

May 2, 1949

Mrs. Don A. Freeman  
Route 3 Treetops  
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grayce:

I am surprised that I have not written you recently. I thought I was usually about one jump ahead of you. In apologizing, I am reminded of a case of a woman on a train. She was a foreigner and they were trying to get her to understand something. Finally one of the passengers stepped forward and said, "Do you understand French? Do you understand German? He went on until he had questioned her in regard to seven different tongues, but all the time, speaking English himself. Finally he turned to the rest of the people on the car and said "I can't do anything with her. I have spoken to her in seven different languages and she hasn't understood any of them." So, I am apologizing in seven different languages.

Eileen and Carl were my dinner guests at the hotel last night and spent a couple of very pleasant hours at our home afterwards. She is a dear girl and reminds me quite a good deal of Gertrude when we were first married.

I have just returned from Rotary. The program was given by several young artists from the School of Fine Arts. One of the songs was one that Gertrude used to sing. I do not remember the title but the closing lines of one verse are "And I will come again my dear, if it were 10,000 miles." The singer was an operatic singer, while Gertrude sang the song in her rich contralto voice.

It was six months Saturday since Gertrude died. Hearing fine music recalls to me her interest in music and her ability as a pianist, as an accompanist, and as a singer. Here I am four years older than she. Her next birthday would have been the 16th of this month. We are keeping up things as nicely as possible at home, both inside and out, but it seems so empty without her, and yet, I feel that I should keep everything up as she would liked to have had it.