

Willow Springs, Mo.

July 25. 1970.

My dear old Sis,

Your dear letter of July 4 with its enclosure of priceless pictures is here, and I'm the happiest fellow in these hills to have so good a picture of you. Tears came unbidden when I saw you, so much like your girlish self as I remember you, seems you have changed so little. It is sure a gem and I hope I can get a good enlargement from it. Oh! for the negative. Hubert is a master at "lighting". I feel greatly indebted to him. I think both of you look much better than in the large pictures you sent me. Lillian and husband were just returning

to their home the day the pictures arrived so they saw them, and everybody exclaimed "isn't she young?" you both look to be perfectly care free and but for your letter telling of house troubles I should imagine life was one sweet song. but of one thing I am perfectly assured, you make a practice of looking at the sunny side, for if you ever had any wrinkles of care during the war you have now shed them. dear old sis o' mine, you're just a "peach" so there! you're knitting aren't you?

What a lovely farming country Lin's is. and the winding roads & hedges & Hawthorn & daisies I can smell them all. & want to come. Hubert picked gems. He's an artist among all his other accomplishments, that old ferry scow looks incapable of drowning anyone, but water is

treacherous. ² with your letter came a card from Elsie with a view of Dovedale, so much like the scenery in these hills. Ozark mountains they are called but they are like the Peak of Derbyshire. just picturesque hills not very good for farming but healthy to live in.

We had Lil & husband here for 2 weeks and of course enjoyed their visit and they enjoyed it too. They like to ride and swim. Frank is an adept in the water and Lil can just do plain swimming. so they made daily excursions to the creek, about a mile distant. when they missed doing that they would take a duck in the brook that runs thro' the farm. for water is grateful when the weather is so hot. 100° to 104° in shade, and we are thankful to have plenty, altho' we have had no rain yet.

just imagine hot as it is and no rain since June 1st. vegetation is dry & crisp. crops withering and a poor prospect for next winter but the drouth is not universal. seems to be mostly in South Missouri. plenty of rains where the boys are in Iowa. for they are still there and likely to remain there for some time as they appear to be doing well.

Rec'd letter from Alice yesterday they are still having earthquakes at Los Angeles. some days they have four it has continued for a month but apart from toppling over chimneys and breaking plate glass shop windows and shaking down plaster it has not hurt them much. They get out of the house as quickly as possible and try to get where things can't fall on them, if they are out riding in their cars they don't feel it.

Margaret (Alice's daughter) has just graduated from High School, she is eighteen and so I'll soon have a granddaughter married I suppose, guess I'll enclose the sheet of Alice's letter telling about how they graduate here, you seem to know Alice, and may be interested in her's & Jim's doings. The other girls you never saw so I do not ring them in on you. I want Margaret to go to College now and study medicine and be a Doctor but she has not yet come to any decision what she wants to be perhaps will be satisfied to be just married & spoil my dreams ah! she's smart and I wanted a Dr in the family. we need one. - but Winifred's girl (Maxine) is just as bright and as big as Margaret and will graduate soon. - so I'll keep wishing. I know I should

have made a good Dr or Surgeon if
I had had the opportunity. you
used to be quite a homoeopathic doctor
do you still follow it? Lil was
telling me about having her Appendix
removed and my fingers just itched
to make an incision Ha! —

I'm going to be a student when I get
to Sir Oliver Lodge's "other side". —

Goodby dear old sister. your
precious photo will cheer me by
the hour together, and when I think
of house troubles I'll say "Cheerio"
as I look at you, and I know
they can't scare you. you have the blood
of the old Martyrs. you and I
could go to the stake for a principle
good old Sis. —

Truest love, Cheerio.

Bro Sam.