

Copy

Zion, Ill.
December 28, 1933.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

The Budget came on the 27th, and I must get it into the mail again tomorrow. So I guess it is up to me to put the last touch on the matter ~~for~~ the year.

I feel relieved to know that you seem to have all agreed to the way in which I handled the letter on the last round, in view of the Cuban troubles. I have not had any further word from Jesse since I last wrote you; and I have been so completely absorbed in local matters that I have not written more to him; nor have I taken care of some of the rest of you as to personal correspondence as I should have done.

The reason for this is not willful neglect; nor is it because I have been away from home. But it is because several local matters have reached a very critical consummation; one of which culminated in the death of Charles F. Caldwell; who has for more than thirteen years been the legal trustee of the Zion Estate. This death occurred on the 27th. He was a very small man in many ways--his principal fault being ~~in understanding how really small he was.~~ Yet he occupied a tremendously important position--and I feel that future history will abundantly prove that it has been, and still is the most vital key position; vital not only to this little city of 6,000 people, but infinitely more than that.

Other matters also have been slowly but ^{surely} slowly moving up to a crisis, the not quite so definitely as this one. For the moment this death will ^{make} quite a few persons think that this interest has collapsed entirely. Personally I feel that it, to come because of his utter incompetence to carry on properly; so that he himself had become the greatest possible hindrance to his own office. It is not definitely known at this time who will occupy the office. But in any event I have the full assurance that from now on there will be some very rapid strides in the throwing off the Roman yoke bondage--Voliva the Italian.

My supposed job in the East is still at a standstill; with indications that it will never be put thru. Evidently there is some Destiny at work behind the scenes to keep me here; and I have simply had to yield myself to ~~to~~ the conditions over which I really ^{have} not had any control; tho I admit that I have chafed a great deal at times because of not having a productive job somewhere.

Well I am glad for what you have been able to do about the marker. If I had my car I could easily look after it from here, and always intended to do so. But in those days when business was good, I just had to look after it; so did not get it done. But now I have neither car nor business, nor money to pay the other fellow. Still am sure that ^{this} condition cannot long prevail; and I am looking forward to the time when I can step out into the open again, and do my part.

Lewis was working for Walter the last I heard ^{Allen} from him. Joe and Ariel are getting along fine in Eau Claire. Ariel has another daughter. Meda is coming wonderfully well in the recovery of her strength. Has been working in a hotel in Waukegan, but is out now, on account of it having changed hands.

Fan, I wish that you would mail that booklet to George some time soon, and George don't keep it too long, and send back to me.

I am glad indeed ~~for~~ all of your kindly interest in Jesse, and that you are sending him your personal letters. I made a copy of my last family letter, but did not send it till I heard if Walter had sent the Budget on to him. Now that I know that he did not, I will send it together with this one direct to him; which will save time over sending thru Fan and Walter.

Must close for this time. It is ten P. M., and so many things to do yet tonight, and on into the coming days.

God bless you all, and please keep the letter moving. Those of ^{you} who believe in the Living God that really answers prayer; pray for me that I may receive the needed grace and wisdom in the trying days.

Love and prayers,

Clarence W Crosby