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Mrs. T.E. Piazza

October 2, 1951

Dear Mother and Bega -

The sewing machine arrived safe and sound - not a scratch on it - and I'm delighted to have it. It is so nice looking and so quiet running I know I will enjoy every time I use it. You are wonderful to send it. I thank you so much.

Tommy got into the nursery school after all. They had a few drop outs and so he was able to get in. He enjoys it very much and it works out quite well

since Maria goes from 8:30 - 12 &
Tommy from 9 - 12. It is mainly a
play school, but they do have the
^{children} others to work & play with so
he looks forward to it. They
go Sept. Oct & Nov. & then close
for the bad months of Dec. Jan.
Feb. & then begin again for
Mar. Apr. & May.

We have finally gotten out
kitchen counters redone. We
used the formica that is the
same as Sustas (grey & white marbled)
with the white glass back splash.
Now I am plans to paint the cupboards
& we will be so very fresh &
clean.

The Buschhoff house is coming along.
They plan to move in Oct. 10 & I
believe there will be a few odd
jobs to do afterward. They began
yesterday setting appliances in.

How are your plans for a fall
trip - I hope you haven't given
up the idea - we're counting on seeing
you.

Love to you both -

Old Bay - Idene & Tom

you will enjoy
this - We are off
to the calls of
the day - Will

This Morning

By
John Temple
Graves

"His who, pillowed on thy
bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray;
His who, drunk with thy
caresses,
Madly threw a world away..."

* * *
GALVESTON — Some call Galveston "the city that might have been Houston."

If it had not been for a certain indifference on the part of port and waterfront people here early in the century, an enormous sea trade would have developed.

When the required expansion could not be obtained, people in the Texas interior enlarged the little ship canal which makes Houston a seaport—and today one of the world's great.

Smiling on its 30-mile-long sea island, beloved of Texans as the great coastal resort, rich in fine hotels on the broad seawall, and in the ample city, gently populated, perfectly in touch, Galveston may not care that its population is less than 100,000 while the little Houston over which it towered once has half a million—and money to burn.

* * *
Galveston may think it happier to love beside the sea, as unmindful as an Antony bewitched by the sea-green eyes of a sorceress of the Nile—

"Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine!

I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine."

* * *
Nervously as this is written the Galveston, Houston, New Orleans, printing wheather stories on their printling weather stories on their front pages.

There is a blow in the Gulf and nobody knows at this time of year what it will turn into or where it will head. Nervously, but not very nervously, for this is an old story for these cities, and all are guarded now and prepared.

Psychologists might say the annual Autumn storm flags on the Gulf are a mental and spiritual tonic to this "Mediterranean of America's years to be." You prize your city more and your own life more and your way more when you know a storm might possibly destroy them but probably won't.

* * *
Perhaps America as a whole can learn to get some such stimulant from the great Blower in the Kremlin who, like the blow now reported in the Gulf, may turn into anything and turn up anywhere.

* * *
Forever and forever here, though, they will remember the storm that did destroy so much of Galveston and made "Galveston flood" as familiar as "Johnstown flood" and "San Francisco earthquake."

For disaster Galveston County must outrank any other in the nation, since Texas City across the causeway is in the same county.

Driving through its spick and span new homes and stores today I found no least sign of the explosion that wrecked a whole community so short a time ago.

* * *
Unless others crowd the race and split the votes, Martin Dies is like-

ly to run away with the coming nomination for congressman-at-large in his race against one-time New Dealer, Maury Maverick.

What Texas does about it remains to be seen, and much depends on Gov. Allan Shivers, who is the boss, but anti-Trumanism and anti-Fair Dealism are alive here with all the liveliness of Texas. It will take a miracle, they say, for Tom Connally to hold his Senate seat against Shivers.

* * *
A featured columnist on The Houston Post now, with a two-column headline over her daily stint, is Birmingham's Marguerite Johnston—and what she writes is as sensible and much worth saying as the things Mrs. Walter Ferguson writes.

She is one of the modern revolutionaries who is striking blows for decencies and devotions, great principles and little amenities.

* * *
Speaking of disaster, our Republican friends are flirting with another one by being indifferent to the South.

They will make no concessions to win these states.

Yet if once they did win a number of them or a threateningly big vote in them, they would sing an other tune.

Just as the National Democrats never began cajolling and making concessions to the Negro vote until they had won it, the Republicans probably can't be expected to bid for us until we have proved we can be won. Once that is done they may be expected to be as solicitous of the South as Mr. Truman's Democrats are of the Negroes.

* * *
It doesn't appeal to Southern politicians, naturally, but it might appeal to Southern people.