March 28, 1942

Dear Bryant Laurie Clark,

I received your letter and cigarettes two days ago. Once again I thank you for your kind consideration.


From your letter it really sounds as though Bryant has changed. If everything you have been planned and I have to say you a word about the last of April in the first of May, of course, visiting at home.

A lot of things have happened since I last wrote to you. The biggest was that on March 6 I graduated and wore my commission and cap. After that I had a few day delays in route to travel ninety miles. By no means I had or could I get alone and back in time. Seems as though you need a priority to ride in an airplane commercial and army cargo. Very nice for those who have business with Washington but not me.

The weather out here? It is hot! Went snowing this afternoon. Water in...
the desert? Yes, they have a swimming pool in Tucson. Either that or you can play all the games in the show room, and let the shower run for a while.

I was sent here to study and learn dead reckoning & pilote navigation. I did okay in grade school but on my first navigation mission in Anacortes, I missed the town by 20 miles. Instructor say that’s average for the first time. However, I figure that if an African person misses an oasis by 20 miles, he’s a dead duck.

In four weeks I’ll be back in civilization again on the East Coast. Then an article in the April issue of “Reader’s Digest” named “Queenie Die Proudly” in that article there a phrase “about no chocolate as parts of Texas & New Mexico.” That’s where I am.

That’s about all for now.

Sincerely,

Sally.

Class of ’42

Sgt. John B. Sullivan, A.C.
160 Student Officer’s Detachment
C.H. A.F.
Carlsbad, N. M.