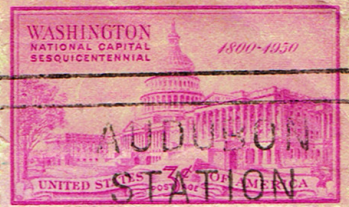




DORINDA DAVIS  
165 - Fort Washington Avenue  
N.Y.C. (132) N.Y. Apt. #4F



VIA AIR MAIL

DR. E. K. SANDERS  
V. A. HOSPITAL  
2002 HOLCOMBE DRIVE  
HOUSTON, 4  
TEXAS



Somebody loves you and  
wants you to know

That somebody loves you, wherever you go!

Skies may be sunny or

skies may be gray,

Somebody's loving and

caring each day . . .

Whether together or  
miles far apart,

You'll always be close to somebody's heart;

Near to me, dear to me,

all my life through,

There's no greater joy than—

just loving you!

Wanda

February 14, 1951

Monday eve  
February 12, 1951

Dear Sweetheart:

Here I am back in N.Y. Arrived Newark airport Sunday at 6<sup>30</sup> AM - home at 7<sup>55</sup> AM - on duty at 8<sup>20</sup> AM - Not bad eh? I hated to leave Mama until I was sure her back was cured so I stayed a couple of days longer. Your letter arrived the Thursday before I left and it was good to hear <sup>about</sup> you. I still don't know what you decided about the Rausselot job. Lemme know as soon as you can.

I feel quite sure your invitation to visit you in Houston was sincere but I wouldn't feel right about coming at this time. I'm sure you understand though. Perhaps another

-2-

time if the offer will keep.  
Since I received no reply from  
the <sup>(crazy)</sup> mad letter I wrote the week  
before, saying I might come to  
see you for four days - I trust  
you didn't think I was serious!  
I wasn't either but at the  
time I wrote it I half believed  
I would ~~come~~ go to Houston.  
I wanted to see you that much  
Oh dear!

I took your picture to Florida  
with me and mama and I drooled  
over it together. Mam could appreciate  
the photography but she gave the  
first credit to your good looks  
without any hesitation. I think  
you are just plain beautiful - - -

I have written this note in sorta  
of a hurry but I wanted you to know  
I think of you everyday and I still love  
you lots - Always your Douda