

Willow Springs, Mo.

Aug 27, 1922.

My dear Sister & Hubert,

Your dear letter of July 30
reached me Aug 16th. was so glad to
get it. - No! I don't want Alice's or
Maxine's letters just fire them. I asked
A.C. to send them to you in order to
get them back in the family, for she
has a habit of hoarding up every
letter she receives, so her brother once
said. it doesn't matter about mine but
I'm more particular about others if I
take the liberty of using them without
permission. you see I try to entertain
Anne for she's such a "shut in"
and I feel so sorry for her lonely

condition, and sometimes when the day comes to write her I'm at my wit's end to know how to amuse her when she is having a bad spell, when she is feeling better I can easily write, so I send her photos, write her letters on picture ends & anything to give her a bright day for she's been & is a staunch old friend to all of us, and they get pretty scarce and valuable at our time of life.

Maxine tells me of a nice boy in every letter she writes me, but it is always a different boy. Ha! her last letter told me of being a guest at a Ranch near L.A. along with a bunch of girls & boys and they were horseback riding when her horse bolted & galloped a mile up a mountain trail and how one of the boys gave chase & rescued her, & & and the crowd teased her about her

'hers': oh! she's a dandy of a girl
when she visited me on the farm she
was always getting hurt. but she's a
charming girl. fit descendant of her
Grandma Kate. not one particle like
Margaret but more lovable. I encourage
her letters for they might be from Kate.
Winifred and Lillian have the same
charming personality. the other girls
are more reserved. more like you girls
used to be. - very nice, but "stand off." He!

It's a good thing your married life
made up what you lacked at home, -
the first 20 years of life are popularly
supposed to be carefree joyous years.
In actual fact they are frequently
years of greater misery than any
that come afterward. mine were
but I've made up for it since and

so have you I know. for fifty years
I could take a prize for having had
a good time.

I know that "fornicity" was good
any time we thresh wheat I have to
have some, & tell the boys about
gleaning, I tell them it would be
nicer if I gleaned it instead of dipping
it out of a sack or bin.

Fall is close at hand. it is very hot,
104° for two days this past week but
one can feel the difference after sunset,
soon needs a coat or wrap then. There
dust on the weeds which line the roads
grapes hang purple on trees & trellises
Katy-dids with their monotonous song
corn fields turning brown (Maine, not with
them & a thousand other signs tell
that Autumn is approaching, but all
is beautiful in its changes. I

want to quote Keats when I look at these hills, "A Thing of beauty is especially where he says"

"A sleep - full of sweet dreams & health
& quiet breathing. —

and then, "I will lift up mine eyes
unto the Hills from whence cometh
my strength;" for there they stand
beautiful serene & steadfast. and
so we see the seasons pass hurrying
that for us they will soon end but.

"The true life draws nearer every year
and its morning star climbs higher every year
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
and the heavy burden lighter
and the dawn immortal brighter
every year."

We killed another rattlesnake this summer
while Lillian was here. I cured it &
gave the skin to Lib. for they are

curiosities to town people even in
this country. Harold got the first
lick at it. so we credited him with
it I got the second + cut off its head
with my hoe. Penny found it close to
the back door of the house. Mama
went to see what she was barking at
and reached down to divide the tall
flowers to see what there was, when it
rattled + coiled she had a slow call
she jumped back + called us to come
+ kill it.

I'm about stuck on Radio proposition
Harbert for I find the storage battery will
need to be charged every 3 or 4 days and
I can't go to town that often. I could
put in a generator + run it with engine
I guess but haven't the time for that I'm
afraid. — Good bye fond love

Bro Sam,