March 27, 1938.

Dear Anders:

How many times thru the years I have tried to write you and explain the real circumstances which followed our sister Christine's passing. They may have reached you in a wrong light.

To begin: For more than a year prior to that time I had been away from the address where she had written me after her husband's death. Mr. Smalley whom I have since divorced, continued living there and retained all letters addressed to me there, and it was not until after Christmas of that year that the Rayney family finally got around to trying to locate Mother and me. Up to that time C's stepdaughter and Sophia had been trying to come to terms with one another and close the estate without our, or your, knowledge. The records in Probate Court showed that they had endeavored to prove heirship, and had not mentioned either of us.

By the time we arrived on the scene, the little home was almost a total wreck,

the water pipes having frozen and burst, overflowing and warping the floors beyond repair; roof leaking and ceilings down; vandals had stolen plumbing and windows and everything that could be moved, leaving the place utterly unsaleable. The people who finally bought it lived next door to it and had been C's closest friends, and from them we got the sad story of what had gone before. They were under the impression that I had replied unpleasantly to C's letter to me, but that is not true, as I had not received her letter. We were filled with remorse at the time that we had not communicated with her but we lived about forty miles apart, and Mother was in very poor health.

You are probably aware that Sophia and the rest of the family have been estranged since she married J. Martin. They lived with C. for a time but we have not seen them since.

Mother passed on in 1933 and I think I should tell you that threw all her long, hard, not too happy life.

she had always hoped that somehow sometime she would again see you. She had your baby pictures close at hand always and spoke of you always as her "little boy". Hers was not a demonstrative nature, but a finer, more unselfish character never lived. Her first thoughts were always for the good of others, and that accounts for her ability to leave you as she was obliged to do and come alone to a strange country. Many times she told me, who seemed closest to her in her dark hours, how her heart broke then. — She felt keenly the unpleasantness from Sophie then all the Court proceedings of C's estate and feared that you too might feel unfairly dealt with, being too far away to see the real condition of things. The Public Administrator in whose hands the whole affair was, was most indifferent, being satisfied to have it drag on for years since he was getting his fee periodically, as long as he could keep it pending. — and when it was over I had spent more in carfare, etc. than I received.

This may not reach you, and worse still, may not make sense to you, but I would like to hear from you, if you care to write me.

With all good wishes,

(over) Sincerely, (Sister) Rose.

address: Rose Smalley.
1818 Broadview
Highland Park, Ill.
U.S.A.

P.S. I have many cards & pictures which you sent to C. long ago. Shall be glad to send them to you if you would like them.