable in her life. It is a boarding school — we will visit her tomorrow. I have one great misgiving in the events of the last two

troubled. True, I did not tell her of its genesis — she overheard it — but as I look back, perhaps I should not have burdened her with my tears and anger. She has been very unhappy. She is very embittered towards her father, and this, I feel, will not be good for her in her relations with the opposite sex in years to come. But, what could I have done?! What could I do?! Perhaps the happiness of her future lies in whether <sup>or</sup> not her father can restore her confidence in him! Unfortunately, there is no one in this world who can show him where he has been wrong, and how he can right that wrong.



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זמן דג

I will close now, dear Sylvia, hoping I will hear from you. I do not yet know if I will remain in Albert's house after Menachem leaves, but I will still get my mail at his office address.

So long for now.

Love and friendship,  
 Ruth