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.

I'm having more trouble trying to find a negligee that isn't marquise cut—any way the kind that you could 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. Ill be amazed
to come close to one out 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 - 

Sally Henry, I wish you'd drink 
that night flying. It must be awful 
to fly so late & then get up at 
the same ugliness hour in the morning. 
Anytime you're too tired or don't feel 
like writing just don't. Not that you 
would hurt but don't feel that you have 
to - I realize this letter it is for 
you to write so often - 

I hope it doesn't rain any
March 11th oh that reminds me. I had the craziest dream last night. We got married and then you just disappeared suddenly right after the ceremony and the next thing I remember you were playing around. It was so odd. You were berating 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 fellow from the Navy Air Corps came and we were talking (this must have been a hangover from Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.) He looked like Bob, the one Van Johnson was
I was always told we'd buy a ranch with him.

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 if you were the best pilot in the Army air corps.

Then you finally drove up in a car. Gee, it was so funny. 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 I'll like it.

That reminds me, Honey, we should go riding sometime. Maybe when we're old and gray we'll go riding. We can't go out at night anyways and ride with the lights on. I hope the weather's nice.

Someday we'll go.

Oh, Honey, 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. I only get
married once on March 11th.

We're having a couple of hundred made

so we have to use them up.

What a wedding this is

going to be! Nothing has gone

the way we planned! Menu changed

and the place has been changed.

That's what I like - everything goes

exactly the opposite from the way

we planned. Wonder if that will

happen in our lives. - Hope so.

I love things to happen.

Are you going to be able to

get the rings this weekend, Harry?

Or are they giving you a chance
to pick something?
Post? This week went real fast
For me. The weekends always
drag away. Oh, honey, are you
going to be back on time? I had
planned a surprise for you but
now I'm not sure how.

Your money is in the post office.

You must 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

- wrote so sad about you for a while -
I can remember to buy some ink, honey. This stuff is getting tighter and tighter.

See honey, only 16 more days. You'll probably be getting your wings about now. Hope it's a nice day but I probably wouldn't know the difference. Gee, honey.

You're just too wonderful. Honey, I wish I could be with you now. I miss you more & 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. There are half a dozen other suits against him-

Someone asked Joan Davis if she liked the picture she was in—She said she be-happy if they'd accept accentuate 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 write to New Rochelle—

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

Well, haven't just got back

"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

got her to go.

Oh, darling I miss you so.

I wish we were going to be together well

married now instead of in

sixteen more days.
well honey it's pretty late. I guess I'd better get to bed. It's 6:30 and I'll write tomorrow my darling. I miss you more and more. And there'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 real busy now being an Aunt.

Well, honey as I said before
I'd better be getting to bed tonight. 

I love you and will love you to the end even more once my own heart is less and where. Always, Dottie.

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