Dearest Dottie,

I just came back from the O.K. where I called you. I'm sorry you weren't home. I didn't think you would be. I planned to call later, but I'm flying again tonight.

I'm sorry I haven't written more this week, but with this night flying takes up all of the little sail time that I have. You've been swell about writing home. You have no idea how good it is to come crawling back from P.T. and find one of your letters on my bed, but did you ever try to read a letter in the shower? Have you got any waterproof ink? I hardly have time to
read them, much less write

Yeah, that's the song
"That could happen to them," or no;
"It could happen to me," well anyway.

I like it.

What are you doing these nights that you're not getting any sleep? Have you tried going to bed earlier or is it the lack of Ovaltine in your diet? Well maybe this weekend we can get in at a decent hour, 3:30 instead of four. I'm not promising anything now, but Saturday night I'm going to try to get tickets to a show in N.Y. I'll see if I can get a nice soft pillow for you to sit on.

Sorry Sunday is the 29th are we going to that wedding? I'd forgotten all about it. I'd like to go, I love weddings.

Well how, I've got to go to some lecture at a night flying school now. I'll see you Saturday, angel. In the meantime, stay super full.

All my love,