

Nov 44

Tuesday
1020

Dearest Dottie,

Please excuse the paper and pencil, but I'm on the flight line now, and this is all I could get hold of.

Am I beat, in fact I'm the whole Victory Garden! Sunday night I got to bed about twelve o'clock. We've adopted a new system for night flying and Sunday we had a lecture on it giving us all the dope. And after drinking beer on the train all the way up here I know less about it now than I ever did. Last night I had my first chance to try it. These Cadets around here, - they won't listen to lectures, everyone was doing it wrong except me, but I still can't see how you can land a ship upside down. (Maybe I need some sleep - sleep? what's that?) I think we're finished night flying for this

months, thank God.

I hope you got some sleep Sunday night. No kiddin' Dottie, you've got to take it easy. What did you do last night? I meant to tell you to say hello to Bob for me, I'm sorry I didn't see him when he was home.

Boy, it was beautiful flying last night. Did you see that moon? (Seein' as you were out with Bob I hope you didn't) It was almost as bright as day. The Hudson was a thin silver band running between two strings of twinkling lights as far as you could see.

I called Mom last night. She thinks you're wonderful. Especially in that you don't drink or smoke. You're just the sweet innocent type I guess. Well you're sweet, anyway. Well hon, I'm off into the

"Wild blue Yonder." I've got to
shoot a stage this period, if I
can stay awake long enough.

I think about you always
now. How it is only Tuesday,
and I've got a Sunday hangover,
and it should be Friday,
and I wish it was Saturday
but it ain't, — it's Tuesday.
I'm going nuts, but I love you.

As ever

~~Wild~~

916 Judson Clark
Sydney's Class 45-47
Cadet Detach.
Stewart Field
Newburgh, N.Y.



Free!



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