Dear Rose:

Your letter was most welcome and I was interested in all your employments and reflections. Just last night while waiting up to see whether a young heifer was going to need our special help, I filled in the time with the closing portion of "Reaching for the Stars." I was impressed with the writer's complete sincerity and yearning love for all people. Her restraint and generosity in voicing the gentleness of the Hitler regime seem admirable and wise—considering her purpose—even though I couldn't duplicate them myself. (The young cow has a beautiful daugher this spring)

If this attempt at an answer to your letter lacks any sort of coherence, perhaps you will be forbearing enough to lay part of the blame upon our restless cows. In the recent desperate year, our greatest loss has been the ruin of our native grass pastures. The soil conservation service now admits the sad fact, and in 1939 for the first time the raising of grazing crops on denuded pasture lands is permitted. Here's to the theory that with normal rainfall the grass would come back. That too optimistic idea is now officially
abandoned. So on this breezy morning with
the dust resting for a time I am staying
with the cattle among the dust-filled hum-
mocks as once smooth fields thickly set
with buffalos and grama grasses. They eat
easily the Russian thistles which form
a heavy mat among the masses of dried
thistles remaining from last year's growth.
I must try to keep them from wandering to
our neighbors' wheat or to our own
freshly planted furrows. Many small
lizards go scurrying among the dust-beds,
try to turn crickets work industriously at
digging underground shelters, and the to-do-
inks fill the air with their cheerful
music.

Across the road Will is planting
Sudan grass in the old pasture for
later grazing. The continuing trum
of the tractor makes a kind of background for
all lighter sounds. Though we are far
away from normal conditions as yet,
we are thankful for a little gain
during the past year: for home grown
feed through the past winter; for some
replenishment of subsoil moisture; for
the possibility of a partial wheat crop,
though it has been seriously damaged
by the dry winds and frequent dust storms
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I the spring. These changes indicate some slight improvement, but it will take years of favorable seasons and persistent effort to effect any real recovery.

He has taken some steps toward ending the years of extreme dejection since 1931. Every small accomplishment now seems to demand a greater output of energy and resolution than in the years that are gone. But perhaps that is common experience.

Aside from our own absorbing task, our supreme interest lies in our daughter, Eleanor, and her home in Kansas City, Kansas. She has found her years' work as anesthetist in the Kansas University Hospital professionally profitable and stimulating and is offered the same work again at a substantial increase in salary. He thought the management of the hospital very generous in giving her an opportunity to present at the ORA meeting in St. Louis the results of some original research work on the blood chemistry following the use of a new anesthetic.

August likes his work as research chemist for a baker's organization. Their vacation must be late this year as he has to keep on the job making tests of the flour as the new wheat comes to market. They plan for a little trip to the Mesa.
Colorado Verde (cliff dwellers) region in September and we are invited to go along. It would be of extreme interest to me as I have always had a strong feeling of sympathy for those ancient people and their freedoms struggle to live.

The children are very devoted to their little home and went to Free Minnie Day a try for lovely roses, iris and ferns, fragrant evidence that spring comes once forever. Their home through the school year has also been home for Robert, my brother, so tragically alone in the world. He feels that he is gaining some maturity and his last letter spoke of his helping us this summer, an idea formerly quite unknown to his experience. He will come home next week, but hopes to go on again with the electrical work which he finds so fascinating.

I am glad you and Mabel are going to the reunion. It will be a happy experience to mingle again with those who in my mind at least are endowed with the charm of perennial youth. Pictures or hints of change make no difference in what you all are just as you were when you and I were young.

Greetings to all and good wishes and confidence for the years to come.

Caroline C. Henderson