Dearest Dottie,

How do you like this G.P. weather? I'm getting mighty sick of sitting around, too. Two days in a row without flying is enough for me. We're getting snow up here now, more slush than anything. If it ever freezes we won't fly this week. It's sort of hard to land a plane on ice, I hear.

Darling, I'll be seeing you tomorrow night. It seems too good to be true. Gosh I've missed you these past two days, even more than usual. I think of you all the time, how sweet and lovely you are, how happy we'll be after this thing...
is over, when we can be together, always. I know if only this war could end tomorrow, now, immediately. Well, the harder the struggle, the greater the victory. But I'm not fighting very hard. I feel so helpless and unimportant in this war. That's one reason why I've got to go over, and do what little I can. I'm damned sick of sitting around, training and training. It seems so unfair to the others, the ones in the stinking foxholes in Europe, the minefields and bomb-ridden islands of the Pacific, the terrible cold of the Aleutians and Russia. Well maybe I won't have to wait too much longer, and I can get over and win the war, for us.

I called Mom last night. She sounded quite happy. I think she's beginning to
See it our way. I know she will, darling. She's not really selfish, she just thinks I'm too young, but that will be fixed quickly, don't worry. If God is willing, I'm going to marry you in March (of course, if you're willing, too.)

Steve and I were talking about Gini, and marriage. He doesn't want to marry her, not yet anyhow. She's too childish. He's counting on her growing up while he's in the army, but I'm afraid he's going to be disappointed. There's only one thing that can make a childish girl grow up, and that's a boy. And if I know Gini, there won't
be many boys in her life
while Steve is gone.
She sure is a kid though,
I even think she believes
that the stock brought her.
No kidding' from what Steve
says it sounds pretty pitiful.
Oh, by the way, Steve
is coming down Saturday
for a date with Woody.
I doubt if we can go to
New York, however. He's got
$11 left and I have about 12 so
we'll have to take it easy.
This money situation is
really bad.
I'll see you Wednesday
darling, tomorrow, that is. It sounds
closer that way. Give me
best to your family.
I love you darling, with
all my heart.

As ever
Judie