



Dr. Elmer K. Sanders  
Veterans' Hospital  
Houston  
Texas



Sunday

Dear Ed -

To tell you that we loved Houston is an understatement. You gave us such a perfect time and it was a high point of our trip, as I expected it to be. I meant every word I said. Being there was something special, added to a very special excursion. Thank you, too, for being so thoughtful, from the flowers which we both enjoyed to the fullest, to the special events which you knew we would enjoy most. Thank you for everything.

It was just 24 hours later when we reached Tucson. Rosalie's friends met us and we had a second dinner on top of the one we



had already had on the train! Our  
visit there was most liquid. Rosalie  
and I kept telling ourselves that things  
are just different all over. You would  
have thought we had seen them  
yesterday, instead of me not at all  
and Rosalie eight years ago for any  
time at all. George Gambrell drove  
up from Mexico to catch a brief glimpse  
of ma soeur. It all worked out  
very well.

We caught the train to Los  
Angeles 24 hrs later and changed  
there for San Francisco. Cousin Helen  
met us and now I am reclining  
in her apartment with all the city  
spread out below me. I can see  
the span of the Golden Gate and  
the lights blinking on Alcatraz and  
I wish you were here. It is all  
so beautiful - I have a feeling  
I'll be saying that about a lot  
of things in the days to come.  
Please do say you'll come



back home in the Spring. you always  
say things are different when there  
has been a long lapse in be-  
tween, but I don't see why  
there have to be such long  
lapses. Of course, work does have  
a way of interfering. If Mil  
does marry in June, you'll  
have to make that. Then, too,  
if we go down to the cottage  
in the Spring, it would be fun  
if you could be there.

Tuesday

I haven't been able to catch  
my breath since we arrived. Sunday  
night we had a Mexican dinner.  
Monday we shopped and drove out  
into the country for lunch with  
Cousins. That night Cousin Helen,  
with whom we are staying had  
a supper party for us here. Chinese  
food arrived from somewhere and



we looked like the breath of Spring  
with everyone else celebrating mid-  
winter. It was fun, with a dash  
of cosmopolitanism! An artist friend from  
home was also there. We dropped  
by his studio today, well chaperoned.  
He appears to be a far cry from  
the traditional starving-in-the-attic.  
Today we purchased bathing suits  
that depend upon — Well, I  
won't pursue that thought. Tonight  
we are being a bit gay again —  
though reserved. Anyway, San  
Francisco has charm, but I  
do feel as if I should have  
brought hob-nail boots for mountain  
climbing.

We sail tomorrow and please  
write me, for I feel as though  
we are headed for the end of  
the world! Maybe I am getting



dubious. I, for one, wouldn't be surprised. But such a wonderful opportunity and something to remember always.

I think you must realize, perhaps you do, that I am the way I am with you, not because it is you I don't trust - but myself. That is involved and hard to put into words, but I think you will understand.

We are all confused at this point about what we will do on our return to "the States."

Rosalie's friends in Tucson want us to take a brief sojourn with them in California, Mexico and Arizona, just a matter of about four days. My ex-roommate in Los Angeles wants us to stop off with her. Yet our cousins



here are making plans - just specula-  
tion - for our return here. Now  
we don't know which end is up.  
Problems, problems! We want to do  
it all, of course - which is, of  
course, impossible!! I'll let you  
know how it all works out.

Love,

Augusta

Edgewater Hotel  
Kalia Road,  
Honolulu, T. H.