

the brindle oxen, that could trot like horses and make forty miles a day in a pinch. We had poor wells, drouth and privation, but best of all we had good health, and Mamma's religious faith was great enough to surround us all in its protection. This was the summer when Etoile and I stripped cane and became frightfully poisoned by contact with the beautiful but perfidious weed known as "Snow on the Mountain". The other children never were affected, but Etoile and I were poisoned everytime we came neary ivy, sumac, or other poisonous plants.

Much of the above ran thru my mind this morning. It was of interest to me, and perhaps it will be to the few members of the family to whom it is sent. There may be minor errors, but what of it. The story is straighter in its details than most of the history that is taught in the schools. The next ten years may find us with great-grand children. May the security of our lives be of a more rational character than that prated about by charlatans and mountebanks.

It was yesterday forenoon when I started writing this little review and I have been trying hard to bring it to a close. It is some like Bill Nye's railroad "which hadn't any termini at either end."

I have wanted to say that many of the things we have worried about finally worked themselves out and that I am optimist enough to believe that we shall pass from the valley of the shadow of death into which Roosevelt has led us, into green fields where honesty is revered, where envy does not rule supreme, and where people are willing to work, save, and help themselves and one another, under old standards of justice upon which there can be no improvement.

Yesterday morning it was a board meeting at the hospital, in the afternoon a board meeting at the bank, at 8:30 this morning a board meeting at the Building & Loan, and last night a wonderful dinner at the hotel as the guest of Dolph, with Blanche and Pat also present.

Perhaps this outline is incomplete without glimpsing a little home ten years earlier, in 1868, when Papa was thirty-three and Mamma a year younger, and they were starting in life, with only two years of married life behind them. They were wonderful folks these parents of ours, with high ideals and with an ambition to do their part in developing the frontiers of the nation, which Papa had served five years to save. How glorious it would be to sit in with them in their little home in Waukegan, Ill., and partake of their courage and faith.

Step by step we doubtless could go back to the very beginnings of time were we able to do so, and still we should find ambition, self-reliance, courage and a willingness to work in all of those whose blood, ever so diluted, still flows in our veins. The world has not been made great by a set of weaklings, who have ridden thru on the backs of suffering humanity, but by those who have given their best to their every day tasks, and somehow and in someway carried on under crushing difficulties. We are the heirs of worthy ancestors and we must not let them down.