

Mr. and Mrs. Don A. Freeman, September 5, 1950

Our home is so surrounded by trees that one might think he was living in the woods. We picked two roses yesterday, one the last bloom on the Paul Scarlet bush, and the other rose was from a tiny bush in a formal garden. Other flowers are blooming profusely, and the little square at our back door was seeded with mixed flower seeds. Numerous plants are in bloom.

Remember I love you very much, and I am so happy that Don is recovering so nicely. Write me often.

Lovingly,