

April 24
1950

Dear Bill: [Pomee anee]

The chances are, according to our most optimistic attorneys, better than a thousand to one that I at least shall be in jail within three weeks. For the first few days there was actual danger of being picked up prior to or filing of petition for rehearing, which occurs tomorrow. The case, barring an absolute miracle, is utterly hopeless.

This, of course, bars any work on the play for the time being. With my three households et al I am in a last-minute series of legal and financial arrangements, and am, of course, trying as desperately as possible, to scrape up a little cash in the way of earnings before I leave. Jim and Adele Martin are returning to the ranch, which will be a comfort to Cleo; and the Hugo Butlers plan to move up and spend the summer here with her, which will provide friendship during the first three---and emotionally, probably the most important---months.

If the miracle should occur and the court should dally until its summer recess, I would have until autumn. The delay itself would be the biggest victory possible, for there isn't a chance this court will ever rule in our favor. If the above unexpected good fortune came to pass, I would do the play during the summer (perhaps even under another name, who knows at this moment what would be best?) and at least have it in someone's hands before I went off.

In the long run, the sooner the better. It's a wearying routine, and I am fed up with it. The kids are wonderful. Said Chris, with a malicious glint in his eye, when I told him I would shortly be on my way: "And what are they going to do with us---send us to the reform school?" He was immensely pleased with this crack, although he confessed later and privately to Cleo that when I went "it would be a bit of a shock."

Things will either get better or they will get worse. With this profound statement, and love to Edwina, I subscribe myself,

Yours in Christ,