

## "Gram" Says:

Where does time go? Of course, I know Christmas is past, but I just have to tell you about a very special gift, which of course, is not mine alone. It arrived early Christmas morn, nine pounds thirteen ounces, light brown hair and blue eyes, "Little David," my grand-son. I can't help but wonder where will he fit in this big old troublesome world?

After receiving so many letters from the North asking how we like the cold weather in Florida, I will say (not working for "Chamber of Commerce") that on the west coast at Englewood we never had a frost, no fruit or vegetables were ever damaged but farther north and also on the East Coast even as far down as Miami they had a cold blast, but not like the North.

Spring is all around us. All kinds of citrus fruits and vegetables are plentiful. Strawberries are on the market. The poinsettias with their beautiful red velvet leaves are still hugging homes and cabanas. My petunias I planted are in blossom. Peach trees, naked of leaves, are covered with pink blossoms. Now do you think it was cold here around Englewood?

The gulf was on a rampage due to the Atlantic storms which piled our shell beaches high with sand, unlike last winter. But no one need be bored, our recreation hall was open for cards, pictures, pot luck dinners, dancing and singing every evening.

Now after two months we have moved to Homosassa, a park of fishermen. A place where there is always fish to eat. Here our trailer is overshadowed by high live oaks, shrouded with hanging veils of Florida moss, which is a grey green, air plant. Also in this court are ceders, palms and a few orange trees.

Homosassa, situated on the Homosassa river is a very old town which died after the Civil War. At that time, this district was covered with large sugar plantations and gun boats coming up this river destroyed the homes and sugar cane. The remains of sugar mills are the land marks. Now again, the town is awakening and is becoming a resort for the Yankees.

Traveling along the roads are jungles which soon took over these plantations—one mass of trees, shrubs and swamps. Around this river you can see tumble down shacks of fishermen. Some of these used by old fishermen who sell to iced truckers bound for the North.

Today we were to have gone fishing but we received much needed showers. Here as a cloud, heavy with moisture, floats over us, the heavens seem to open wide a faucet and it falls and immediately follows another cloud ready to spell its load and maybe that will be all for the day. The sun has a way of pushing in and helping this sandy soil drink up this water as soon as it falls.

Truck patchers and orchards here need plenty of moisture, too. It is a marvelous picture to witness lemon, lime, grape fruit, orange and tangerine trees so heavily laden with fruit. Tiny trees, three foot in height, with branches reaching the ground are filled with fruit. It seems impossible that these limbs can hold their weight without breaking.

One of the attractive flowering trees is the hibiscus tree. The showy blossom bursts into a sunny yellow which later changes to orange and finally becomes a dark red. The leaves, a round satiny dark green make a nest for these attractive flowers. The magnolia tree grows wild all through these jungles. I could go on and on telling you about this "Sunshine State of Florida," which is filled with the older people, who's aches and pains are lessened under these ultra violet rays free to all, but still I love my home in the Ozarks.

Gram, S. E. B.