



GIVE
+
RED CROSS
FUND



Dr. E. K. Sanders
V. A. Hospital
Halcombe Blvd.
Houston, Texas

Allene Lummis

Sunday night

Dear Sandy,

I'm terribly upset right now over the thought of having possibly ruined everyone's fun last night with comments which meant nothing but apparently put the quietus on a good idea. You must have wanted to go very much, and I'm sorry. Next time say "shut up and get dressed - we're going!" That's what I expected last night and it didn't work.

And while I'm writing

I may as well get all
my problems off my chest.
I wanted just a minute to chat
with you and it never seemed
to appear. I shall be brief + to
the point.

I like you — I always
enjoy being with you. But
I don't feel that I know
anything about you except
what you're interested in in
a medical way or that you
know anything about me
as a person. Consequently
when I hear your talking
& fawning, ^(for lack of better words) it's not you
I'm insulting. I'm just
plain egotistical enough to
resent being taken as any
old ~~passage~~ girl that
you don't give a damn about
but can get something (either

though it is) out of. You
appeared sort of out of the
blue + presumed I was
eager + waiting. If it's me,
Allene, you are interested in
that's one thing; if it's just
any girl to pass the time
of day with I ain't interested.
Can you understand what
I'm trying to say? I'm not
an eloquent speaker + am
assuming you can read
between the lines. I hope
I'm wrong in my presump-
tion but as far as I can
see I have no choice. I
hope I'm wrong.

This is sounding but
it's worried me for some
time. I'd rather put my cards
on the table so you know what
mechanics is than stumble on
with you in the dark. As ever
Allene