LETTER TO A PRISONER OF WAR (dated March 28, 1946)

Shall we never have spring again? It is late March, and the bare, beaten crust of this earth seems to want nothing new after last years bombs and fires.

At five a.m., another sleepless night, I feel as cursed as this earth.

Five days a week I work to feed those ever-hungry children; there is nothing else that could tempt me to fight this beaten world.

Will you ever come home?

A neighbor ... it was rumored he had died in Moscow, came back yesterday. With sunken eyes and frozen fingertips he stood in the doorway, calling a woman's name.

I don't know who finally told him.

What strange wisdom of this time to send men home to kitchen fires

that no longer burn for them.

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