Dearest Pottie,

This will have to be short and sweet, (well short anyway) now. We've got some operational night tactics tonight from around 6:30 until about three this morning.

I got your long letter today, written on Monday, it was swell, darling.

You're doing pretty well, having only told two people. On Monday, I'd like to shoot it from the rooftops. It all seems so unreal, like a dream, but I guess that's love.

I said you can plan the wedding, darling, but I would like to get married around seven-thirty or eight in the evening, does that suit you?

I can't imagine anything more
gorseme than getting married at ten in the morning, I'd be half a sleep

Now, if you don't think you'll see that fellow in the air corps (I wish you'd tell me his name, you told me once but I forgot it) before he goes overseas, you'd better write him. Does he still love you? That's important. If he doesn't you could write him anyway, but if he does Dottie, don't—until you're sure you won't see him. I'm putting myself in his place, and I know how he would feel.

listen sweetheart, after the war there would be only one person I'd be dating whether I'm married to her or not. But what about you? You're the one that's going to be left home while I'm galavantin' (that's while the war is on) around the country. I want you to realize that Darling, you'll be Mrs. Judson Clark (gosh that sounds wonderful!) if you might get awful lonesome.
There's something I should explain about that first night, honey. I told you then that I loved you, and I did; but I was able to talk myself out of it during the weeks that followed. I really did mean it darling, it was no line, but I didn't realize how much I really, really did mean it to me then, consequently I passed it off as "good friendship." But things have changed since then, I know now that I love you with all my heart darling like I never loved anything else, not even jellybeans!

Well, angels, the week is half gone, now the days will begin to grow longer and longer.
Thursday and Friday are the worst, then Saturday + Sunday seem like a few hours. We have so little time together. And I wish this war was over, maybe it won't be too much longer.

I miss you, darling.

Give my love to your mother, my best to your Dad.

I love you.

As ever,

[Signature]

AK Johnson Clark
Squadron 5 Class 45 A
Cadet Detachment
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Miss Dorothy Six
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