

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

From: Miss U. M. Rowse,  
Boars Hill,  
Oxford.

123 Woodstock Rd.,  
Oxford.

19<sup>th</sup> 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 forth, and every time I see her I 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 weeks 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 gripped 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 Ben 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 bohemian atmosphere of the

place, I discovered that my fears  
were unfounded & decided that  
I had wronged ~~the~~ poor little  
man. BUT — last Thursday  
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 511. 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.



from:- The Secretary,  
Mothers' Handycraft Circle.

Capt. Elmer K. Sanders,  
(Bristol Bertie),  
Horton Emergency  
Hospital,  
Nr. Epson, Surrey.



Boars Hill,  
Oxford.

13<sup>th</sup> March, 1944.

Angel!

Today being the 13<sup>th</sup> I thought it was just about time I answered your first letter (the second having arrived today & given me a very guilty conscience!).

I'm glad to hear that Epsom is proving to be of interest & even more glad that they have made you comfortable — it would have broken my heart if my little Birmingham doctor had been unhappy! The days drag by one by one — and each day is ticked from my calendar — and also each day I hopefully set out with my signed signing book in my hand, but I fear my that our American cousins are losing their initiative. I have stood for innumerable hours, by innumerable Americans, under innumerable trees, at innumerable 'bus stops — and what have I caught? — ANSWER = innumerable 'buses! You must admit it's hard on a girl.

CENSORED

I have just washed my hair and (~~that~~ this pen-  
or maybe it's the paper, which I grant you is hardly  
of the highest quality) it is hanging in alluring  
wet wisps round my head while the water drips  
in cold trickles down my neck (in the delightfully  
unstable way the water does, you know.) I have  
high hopes that very soon steam will begin to rise  
from these same locks and from that area of wrist  
I shall emerge with my face framed in a halo of  
curls. However, until that happy moment I shall  
remain very glad that you can't see me, because  
as you may know - Achilles had a heel, but a  
woman has her hair.

(Interval of two minutes while I remove myself from  
my bedroom to the warmer atmosphere downstairs.)

My cold, that you so kindly asked after, never  
progressed beyond the stage it reached last Sunday.  
I continued to gargle with salt + water and my  
sorethroat persisted, until on Thursday I got Desmond  
to have a look at it. He discovered that one of  
my tonsils (that Macbeth made such a fuss about  
removing in '39) had grown again - just sufficiently  
to get infected. I gargled like a mad-thump +  
by Saturday I was feeling fine - so fine, in fact

~~Whereee!~~ ~~Where who?~~ Where, it's me!!! (Marilyn)  
that I went to a dance at University College &  
had a wonderful time.

I'm (take no notice of the burst of madness that  
has just appeared across the top - it sometimes  
takes her like that) an unhappy woman. I bought  
myself a new lipstick refill today - a very nice dark  
shade, & hard to obtain - and I sat on it.  
In consequence, it has changed shape somewhat  
and is really of very little use, even to my  
odd-shaped mouth!

14<sup>th</sup> March This letter is developing into a diary!  
I cycled to work this morning. That may not sound  
much to you, but believe me it took a considerable  
amount of courage and energy. My hands were  
like blocks of ice when I arrived ( $\frac{1}{2}$  hr late, incidentally!)  
and I have only just recovered the use of them.

Alec (DR Cooke to you!) has been very peevish  
lately and looked quite hurt when I arrived late  
- I shall be glad when I pack him off to London  
on Thursday, one can't have these bosses getting too  
keen on work and punctuality.

His small 5 year old daughter, Judy, is in the throes  
of chicken pox. She isn't ill enough to go to  
bed, but she cannot be allowed out, and in  
consequence

Spends most of her time in search of amusement. She has decided to like me very much + pursues me everywhere. My time is spent in patiently endeavouring to type while a be-drunk-poxed child with a very strong american accent crawls all over me — occasionally enlivening the proceedings by punching me gaily in the tummy. But does this perturb me? — no — — After I have mended my torn silk stockings and got back my breath, I pick up my typewriter from the floor, tenderly massage myself all over, pat the dear child firmly, but lovingly, on the head, and return to my work with a light laugh.

And talking of returning to work reminds me that I have quite a quantity of work to do and that my boss will be returning any moment from the hospital.

Goodbye for now,

Tans

Valerie.

OPEN by stirring along this edge.

OXFORD  
9 - PM  
23 MAR  
1944



Captain E. R. Sanders,  
Horton Emergency Hospital,  
Epsom, Surrey.

Boars Hill,  
Oxford.

23<sup>rd</sup> March, 1944.

Dear Sandy,

I've just cycled home from Oxford & I'm a complete and utter wreck! Mummy tells me that you 'phoned a short while ago & that you wanted me to write to you tonight. As Audrey is going into Oxford to a dance in about ten minutes time this will, of necessity be a very brief note, because I want her to take this with her to post.

As I believe Mummy has already mentioned to you — she and Daddy put down a pretty firm foot when I mentioned coming up to town. They have some phoney ideas about bombs & raids & invasions & so forth. I said that I'd be coming home on the 9.50 anyway, but they said that the raids might quite easily start before I left etc. etc. They won't let Audrey go up to the Leighs to stay this weekend — so I'm

afraid that as the smallest + most insignificant member of the Rose House I haven't an earthly hope of getting them to allow me to come.

I'm awfully disappointed as it certainly would have been a good show to meet you in town.

Mummy also tells me that you can't make it this Saturday → it really is a pity, as it would have been fun to introduce you to Pantoume.

Audrey is just leaving so I must dash + give this to her.

I'll write again soon,

Yours,

Valerie.

P.S. How were the sandwiches?

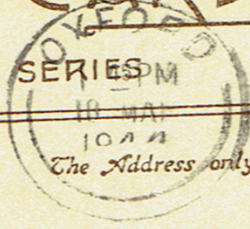




*Oxford, Rhodes House, West Front.*

POST CARD

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Are you there?

Captain E.K. Sanders,  
Horton Emergency Hospital,  
Epsom.

Not-B. Hosp.

WINDSOR  
1 45 PM  
29 MAR  
1944  
BERKS.



Capt. E. N. Sanders,  
Horton Emergency Hospital,  
Epsom, Surrey.

F.R.C.P.

Rd.

Windsor

as from :- Boas Hill,  
Oxford.

29th March, 1944.

Dear Sandy,

Something totally unexpected has happened - Dr Cooke has told Audrey & me to take our Easter holiday on Thursday, Friday & Saturday of this week, while he is away in London. Marjorie's holiday started yesterday and we have all three been invited to go away & stay in the north (to be more exact - we have been invited up Liverpool way). It will be heaven to get away for a change & it will probably be my last chance of a holiday for some time now.

Although I shall almost certainly be coming home on the Saturday and so from the point of view of my being away could still meet you on Sunday, still I do feel that I should hardly be a scintillating companion if I travelled up to meet you on the Sunday after have travelled about 200 miles on the previous evening!

I do hope that you haven't already got seats or booked for anything, as that would make me feel more bad about the whole show than I do now. However, I do just long for a break as I have been feeling distinctly below par and I'm hoping that the change will put me back in cracking good form again.

How are you? my little weathling! Beaming  
up, I hope, under all the strains of life at  
the Horton?

At the moment I feel rather like weeping  
(in spite of my excitement at the thought of  
a holiday) because I have just finished  
filling in my first income tax form — you must  
admit that's enough to depress anyone! 10/- tax  
in £1 — oh Lord! it's almost too much  
for me to bear.

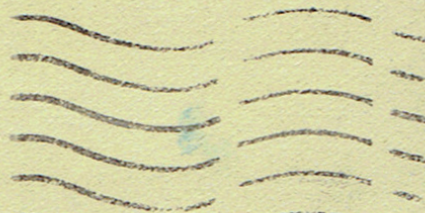
I must dash and do some work as my  
train leaves in about an hour's time & I must  
leave the office in good order when I go.

Again, I'm terribly sorry to say off at  
the eleventh hour, but I do hope you  
understand,

Be good!

Yours,

Valerie.



Capt. E. K. Sanders, M.S.,  
2nd General Hospital,  
A.P.O. ~~508~~, 505,  
U.S. Army.

from:— Miss U. M. Rowse,  
Boons Hill,  
Oxford.

Boars Hill,  
Oxford.

13<sup>th</sup> May, 1944.

Dear Sandy,

My pen is just wonderful, and thank you a million times for it. As you can see, it is in use now, although my writing isn't awfully good. However, this is because I'm lying on the couch, and nothing to do with the pen at all — the pen is just a honey.

At the moment I'm confined to barracks and have been so since last Tuesday. I managed to find a B.Coli bug, & so I have been on Sulphonamide drugs, & of course, while on the drugs work has been forbidden. I haven't had to stay in bed, but I have just been lying around in the sun & altogether having a grand time. I haven't felt at all ill,



and it has just been a lovely holiday for me. The only effect of the drugs has been to make me sleepy & a bit dyspoxic (hell! how does one spell that anyway?)

I've stopped taking the wet-dried things now anyway, so I expect to be starting work on Monday.

I think Mummy will be glad when I do go back, because I have had the American forces programme on the wireless all day & every day since I've been home, 'till she's nearly gone bats!

The past two days I've done a lot of sunbathing & my back's really brown, which is most unusual for me. I had fully intended to get a shade browner today, but although it is very warm, it is pretty overcast & I'm afraid there's probably going to be a thunder-storm.

Sunday (contd)

I went to the theatre last night — my first time out since Tuesday. It was a very good show called "Last of Summer". We all enjoyed it very much, but we wept buckets as it was rather sad. It was quite exciting to be out again — I felt as though I had been cut off from civilization for a great length of time.

Mayorie, Audrey & Freda (a girlfriend who is staying for the weekend) are at the moment having a quick game of Tennis before lunch, but I have been forbidden any violent (?) activity such as that. However, I've been twice as energetic instead, climbing to the top of the lilac tree, to get masses of lilac to arrange in the house — the best lilac is always right at the top of the tree.

Monday

I'm back at work again, and it is a real shock to my system. Alec was very glad to see me again & enquired sympathetically after my health, which made me feel a great fraud as I looked disgustingly healthy.

Audrey & I went to a Bach Choir practice tonight and both of us are thoroughly exhausted as Tommy Armstrong made us work like blacks. We have only two more rehearsals before the performance and there still seems to be a great deal of imperfection. However, as Tommy encouragingly said before our last concert "Don't worry about the notes - just let yourselves go - the audience won't know if you sing it all wrong!"

Tuesday.

As often happens with my letters, this one appears to be developing into a diary. Thank you for the magazine which arrived yesterday, it was very sweet of you to send it, and I found it most interesting.

I had intended to go to bed early last night, but I ending up by going a great deal later as Daddy & I started looking at maps in the study & forgot all about the time. He was pointing out possible developments in the Pacific. It was some time since I had looked at a large & complete map and I found that in my mind's eye all the various battle fronts had become divided into separate sections

and I had almost lost my idea of the war as a whole and the relation of the various fronts to one another. I found that in many cases my geography had been vastly inaccurate and I felt greatly annoyed with myself for having been lazy enough to be contented with the inadequate sketch maps of the various sectors supplied by the papers.

Good heavens! That was quite an outburst — I apologize.

I have a guilty feeling that perhaps I should do a little work.

~~So~~ goodbye for now,  
and thank you again  
for my lovely pen.

Yours,

Valerie

CAPT. E.K. SANDERS, O-465320  
2<sup>nd</sup> GEN. HOSPITAL  
APO 350 2 Postmaster  
New York, New York.



Mrs. E. O. SANDERS  
2745 - PIKE AVE  
BIRMINGHAM  
ALABAMA  
U.S.A

Censored  
EK Sanders  
Capt me

2<sup>ND</sup> GEN. HOSPITAL  
APO 350 2 POSTMASTER  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
7 SEPT 1944

My dear Mother!

Your birthday is almost here, & I want very much to sit & talk to you for about 24 hrs without a pause, & resume after a brief pause for eating! Since this isn't very practicable I'd like to write you a 24 page letter about many things & receive a 24 page answer which would make me 24 times as wise as I was. Actually I can sit down & barely say "hello."

I hope you'll have a very, very happy birthday, and especially I hope that by the time another rolls around we can be together to celebrate it! I love you, you sweet thing, and I hope you remember it every now & then, for I do - often! I wish I could be there to tell you. You are a dear lady & a smart one. Take good care of yourself, & stay as sweet as you are -

(OVER)

I hope you won't mind  
selecting your own birthday  
present from me. Take \$10<sup>00</sup>  
out of my money & buy your-  
self something foolish you  
wouldn't otherwise get,  
please. I hope next year to  
select your present myself.

Much love, Mother;  
Happy Birthday, & Many  
Happy Returns -

Your Son

Elmer Key