

Minneapolis, Minn. March 7, 1944.

My dear Brother-Cousin;-

Thank you for your little letter of Feb'y.

17th, inquiring after my health, sending kind wishes.

I really have not been well since before Christmas, but it has not been "Flu" or even a severe cold. I simply felt weak, and not inclined to sit up only a short time every day. We have had some cold and blustering weather, and the Arthritis has been rather severe, especially in my hands.

I had a letter from Kathryn this morning, just as brave as ever. She certainly sets a fine example for all of us.

We have had some stir around here the past month. Mr. Cook's young grandson, who has been two years with the Marines, spent his month's furlough here. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 190 and carries himself proudly. He looks fine in his full Marine regalia. He went from here to an Officers' Training school in So. Carolina. Next time we see him he will probably be an officer of the Marines. We also have Mrs. Olson's youngest grandson with us until he joins the Marines next month, when he will be seventeen. This makes the war seem more real to us. Mrs. Olson's eldest grandson is now ^mso^mewhere on the high seas, and we are anxiously awaiting a letter from him. I am glad I have no grandsons in the service, but I have a number of second cousins. One lost his life on Attu few months ago.

I hope you can enjoy your cottage home at Gull Lake next summer. Grayce missed you very much last summer.

I hope to be able to walk out a little, when the weather gets warmer. I have not been anywhere since the first of Nov.

I am very grateful for all the comforts I enjoy, and for the many kind friends who seem to enjoy doing things for me. I am cheered every day by their thoughtfulness.

God bless you and keep you in health. Lillian.