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 take our 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 shack.

Today I got 3:15 in. It was a beautiful
day. There was a layer of puffy cumulous clouds at about 4000' and I flew above them all afternoon. It was like a fairyland up there. See I pity you land lubbers having to stay on the ground all the time, you don't know what you're missing.

"Thinky Seconds Over Tokyo" was a swell picture. You've got money in a couple of pictures like that or 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 say 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.

At Nanny 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 darn nice of her. Why don't you drop her a line she wants to hear from you. You can write her at: 115. L Quentin St. Brooklyn, 29, N.Y. U.S.M.S.T.S. Mrs. F. G. Hallett.

Wish 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 Bannocks number, I don't know that. Brush upon make me think of a thousand other fellows but I don't know their addresses so—that's that.

The list of 2nd hours and Plo'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 Susie we wake it. I'm not excited—excited—excited.

(Poor light in here.)

Aren't 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
only one and only,
(besides you, baby).

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. Aush, I'll be
glad to see you and
hold you in my arms
and kiss you again
launting. It seems like years.

What's the matter
with a transparent
nefrogee, huh?
I guess you're just
the modest type.
It doesn't make any
difference you'd look
nice in a burlesque 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


Miss Dorothy Sitz
Southwood Ave.
Ridgewood, N.J.

New York