



VIA AIR MAIL

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Keep your eye on the
paper. Latest reports is that
we will come into Houston on
way to Mobile. Lethal
line - Steel Scientist

APR 8 1950
G. & P.
HOUSTON

Dear Ed -

March 29th

1950

I wanted so much to be able to say in this letter that we would be by Houston. That is the reason I waited this long, and it really did seem that we would for awhile. It is a long, involved story and the shipping line was as much in the dark as we and we still don't know the whole story.

We are returning via freighter through the Panama Canal! What absolutely, superb fun! At first, we understood we would dock at Houston, our closest port, but now we are going on to Mobile, where the family will meet us. We are happy about that, but it would have been fun to see Houston by water. As it stands now, we will come into New Orleans, too. I still can't believe it. The family is in a dither, trying to keep up with their wayward daughters, and Mom is firmly convinced that the other ten passengers will be men! We have been burning up the cable and now everything seems fairly well ironed out. However, we still don't know when we sail, probably the 1st or when we dock. All very tantalizing. It's the Steel Scientist, Isthmian Line, affiliated with Matson Line. My

uncle was with Isthmian for years until he retired a couple of years ago. I'm sure he'll be pleased that we are returning with them.

Our hula lessons are progressing well and our repertoire includes three. It is quite something to coordinate all along the way. We get hysterics just watching each other and the results are purely fantastic!

Mil and Wayne are being married on the fourteenth of June, in the afternoon. Apparently she is becoming increasingly vague as each day passes and, undoubtedly, will be in another world entirely by the time we get home!

You do sound as if you are working extremely hard and it is nice when you can see the fruits of your labors. Have you a new secretary yet? One with problems, too? What about the special machine and how on the earth do you know about things like that?

Louis has been home for Spring vacation, instead of going

skiing as she originally planned. She had measles and missed two of her exams and had them changing over her for her return! Luckily, she wasn't too sick. Her vacation was a whirl, part of which she spent in Atlanta and Pensacola. There was no time for rest and relaxation, but she didn't seem to mind.

Our frog-voiced landlady came through with jars of preserves as a good-bye present, instead of the more customary kiss. We were quite overcome, needless to say. We also found out the other day in the course of conversation how much she paid for her teeth! No one hesitates to discuss the cost of things here!

The other night we cooked up spaghetti for friends of a friend at home. The couple, with a pink tinge, I am convinced, had a lengthy, loud argument with us all evening, dwelling on such subjects as labor unions, England, Women's Rights etc. and etc. We left on amicable terms, but brought down the house before that. I do believe they were amazed because we fitted in no category and because we quoted some of Poli Sci to them. What fun! We did have a grand time with them. They are enjoyable and odd!

What fun if I could say we were coming by Houston. However, you would probably be all involved and a pop call would be frightfully inconvenient. I can just see us now - on the high seas for two weeks. A freighter can get orders in mid ocean to proceed to another port. I'll drop you a line from darkest Africa. The Panama Canal is under repair, with one-way traffic only. I am sure sugar and five apple won't get top priority. We may be tied up in Colon indefinitely! We are in no immediate rush, luckily, and we will love the time to read and get a ghastly brown color. Heaven only knows what it will be like, but keep your fingers crossed. It is all too good to be true.

I hope I'll hear from you before we sail. I can't begin to say how much I count on your letters. Please have one waiting when I get home, any way.

With love,

Augusta