May 1945------(Of our classmates) I remember Ethelyn Hull MacPherson very well, and could have no objection to your sending on to her any letters in which she might find an interest. Of course I realize that there is a great gulf between business-like New York farming and our own catch-as-catch-can pattern of existence. Unfortunately as the years pile up on our heads, it grows worse rather than better.

As to the suggestion about the letters of years gone by, my first (and still enduring) conviction was that they could not have any possible value for any one that would justify their taking up space in a library. Two considerations serve to modify my attitude just a little. I had got Eleanor's Western Collection. Bernard De Voto's Year of Decision (1846), and as I read the long detailed story, I realized how very much of it must have come from old letters, journals, and personal recollections. And while we were so bedeviled by the "dust bowl" situation, Victor Murdock, a friend of my sister's and long editor of the Wichita Eagle was generous enough to say that my accounts of that distressing period might at some time serve as source material to social historians of this portion of our nation.

So I finally relented to the extent of suggesting "passing the buck" on to Miss Blakely and letting her decide. As I see you have already consulted her, I'll just leave it to your judgment and hers. I think anything before 1907, when I ventured to start here on this homestead, should be destroyed. And as far as I am personally concerned, the material might as well be made available any time. But I'll leave that also to your decision, as there might be personal messages to yourself or family which you would not wish to have made public at present.

You see, the letters seem to me so far away and worthless that I would naturally suppose they would be more useful to be ground up into pulp and made over into more paper than to be devoted to any other purpose.

After a long break Robert (the nephew) turned up in England as radio man on a bomber crew. He has recently been promoted to the rank of sargent, so we hope he is doing his part. --- If he were a censor, no soldier would ever be allowed to intimate from which side of Deep River his message was being sent!
Eleanor has had a financially and professionally profitable winter, but has developed a persistent allergy to the damp, smoky atmosphere of Kansas City and seems to long for Arizona or New Mexico and desert sunshine. But all wartime restrictions on travel and the great need for her work there make a radical change right now seem almost impossible.

I wonder if you remember Grisell McLaren of the class of '98 and of her adopting with the greatest difficulty a little Armenian girl. Katharine was married some time ago to some college man, perhaps from Amherst. When Grisell wrote at Christmas time she was looking forward to being a grandmother, and feeling quite amused over all the far-seeing and elaborate preparations.------

So the world goes on, but I shall resent bitterly the waste of this war, which I shall always feel ought to have been avoided by keener intelligence and some capacity for international co-operation after 1918. The clipping from a Kansas City paper (sent by Eleanor) expresses our feeling about the loss of our Commander-in-Chief at this critical time. It is hard for us to think that his work was done.

Spring here is cold and late. Recent rains have given a fresh start to the wheat held back by the drying winds of March and April. We have at last assembled most of the materials for piping water into the house with a (illegible) in the kitchen and indoor toilet in the bathroom. But we need a Superman to do the work.

Caroline Boa Henderson
Eva, Oklahoma.

(She probably keeps a clipping book of articles she has written for country papers during all these years.
Rose Alden)