

July 3, 1945

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

Dear Grayce:

Today is the 79th anniversary of the marriage of our parents. What a fine looking couple they must have been--papa so well proportioned and mamma a little beauty with the purest type of complexion and with sparkling and curling black hair.

With this thought also comes the remembrance of the first 4th of July that I spent in Kansas. The picnic was in Akright's Grove and the dinner was served on a long table. I remember two parts of the program and only two parts--one was mamma singing to her own accompaniment played on her melodion and the song was "Three Grains of Corn". I wonder if you remember any of it. The chorus was something like this, "Give me three grains of corn, mother, only three grains of corn. It will keep the little life I have, 'til the coming of the morn." This song was written in commemoration of the great famine in Ireland when the potato crop failed. Mamma was still handsome and attractive with her little brood of children. Dr. Cowdy said to me once that he never heard a more beautiful voice than mamma's. He was given to exaggeration, but undoubtedly she had a charming voice. The other part of the program was a little mutt who spoke "Half A League", commemorating the great charge of the English at Balaklava against the Russians in the Crimea. The little chap knew that he was talking of a great battle, but the word "League" had little meaning for him. It sure was a courageous undertaking for a little chap to memorize the many verses of that poem. He must have been just about the age of Lance and when I think how cute they think he is when he recites a few lines in Sunday School, I rather marvel at the program of so many years ago.

I also remember that the serving of the dinner was delayed. In those days it was rather difficult to get up a fine dinner, and I remember well how hungry I was and how desirous I was of partaking of the splendid show of food, but alas, by the time it was served, I had become nauseated either from the scare of speaking my piece or my delayed dinner, and I couldn't eat anything. I wonder how many are still living of that big crowd assembled for the picnic.