



Captain E. K. Sanders U.S.M.C.,
2nd General Hospital,
A.P.O. 350,
U.S. Army.

From: Miss U. M. Rowe,
Boarshill,
Oxford.

123 Woodstock Rd.,
Oxford.

19th June, 1944.

My dear Sandy,

It really is some considerable time since I heard from you - I hope all goes well. There is, I suppose, quite a big chance that you are no longer in England, in which case there would probably be some delay in the arrival of any mail which you might (?) have sent. I was talking to an American doctor on Saturday who seemed to think that some of you had possibly gone.

By the way, Kay Boston stopped me the other day in Oxford to say that you had left something at her house for Daddy, and that she had been intending to contact me for some while.

You must have wondered why we had made no mention to you about it. I haven't yet had an opportunity to go there and collect it, but I met Kay again on Saturday and she suggested that I should go to their house for a drink on Wednesday week, and so I shall probably collect it then if I can't get there before.

She really is a most incredible person. I have seen her several times recently at Rhodes House dances & so find it more difficult to believe that she is a mother of a large family.

Sandy, we have a new addition to the family. Now don't get me wrong - I'll just explain! When I arrived home the other evening Mummy

called me into the dining-room, and there sitting on the table was a wee six week's old golden retriever puppy. He is Buffy's great-grandson, and an absolute honey. He has an adorable face and an enormous seat! — a back view he looks just like this



Of course, we are all frightfully weak & silly about him, & sit around for hours in adoring silence watching him sleeping on the rug, or roaring with laughter at his antics (we roar, not the puppy!) His name is Tugky — so called because one day we suppose he'll grow into a big tough, but so far he's only a very little tough!

He has a most novel method of going around the house. Mummy walks into the room in her dressing-gown, followed by a low, rumbling - growling noise, and round the corner slides Tufty on his little fat tummy with the hem of Mummy's dressing gown snipped firmly in his mouth. He never walks if he has a chance of sliding on his tummy in this way.

Did I tell you that I have become an artist's model? A little man called Benno Elkan asked me to pose for a couple of things that he's doing. I had certain misgivings on the day that I went to his studio, because it had been suggested to me that he would probably want me to pose in the nude. However, in spite of the well-upholstered divan, drawn curtains, and behemian atmosphere of the

place, I discovered that my fears
were unfounded & decided that
I had wronged ~~the~~ poor little
man. BUT — last Tuesday
he 'phoned up and said would
I mind if he cancelled our
appointment for 4.15 as he had
had "zee inspiration" and had
been working exceedingly long
hours for several days and felt
that if he looked at his work
that day he would "have dizziness".
I said that it was quite all right,
that I was sorry he wasn't well
& that perhaps he would let me
know when he wanted me to
go again. To this he replied that
he wasn't ill — merely tired — and
that although he would "have
dizziness" if he worked he would
feel very well if he had tea
with me. I said this was not
possible as I must go back to
Boars Hill, so then he said
that of course what he needed
in his condition was a stroll in
the country & could he see me
home!!! By this time my

Patience was exhausted and so,
dismissing him as a dirty old man
after all, I said it was utterly
impossible + ramp off. All men
have one-track minds - and I
am a disillusioned woman!

Well, Sandy, I guess a
little hard work is indicated,
so goodbye for now.

Write sometime,

Yours,

Valerie.