



Dr. Elmer K. Sanders
Veterans Hospital
Houston
Texas

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May 23, 1950

Dear Ed -

It isn't long now until the wedding and everything seems fairly well under control. Just pray it doesn't rain, for we're planning dancing outside and rain would be disastrous!

The parties begin with a bang on Friday night. First I dash to the "Spintex" (remember my hectic demeanor at Christmas?) cocktail-dance and then on to a buffet-supper for Mil and Wayne. Saturday there is a barbecue down by the Calabar for a visitor - with the Roland claw very much in evidence.

books. He had been a school teacher, although one wouldn't guess it on speaking to him, and he met his wife when she was 13 and he the school principal. There they were with no visible means of support, and his son is a Naval Academy graduate and the U. S. Navy's attache to Argentina! He must be a little odd too because the yard was stacked with 500 old ammunition boxes, Army surplus, which he bought to stack together and make another house! An interesting Sunday afternoon, to say the least -

My monthly stint at the office was up last week. My stock in trade with Mrs. Curry, Dad's secretary, has gone up 100% since she found I knew you. She sees your parents in Church quite frequently and has the very nice things to say. Consequently, the week there fairly flew! Truly, an exceptional week!

Mil is becoming more

vague each day and for one
otherwise so sensible it is
quite a change. She has gotten
some lovely things and is
beside herself. Now that the
invitations have been mailed
it seems very definite. We are
so happy for her.

I saw "Samson and Delilah"
the other night, quite a spectacle.
I thoroughly enjoyed it although
Victor Mature is no favorite of
mine. I saw him first year
ago, on Broadway in "Lady in
the Dark" with Gertrude
Lawrence, and Danny Kaye. When
I see them before Hollywood
does I always feel a prior claim!

Mrs. Curry said that she
understands you are going to
New York. Something I haven't
heard - but then I suppose
she has inside information.
When will you go? You really
mustn't miss six minor
blow-out. Do write soon.

Love,
Augusta

There will be luncheons, teas, cocktails and dinners at intervals, rather nicely spaced at that during the next few weeks. It really won't be long now -

We had a grand Sunday afternoon. Wayne came for lunch and left soon after for New Orleans. Then Mother, Dad, Rosalie and I drove out to a place near Chalkeyville, some 17 miles out of town. A farmer, my grandfather had once been nice to had brought us 3 gallons of perfect strawberries and invited us out. We got a bit confused and wound up on a couple of dirt roads, but we made it. The house, where he lived with his wife and mentally deficient sister, (I would say crazy, but Mil would approve of mentally deficient more), was pathetic - just a hovel of the poorest sort. They couldn't have been nicer and showed us the garden and I introduced Corinne to the goat, causing a terrific rumpus. In the one room where they lived, there were rows of