

Grafton, Vermont

Nov. 25, 1941

Dear Father,

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More pondering in calm and quiet has resulted in several important conclusions, which I should like to present you with. The first is no new one, but which has been as it were ripening. I love William very much, and have very good reasons for doing so. He is very like me in his thinking processes, which is always a help. He is everything that a loving parent could wish for a son-in-law, having had the conventional successes from Eagle Scout to Phi Beta. He is obviously honorable and respectable (the State Department runs through their pasts with a fine tooth comb). He is very well started on a career which while it never makes for inordinate wealth, nonetheless supplies every want with the possible exception of steam yachts. In addition to this, he is kind and good, looking as well as acting, and I love him to a nice, brown turn. Without improper boastfulness, I can say that he loves me too, and will probably continue doing so, from what I learned of his nature.

You know I like Jimmie enormously. But not as a husband. There is a great difference. Therefore, even should something happen to William, or should he change his mind, I would not go back to Jones unless some time had past and I felt differently towards him than I do now. Once something like this happens, it is practically impossible to go back and try to start again more successfully than in the past.

Those are my first conclusions. These are the rest:

I am going to divorce Jimmie. I want to be free to marry Bill as soon as possible, because: If all goes well, he will be coming home on leave in June, and I shall have to have time for preparations the importance of which I greatly underestimated in 1939. If I get the divorce over with, I will be able to devote the rest of the time to those, whereas if I waited it might turn out that the divorce would take longer than I had anticipated, and not only might I not be prepared as I want to be, I might not even be free. Home leaves are up after two months, so that would be a real catastrophe. If all goes reasonably well, although

not to our complete satisfaction, the State Department might deny him home leave but on the other hand grant me a passport to Lagos. I am asking him to tell me as soon as he can whether he thinks there will be a chance of his not being granted home leave after his six months at Lagos are up. If there is such a chance, he is going to start working on the other angle, asking the State Department to give me a passport. If they did grant me one, I would want to leave as soon as I was divorced, for fear of the United States' entrance into the war. If war broke out there would be little chance of my being able to go to Africa. For that matter, war would very possibly disrupt his plans for home leave, another reason for expeditious behavior on my part. The longer I wait, the more perilous becomes our situation, which is already precarious enough from every angle except that in which William and I are concerned. We know we love each other, and we know that it is right for us to marry sooner or later, and we want to make it sooner. We will do it, <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ if we aren't careful one or more of the various external impediments will make it a matter of years rather than months.

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Therefore, I want to set about getting a divorce just as soon as you are convinced as I am that W. L. Krieg is a fine man. I want to stay in New York only long enough to attend to routine matters, see Mrs. Parry, get to know Janie a little better (and show her off proudly to you), avoid Jimmie, get those "letters of recommendation" from Newark if you want them, and see a lawyer. Perhaps one or two weeks would be enough. I hope so because I should like to avoid seeing Jimmie without offending him by doing so too obviously, and because of the time element in the Krieg problem.

I hope I have made myself understood. As I mentioned in my other letter, the price of the divorce will be most cheerfully refunded by William and me afterwards. He wanted to give me the money in Lisbon, but I thought that would have been a trifle premature, and also hadn't the faintest idea how much they really do cost.

Nothing whatsoever has been happening in the loveliest way. The events are the arrivals of letters from Bill, forwarded from Orange.

Lovingly,

LPS

P.S. The check came. Thank you so much!

XXX