

FEB 12 1972

2/12 JW While SHE, in Je's memontarily more appropriate designation, that today being where the eggs (no bread) comes from, hopefully, is winding up the last agony on a complex return, a torture I hope will soon end so we can get a trip to town overwith, I share a joy or two that I know will twang the strings of on old Mo. countryboy's heart, now that he is, with compensating benefits, let me hasten to add, separated from real winter. It is a sunny day, up to freezing, no wind, the kind you must remember longing for when it cut as it blew those bitter days. So, first, when my sister-in-law and brother-in-law came this a.m. I took him for a walk I needed and thought he did (15 yrs younger and me housebound six weeks, he pooped first, brag,brag!). Then I decided to go out and finish trimming out the downed tree that almost felled me. Not superstitious. I can't afford other tough gloves, so I wore those with the left thumb almost off. (As you surely did, I'll patch it with tape the first time I look at TV news, if you'll pardon the expression. Same machete, saw saw. First thing I noticed is how it happened. One of the supporting branches gave, permitting what remained of the top to go down, thus glancing the machete. After working that all up, leaving no brush over 1/2 inch, the small stuff making fine kindling, I started pulling honeysuckle running up 50 feet, winding it as always so I can carry it off. The machete is shapr enough to go thru 2" of dry pine at one swipe, so was I lucky!. By the time I'd done an hour and a half of this I'd come to realize that it was time to remind lil we

have to go and that for at least a half hour my thumb had been hurting. I guess I used it more in holding the honeysuckelg together than I'd realized...This year the local kids have been having the most wonderful time on the frozen pond. We enjoy their pleasure. Some come nights, with eith all sorts of flash and floodlights. Even the parents have taken to sending us notes of thanks. It is great to see kids enjoying the old-fashioned, clean, healthy things of the past and right at home. No big deals for pop and the car and going where he doesn't want to or a~~y~~ hours he can't. Anyway, she is pardon, SHE is ready. I just wanted to remind you how great a delight the milder kind of winter you once knew can still be. I can spend a week of nice days outside where I can move a phone through the door just pulling honeysuckle. And if it also coincides with the time of day best suited for putting together the master of PM, when weather and hand permit, honeysuckle, here I come.
Best, HW