

Minneapolis, Minn. Oct. 21, 1942.

My dear Brother-Cousin:-

It made me very happy to receive your letter, and to know that you were thinking of my welfare. I am happy to assure you that there will probably be no need for me to think of changing my way of life, perhaps for many years.

I do not often speak of my private affairs, but it is this way, dear: shortly after Jean passed away, and during the deepest of the depression years, as fast as my bonds matured I reinvested the money in Old Line Annuity Insurance, which proved to be a very wise thing to do as it has enabled me to keep up my home, with the help of other securities, for the past twelve years... I am often given credit for being more well-to-do than I am from the simple fact that I do not buy anything I can not pay cash for, and any workman who does anything for me knows that he will receive his pay as soon as the work is finished. I do not intend to have a single debt when I pass on. This really takes quite a little figuring and planning. It would be easier for me with two paying guests, and I am looking for someone to take Mr. Mortland's room, but no one will ever take his place in our home life. He was kind, considerate, appreciative. He had been connected with the St. Paul Dispatch and the Tribune in his younger days, as well as being Associate Editor of the Farm-Stock and Home for many years, and his scholarly tastes made him an intellectual companion. He read only the best books and enjoyed the best music. I could not have had a more inspiring companion for my lonely years. I miss him more than I can express. Life seems dull and meaningless to me. I prayed earnestly that my life might be spared to see him safely to the end.

Mr. Mortland's room, which has been thoroughly renovated, is now ready for another tenant. It is the warmest room in the house, has an excellent bed, two large windows and two closets. It is one door from bathroom. I have the front bedroom rented to a quiet man, a landscape gardener, who has his own Radio and reading matter, and is very unobstrusive. Having this man, I would like another middle aged or elderly man, who would consider this as a real home. It may be sometime before I find just the right one to fit into our home life. I am praying about it.

If I could do my own home making my problem would be slight, but I can not get along without Mrs. Olson. Some days I am very weak, hardly able to sit up, and my hands are so useless than I can scarcely lift a plate. I sleep poorly and ache in every joint. I have been thinking of going to my family physician, and be thoroughly examined, to see if anything can be done for me. If I could walk better, and have the use of my hands, I should feel ten years younger. I could take up Red Cross and War Work.

I am afraid of one thing. This house is much larger than it appears on the outside. There are five nice bedrooms, three down stairs and two on the second floor. One I use for a sewing room. I am afraid the Administration will be coming here some day and say to me that, on account of scarcity of housing facilities, I should take in a family. It is the last thing I would be willing to do.

Another thing is heating. I have an oil burner, and have 1000 gals. of oil stored in my tank. They say that we should keep the heat down to 65 or 68 degrees, but that would not be warm enough for us, though the house is insulated. We have been trying to conserve heat during Sept. and Oct., and I am sometimes very uncomfortable. Mrs. Olson is fleshy and does not mind it.

Two days this week I have been to the Dentist's, having teeth filled and x-Rayed. I hope I shall be all right in that respect for sometime. I hope I have not wearied you with all this writing