

Willow Springs, Mo.

Dec 28th, 1913.

My dear Sister & Hubert,

Its just me again, you know I like to write letters, especially such weather as this when we are snowbound, we never got to go to the picnic dinner we had arranged for Christmas day, after all it had been snowing intermittently for several days prior to Christmas and Christmas eve was so threatening that we carefully housed all live stock & prepared for trouble, which came about dusk in the shape of a regular blizzard. High wind, snow & cold, raged all night & Christmas day causing everybody to stay inside & burn wood. we had to visit by Phone which fortunately kept in working order, and we had a good time it seemed like we received letters or cards from everybody we knew, and to be so well remembered made us feel good & at night we all agreed that we had enjoyed a happier day together than if we had been with a crowd. We were

not alone, for we had just finished eating our Christmas dinner when the Dogs gave an alarm, and we saw a rig drive up thro' the blinding storm containing two young men, we got them inside and thawed them out and they stayed with us until yesterday (Saturday) afternoon when it was fit for them to continue their journey. They were nice boys so we all enjoyed their company & I believe they will often think of the Christmas they spent in the Ozark Hills. They & our boys had games & music and Mama & I read some new books & magazines. (many thanks for the ones you sent) I also wrote letters to each of the girls. Had written them all only a few days before, but letter writing is my relaxation. I love you all so much, that I am continually wanting to chat with you. The Mail carrier says I have more mail than anyone he knows, it all helps to keep me young and I enjoy every bit of it. I just enjoy living.

We thought of you at Brimington expected you were there and having a good time

with them all. Hope you were all well
so you could enjoy it all together we
figured you would be eating dinner when
we were at breakfast and when we
ate dinner you would be thro' tea
& be settled down for the evening
enjoyment and be in bed when we
ate our 6 o'clock Supper, but our thoughts
clashed many a time. wish I knew
their house. you know it ^{wasn't} built
when I left & I have no idea as to its
appearance or inside arrangement
so can't imagine the rooms like I could
of Ivy Cottage. — No need to keep my
old letters, dear, you will have plenty
more at this rate. no danger of running
out of reading matter with me at this
end. — We rec'd photo of Frances as a
Santa Claus surprise. I am going
to send it to Hilda as she sent me
her photo for Christmas which I thought
was just splendid of her. she will
forward it to you for return after
they have all seen it. guess she & Hilda

are about of an age Frances was
21 Nov 18th. - Hilda is a lovely girl
& as I told Mama when we had their
portraits side by side. Hilda has more
brain, just note the width of her head
compared to Frances, & Frances is a
pretty good Lawyer, has been in a Law
Office ever since she commenced work
and knows enough Legal phrasology
to turn me dizzy, but none of our kids
are students, I don't see how that is,
Ha! - I might look in a mirror & guess
but she got along without it, & I guess
a light heart goes with a light head
you know I never did absorb trouble
I shed it. - I don't believe that you are
of the melancholy kind. How is Hubert
does he worry. - hope not. - It is all
right to be prompt & particular and to
see that your end is properly kept up.
that is necessary to good management
and I was drilled in that, railroading,
until it was second nature, but when
I had done my best & things went to

smash after all, I didn't worry but
formed better plans for next time.
Railroaders have a great weight of
responsibility many lives depend on
their management, and they realize it,
and many of them can not support
the burden, it kills them. - There was
about a dozen of us young men about
20 yrs who were promoted about the same
time to positions of similar responsi-
bility and when I left the service at
23 they were all dead except one &
I was a very nervous man & had
been compelled to resign some years
before altho 3 or 4 yrs younger than me
they worried & couldn't stand the
train, I worried only when I had neg-
lected something. I remember one instance
when my hair came near turning white
in an hour. - I had taken a chance on
the safety of a passenger car in a train
rather than hold the train until repairs
were made. The train got six miles and
the whole train went in the ditch & 48
persons out of 85 were injured. I managed

The Wrecking outfit and rushed to the scene and before our engine stopped I jumped off for I suffered torture at the thought I had been the cause. I met the Conductor and said "Jim what caused it?" "Broken rail" said Jim and I nearly lost my balance for joy that I was not responsible for those bruised & mangled forms which lay helpless on the grass. That lesson lasted me all the rest of my railroad life. I went & examined the defective car & the part had never moved since I had made the temporary repairs.

That is "Lil" with the pair of Mules, or "Jack's" as she calls them. — Will think of you "Messiah" right & know you will want me to enjoy it with you.

Am glad that you are strong enough to overcome the sadness which attaches to Christmas time, and live for others and in the present, as reminiscing is useless, and young lives need your help to be brave. — I love you so much —
Send kisses for you & a hearty shake for H. Bro Dan.