

Zion, Ill. May 13, 1935.

Jesse Crosby, Bartle, Cuba.

Dear Brother:

On March 27th, and again on March 30th I wrote you inclosing some papers and extracts from other papers re conditions here; and later sent some other printed matter along the same line; but have received no word from you in answer to same; and I am wondering if the censor has cut in on it. These were all sent by first class mail; and in large envelopes; which might have made it appear suspiciouse to any who were on the lookout for any wrong use of the mails.

Hope you will write me right away, and let me know how things are going with you; and if you got all of this material that I have mentioned. I think there were four batches altogether—two of which contained letters.

We are having an awful late spring here. Grass is well along, but trees are very backward--the earliest of them just beginning to show some little green. The cherrystree at my window has just a few blooms out this morning--not more than a dozen I think; and there does not seem to be many more coming.

For some two months the wind has been almost continually off the lake; and is very cold and raw. Just over a week a week ago we had quite a snow, and one night of freeze-up.

Meda has been having the intestinal flu for some five weeks—was very sick for two weeks at the first; and only beginning to get up a little now. The conditions here, from every angle are not conducive to the quietness of nerve and spirit that is necessary for prompt healing in cases of sudden sickness; and these confusing conditions have been wearing her down for a long time before the break came, five weeks ago tonight. I am thinking that I shall take her down to Fannie's for two or three weeks as soon as she is able to travel by train or auto.

Will not write more now. Please let me hear from you right away

Love and prayers,

Clarence W. Crosby