“Their grub is a foster child of the oak. I see equally if not more remarkable & regular ones on a black shrub- oak of this form attached to a leaf-green-a core like this being filled with air they burst with a puff when pressed. I see marks of a frost last night in sproutland hollow- young white oaks & hickories & some other oaks even have been touched & though not yet black, their leaves are crisped 7 come off.”