

April 12, 1946

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

Dear Grade:

You have undoubtedly recalled that today is the anniversary of the birth of our little mamma. What a darling little girl and young woman she must have been. Dr. Gowdy used to say that she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen and that her singing voice was beautiful. What a lot she had to go through - the long wait of the war before her marriage, the birth of her children, the occasional sickness of self and family, the death of papa and the care and responsibility that fell upon her. It seems like an act of providence that we had such good health during the ten years we were in western Kansas. I don't know what would have happened had mamma or some of we children been seriously sick. I sometimes wonder if any mother was ever loved more than we loved our beautiful and precious little mother.

I responded very quickly to the treatment in Worrall Hospital, so much so that at the end of four days I was able to leave the hospital and Gertrude and I spent several happy days together at the hotel awaiting reservations for an air trip home. Altho this is the first time that Gertrude had made an air trip, she enjoyed it very much, especially our daylight trip home, a part of which was in the clear air above the white clouds which seemed like a blanket of snow below us.

Eula was at home to greet us. I am still being a sissy, using cleansing cream instead of a good old fashioned bath. One of the first questions asked by the various doctors was how often I bathe, and when I told them every morning, they said that was one of the fundamental causes of my trouble - that the frequent baths with soap robbed my skin of the oils necessary for its preservation. I have my rub both morning and night, so I can call myself a Sissy with a capital S.