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503 Trust Bldg.,
March 28, 1917.

My Dear Lady McCallum:

Has my fading away so completely, without sign or word of continued existence, made you feel that the visit of two months at Austin was merely a dream, - or should I say nightmare, - to you? I have simply been resting, - and drifting. Made a hasty visit to New Waverly to see my mother, and, happy to relate, brought her home with me. You can readily understand that I cannot spend so very much time at the office under these conditions, so am "resting my head" while my feet and hands make merry with household occupations; - because there is strenuous work in the way of money raising ahead of me when this dream of "Home is woman's sphere" temporarily fades from my mind.

But the real burden of this song is one of thanks for your cooperation in the Austin work. I could not have done without you. Surely you know and realize the full sense of my deep appreciation, though I am glad of this opportunity to express it.

Our thoughts fly back to our pleasant headquarters in the capital city many, many times each day; it seemed a part of us and we were honestly and sentimentally sad over leaving it and the many good Austinites who helped in so many ways to make the stay with you abundantly pleasant despite the work that had to be done. Be certain, as you meet the different ones, express to them, each individually, my hearty appreciation and gratitude.

"Sister Edith" joins me in kind regards to yourself and the Austin Association as a whole.

Ever faithfully yours,

President.