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123 Chesterfield Rd.
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Dr. Elmer Key Sanders
622 W. 168th St.
New York 32 N.Y.

Monday night

Sandy dear -

Another Monday gone ~~past~~ & I won't miss it. Monday is a dull plodding day at best & I have to force myself to get to work. Today was warm & moist & all I wanted to do was look out the window & dream. I almost think I'd like fishing on a day like today.

Jony went up to school to see about his work today. Shellman will not be in a position to take anybody on for several weeks & meanwhile he wants to review the position. Dr. Withrow wants him to

got his doctor's but I doubt that
he'll want to take on any more
schooling at this stage. They seem
to have a thousand opportunities
open & in a way that makes it
much harder - especially when Tony's
so unsure what he wants.

That's a wonderful thing
about you, Sandy, you seem to know
just where you're going & how to
get there. Even though it
involves hard work you get
right at it. It's a fine quality
to have.

Got a fair amount done today
despite the muggy weather. There's

always so much more, though, it
seems we barely scratch the surface.
I don't know what that satisfied
feeling of accomplishment is any
more! I always feel like I'm
holding my hand in the dike.

Two letters today. It looks like
you are tremendously busy & I'm
glad. You'd be terribly bored if
you weren't learning anything.
That Haquison sounds like a jolly
soul - I expect it's fun to work
with him.

Almost bought a Navy suit
today - if they'd had it. But I was

saved by the shortage of mdee.
Think I'll dress myself up
for this summer though. I need
some excitement & summer is a
busy time anyway.

You'd better take some time
off to go out & see if Central Park
is in bloom - it does bloom, doesn't

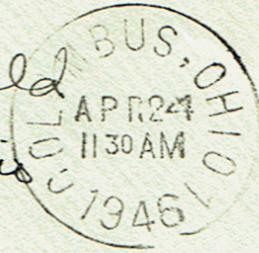
it? In fact, you could knock off
for the whole day - tell them you
need the rest. If they protest, just
refer them to me.

Don't work too hard.

X X X X

Jrannie

McGraw
123 Chestnut field
Columbus Ohio



Dr. Elmer Key Sanders
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Thursday morning

Good morning love,

This is being written in the bare light of dawn, or so it always seems when I get downtown & stagger into the office in the mornings.

Last night we went to see Saratoga Trunk & I was crazy about it but was so sleepy on arrival home I decided to write this one, as I always get to work half an hour early. Admirable, huh.

I must say, no matter how old that Gary Cooper gets, he's still be my type, long & lean & rangy - mm!
It certainly was a clever show, plus all the excitement & shooting I love.

Yesterday, at last, a letter from you,

a real letter, that is so. Was mighty pleased to get it.

Do you want a picture do you? Well, we'll see what Mr. Pirano can do, & Jerry Matthews also. I just wanted to have you coax me a little bit.

The Easter Parade pictures sound wonderful. I can hardly wait. We'll have to see them on the P's screen when you come next time, and by the way, how can that be worked into your new set-up. You seem to be such a busy & important fellow these days, speaking before the College of Surgeons (!) that I'm a little in awe of you. Believe me, I'm impressed.

Doris just came in & it's after nine, so I must quit this playing & get down to work.

Thanks for your sweet letter.

Love to you,

Joan

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Dr. Elmer Key Sanders
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Wednesday night

Sandy dear,

Got a nice letter from you today - it surely is fine to know you even have time to clean up your room nowadays. I will be grateful for the negative - it is the only good picture of Mother she's ever had taken anyplace, and I think I'll have some large prints made of it for the boys for Christmas.

I ran across a couple of funny anecdotes - I guess you'd call these anecdotes - the other day & I think

you would appreciate them. The Island Interlude is the guffawing type of funny, but Gigi is a French story, and therefore a little bit more subtle - more like the kind of story we women like and I believe you would enjoy it too - you seem to understand us women pretty well.

Saturday I get to go to the football game - first one of the year & probably only one for me. I don't have any tickets & I am just lucky enough to get invited this once by Rita. Don't

expect it to happen very often.
Tickets were all sold out months
ago. Remember our first date?
And remember the chrysanthemums
you sent me last Thanksgiving
time. You have certainly done lots of
sweet things for me, Sandy.

Uncle G. called tonight. He is
in New York again - expects to be
dropping in on Columbus before
too long. That would be the life
though - Virginia Beach in the summer
New York in autumn - probably Florida
next. Poor dear, I think he's pretty
lonely despite it though.

The new restaurant sounds super.
Those atmospheric places are lots
of fun - French food is pretty rich
tho. Still if one didn't have to pay
for it.....

Here are some pictures of our
family when we were very young.
Wasn't my Daddy handsome.

Tonight I practiced my music
for the first time in a long time.
It helps me relax - am somewhat
strung up when I get home from
work nowadays - what with our
changes in personnel & me getting
in on lots more work.

I am anxious to hear the program
when Mr. Humphrey's gets it all
straightened out. Mom says if
you can get a side of beef, bring it
out & she'll be glad to cook it
for you. * Also I have a snappy little
red number you really should see. (Dress
that is.)

Do you hear anything from Albert?
I wonder how he likes the Shouango
& Wallace Company - he must have
been there almost half a year now -
right?

You would die at Jerry being
rushed - it makes me feel like a kid

again to see the fact. Slapping,
hand-shaking, etc. They keep
calling him "old man."

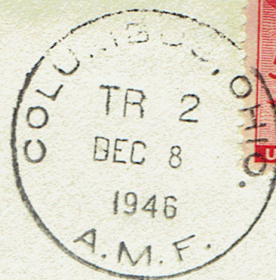
I can't say I go for this
theory of you succumbing to the
"lazy element" in you & ending up
in indolence & squalor. Where is
this lazy element. I'm afraid
you are of the type, honey.

Well I had better take my leave
while it just costs me 6¢. Glad
to hear you are faring so well.
lightie - nights.

And love,

Joan

Indonesian
123 Chestnut St.
Columbus Ohio



Dr. E. K. Sanders
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Saturday eve

My dear Sandy,

I've & my turn for a letter but as I am thinking of you I think I'll drop in & say hello.

Actually, our correspondence has dropped to the point where we can count "turns." This is a very sad thing.

Have been attempting to get ready for Christmas, but, as usual, I never seem to get organized on anything without considerable confusion & many false starts. Anyhow-

I saw some cute things about
the other day - some slippers like
yours only with a flilly pink wool
lining - for Mother perhaps. Have a
couple of other small items in
mind for the little brothers
& expect Tony will want practical
things as he will hang into
the practical side of life very
shortly. Think I'll make my
Christmas cards - but I better
get started! I need a good lecture,
Sandy. Maybe you'd better give me
one. Remember last Christmas

when you came visiting, & we
spent Christmas eve with you
kicking my brand new pillows
up in the air - and we went to
the Aunt's egg-wogg party &
drove home next day & had breakfast
at the Tow Thumb! Hope you have
as happy a Christmas this year
as I did last.

I have attempted to call Mary
Dauut & will yet succeed, but
she is a bit hard to track down
as the Univ does not have their
home address yet. I shall probably

end by calling her husband. Aha!

Am going to a formal tonight - wearing my pink & black formal & will look very slick, I hope. Should be fun - a dinner dance.

Emmie & Tony's wedding will be definitely the 26th Jan. How about going up to Boston with me for it? You probably couldn't & possibly get off I know.

Looks like coal strike is over from rumors picked up just now. Must turn on a radio & check.

Well, chichadee, write me soon, & be a good boy. Love. Grandma