

June 2, 1939

Dear Mr. Phillips:

Your letter with the enclosures for Sara came back from the farm today. I had changed my plans. I got an order from the Herald Tribune for a twelve hundred word article which I thought I could do with my right hand over night. I have worked a week on it and it isn't done yet. I can never understand why I am always deluding myself, that this time I shall write something easily.

I shall not get away from here now until the middle or last of next week, so that if you are coming down before you move to Duxbury do let me know.

I'll send or take the stuff you send for Sara though she is too low in body to take much interest I am afraid. She has got an ulcerated stomach and is under-going a treatment of which she, herself, seems hopeful, and she ought to know because she has had the thing before. She has been here today to see the Doctor, but has gone back. It has left me low in my mind. If she wasn't so plucky I think it would be easier.

I hope you are well at Goshen.

Faithfully yours

Mr. J. S. Phillips
48 South Street
Brooklyn New York