Monday

Dearest Judson,

Honey, I miss you so. Just woke up a few seconds ago and I'm still half asleep. Golly, honey, I hope that you got some sleep last night because you really seemed tired. Please try to get as much sleep this week as you can so that you won't get too tired when we stay out late during Christmas.

Oh, honey I just thought of something last night on the train. Maybe Abe could use his family's car a few times while he's here. That would help us because I'm almost positive, honey, that daddy won't let you use our car. It'd drive us almost anywhere but he's funny about lending it to anyone. He's often said he never would even to
Darling, Christmas is just a week from today. It just doesn't seem possible that a week from today will really be Christmas. Well, hon, I've just about decided to wait until after Christmas for a job before I go to look for a job. I'll sleep a lot, it says here, and do a lot of the things I've been putting off for so long like addressing my Christmas cards. That I'll have to do today. Then tomorrow I'll either go Christmas shopping or fix my clothes. Well, anyhow, I've got enough to keep me busy for quite a while so looks as though I'll wait until after Christmas.

Golly honey, I love you so. Every time I see you I fall in love with you all over again and always.
Darling, we really should wait until March. I know that but honestly, it seems so silly to waste all that time. We could be together for the next two months instead of not seeing each other at all. Honey, I'll miss you so. Don't you think that I'll be able to come down just once to see you? Darling, two months and a couple of weeks really doesn't seem long but when I think of not seeing you for that length of time, it seems like a few thousand years. It would be so bad for you because you'll be at a new field and be busy all the time but I'll be so lonesome. Guess that I'll be pretty busy, too. Buying clothes and stuff. It just doesn't seem as though March would ever get here.

Do you get your wings on the
eleventh or the fifteenth (now that isn't right—how do you spell 15th?) anyway when will you get them—will it be on a weekday or weekend. It won't make any difference to me because I'll be able to come down at any time but if it's on the weekend then maybe Woody can come too.

Golly honey, I hope that Maxwell Field comes through with your orders & you get a delay.

Before I forget, honey, ask Steve if he'd like to come to dinner on Sunday after all if he isn't going home he certainly wouldn't like to eat on the post or someplace like that. He probably won't have too sharp a time but there will be quite a crowd & we're having turkey so tell him to be sure to come if he'd like to. Woody will be
here but there'll be enough of your family here to keep him occupied. I hate to think of anyone spending Christmas away from their family and friends. I'm so glad you're going to be home dealing. But to get back to Steve, he wants you to come down because my family would love to have him for dinner.

See, Honey, this weekend went so awfully fast. I love you so. It was awful to not be able to see you after ten. The Army certainly isn't very thoughtful about things like that.

Honey, are they going to let you come home Friday night? I sure hope so.

Tell me as soon as you get the rest of your hours in. You have 27:35 now. Haveith you? How did Steve get his in before you did? Can't understand it. Well, he'll have to watch wheels. That sounds
like a thrilling job. Honey do you realize that this time you get off Christmas will be the next to the last time we'll be together before we're married. Honey let's get married on the day you get home. Hello? Let's not waste any more time. That will be long enough. Is that all right with you, honey? Can you speak to your Co. out there & tell him that you're getting married & maybe we could tell you the date he'd let you come home so that we could have announcements or invitations made up. It takes quite a while to have them printed. I think but that's a minor detail. We can always call people.

Gee, honey. I miss you so. Please try to get a lot of sleep this week, honey. You were really tired yesterday. I love you so. You're absolutely the most wonderful person in the world. Golly, man, every once in
a while I stop - think how lucky I am. Besides being wonderful, you're so sweet and thoughtful and handsome and I love you.

They're playing "Together" and just finished "Always". I love you so. I wonder what that writer meant when he said we looked married. All four of us. Was that good or bad? It's pretty bad if we look married already or is it good? Anyway, how will we look after we are married? That reminds me you're not answering my questions again.

What if it be wonderful when we're married and can stop writing letters. I don't mind writing them but it will be so nice when we're together.

Harry, what's all this about your having to live far away from the post? I wasn't exactly paying attention to what whoever said it said but can I live on the post with you? You'll have to teach me how to introduce officers to each other and all the sort of stuff because I don't know anything about military stuff.

When you write Don tell him thanks for his best wishes & stuff. Tell him too to take care of himself and wish him a very merry Christmas & Happy New
Year. I'd like to read that letter he wrote you but knowing
how busy you I guess I wouldn't like to exactly.

Did you write Bob Nash yet? If you haven't, try to
soon because he'd probably like to hear about it from
you.

Golly, it's almost eleven. Time sure went fast
this morning. I woke up pretty early and was
lying in bed thinking about you. I love you.

Honey, maybe later today I'll write you again
and send a note to Ruth. I have to thank
her for the two dollars. I'll send it to her in
the next letter I write you. That will probably
be tonight and you can give it to Steve to
give to her or you can give it to her yourself.

I love you so, my darling. It's awful to be
away from you.

Honey, there's only one reason why I wasn't
try to talk you into getting married now, instead
of March and that's because of your flying. Well,
more or less, but anyway, you have to work so
hard in credit, and I don't think it would be
fair if you were married— that is, isn't exactly
what I mean but the general idea is that— oh,
I can't explain it but you probably know
What I mean - don't you?

This turned out to be a nice short book-length letter. Godly honey, I love you so.

Honey, there was something you said about being jealous that I wanted to ask you about. Honey, I can't remember exactly what it was you said (they're playing "There Goes That Song Again" - that reminds me of you). Something about being jealous of Bill. I know you asked me not to say anything about him again but I want to tell you that you shouldn't be jealous of him. I have all my love. I think you sorta dislike him from the things I've said. I feel badly about that because he really is a nice kid and I've only told you everything bad about him and it's not fair exactly to him.

I feel responsible for giving you the wrong impression of him - I'll tell you what I mean when I see you - I never can explain what I mean in a letter. Anyway, just remember that you're the only one I've ever loved or ever will, honey.

Well, I'd better get up and get started or I'll be writing to you all day - nice thoughts but
anyway I love you.

Ok. I knew there was something I wanted to tell you—Remember last night Steve yelled something about don’t forget the potato chips and you said they were in my bag and Steve said he had them. At the time I didn’t realize what was happening. Probably because I was too busy kissing you goodbye. Well, Woody hands me this bag when we get in the train (by the way we caught the ferry & train) that Steve had given her. I knew right away that it wasn’t the potato chips because they weren’t in a paper bag (If you’re walking hours now, this is the reason). It was someone’s lunch. There was a sandwich & two fruit cakes in it. That was probably that—it’s lunch. We sat there and ate it between laughing fits—well. I hope that it wasn’t important. We were laughing all the way to the ferry about how you two would probably be walking hours for the rest of your lives—Wherever should there have had it must have been pretty disappointed. It was very good except Woody ate it too fast & felt sick all the way home. Did you ever hear “I’m a little on the lonely side tonight”? Gee, I love you so. Have I an more paper so I’ll have to stop. I’ll write more tonight. I love you so—

All my love, Dottie
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