

Sept. 29, 1943

Darling, ← Don't faint.

I'm ready to go to bed, but I'm not the least bit sleepy. Bernice and my mother are out at a swimming party that the U.S.O. are giving. I didn't feel like going, so I went to two movies tonite with my dad. There was a double feature in the one movie. That's another reason why I'm so wide awake. The two pictures I saw tonite were about japs and just a couple scenes had something to do with girls ^{that were} being raped etc. It was terrible. Now I'm afraid I'll dream about it. All I can say is, there's too many horrible things in this world to suit me. (Enough of this).

I'm still going to business-school. I still don't know what

I'm doing in filing. It's all Greek to me. I like typing alot. All I need is speed.

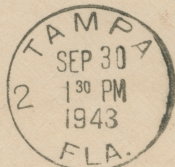
I'm so darn sick of this low "crummy" room. Money doesn't mean a thing anymore. Boy, and I thought I had it terrible in Reading, but this place beats it. I'm not giving up tho! We have a slim chance of getting a furnished apartment, next week. At least it'll be better than where I'm staying at now.

My mother wants to know why you stopped writing to her. She has talked so very much of you since I came to Tampa.

Well, the rest of this screwy family came home and since I'm at the very edge of this paper, I'll just end it here.

I wish I could see you soon. I really do miss you. -Good nite Richard. Love,
Lita

Rita Sherwin
46 New. Del.
Tampa, Fla.



A/C. Richard A. Boudman

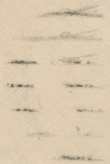
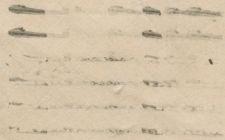
74th Flying Squadron Detachment, McBride, Missouri
74th Flying Squadron Detachment, cl. 44-D

AAFDFS (pilot)

MAXWELL Field, ALA.

74th Flying Training Detachment, McBride, Missouri

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