Dear 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. Gross just as I wrote that they fixed 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 Dottie, and I never felt about any other girl that way. There always seemed to be an ulterior motive for me 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 been 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, for 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 Cross
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 horrible 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 has cost us in blood,
sweat, and tears will be worth
it. 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 lucky we have that, I guess.

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

All my love, [name].