Dear Dottie,

Hello again. I just finished talking to you. It was so good to hear your voice again, honey. It's only been a few days, but it seems like four years since I saw you last. Gee whiz, I can't understand it.

I took physics, geometry, trigonometry, and all that stuff in school, and all the practical theories say that a minute is a minute, an hour an hour, a week a week, but why are they so different on Saturdays and Sundays? Maybe you have something to do with it.

I guess you've got that certain little condition that is the exception to every rule. Always, my little condition - romantic ain't it? Gosh I love you.
There goes that song, "It could happen to you," sounds like someone 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, the 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, gawpin' out the window like a lovesick dove.

Noticing how embarrassed 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 15 miles." (Hmmm, that name again) Now 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. I love you and miss you darling.

As ever

Fudd

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