Thursday
2/100

Dear Dottie,

Hello again, I just finished talking to you. It was so good to hear your voice again, now. It's only been four days, but it seems like four years since I saw you last. One while, I can't understand it—

I took physics, geometry, trig, in school, and all practical theories say that a minute is a minute, an hour an hour, a week a week, but when are they so different on Saturdays and Sundays? Maybe you have something to do with it. I guess you're that certain little cowabunga that is the exception to every rule. Ah yes, my little cowabunga—romantic ain't it? Gosh I love you.
There goes that song, "It
could happen to you," sounds like
Bravel Gentie singing it, but
it's still nice. I don't know
why it reminds me of you,
we must have heard it somewhere.

It was that weekend we
went to the Rodeo, the 21st
night you told me you loved
me. I was riding back to
the field in a taxi when I heard
it, and immediately I thought
of you, (for a change).

Speaking of that, we
were having a squadron
meeting today at the flight
line, and there was I,
listening to the major's every
word, gazing out the window
like a lovesick dove.

"I notice how envious I
was (in you) he gently asks
me what the hell am I
thinking about. "The weather, sir."
"Oh the weather, well Mr. Clark,
maybe you can tell me
what the visibility is."
"Visibility? Oh, the visibility—about six miles." (Hmmp, that name again) Oh well was I supposed to know there was a fog outside, I thought it was me, I'm in a fog all the time lately. Very embarrassing. Woman, you're drivin' me crazy! But I love you, I guess. I'm glad you told your father, Dottie. I'll have to talk to him sometime. One of these "man-to-man" jobs, you know? Maybe I can change his mind for him.

Well, now, it's quarter of ten. I've got to go now. Give my best to your family. I'll see you the day after tomorrow, it sounds shorter when you say it that way.
way. I love you and
miss you darling

as ever

[Signature]

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