Hot Airville N.C.
March 24, '64

My Dear Frank:

I was sorry to hear you had hurt your finger to-day. It will soon get well if you are careful not to hurt it again. How is your rocking-horse? I have not heard a word about it since I left home. I hope it has not been broken yet. Has sister Mary learned to ride on it? She is much too small yet, I guess, but you would try best to break it before the get big enough to ride. The ground here is covered with snow and if you were here you would have a good time with your black, although snow is almost too deep on
you. We have some hens now which lay nice eggs for our breakfast. The old rooster sleeps pretty close to my tent, and sometimes just after I have gone to bed and am trying hard to get to sleep, I could hear him flap his wings three or four times and then give a loud crow. He will crow and crow until I wish heartily that he would stick up and go to sleep like other honest people. One of the hens has begun to lay, but Sam has a fraud we shall never get any good from the chicken, the hatcher. It is a good thing they are not hatched now as the poor things were probably going to

death, or at least have a very hard time.

Have you learned to dress and undress yourself quickly yet? You used to be along time about sometime, but you could dress fast enough. Whenever you wound.

Goodbye dear Elliot. And try to be a good boy so that mother will have no trouble with you.

Father.
Some of dear Papa's hair for Frank, and the last piece of money he ever sent his little boy.