Dear William:

Your letter of April 17 reached us Wednesday, at the same time as

your letter which Betty mailed – after she arrived in Washington. It had

been mailed in New York on May 28th. I suppose that it will be

increasingly difficult to hear from you and we would have been so happy

had you, also, been sailing on the Washington.

change of environment – on the ocean in the morning and by

We talked to Betty and she seemed still a bit dizzy from the sudden

1940-05-31 M42 SSK to WLK.doc

7:30 in the evening at the hotel in Washington. I am so grateful for all you have done for her and please send the expense account to me – so I can take care of it. I honestly thought we would never get her out of that country – and while I felt more like polishing her "south end" into a complete blister than anything else, still I blame myself for ever saying that she might go. However, we hope the harm is not too great. They work fast over there, and cleverly. I am anxious to see her. We had discussed all aspects of the situation and feel, as you, that she can stay in

2 of 4

Washington until we come back from Havana and we will stop there on our way home. I imagine she does not know her own mind – after all, the children of divorce are the real sufferers – I know that she appreciated all that you did for her – and you know that I am grateful to you from the bottom of my heart.

Everything here is very quiet. The school year runs swiftly to an end with the multitude of duties which it always entails. Janie too is busy with her final exams and social activities. Just now your grandfather is at your house. He was at Bettie's house, intending to go to Columbus when she left for

3 of 4

Baltimore, but as events happened it did not work out that way, so we are happy to have him with us. Your Aunt Mary's ankle (I suppose it really was the ankle, not leg), is much better and healing nicely since the lack of calcium in her system is being remedied of course, we have not heard of the outcome of Bettie's trip to Baltimore, but I feel like you, that it has been too long since the accident to hope for much relief – and yet, one never knows – and one must hope in order to carry on.

Our town is very quiet, pursuing the even tenor of its way – I do not imagine that your environment is so peaceful – in fact – it is probably so much dynamite, and history is being made by hours – not even days or years – and tragic enough history at that. We always anticipate with pleasure your letters and with my deepest thanks & love in which your dad joins me. He is writing too.

Sarah

4of 4