

915 Carmen Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.  
March 7, 1939.

Dear Jesse:

Your letter of February 19th duly received. Was sorry to hear of your sickness, and glad that you are better again. I have been thinking for the last two years or so that I would be getting around to see you ere this, but it has not yet come about.

Your reference to a "choked intestine" sounds very bad to me, especially since you made a former reference to an internal abscess. These two things are often very closely connected, - as I have come to understand these last few years from personal experience, and worst of all are quite often the beginning of cancer of the liver, as Father had. Uncle Anson told me when I was there last, that intestinal or stomach flu very often left a weakness near the stomach outlet that caused ulcers or abscesses there, which in turn caused sufficient swelling to cause stoppage of the duct for a time - until the head or heads of the sore spots would break and run out. I have had several experiences of this kind, the most pronounced of which was four years ago last New Year's day.

There is no doubt in my mind but what this was Father's trouble that time he was so sick in Cuba, just at the time I came back from Camaquey to Bartle. No doubt there were previous and minor occasions of the same thing, of which we knew nothing; and I feel quite sure that this was the real beginning of the cancer that finally took his life. I feel that I have need to be very careful, watchful and prayerful along this line lest Satan slip in on me at this point; and I pass the warning on to you for whatever it is worth. No doubt we, as a family, are under considerable hereditary influence in this respect. Do you remember that both our grandfathers died with cancer, and that Mother's mother died of heart disease - caused no doubt from her constant smoking of a clay pipe. At the time you were born, Mother was far from strong and well, and only weighed about 100 pounds. At the time we went to Tennessee in 1884 she weighed only 103; and it was during the following years that she became much stranger and heavier.

Now about your paternal prospects. It has long been an inner sorrow of mine that you have had no children. There are several aspects to my feelings in this matter, one of which is this: You know Mother had brown eyes and Father blue, and of us children, there was one brown eyed girl and one brown eyed boy, you being the brown eyed boy and Fanny, the brown eyed girl. Now Jesse, the matter of eye color in our family is to me something far deeper than a mere idle sentiment regarding a color scheme. It is, rather, quite a clear indicator of several elements, some good and strong, and some not so good and weaker. Now it is clear to me that Mother had certain strong characteristics along lines wherein Father was weaker, and that these have been apparently more reproduced in the brown eyed ones than in the blue eyed ones. (Inasmuch as I belong to the blue eyed strain, you will see that I am not jealous or competitive regarding the dark eyed ones.)

And now the way has been cleared for you to do some little part in making up your deferred responsibility of continuing the goodly things of the brown eyed strain. Some factors in your choice of procedure as to how to do this are still not clear to me; but I am not cynical or over-critical with you

even on these points, and I have no desire to speak, nor infer, until God reveals some things plainly to me; wherefor, I want you to know that I can and do pray for you during this crisis, with my whole heart. However, I do feel sure that could I have talked freely with you a year ago, I could have given you considerable important information on sex matters that would have been of great value to you all thru the intervening months, and especially just now. But now, I can only hope that you have found this information elsewhere, and if not, that God will in some way overrule and bring out everything for His Glory. If drastic emergency arises, cable me, or write air mail. Hold fast to the promise in I Timothy 2:15.

Just time for last mail tonight so must close. May God bless you all.

Love and Prayers,

Clarence W. Crosby.