My Darling,

Sorry I couldn't write last night honey, but I was supposed to fly. We went out to the flight line last night to talk over last cross-country to the coast, but there were some thunderstorms in that area so we just sat around waiting for them to dissipate until eleven o'clock and then came back to the sack.

Today I got 3:15 in. It was a beautiful
day. There was a layer of pretty, cumulus clouds at about 4000' and I flew above them all afternoon. It was like a fairyland up there. Gee, I pity you landlubbers having to stay on the ground all the time. You don't know what you're missing. "Think, seconds over Tokyo" was a swell picture. You've just sent a couple of pictures like that. That's what we see is what the average public needs. Some people just don't realize that there's a war on. I guess, that there are men,
women, and children
dying at this very
moment, but little some
people ever feel it really
burns me up. Maybe
some day we'll loose a
war and teach some
of these characters what
suffering and hardship is.
I don't have any
transition here after
graduation, honey. Did I
tell you that? If I
did I didn't mean to
or you got the wrong
impression. No, I'll go
right to Texas from
here. That's pretty sure.
There used to be transition
here for single-engine men, but they cut it out.

Gosh honey, I sure do miss your letters even if it's only one day I don't get one. They sort of break up the day.

It seems so much longer when I don't hear from you. Your letters are really swell during, for someone who can't sing what she means in a letter you do O.K.

Honest honey you'll never know what your letters have meant to me these past weeks.

Mummy sent us $10.00 for a wedding present, she told me
to tell you and send you all her love and best wishes for happiness. It was damn nice of her. Why don't you drop her a line? She wants to hear from you. You can write her at 115-2 Quentin St. Brooklyn, 29, N.Y. U.S.M.S.T.S.

Mrs. F.G. Hallett.

Well I forgot all about sending Steve an announcement, of course I'll have to send him one and Tom Kennedy too. You know Steve's address and you can address Kennedy's the same
way minus the Bannack's number, I don't know that. With you made me think of a thousand other fellows but I don't know their addresses so—that's that. The list of 24/8 hours and P/O's should be up tomorrow. We're all sitting around biting our nails now. It's silly, I don't know that everybody is excited about if we wake second Soviet one wake it. I'm not excited—excited. (Poor right in here.)

Are you kiddin'? Honey this is the aim corps in which leaves are a thing of the imagination. The 15 days I get on the 11th will be
Why don't you all just rent a moving van to get down here; it would be a lot simpler.
A week from today you'll be leaving. It really doesn't seem possible.
C'mon I'll be glad to see you and hold you in my arms and kiss you again.
Dancing. It seems like years.
Here what's the matter with a transparent negligee, huh?
I guess you're just the modest type.
It doesn't make any

difference you'd look

nice in a burp bag

beautiful.

I love you angel and

miss you so much.

Only a dozen more
days honey.

Goodnight sweetheart

You have now and

always all my love

and devotion.

As ever

[Signature]

Miss Dorothy Siz

& Brookside Ave.

Pelham, N.Y.

New York