

December 30, 1949

Mrs. Don A. Freeman
Route 6
Treetops
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grayce:

I have your letter of the 27th before, and I am sorry that you are even temporarily ill with a sore throat. I think you and Don have a very good way of taking care of such things by taking care of yourselves.

I can't say that I am sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Willard Freeman. The attractive young friend that was yours in the days gone by has long since ceased to exist, and what was left was the badly afflicted mortal home from which she is now released. I am sorry for Willard, who doubtless will find it rather difficult to adjust himself. It is hard for anyone to do so, and it might be especially hard for him. You could not have done anything either for her or for Willard had you been there earlier. It is really surprising that she lasted as long as she did.

As I may have told you, we put in a call from Minneapolis to Blanche and all of us talked with here, and immediately following, we had a call from Dolph and Marie so that with the exception of Dorothea and family, we were together in spirit and conversation.

As I told you, instead of buying a hat, we bought steak knives, something we long had wanted, and we used them last evening.

I received today a framed picture of Blanche but have not opened it, thinking it would be safer to take it home in the package. She is a dear good girl and has gone through a world of worry with Pat for the past four years. I sincerely hope he can recover. The time may come when Owen could take his place in the business, but I doubt if that time has arrived as yet. He is still a good deal of a boy, although apparently he is doing alright in representing the company in the Dallas, Texas, field.

Everything is moving along quite smoothly at home. I have a