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From: Miss V. M. Rouse,  
Boas Hill  
Clyde, ENGLAND.

Boars Hill, Oxford

Tel.: Oxford 85362

1<sup>st</sup> October, 1945.

My dear Sandy,

I just can't tell you how terribly disappointed we all were to hear that you had been sent straight back to the States without your long-awaited farewell visit to Boars Hill. Although I am awfully glad for your sake that you have at last been sent home, it is so sad that we had no opportunity to say goodbye and to thank you for all your kindnesses to us.

Please don't thank us — we were only too glad to be able to share Boars Hill with you, and if we managed in a small way to make your enforced stay in England a little happier than it might otherwise have been — then that is thanks enough in itself. I hope that one day we may be able to show you our peacetime world and extend to you a hospitality that our war conditions did not allow. Until

that time comes, or until we are able to visit you in the States, I quite agree that it would be a great pity not to keep in touch by mail. The one good thing that the war has done, is to show that it is possible to make really worthwhile friendships amongst people from every part of the world, and if we are going to lose these friends that it has taken a war to gain, then we are losing the only valuable part of six hard years.

I have looked through, and sorted out all the stuff that was left in our care. Your drinks have been under Daddy's watchful eye, and none have been touched. If you will let us know when you would like them sent (we don't want to send them until we know you are back in the States) we will pack them as carefully as possible + send them over. It is sweet of you to suggest our keeping the bombon, but I really feel that you should have it yourself, you know.

We had, thank you, disposed of all edibles! and are still using the soap.

Now we come to the various articles

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of clothing etc. There were a vast number of socks that you left with Maryon to be darned and these (I hope you approve) we distributed among our more barefooted friends + relatives (including Daddy!!) together with two cotton vests, singlets or whatever you would call them.....

(like these)



The leather shoes, you may remember, I sent to you in France, and Audrey has liberated a large blue bag which she intends to use for a linen bag. This distribution leaves, one Khaki shirt, two Khaki hats (like this) - - - - and another (like this)



- - - - - Some shoe brushes

a linen sheet, and a brown leather writing case. -  
- all of which I will send off to you sometime, unless I hear from you to the contrary.

To the best of my knowledge this is everything that we have of yours, but if I find anything else I will let you have it back as soon as possible. If we have kept anything that you are in particular need of (such as the bag) please let me know, but I believe we have sorted the things out in a fairly sensible manner. Anyway, I will wait about eight weeks before I send the stuff to give this letter time to reach you, and a reply (if any!) to return to me.

Poor Mayorie is at present in hospital having had a severe attack of pyelitis, from which, thanks to M+B, she has now recovered and will be returning home shortly. She was taken ill in London and instead of catching the Oxford train, caught the nonstop train to Cardiff. Fortunately, the signals went against them outside Didcot and Mayorie jumped out on the lines, had her luggage thrown after her, and walked two miles back to Didcot along the railway lines.

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The officials tried to arrest her, but felt so sorry for her that they ended by carrying her luggage for her. By this time she did arrive home her temperature was  $104^{\circ}$  & she was in a pretty miserable state. She was suspected of appendicitis but they eventually found the source of the trouble, and she is now O.K., but much thinner.

Audrey is still playing her favourite game of Keeping Dick on a string. She broke off her engagement the night of my 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday party, but is now engaged again. — I wish he would beat the life out of her!

As for me:— I am proposing to give up my job in the near future, to take a course in Commercial Art, with a view to doing advertising and/or book illustrating. I have always wanted to do

drawing more than anything else, but time alone will show whether or not I have sufficient ability. Anyway, I'm making plans to start soon, and am trying to pluck up courage to tell my boss I'm leaving. — What do you think of the idea?

Oh, by the way, I've just thought that we have quantities of tennis balls of yours, and guessing that they're about as undrivable in the States as here I'll be sending them as well as the other stuff.

Write & give me all your news soon.

Yours,

Valene.

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