Thursday

Dearest Judson—

we are working like crazy again today and this will probably be an awfully interrupted letter. Just showed a few dresses.

Wonder what you're doing now. It's so hot in here - golly tomorrow Friday is tomorrow & the next day is Saturday. I can hardly wait for Saturday. It will be so neat to see you again.

Did you have that tax check yet or shoes that come next week? Everyone's looking over my shoulder Lord. There's more privacy in Grand Central than here is here.

I miss you so much. Golly this week took so long to go by. Wish that you'd write - heard it heard from you call week except that letter that you wrote last week.

How is Tom? Oh is his girlfriend Sued (wasn't that her name) coming
up to the game this weekend? Am I?
Do you have to fly Saturday afternoon?
IF you do get a chance to write, how about answering some of my questions?

Today, at noon, I asked the boss for a raise. He said no—very probably and
so now I suppose he'll try to find
a good reason to fire me—oh, well.

I'll worry about that later.

Honey, I miss you loads. It will be
wonderful to see you again. You'd think I
hadn't seen you for six months. Oh, well.

Saturday isn't too far away.

What a delayed letter this is. One
reason is that I'm dead tired (not from
staying out late either), but we didn't
work very hard again today—

we have to show some initiative, honey.

I'll try to write later again.
Do you know what we're going to do this weekend? What about the fellow you were going to bring down? Is he coming this weekend?

Just got home from work and began to read what I'd written before. You'll probably think I'm absolutely nuts now.

Try, your two letters were here. They were so cute. I really am confused now. You said you loved me but you didn't want to and that you'll never really get serious with anyone but that you think you are serious now. Talk about women not knowing their own minds.

You can't imagine how glad I was to get your letters.

How do you feel now? You'd better get some sleep this week or you'll be as bad off as I was last weekend. Tonight I'm going to bed around eight and really get some sleep. So far I've said that every
night but nothing has come of it.
I hope that they don't let you play at night
any more for a while. Try to get some sleep so
that you won't be tired this weekend or did I say
that before.

Monday night Bob and I went around to all
his friends and said goodbye to them. I noticed the
moon. It was beautiful. But it must be
wonderful to fly at night. I'd love to go up
sometime.

You were right the first time. (Maybe not the
sweet but innocent type of a man) who am I
trying to kid? You know me too well.

You're so sweet and I love you. Well, honey,
I'll mail this now and write another letter and
mail that tomorrow morning.

If you've already answered any questions
I've asked you, just ignore them, okay?

I love you.

Lot's of love,

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