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Monday nite

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My darling:

I'm gonna write you a few words before I go to bed. Honey - I've just finished reading your last letter for the third time and it makes me miss you so much. I'm glad you want to see me sweetheart - whatever you ^{finally} figure out I know it isn't going to be easy, ^(crazy sentence) so I try not to build up my hopes too much but it helps to know you miss me "a little bit." I don't have any snap shots sweetie - you have dozens of me anyway.

Sandy getting back to your patients. Do you suppose the women (24 yrs) with possible cystitis and nervous, could have later

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fresh beets. The same thing happened to a friend of mine just the other day. She really thought she had passed blood by rectum and with her urine. I asked her about the beets and she had eaten quite a few the day before. ha! It was just a thought - Lemme know how your patient gets along.

Darling I must go to bed now - But oh, how I miss my Sandy. When I say my prayers I'll pray will see each other soon. Honey you forget so much about me when we're apart. Try not to forget too much. —

All I can do is dream of love.

Your sweetest girl,

Dorinda.

P.S. Lots 'n Lots of Love 'n Kisses to my honey bunnet

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