

Willow Springs, Mo.

Dec 5. 1920.

My sweet old Sis.

I've saved you until last. have written Hubert, A.C. & Aunt Mary so I've everything off my mind and can devote the remaining hour before retiring wholly to you.

Today has been an oasis in the winter, a bright balmy day, when a fellow likes to be outside and bask in the sun and have all the doors and windows open, when I invite Mama for a walk across the farm to the persimmon grove, taking along a bucket to fill with those "Missouri Dates": for they are delicious now, having had sufficient frost to thoroughly ripen them, for until they have been frozen they are so astringent they pucker up your mouth like as much alum there will be a few left for the boys when they come at Christmas but they are being thinned out, the trees were loaded this year but birds & possums and cows & all things seem

to be greedy for them, those of them who
can't climb trees eat what the wind blows
off. when I turn out the calves, mornings,
they march straight off to the persimmon
patch and when they return their "tummies"
stick out they are so fond of them and they
do them good for they are full of sugar.
people make beer of them. I never had any
but expect it is heady. for the sugar would
turn to alcohol in fermenting guess it would
be illegal to make it now under prohibition
I sold my Cider Mill because I couldn't
make Cider if it had more than half of one
per cent Alcohol and all Cider has unless
it is boiled while new and that spoils it for
drinking I think. can't make wine either
so we have to use non-alcoholic grape juice
which I think is good for anyone when made
of the pure juice like we make it ourselves
but there's no "kick" to it. wish I could send
you some for Christmas. once had an old
gentleman and his wife stop here for dinner
one Monday, they were travelling with a horse
and buggy. after eating dinner I said they
had better stay over night with us + proceed

in the morning which invitation they gladly accepted as the weather looked threatening that night we sat around the hearth and sang. but the next morning we sang another song for there was two feet of snow on level and drifted to cover fences and it was the next Saturday before we could shovel the snow away from the gates to let the old couple go on their journey. but their horses were well cared for as they were themselves and we drank ten gallons of wine that week and enjoyed the week immensely. I had made 40 gals that year. I never saw the old couple again but they thought of the good time they had.

My! you have to pay for things over there our prices begin to appear reasonable will send you a clipping of prices out of yesterday's paper. eggs keep up pretty well. -

1920 is about gone, my last letter to you I expect. It seems to me that the outstanding development of the closing month is one of worldwide uncertainty and fear for the future. looks like the World war was a profound disappointment. the fire young

men who made up the armies fought to end wars
but the results hoped for have not been
attained. This may be the dark hour before
dawn. Two years after the close of the great war
our army & navy budget is four times as much
as was spent in 1913. Your Lord Bryce can
not be called an alarmist but rather a
conservative statesman & he remarks that
"the world has been plunged into an abyss of
calamity by the war." already it seems that
jealousies are developing at Geneva.
but what's the good of raking up this
stuff at Christmas. we are going to have
a good time and hope you & your boy
will also be together then. I know you'll be
happy. hope you will be moved to a
new location before proceedings for
ejectment are begun. I'll be so relieved to
know you are together again if ever it comes
will think of you and wish you when
Christmas comes. as we wish you now
a Merry Christmas (forget worries) and a
Prosperous & Happy New Year.
Foredest love Bro Daa