Dearest Dottie,

Well, at last it's Friday and by the time you get this it will be Monday and I'll be starting a new week of about a dozen instead of the usual seven days.

It's worse being so close to you, and not being able to see you. So new and yet so far. And the time we do have together is so damned short.

There's nothing much I can tell you because I'll probably tell you everything I did this week on Saturday. But I have been busy, at least the first part of the week, and
I must say I've been pretty good about writing. I didn't write last night because Steve and myself got to talking to some people over at the P.K. after I called you, and it was ten before I knew it. It was swell talking to you now, you sound like you had a cold, and that's not good. Oh, by the way my chapped lips are better temporarily. It must be the cold weather in New York, (it says here). Well how, I'm C.Q. today I've got to go get the mail. Hope there's a letter for me. I love you and still miss you. Give my best to your family.

As ever
A/C Johnson, Clerk
Sydney 5 Class 45-A
Cadet Assignment
Stewart Field, N.Y.

Miss Dorothy Six
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