

May 8, 1940

Dear Julia and Etoile,

This is the 135th anniversary of the birth of Collins Cowdy, who was born May 8, 1805. I think it has long been the custom between us children, not only to recall the date but to write to other members of the family regarding it. Even Louis who you would not expect to be as careful in regard to things of this character, used to speak of grandfather's birth and one of his letters in his own handwriting, which I have preserved happens to be one in which he mentions the birthday.

Everything looks beautiful here now. Grass is high. Tulips are blooming in profusion. Iris is rapidly coming out. Trees are fast coming into full leaf. We had our own radishes on the table last Sunday. I wish you could visit us before the chiggers get started.

As I told you, Gertie came home last Saturday and is getting along real well. She is gaining everyday and today noon she had been sitting in her chair and she and Dorothea got her back into her bed while the nurse was in the other room, showing that we are making real progress. I confidently expect the break to heal perfectly.

I paid my hospital bill today and have not yet received the bills for our physician or for the specialist who set the break and put the leg in the cast, but in things like this it seems to me that money means so much less than the results for which it is used.

We are having a visit this week from Dorothea and Lance. Marie drove up to Auburn late last week, returning Sunday evening accompanied by Dorothea and Lance. I think Dolph has made more progress in the last few days than he had previously made in as many weeks. He had an imbedded and impacted wisdom tooth removed, the last of four, the three others having been removed some years ago. When a healthy person develops untoward symptoms, the cause is sometimes very difficult to find.