Friday

My Darling,

I'm happy today. Got a letter from you. The mailman just came.

Gee, honey. I love you so.

What a day. It's all cloudy and looks as though it were going to rain any second. Hope it doesn't.

Have to go shopping—strictly window shopping—in New Rochelle and Mt. Vernon.

Having more trouble trying to find a negligee that isn't marguerite-samy way the kind that you can see through.

They're all like telephone—) Maybe today I'll find one.

Shooting sheet must be hard. That sounds good—19 out of 25! I'll be swapped.
to come close to one of 25. That's something else you'll have to teach me how to shoot. Then when I catch you running round with other women I can be real dramatic about it.

Gee, honey, I wish you'd drink that night flying. It must be awful to fly so late and then get up at the same ungodly hour in the morning. Anytime you're too tired or don't feel like writing just don't. Not that you would. But don't feel that you have to. I really can't stand it for you to write so often.

I hope it doesn't rain in the desert. It's too dry.
March 11th Oh, that reminds me. I had the craziest dream last night. We got married and then you disappeared suddenly right after the ceremony and the next thing I remember you were flying around.

It was so loud, you were buzzing all the horses and I was trying to get your attention. I can remember I had my wedding dress on. It looked very nice but you wouldn't come down.

Then this letter from the Navy Air Corps came and we were talking (this must have been a hangover from thirty seconds over Tokyo.) It looked like Bob—

the one Van Johnson was
I was always thinking about how much he was complaining about how fresh the Marines were. I was telling him what had happened. He wanted to know what else could I expect from a Marine. After about five minutes, I'd convinced him that you weren't a Marine unless you were the best pilot in the Army air corps. Then you finally drove up in a car. Gee, it was so funny.

Dreams... It was much more complicated than that but it wouldn't make sense to you. You looked so cute, though.
Woody and I are going to see "National Velvet" tonight. It's supposed to be good. As long as it's about a horse I'm sure to like it.

That reminds me, Lenore, we should go riding sometime. Maybe when we're old and gray someday we'll go. Oh, Lenore, don't you want to send any announcements to Steve or any of the fellows in the Air Corps. We'll have loads of them so don't worry about that. Ashley, you only get
married once on March 11th this -
the tippet "tohu waohoh!" was
we're having a couple of hundred made
regard to long so of bananas
so we have to use them up -

What a wedding this is going to be in nothing there gone
the way we planned! been changed
your Bestwants bee changed my attitudes
and the place has been changed -
that's what I like - everything goes
exactly the opposite from the way
we plan - wonder if that will

happen all our lives - hope so -
I love things to happen -

are you going to be able to
get the rings this weekend they
of aren't they going to open
Post? This week went real fast for me—The weekends always distract—Well, honey, are you going to have our rings engraved there? What we know about your thing so I can send for the money now. You most certainly didn't answer my questions about Scotch! (Not until this letter). You didn’t tell me how much to get. I'll get more than one bottle, honey. One bottle will never last you until we get out of the south.

Someone is playing, "I'm Beginning To See The Light!." Hope I
I had been here for a bit and then
made a list of things to buy. Some
ink, honey. This stuff is getting tighter
and tighter. Can remember to buy some
of your pictures, maybe. Sugar, and
some. Don't know what else you need at
the moment.

There'll probably be getting
your wings about now. Hope it's
a nice day but I probably wouldn't
know the difference. Gee, honey,
it won't be much longer now.

Don't write just too wonderful, honey.
Don't write just too wonderful. I wish
I could be with you now. I miss you
more and more every day.

The sun just came out. Happy
Day! It still looks like a storm.
Poor Charlie Chaplin! I'd sure hate to be in his shoes. Besides the mess he's in with Joan Barry, they're planning to start deportation charges against him. It isn't true that half a dozen other suits are against him.

Someone asked Joan Davis if she liked the picture she was in. She said she was happy if they'd accept the positive and burn up the negative.

The sun has retreated behind a particularly dark cloud. What a day! I suppose I'll be able to escape to New Rochelle and go shopping soon. I'm going to write a story about it.

Well, anyway, I'll try to write after I get back from shopping.
I love you so —

Well, anyway, just got back

Paul's "National Velvet" — it was wonderful.

What a picture. I love horses. Woody

+ I went and I've almost got her
talked into going riding. Gee, I love you honey. Someday maybe

we'll go riding together.

Tomorrow I may go if it's nice out and not too cold. Woody's

never been and I'm trying to

get him to go.

Dearest, I miss you so.

I wish we were going to be married now instead of in

sixteen more days!
well honey it's pretty late. Guess I'd better get to bed. 10:05 PM and I'll write tomorrow, my darling. I miss you more and more. And they'll never be words enough to tell you how very much I love you.

Do you know Carol's sister? She had a baby boy the other day. Her husband was killed in France the first day he went into action. The only thing that kept her going was the baby. She was praying so that it would be a boy. Carol is now being an aunt.

Well, honey, as I said before
I'd better be getting on if you read this.

I love you and will love you always.

Dottie

Your love ever since my second
love
Not at times, always and never

Always, Dottie

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