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Sunday Night.

My Own Sweetheart -

Here is a cold rainy day spent in a quiet thoughtful manner, and a full day too. Church and rehearsal till one then a couple of hours at the office, and then reading. Pressed my clothes too - and all on a

Sunday.

See I haven't been out
in Society for more than
two weeks now. Two
notes and a telephone
call wanted to know where
I've been. When I get a
serious stroke on - and
when I want to study I
say good-bye to 'em all.
Then when I start to
get marse and grouchy -
I have to fly to it harder
than ever. When you get
here I won't need to be
so moody, because it will
be lots of fun for us to
play and study together.

I haven't thought about
war for some time now -
and have now decided that

the best stunt is
watchful waiting. a good
tip from Tech says that
technical men will be in
great demand when things
are better organized. I ~~st~~
w. advise that too.

Roberts told me tho' that
what ever I do he'd be
tickled to death to have
me back when I'm ready.

The only trouble is
he may be away then
too. a job is the
thing I worry about
least, and that in
the face of some
pretty tough plugging
in Los Angeles not
a long time ago.

Don't you worry,
Sneaky Sweetheart, we
are being ~~quite~~ guided
by a fairy that looks

to us always, and I'm
confident that our plans
are safe. Well work them
like they are ^{safe} at any
rate -

rate -
Good night now - I've
squeezed you tight to me,
and I'm whispering all those
things you like best to hear.
Surrendering with the kind
of kisses that leave their ~~sting~~
sting for days - x + x + x + x + x + x + x + x + x + x