

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.

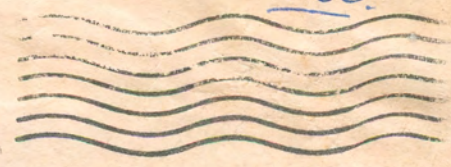
As ever

~~Wild~~

916 Judson Clark  
Sydney's Class 45-47  
Cadet Detach.  
Stewart Field  
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Free!



Miss Dorothy Sit  
8 Brookside Ave.  
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