

Here's a couple
of small rattles.

P. O. Willow Springs, Mo.

May 4th 1913.

My own dear Peter,

Sunday eve, and you are in
slumberland I expect, for you are
about 6 hours ahead of us, I pray
all good Angels to watch over you,
and give you health & peace and
happiness, you are not exposed to
many physical dangers I expect,
I suppose you have police to patrol
the streets to warn you of fire &
guard you from prowlers. - One of
my neighbors last week left home
about dark to visit his neighbor
about a mile away, thro' the forest,
on the way he met with a "mountain
lion", and being unarmed was obliged
to quickly climb up a tree and the
beast kept him there all night until
daylight, they are unusual around

here but there have been two around
this neighborhood all winter and
tho' often seen have managed to elude
the hunters. They are kinder cowardly
by day light, unless wounded, you
scarcely realize, over there, the risks
to which children are exposed in
going to school in a country like
this. The school is in session six
winter months only, when the days
are short & cold and wild animals
get hungry, our school is in a
small clearing surrounded by forest
and the parents blaze the trees from
their isolated farms to the school
house probably 2 miles in some cases
so the children won't get lost, &
those poor kids have to take chances
of being hurt or eaten up in order
to get a little education. but they
grow up with such experiences &
think little of it & grow up fearless
& self reliant like their fathers & mothers

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the School house is at one corner
of my farm but is the only school
in the district of 12 square miles
4 miles long and 3 miles wide,
in this whole district there were
only 22 children between the ages
of 6 and 20 years. In the District
Clerk and have to ride to every
house and take an enumeration of
every child of school age each year.

Hubert asks abt Telephone, in the
first place I am President of the
Company, but don't monopolize any
special privileges on that acct. when
I first came on the farm there
was a Telephone line extending about
4 miles my way from Willow Spgs
and I tried & tried to get the owners
to extend it to my farm, they promised
but never did it, so finally I bought
their line & franchise and built 7
more miles on to it extending abt a

mile beyond my farm, after it was completed, there were a number of people applied to me for Phones so I figured the expense to me for the whole 11 miles and divided it into shares and formed a Mutual Company and whenever I sell all the shares I shall come out even, until then I am the biggest stockholder and have been President since we organized we each have a call letter and ring it in "Morse" alphabet, long & short rings to represent the Dashes & Dots in "Morse", we are connected with "Central" at Willow Springs, which connects us to the whole country, but we can talk with each other on our own line without calling "Central" so have no restrictions as to length of time we use it, always understanding that business takes precedence of chat, a fellow has to take hold and do

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Things himself very often if he wants them done. - When I bought the Farm there was no Rural Mail Delivery out this way at all. had to go to W. Spgs. but before I came to live here we had a daily delivery installed.

Ha! I wasn't selling the Farm just because I wanted to come and see you, but because I would have made \$2500 on the deal. I've a bad habit of selling the house over our heads, when in town I would buy a run down house with "possibilities" and I would remodel it and mama would say just as soon as we got it real nice, away I would sell it and buy another and she would again have to contend with painters plumbers. Carpenters &c.

It was annoying but I was making money on each deal, and so I'll sell my farm someday & buy another and we will move to new scenes

and if I come to see you I bet
you wont be sick a day, you
will meet me at Lpool and in ten
minutes you will forget I ever left you
you'll feel so good and chummy,
and Im not going to think anybody's
slow except myself, I'll be a little
afraid of Hubert, but I'll carry a
pocket Dictionary to "head him off",
and I'll use slang that he wont
understand & so get even with
him. and when I begin to stiffen
in my joints thro' inaction, I'll
find someone who wants a horse
broken, for altho I'm 60.

"Give me a broncho that knows how to dance
Buckskin of color & wicked of glance"
I always liked horses, and naturally
they like me, when I lived in town
I had a stable of as many as 8
trotting horses at once, we have
15 horses & Mules out here and
they all answer their names &

strolled out this morning before 5 o'clock while Mama got breakfast ready and the horses were eating on the other hill across the valley. I called my favorite, "Kit", had to call louder & louder until my voice carried the distance, soon as she heard she raised her pretty head and "nickered" back and started to me leaving the others, we never "break", but "train" so patiently, - Harold began to train one last week 3 yrs old, nervous & highstrung, he turned it loose without any bridle in an enclosure & went in and in less than an hour he walked out with the horse following him anywhere like a dog, and he had never had a rope or harness on it. This is what we call the "Confidence" lesson, and is our first one before we attempt to teach anything else, Harold has the patience of an Indian. He & I were coming home the other night by moonlight and

we descried a large Hawk or Owl
right on the topmost branch of a
tall tree. we kill these birds because
of their depredations on our chickens,
so I held his horse and he started to
get within shooting distance. I waited
& waited to hear his gun. The horses
were restless wanting to go home, but
the leaves underfoot were dry & Harold
had to move cautiously. I believe he
was $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before his gun spoke
& the bird toppled off its perch, old
as I am I haant his patience.

Harry came for a few days has
returned, Dot feels O.K. but not yet
fully fattened up. want to send her
back sleek & fat like the other
animals, but believe she must take
after me. We are busy plow, plow, plow,
Harrow & plant. Teams & men are
now toughened up after their winters
holiday & are making long hard days
but we plant the seed in "hope" of a

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bountiful harvest later. Jo's back
at her home, and she & baby getting
along nicely, letter from Winifred
yesterday all well there. also letter from
Alice, had been spending few days at the
sea coast and sent me box of sea weed
shells & sand. My! They smelled good,
must be nearly so far since I bathed
in the surf in the Gulf of Mexico. —
Lil & Frances both well.

You said write you a "Home Chat" &
I think you are getting it. Ha! I'll be
telling you abt the Dogs & Cats next
I guess, and my garden, wish you
could see the flowers, have always
a big bunch on the table and my
bees are sure busy. — You don't know
what "bugs" are over there, we have
hard shelled bugs 3 inches long and
when Father came to see me he wanted
to see a mosquito so I caught one
of these big beetles and took it to him
& said "here's a mosquito" Father, Ha!

He said "Oh! my boy, my boy, never saw
such a thing in my life". Ha, then I
got him the real thing, but we
have two insects here that make life
miserable day & night, a "wood tick"
looks nearly like a bed bug. The out-
doors swarms with them they bury
their head in your flesh, and when you
pry them loose their head often pulls off
& remains in the flesh & the poison
from the bite lasts for days itching
intolerably, and then there is a microscop-
ical insect they call a "Chigger" so minute
as to be almost invisible to the eye. They
bury themselves in your skin and cause
intense itching & puffing up, you just
have to bathe with aqua ammonia to
kill them & for weeks you only have to
rub the spot to start it up again. I
was an immune to both when I smoked
but the last 2 years have bothered me.
told Maama believed I'd have to smoke
again. Fondest love dear, Ill write
you a good letter some day. Killo! Hubert
Uncle Dave