Dearest Judson,

Golly, here another weekend has just flown by. Can't you do something to slow them down a little and carry the week in between them.

Ever since you said that we might be mistaking good friendship for love, I've been worrying. That may be the way you feel and that's what I'm afraid of. I know that's not the way it is with me, though. I'm sure of that.

Honey, your mother and sister are really swell. They're real nice and loads of fun. I like them an awful lot. We had quite a talk about you on the way home. They're both crazy about you. (Me, too) (I mean I'm crazy about you, too). I really am. You're so sweet and thoughtful and just wonderful in general.

You said you were afraid of getting serious. Why are you afraid? I meant
to ask you about that. What's wrong with that?
The only thing is that I'm terribly afraid of
falling too hard and getting hurt.

It seems to me that somewhere I read that
the real kind of love was the kind that
started or had a real good friendship, but
of, well, time alone will tell.

Darling, I miss you already. You've only
been away for a few hours and it seems
months already. If this is friendship - well, I
don't think we ever had that kind of feeling
for any friend.

There were so damn many things
I wanted to write you but now that I'm
actually writing all I can think of is how
much I love you and miss you.

Every weekend seems to be nicer
than the one before that. Just being with
you is so wonderful. You're so sweet. (I
could go on like that all night).

Oh, before I forget, this is really an
effort to get my mind away from you
for a while. Was talking to Woody and
she has to go to school this Saturday morning until one or something like that. But anyhow. Do you think you can get a date with that fellow you were telling me about for Saturday night? What would you like to do, money, anything special? Let's go easy on your money for a change. I hate to have you spend so much on me. Oh, yes, how about going out with your mom sister because I'm sure they'd enjoy seeing you a little bit more. Your mom is swell about your going out all the time but I think if you took her too she'd enjoy it an awful lot. What do you think?

Sudan. I'm afraid I'm too serious already. Honestly it's really getting pretty bad. Remind me to be more about next time I see you. Another thing remind me to tell you how wonderful you are.

This letter is a slightly different from the ones I usually write isn't it seems to be in a rush. Please answer all the questions I ask you. I hate people who just ignore questions. It drives me crazy.

Don't forget about your promise not to play over Pelham unless it's legal. Please
don't forget about it because I know how much the air corps is the means to you and I'd hate to see anything happen because of a few minutes of pleasure.

Sally I could just write all night about how much I miss you and everything. But you'd get you bone bored reading it no doubt.

Do you have that 4-10 hour check this week? Please be careful honey on that cross country thing. Take care of yourself.

I love you.

Lots of love,
Dottie