Dear Sue,

Maybe after we've been married for ages about four months I'll get used to calling you Sue—but till then you'll just have to be patient.

Just got back from Woody's house—we got out of work early today & so I went over to see Woody. Had to tell her all about everything. She was getting very confused because I was trying to tell her everything at once.

We were all alone & decided that we'd eat supper there. That was a pain. You should have seen us. I couldn't even cook a can of soup without reading the directions on the can. In the first place those damn cans are so hard to get opened—We're both marvelous cooks—we finally got the soup heated. (I did it all by myself.)
Honey I'm so glad that you wrote. All day I kept wondering if you had changed your mind or something. I love you so much.

Well, it's too bad that the war was pretty - I'm mighty glad that she didn't call you "honey". I had brown eyes. By the way, what were you doing close enough to notice what color eyes she had?

Someone is singing something about "I Miss You So". God, I do. It's only Tuesday and it seems as though the week will never end.

Poor Woody. She didn't have a chance to get two words in at a time. I kept telling her how wonderful you were & everything.

The election returns are coming in, but I just can't concentrate on them.

Before I forget, Honey, please try real hard to get adequate for Woody. She's swell and we could have loads of fun with her.

You should know a lot about weddings. Tell me all about them because I don't know the first thing about them. You were around when your sisters got married, wasn't
you, I mean when they were making preparations
to get married.

Golly, my stomach was a million butterflies,
flapping around. What a life. I love you -
you write the sweetest letters, darling. But then,
everything you do is wonderful.

Honey, I've thought of a lot of things that
I'd like to get you for Christmas but I don't
know whether you'd like it or not. I'll just
have to make out a list of all the things
you'd like - things you definitely wouldn't like.
You know what I want but that's beside
the point. Anyway, honey, this week please
try to think a lot about what you'd like
to have. Another thing, what would you
like for a wedding present. We'll worry
about that later. But please try to think of
some things you'd really like for Christmas.

This week see if you can get some sleep
for a change. I'll go to bed early every night
probably but you'll probably have to fight
something.

Honey, what are we going to do this week
end? We'll have to do something that won't
cost too much money because I we don't think you'll
be good + broke before the end of this
month. I said, forget him, to try to get a date for Woody or have I said that before?
Have you tried talking yourself out of anything lately? Please be careful of the conversations
you have with yourself.

How's flying? Have you made up any of the time you're behind? Have you told any of the fellows, yet? What happened?
Did Tom propose, too?

Honey, when is that air show? I'm going to ask the boss about getting off that afternoon. If he says no, then maybe I'll just go any way. I do want to come up though. Is it on Thanksgiving, by any chance? For the day before? What kind is it? What time will your family have to go up? Are you going to fly in it?

I will, darling. I'd better get to bed because it's pretty late. There are so many millions of things that I want to tell you but per usual can't think of them.

Oh, one thing. Rosemary & I went down to this par place. We had gorgeous coats. They were really lovely. Going back tomorrow with Corrine at about six and we're going to
really look them over. The man was so nice. He said he'd even make one up for me if I didn't like any of the styles he had in stock. The only trouble with that is he might not put as good skins in one he made special + I'd have to take it no matter what but if he made it especially it would fit perfectly. The ones he has now fit like a sack. They're so big. The next smallest size is too big too. I'm too short. Well, tomorrow will be the day. Corrine knows all about cats + I don't know blessed thing about them.

Golly, honey, I could write on & on. But I've got to get to bed now. I love you very much.

That's the only thing I can think about. I mean the only person I love you so much.

Please be careful honey and don't get lost on that cross country thing.

Please write soon + often. Have a wonderful + I love you.

I love you.

Dottie

Miss D. Six
YOUNG AMERICAN DEB, Inc.
530 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

Ple. Hudson Clark
Selton 5-21. 450