



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 these
have been a long lapse in be-
tween, but I don't see why
these 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.
It 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 Tris gay again —
though reserved. Anyway, saw
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.