Dear Dr. Nathan

I am almost embarrassed to admit to you that I am troubling you about a matter that is actually entirely all right. Those papers never did yield me any interest. Miss Dukas, who always looks at the receipts, has never seen this paper yet, either. But perhaps it's doing so badly that they don't yield any interest at all. This is certainly possible, isn't it? I never went to my box this year, I always avoided it. Those papers are surely inside it. But why didn't the dividends come? That really is very strange, don't you agree?

I shall obey you and keep the papers until you tell me I should sell them. I wrote you that I sent a telegram to Switzerland in order to have all the remaining money, which, however, we had always needed for the support

[TLS. Folio, p. 1. On embossed letterhead: "TANTUMMAHEAG OLD LYME CONNECTICUT." Typeover at date with handwritten clarification: "[24.]"]

of the other family, changed into pounds. It was surely done immediately.

Well, the news today about the situation of Jews in Germany sounds frightful. Every Jew abroad who can somehow manage it should get his relations out of there. Now it's Hans Meyer's and Rudi's turn. But after that I am earnestly thinking about how one could also transplant my sister and my old brother-in-law. When I think about it, I have to admit that it's not right for me to be buying a house at the present time when one should actually be thinking of transplanting one's folks over here.

I shall be in Princeton next week on Monday and Tuesday. Unfortunately, you won't be there anymore by then. Nobody will be there out of all our acquaintances. And now I'm also going to feel for once what it's like being there in the heat. I can't take it easy, either, because I'm staying in a hotel and must be booted and spurred all day long.

Cordial thanks once again and kind regards from

Your, yours devoted in fond friendship,

Elsa Einstein

[Folio, p. 2. Handwritten final phrase added to closure.]