My Darling,
This place is getting better every day. Reveille was at seven this morning instead of the usual six, but that won’t last long when we start flying.

Today we had sort of a physical exam to clear us for flying; height, weight, and other stuff. I got by at 5'11 3/4" by sort of kneeling on the scales, but I’ve lost about eight pounds since I’ve been at Stewart.

Then we signed a few papers and had sacktime for the rest of the morning, so I’m catching up on my sleep, anyhow, before the real grind starts.
This afternoon they took some pictures for our W.D.F.G.A. forms whatever they are. And then more sad time. Something must be wrong, I can't understand it. This field is supposed to be the toughest school in the East, but so far it's O.K. with me.
The food's not bad, but the barracks are dump as hell, nothing like Stewart. They're all temporary buildings painted a sickly green. The whole field looks like a dump.

We have rooms with three in each, so that's not too bad.

Gee, how, I got a letter from you today, that you wrote on Thursday the 19th. Good it was swell to hear from you. Eatin'. It made me very homesick, you talked about seeing me Friday or Saturday and going Christmas shopping. Being up at Stewart just seems
like a dream now. It sure was wonderful to be able to see you every weekend. But maybe, honey, in a few weeks it will be every day—gosh that seems to good to be true.

It was so hard to leave you Friday, honey. You looked so swell that day and were so sweet at the station. Remember you said that you wanted to say so much at the station but couldn't. Well darling what you said I'll never forget just— I love you. You've said it before I know how, but the way you told me then was different. You're wonderful darling and I love you so much, I wish
I could only tell you.
A week ago tonight was Christmas; it doesn't seem possible. We were at Nannie's; remember? That was a wonderful week. Oh, by the way, darling, happy New Year. This was the first New Year's Eve when I was in bed at 12 o'clock, I hope it will be the last. I guess you were in bed too though, if you were still in the hospital. I hope you were alright.
Gosh it will be wonderful to be married won't it now?
This place has a real sharp cadet club. A big place with modern furniture, indirect lighting and two
huge fireplaces. I sure wished you were here when I was sitting in front of the fire with Tom today.

You ought to hear us call he talks about is Janet & all I talk about is you. But you're so wonderful to talk about it's sort of a one sided conversation darling. I love you so, my darling.

We're due to graduate on March 11th, that's a Sunday. I won't fly P-40's until after graduation, and we stay here for that and fly off an auxiliary field. The last class got 10 days leave after graduation, I hope we get that much. I'll be able to find out more
about it when H-H-K graduates in February.

I don't know when we'll start flying. We haven't been issued any equipment yet. I think we get it tomorrow and start around Thursday or Friday. I get 70 hours here in the AT-6, and then about 50 more transition in the P-40 after graduation. I hope you'll be able to come down here then. Our P. Grad. course is about five weeks, and I can make arrangements for you before I leave for home and then you could come back down with me. Is that O.K. now? That is, angel, if I graduate. I know I can make it though, if I try hard enough.
It means so much more to
me now, because of you, darling.

This pen is swell, hun,
it's just the kind of a
point I like, not too fine
and not too blunt. You've
got excellent taste, angel.

Everytime I use it someone
remarks about it. It really
is very stunning but look
who gave it to me. I love
you so.

Say, this is getting
to be quite a long letter
for me. For both sakes,
I must be in love.

See how, I sure am.

Everytime I look at this
pen I think of what you
said about it being guaranteed
forever. I don't think I'll
ever want my money back
on that guarantee. Do't tell
me hon, do you change 35 & for mailing and insurance?

Well darling, I'm going to hit the sack. I love you darling and think of you always. We ought to have a certain time to think about each other. What about eleven o'clock (A.M.) I remember before I left you asked what I'd be doing at 11 Saturday. I thought about you then, and have everyday at that hour. I don't know why. That sounds kinda silly. I guess but I'm a hell of a sentimentalist, and I'm awfully in love.

I miss you darling. Take care of your sweet self and give me best to Ma 'n' Pa.

P.S. Enclosed is something from our collection of souvenirs. This was where I had a Scotch in Savannah.
Miss Dorothy Sik
Brookside Ave.
New York

Hotel De Soto
DE SOTO BEACH CLUB HOTEL - SAVANNAH BEACH, GA.
HOTEL SEMINOLE - JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
HOTEL PATYEN - CHATTANOOGA, TENN.