

September 20, 1944

Mrs. Don A. Freeman
Route 3
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grayce:

Dolph and I received good letters from you on the same day. This is the 20th of September. We have not yet had a frost, and we have been eating breakfast and some other meals on our dining porch. I had breakfast there this morning. We had predictions for cold weather, but this morning the reports are to the effect that the cold from the north has been counteracted by warm currents from the south.

Gertie is having a few church people into dinner tomorrow night to make some plans for a reception for the choir.

We are interested in all of the little details of your affairs, and I don't want you to neglect kissing Mrs. Burke good-bye for me and Bill for Gertrude. I hope they will be able to find a decent place as Burke seems to do the best he can. I am glad that Don is feeling better and hope his campaign is going along in a satisfactory manner.

I have spent hours which run into days in going thru that big trunk of Etoile's papers, and apparently make little headway. Why in sam hill did you begin to write letters home when you were teaching in the blind school in Kansas City and continue it thru all the succeeding years, leaving it for your aged brother to have to wade thru? Seriously, all personal letters are scanned to see if there is any particular reason why they should be preserved, and if not, they are destroyed because such letters would mean little and perhaps be misunderstood by succeeding generations. I find fewer letters preserved from me and from Julia than from other members of the family. Julia's letters would doubtless have been few because they have lived in the same town so much of the time. I did run across one letter of mine, however, upon which our darling mother had made a loving notation on the envelope. You doubtless understand that this trunk contains all that is left of records saved by grandfather and grandmother, our parents, and Etoile. I have found a recommendation given to Collins Gowdy in 1826 when he became 21 years old. I find insurance policies upon his farm near Waukegan; little essays written by our mother when she was in her early teens; and hundreds of things of sentimental value.