Wednesday
1/700

Dearest Dottie,

Please excuse the paper, honey, but this is all I’ve got, the end of the month you know. Well, tomorrow’s payday, thank goodness.

Darling, I love you. Gosh just as I wrote that they found the cannon for retreat. That’s the kind of an ovation I like. You see, you rate around here,

Beautiful.

Steve won’t be able to make it this weekend, he’s not allowed to have anyone take over for him, so he’ll be too late. Anyway, I don’t like double dates anymore, although when I’m with you, I don’t know or care who’s around.

When we’re together, honey, it’s like a dream, and you’re the only one in it.

It’s just good to be with
you, Nottie, and I never felt
about any other girl that way.
There always seemed to be
an ulterior motive for my
being with anyone else. With
you it's just that I love you,
and I want to be near you.
I know that no matter how
long we've together or apart it
will always be that way—always.
Tonight Steve and I and
a bunch of the boys are
going to the movies to
see "Frenchman's Creek." The
band is going to play tonight
too. It's a swell outfit; they
have Don Cornell, who used to
be with Sammy Kaye, Ron a
vocalist. He's pretty good.
I'm glad the pictures
are ready. Where are you
going to have the ones taken
Thursday night?
Friday, I won't get off until around five or later, the way things look now it will probably be later for we might take that cruise country to Williamsport that afternoon. I'll get home as soon as possible, darling, and call you when I do.

Donnie must have died a horrid death, but it's better that way, than being a prisoner of the Japanese. I don't think I'd ever let them take me prisoner. You have no idea dealing with fanatics they are, they just don't seem human, do they? That's why it's going to take a long time to beat them. But we will darling, and everything that it has cost us in blood, sweat, and tears will be worth
Always remember that honey. What's this surprise you have for me this weekend? Christmas isn't here yet, angel. You're so sweet, and I love you so much.

Today I flew instruments for an hour and a quarter, then the ship began to ice up so we were forced back to the field. This weather is really bad now. It's snowing up here. I feel that every flake that falls could mean another minute that we've apart, and we have so little time left. Just three weekends and Christmas, but we're feeling we have that, I guess.

Give my best to your family, honey. I love you more every day. My duties...

All my love, [Name]