

Willow Springs Mo.

Feb 26th, 1919.

My dear old Sis & Hubert,

Your dear letter of Feb 2 reached me yesterday and as it is a rough evening and I am weather bound I'm going to start one back to you. Feb 2nd is "Ground Hog" day here. don't suppose you ever saw a ground hog, you may have done, in a zoo somewhere. Heavy bodied, short legged Bullet headed 10 lbs weight I should say. Size of a good rabbit but heavy & fat like a pig. it hibernates and is supposed to come out of its hole on Feb 2. and if it sees its shadow it goes back in its hole to sleep for 6 more weeks of winter. This year the sun never got thro the clouds all day, but we are having 6 weeks of winter just the same, we always do anyhow so I guess he always sees his shadow someplace.

I remember one Feb 1st I was coming thro the woods and saw a ground hog sitting up surveying the country. He had come out a day too early and as I had my gun he never got back. They are as good as a roast pig, but I didn't start to write an essay on the groundhog.

Mama says to be sure to thank you for looking after our boy, you and the Birmingham folks have sure been foster mothers to him. I'm going to run that can of honey down, its a wonder he never mentioned it for we have honey all year and he likes it so well am afraid some one hungry for sweets got ahead of him, but we'll see. Thank you anyhow. you see they wont let us send any parcels. They allowed us to send one three pound package for Christmas, but each soldier received one tag and he had to send it home so we couldnt send him two packages, and they furnished the boxes all alike and our box only weighed two pounds when it was packed tight.

and not allowed to send any catables, so
its so nice that you have helped us out
I asked if I could send Things and pay
full letter postage on them but they said
No! - since the Armistice There has been
an agitation to get them to open up & let
us send pcks to the boys. but No! - I guess
the ships are carrying food back. I send
him big bundles of papers & magazines
I guess we supply his Company in
reading matter & he gets those. -

For the lands sake Child why dont you
start up in the Bee business. Ill help
you, I think I know bees pretty well, 5
Guineas per Hive. or half that - and honey
but of course that is war prices, when
sugar gets cheap, honey will be cheap also.
I always think when I get old and can't
hustle around I'll have bees & clover. I
was interested in them in 1882 and started
in with 1 or 2 hives and lived with them
my spare hours learning to handle them
They increased to 40 hives and as I was
building Railroad Coaches for a living I

had to employ an old man to handle them
in the honey season. and as I was suc-
ceeding in building cars I got ambitious
in that line and sold my bees and built
cars for 25 years. but never forgot bees.
and when I came to the farm I bought
one hive from a man living 4 miles away
and went for them about dusk. when they
all quit work & retired I loaded them in
my buggy. in front of my feet. closing up
all openings. it grows dark quickly here &
I drove home in pitch darkness. on the
way I felt something crawling on my ankles
and reached down & found both my
legs plastered all solid with bees. Thousands
of them so I sat still & drove home and
scooped all I could off my legs and the
buggy with my hands and put them in
the hive. lost a few I guess but had enough
to start. and have had bees ever since,
not many, haven't time, 4 to 7 or 8 hives, then I
let the rest go. had 7 to 8 hives when the family
were home only 4 now. They make 25 lbs comb
honey each so that is all we need. you could
keep a hive or two in the corner of your yard

but I guess you don't want to bother, >
 twenty years ago you might have been
 interested, I remember us having a hive of
 bees at Ivy Cottage, in one of those round straw
 hives. guess that was before you can remember
 and I remember old Abbie Bradshaw's house
 always smelled of beeswax, can you remember
 old Abbie (Charley's father) and the old lady whom
 I loved because she fed me on bread & honey
 I remember one morning Father allowed me to go
 to the shop with him and I played around and
 when Father was ready to go to dinner I was
 missing and some of the villagers had seen me
 go and he found me at old Abbie's below the
 3 horse chocs, standing on a stool at the table
 eating soup out of a little porringer, I know
 because the old lady gave me the porringer
 guess I was about 4. He! I always was
 sociable, could never call me bashful, -

The doves in shape of good old Punch
 "lit" all right and I have rolled up the
 current month's American Magazine and
 will send it. guess those photos will come
 now but there's no hurry, anytime when

you get ready. - Did I send you two lots
of pictures of Mamma & Cyril. seems like
I sent some in my last and you say
my Christmas day letter contained some
well I get busy and forget sometimes,
it doesn't matter. didn't want to miss you
believe I've some more you haven't seen. will
look them up. yes Lil is the photographer
and we never get time for taking pictures
until about the last day of her visit
and she takes the films with her and develops
them at home. then if they're not good it's
too late to try again. am afraid now she
has gone to Chicago that she won't visit us
this summer. I have a better camera than
hers but it uses plates and I have to send
off for them. guess I'll have to sport a
film camera then I can buy films at W. S.

Lil seems well, but I know if she wasn't
she wouldn't tell us, she's game. - but she
seems to be enjoying herself seeing sights
in Chicago. when she moved to Chicago. I
received a pkg thro' the mail and on

opening it there was her appendix
preserved in Alcohol. she knows his a crank
for such things and all she said was
"Here it is. I know you wanted it? Ha!

Meek 3rd.

Here is your letter still unfinished,
guess I've been having the flu
been feeling bum for several days
getting old I guess, but now am
shaking it off. it seems easy on old
folks. didn't think it was anything but
a cold but Mama phoned for Dr. and
of course he had to make it flu. it
breaks my heart to have a Dr. out here
costs me ten Dollars per trip told mama
it was cheaper to die. Ha! — he
didn't do me any good, sounded my
heart & said it was no account, and
punched my chest & back and said my
lungs were congested and the cavity filling
up with water. I told him when he had

had me down, pounding me, to give me
a show and stand up like a man &
altho' he was only half my age I'd let
him pound me with his fists if he could,
but he backed out, said I had too long
a reach. Ha! we have to joke if it kills
us. — Just got a letter from Dorothy
saying Harry (her husband) was 'held up'
the other night, a fellow poked a revolver
in his face and told him to hold up his
hands. Harry's about my size and he shot
his fist in the fellows face & sent him
and his gun sprawling and left him I
wouldn't have left him, but Harry had
some government Bonds in his pocket that
belonged to another man and he tho't the
man might have a confederate. —

Good bye my dear, Truest love
to my dear old Sis. I want you &
want you, many a time. You are all
I have left of the old family crowd,
the family of tragedies. I sometimes think
Lovingly Uncle Dan