

October 23, 1944

Mrs. Don A. Freeman
Route 3--Gull Lake
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grayce:

I ran across the enclosed poem. By whom it was written I do not know. Perhaps it will mean something to you, although I am inclined to believe that I should delete the third line from the last before turning the lines over to Don. The little pieces with the tiny note were also folded with this poem.

Leaves are falling, but no killing frost as yet. I picked turnips and tomatoes from our garden yesterday and we have lima beans that may be ready to pick. I didn't examine them.

I won't take time to write more now.

With love,

Your Brother

WCS:df
Encs.