

May 29, 1939

Dearest Alice:

Here are the white poppies. Put them in a spot not so close to other poppies that they will inter-marry. And if you get an exceptionally large and fine flower let it develop for future seeds. They have grown smaller with the years, but they have kept pure white. I shall be anxious to know how they come out.

I am glad to hear that you and Gale have been able to keep at "All in the Day's Work", that it stood reading aloud. There is so much that ought to have gone into it. I am thinking about another book into which you will go. Perhaps it is folly to think of another book at my age, but I have got the habit.

You did not hear from me earlier because I have been for the last five weeks out at Allegheny College, my old college in Meadville, Pennsylvania, working with a class of thirty undergraduates on the writing of biography, Lincoln being the theme. I was trying an experiment, my first idea being to see how much could be made out of the Lincoln collection which they are starting there with my books, etc., as a nucleus in the regular college work. I had some ideas about it and I think they were not entirely wrong. Somebody else will have to carry them out.

I do wish you and Gale were coming on this summer. It has been so long since I have seen you. But this is true, if that other book I have in mind comes on I shall go to Louisville to see you and Georgie to talk over old times. I want to fit you in to what I have in mind. Whether I ever do the book or not I think I will make a trip unless you all come up here.

Cale says you are feeling better.
I am so glad. I am as stiff as any old party you
ever saw and with an exasperating case of paralysis
agitans in my right side, but it gives me no pain
although there is a certain exhaustion. I take
such care of myself, Alice, never go out in the
evening, or practically never, sleep every afternoon.
I think I shall go out and see The World of Tomorrow
but I am not too sure. The World of Yesterday seems
to be my chief relaxation.

Do write me when you have time.

white poppies

Love to you both and luck to the

Affectionately

Mrs. Cale Young Rice
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