

R. R. #1. Willow Springs, Mo.

March 23rd, 1913.

My own dear Sister,

Easter Sunday, high wind, Thunder & rain here, wonder how it has been with you, if it has allowed you to wear your new Suds and go out & pick Daffodils. The day is past with you for it is 9 p.m. here & Monday will soon be dawning with you. I hope you have enjoyed the day, however spent, perhaps you attended service at the Cathedral, and joined in the Hallelujahs of "Christ The Lord Has risen today." Say! if we had been there together we would sure have done our part. I did mine anyhow, way out in these hills. set down to the Piano and all joined in that grand Hymn, and rejoiced, we have to make our own Choir & Church here, and we can do it O.K., everybody here eats all the eggs they can hold on Easter Sunday. Mamma boils a bucket full. When the children were young we used to color them &

ornament them in various ways, we have over a hundred hens so have loads of eggs. will soon be incubating, and late this year, been too busy to bother with it, don't expect to raise more than 300 or 400 for frying thro the summer, Fried Chicken is something I never had in England, you would find it good if you tried it, say when they are about 1 1/2 lbs weight to 2 lbs, joint them and fry & make milk gravy. we kill about 3 per day when hot weather comes & we can't eat cured meat. we have salted down about 800 lbs of meat. have to be prepared for a crowd here at anytime, can't go to Butcher Shop or grocers, and Mama is a good provider, she has always lots of fruit & vegetables preserved in glass jars, suppose you can such things in Eng now. Mama cans hundreds of jars, we had green kidney beans today for dinner, the pods you know sliced up. just like we had picked them out of the garden. we had no peaches last year. but have lots from the year before

we have still got lots of rosy checked
apples in the bins and about 20 bushels
of potatoes left and this years crop
already planted, will have to feed them
to the hogs, wish we could share up with
you. we always have so much more
than we can use, and are too far
from town to haul much for sale. I
never sell anything scarcely except, cattle
hogs, or other live stock. I like my crops
to walk to market I say. Have a
splendid location for raising stock
have an unlimited range to pasture
them on about 8 months out of the
year, and everything except my work
horses are on it, forests as far as eye
can see, miles & miles with grass up
to their knees, and every valley with its
brook of clear cool spring water.
we have 10 springs on our farm of 240
acres. making 3 brooks running in dif-
ferent directions, you would think
we would lose our cattle & horses
turning them out in the endless forest

but it is seldom that any are lost or stolen. I have never lost any cattle or horses, but have lost a number of hogs at times, but have always plenty left. It is unhealthy to steal horses in this part of the country, have a "horse thief Association" and telephone lines in all directions and it is hard to get a horse out of the country without being nabbed, and if caught the punishment is heavy by law, and often they do not bother the law, but just decorate a tree with the thief, we are so far from an officer of the law, that we have to be a law unto ourselves very often.

Rec'd the book "Eddycum" on Thursday so read it Good Friday as it was a stormy day & couldn't work, we don't keep good Friday here, many thanks for it, it's a dandy, I see you have read it by your notations & marks, intended to write you this afternoon but got so interested finishing reading it, will

re-read several times I expect.

Dorothy is getting along first rate, she has been playing while I've been writing so she made several mistakes now she is getting baby ready for bed, Harry is coming down for a few days soon I know he will see a big improvement in them both. I was playing some little hymns for baby tonight so she could sing, and I couldn't keep the tears back when I heard her voice in "The Sweet by & by", she can't sing "The woods", but I thought how soon she might be in that "beautiful shore" and leave her poor head below, and sing in that "land that is fairer than day". So I got so attached to the little helpless girl, she sang herself into my heart. --

But it is bed time, have just been talking for about 20 minutes to a neighbor who lives 3 miles distant, he called me over the phone said he was lonesome the night being stormy, so we had a

chat on Local matters, crops &c and
I got him laughing & feeling fine.
said he was O.K. & had something to
think about. Ha! I never am lonely,
sometimes a week & never see anyone
but our family but we are always
busy & happy and have our daily
paper & numerous other magazines
we have always something to read &
think about. —

This isn't much of a letter dear, just
a bit of homely chat but I wanted
to talk to you a bit before I went
to bed. I think of you every day
& love you, and am going to see you
some day, you don't know how near I
came to selling my Ranch last week &
that would have meant a holiday for
Mama & I, & I'll be doing it some of
these days, & then you will have a chance
to see what we look like.

We of the open country
Men of the Ranch & Range
Bronzed of skin & out to win
Men of the landscape (strange)
That's your loving brother Daw.