

November 4, 1940

Mr. and Mrs. Don A. Freeman
Tree Tops, Route 3
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Aunt Grayce and Uncle Don:

I find myself nearly every day or so hoping to see a letter from you in the mail, but I realize I can't expect a lot of letters unless we write you once in a while.

We have had no great excitement around here except a steady barrage of political talk. By the time this reaches you, we will know if we are going to get back to the true system of American life or if we are going to follow the pattern of disintergration established by Europe.

As I recall the net fishing season began last week so you are probably now enjoying some of that smoked tulibee. If the stories Bud and Jack told me last summere were not exaggerated, you probably now have fish stacked around your house like cord wood.

About a month ago I spent a few days in South Dakota and we had extra good pheasant and duck shooting. I did not realize birds could be so thick. On the first day I got my limit of five ring necks within fifteen minutes after the season opened, besides bagging my limit of ten ducks early in the morning. Duck hunting also has been good here. We have a pond near town and the first morning, Pat, Owen, one of the printers, and myself got our limit of 40. All together we have had about one hundred from the pond.

Just last evening Marie and I were talking about the fact we had been home only six or seven weeks, but it seems like several months in comparison to six or seven weeks up at the lake. I don't need to tell you that all of us have the happiest days of the year when we are up there with you.

I hope that you are all well and happy and that Aunt Etoile continues to enjoy the famous Freeman hospitality. I know it is a lot of pleasure for you to be together.

With love,