Thursday 2/100

Dear Dottie,

Hello again. I just finished talking to you. It was so good to hear your voice again, Dottie. It's only been four days, but it seems like four years since I saw you last. Gee whiz, 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 where are they so different on Saturdays and Sundays? Maybe you have something to do with it. I guess you're the certain little cowbell that is the exception to every rule.

Ah yes, my little cowbell—romantic ain't it? Gosh I love you.
There goes that song, "It could happen to you," sounds like a travel agent 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. 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.

Noticing how empressed 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." (Hmmm, that name again.) How 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

Miss Dorothy Six
8 Brookside Ave.
Pelham, 65
New York