Thursday

My Darling,

I hope that this doesn't get too blurred. But I just washed my hair and it's dripping all over the place. I'm not standing around to get you write last Sunday. Golly, I hope March 11th isn't raining too. My hair will look horrible if it does.

Right now I'm half-listening to a song and looking out the window. Very confusing. I always pick the nicest atmosphere to write to you, honey. Very romantic!
I guess that the train is just as slow as the bus, honey.

Well, we'll stay in New Orleans Thursday night probably and so it's hard to get hotel rooms, huh, honey?

Well, that's a minor detail, we can always find a nice park bench somewhere.

Honey, that's the way.

I always wear my hair parted on the side and flat on top - those times when you were so much at ease.

Haven't been the only time I changed it.
everyone else likes it this way, honey.

Listen, Judson Clark. Will you please answer my question about the Scotch? First—how many bottles do you want me to buy? And which is better—Pinch bottle or Johnny Walker? I've been avoiding my question about Steve. Is there anything wrong between you and Sweetie? You never mentioned him? I've been asking and asking you if he was going to be able to arrive by two and if he was very far...
Those are the only two questions that I can think of off-hand but

if you don't answer me so help me, there'll be a private war -

especially about the Scotty.

Where are the other places that are more convenient? We

should go to Mexico or somewhere on the way. Of course Mexico

is probably millions of miles away.

But, how long will we be able to stay wherever we go?

You said you wanted to go back.
swimming, but I don't know. If we didn't have only four of five days it wouldn't make much difference to me. Remember?

Yes, I guess I want you to be boss—I don't know whether you will be or not. I've got a pretty strong mind of my own—well, you might be a colonel. There are plenty of other officers, and you'll take orders when necessary. So I'll be a colonel.

I'm glad that you're getting the wine. I'd never get it done without time to look. If you like them, honey, I'm sure I will.
I won't mind. I did promise you I'd have such good taste. You'll always have to buy my jewelry, of course. I mean, I wasn't exactly trying to discourage you, honey, just sort of preparing you and letting you know what you're getting in for.

But honey, we've got to eat. I just hate to think of what's going to happen. I hope after we've been married a while you still feel the same way.
I'm not worrying at all about it but everyone else is. All you hear is "Poor Freddie" everyone is sure that I'm going to starve you to death or something horrible. Probably kill you from cooking. I'm definitely not the domestic type which is the best Johnny Walker, red or black? Well, honey all the articles I've read in the magazines say that religion is terribly important and we're not religious. Honey I was wondering what would happen.
I'm not worrying about it at all. I just thought you might like to worry about it. Everyone else seems to think things like that are important.

Golly, honey, when we get married it will be the first time I've been in a church and all this year! That's awful.

Yes, honey, I'm sure it will work out fine. But the experts all disagree. We'll show them.

Well, you see, I read anything that comes along lately. They've been publishing lots of stuff on
war marriages and what makes
them last & not last.

I agree about the only way
we can find out if it will work
is by trying it. I'm not worried
in the least but I want you to
be sure that you've considered all
angles.

What a waste of time.

Why don't March Punny see, having
the way things drag you'd think
we had all year or something.

Let's have a happy day, day after
Valentine's day. But we got paid
today. Tomorrow at noon I'll take
send $1000 back again now
my huge check over to the bank
Hope they have enough money to
cover it. (Is that what they
do with checks?)

Someone's singing: There Goes That
Song Again. Gee, I miss you so terribly.

Roll, the time's getting
shorts. Only 24 more days now and
we'll be married, honey.

As ya've probably gathered,
bby now I'm in a very sexy
mood and if this letter
makes sense it's purely coincidental.

Remember that night at
Split Rock when you were
getting decolored—(New word!) Wonder
and Steve were already to mender
me— I always get wacky at
the most inappropriate times—
Golly honey in eleven
tipsy Dobson. 811 now to 9 o'clock
more days I'll be all finished
working. That's eleven weekdays
Weekends don't count. There
are times when I dislike
everything about that place but
then other times I don't mind it
at all. I still feel real pathetic
and everything. I don't know
whether I'll be able to go back to
modeling again. It's so unessential.
"To Have and Have Not" is at the movies this weekend. I can hardly wait to see it. Lauren Bacall is in it. I like her a lot. I wish I could see it until Monday night though. Tomorrow night I'm not going out. It'll be a good little girl and write to you for a change—er, forget to buy some envelopes again, of course. Maybe tomorrow night?

remember what I said last time. I also had to get money. I wish these cards cost a lot. I gave a lot of money at the auction to help get the whole Band at about when the graduation
dance will be? Can you get Charlotte a date? Remember at the first meet I went. I should carry a pad & pencil around with me always so that when I think of something to ask you I could write it down and then remember whenever I begin to write, always forget how I see lonely. What else was there that I wanted to ask you. Oh, how many hours have you flown now? Are you still ahead of everyone? Are you still highest in your class or are you? Gee, I'm about 14 more days you should know what you're going to be. That's 30 days before graduation. I'll probably have permission if I don't say my hair soon. It's still all wet. See, Pansy, it will be so queer to be married. Since I've never been married
before I think it will be queer anyway. But being married to you will be wonderful, darling. Last Sunday seems months away.

This week went so fast in a way but in another way it seems as if it had been going on forever. Oh, tomorrow is Friday! I like Friday.

Honey will we go on our honeymoon straight after we're married or what? Don't you get the 15 days right away? So don't tell me that. But where are we going? Let's not go where it's rainy. That would be very wetish and wait a minute. That wouldn't be so bad. It would be very romantic. Remember that day we walked in the rain. How that was a long time ago.
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well, my darling, I guess I'd better dry my hair and take a bath and get to bed. I love you more than anything else in the world. You're so sweet, honey. How can anyone be so wonderful.

Well, honey, until we're together again. I'll love you.

Always,

LOTHIE

P.S. Please answer my questions!!!