



Wednesday
1700

My Dear Bette,

It was good to hear
from you.

I didn't fly again today—
fog. That's four damned
days in a row so far
and I'm getting damned
sick of sittin' around on
my fuselage. God, I
get in a hell of a
mood when I don't fly.
Who is Hilda? Are

you talking about Hilda
Bianco? It sounds familiar.
What does she look like?

Did I ever meet her?

What about W.C., I mean
the date for her, or
whose ver is coming?

and honey will you
please tell me what
difference it makes what
kind of flowers I get
you. That's up to me
to decide. I think I'm
able to pick some that will
go with your dress all right.

Goodnight honey, give me
credit for a little initiative
and common sense.

Hawling, I've told you
what buses and trains there
are from atlanta, so
you do what you want
to do. I asked you
once to get down here
by wednesday but no,
Friday it was to be. So
why should I think anything
I'd say now would make
any difference. I'm leaving it



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all up to you, it doesn't
make any difference to me.
No - I don't mean that darling,
but I told you what I'd
like you to do, or what I
thought would be best when
I wrote you about the
business so what else am
I to do? Why write your
mother or mine; I told
you, that's all I think is
necessary. Honey you've got
a mind of your own, decide
for yourself.

Honey your wedding dress
sounds swell. I know I'll like
it, there's not one of your
dresses that I don't like.
Maybe it's because you're
in them.

Honey I do love you
so much, but sometimes you
think of the dumbest things.
I know they seem important,
but they're so simply solved.
They are important however
but some things are to be
decided by you and
some things by me. That's
the way it has to be
especially after we've married
when someday we might
be confronted with a real
problem. Naturally I expect
to make most of the
decisions after we've talked
it over, but in some cases,
like the one of the bus,
I can just tell you what
I think you should do,
and you have to decide.

Well darling, I've got to eat
now. I love you and still
miss you more than I'll even be
able to tell you. ~~that~~ I love you.
as ever, Fred

Free!



Alvin Eugene Clark 12220080
Sydon H. Pitt. G. Class 45-51
Spence Field
Wooltrics, Ga.