Dear Judson,

Just finished writing a letter to you. Now I'll answer your second letter. Because you didn't fly on Wednesday, does that mean that you'll have to fly on Saturday afternoon? I'm glad that you got a little sleep anyway.

You really surprised me when you answered all those questions. Well, you tried to get a date for Woody so if you can't, you just can't. Well, Tom Kennady is getting engaged, maybe, sorta, let's him out. I hardly think Woody would appreciate a married man. Well, if you can get somebody it will be nice but thanks for trying anyway.

Are you kidding. I'd love to go to the meadow Bruck. You know how I love Harry Saines but you don't like him do you? I have a vague idea how to get there but I could never actually get
there by myself.

well, honey, maybe some Saturday night when we don't have anything special to do we could go to a show or something with your mother and sister. I know they'd like to see more of you because they both are crazy about you. It's wonderful to have such a nice brother and son. I'll bet.

I love the way you casually mention the fact that you are in love. Are you really sure about that "good friend" stuff? Please stop trying to talk yourself out of love. You might succeed then where would I be?

Now, wait a minute. I'll slightly confused. I asked you why you don't want to get too serious. Then you said it's too serious already as far as you were concerned that you didn't think it was worth either of us with the war and things as they are. And that you weren't the type of guy who would let himself get in too deep. That needs more explaining. I don't know if I understand what you mean.

I agree with your instincts about your judgement not being so good. I just can't...
to me, though.

Just one more night and I'll be seeing you again. What will the weeks seem like after you go to another field and don't get home for months at a time?

About the other fellows I like. I'll have to try and explain the situation to you sometime. It's really very simple when you understand it. (Of course I don't but that's beside the point.)

I'd like to write more but it's time for dinner and I want to go to bed weight after dinner. Last week is really catching up with me now. I swear all the time when we're showing it an effort not to yawn in the buyer's faces.

Tommy Dorsey's playing in the ballroom now and Frankie's singing. Ah.

You said something about calling tonight if you didn't have to play. And everytime the phone rings I tear madly downstairs to
answer it.

Honey, what's going to happen about the game Saturday? From the way things look now, you'll probably have to fly Saturday afternoon. Daddy wants me to go fishing with him, so if you have to fly I'd spend a lovely day with some smelly old fish. Get a nice windsown and cold too, probably but I love fishing.

Well, darling, I'll see you Saturday. I love you very much. Please write whenever you get time.

Lots of love,
Dottie

P.S. You just called and it was so nice to hear your voice again. I can hardly wait until Saturday night. I love you so much, darling.