

Minneapolis, Minn. Sept. 10, 1944.

My dear brother-cousin;-

It was very kind of you to take the pains to come to see me, when it was such an unfavorable day, and you had so little time to spare. On the other hand, I should have been deeply disappointed if you had gone back without seeing me, for you know it has been three years since I was at Gull Lake.

I am surprised that you found me unchanged. I was lying down when Mrs. Olson came into the room, and said someone to see me who was in a hurry. I got up immediately, but had no time to do any "dolling up".

I thought you were looking very well, as if your short vacation had done you much good. I hope you were able to do some fishing, and perhaps catch another big Pike.

My housekeeper's name is Mrs. Olson, and I am astonished that I could not recall her name, for the moment. It would look as if I "were slipping." She has been with me nearly seven years, and now that her grandsons are both in the service, I think she will be with me much longer. She and Mr. Cook are both away today, so I am alone in the house, and moving around very carefully, so as not to have a fall. They do not often leave me alone.

I have been listening to John Charles Thomas and the "Army Hour". Later on I shall hear "One Man's Family", which I have been listening to for years. I heard both of Mr. Dewey's speeches. I rather liked his voice, but somehow I can not quite accept the idea of his being our next President. The momentous questions before the International Council in the next few months, will require the highest intelligence. I have been reading Walter Lippmann's "U.S. War Aims", in the Readers' Digest. God only can guide us through this maze of difficulties.

The weather here continues cold and dreary, and just so long will I be suffering night and day with this Arthritis. I have gotten to the point where I can feel stoical about it. When I get to feeling sorry for myself, I have only to look around me and see how many others are much worse off, and how really comfortable I am situated. I can say "Praise the Lord, oh, ~~my~~ soul, and forget not all his benefits."

I suppose you have read "America Unlimited", by Eric Johnston. An Attorney friend, in Newark, N.J. sent a copy to me. I am much interested.

My lovely flowers are still blooming just outside my window. I have enjoyed them so much, and Mr. Cook keeps me supplied with fresh bouquets. Everyone is nice to me. My Pastor comes to see me often, though I have never been inside his church since he came. I once said to him, "Do not think you must come so often, if you are so busy". He answered, "But I like to come."

Thank you for your kind words at parting. Some of my friends are looking forward to a reunion with me next June, but I do not dare plan so far ahead.

May you and Gertrude have a pleasant fall and Winter. I shall be thinking of you often.

With love,

Lillian.