

This condolence letter written by Gordon Dennis. Glenn and Gordon were very close friends for many years. Gordon was inducted on the same day as Glenn, but they went separate ways after basic training.

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From: P.F.C. Gordon Dennis – 267 A.A.F. Base Unit, section II – Ft. Sumner, New Mexico  
To: Mr. and Mrs. Perry Whitacre  
Date: September 27, 1944 – Wednesday nite

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Dear Folks

I guess you think I'm a good one don't you? Here it has been two months since I was home and I'm just now writing to you. The reason I haven't written to you sooner is because I didn't know how. Any other time I would have written in a minute but since I heard about Glenn I was afraid to write. I knew that if I'd write, I'd just make you feel worse than what you already felt. I've started different letters to you and after I read them over, I tore them up. I never had trouble writing letters before but this time I just didn't know how. I do hope you understand.

When I received the letter from mother telling me about Glenn it just knocked me for a loop. I was going around in circles. I couldn't believe it. However, I've always felt that even tho' things look bad, he is safe and okay. I just know he is. I have prayed for his safety every nite and I know our prayers are not in vain. I feel bad that Glenn is over there in it like that, and here I am over here as safe as a baby. I wish so many times I could go over and do my part over there but my wishes just never come true.... yet (I still have hopes).

Here in New Mexico, where I am now, is about the most desolate place in the U.S. Closest town is over 100 miles from here. I have been here nearly five weeks now and haven't left the base. We are busy here training pilots and more pilots. From here they go overseas. We have all fighter planes. However everyday we have several B-24, B-17, and B-29 bombers come over from interception.

As far as the base is concerned here, it is nice. We have a nice theatre, service club, and PX and best of all a large well-equipped gym. I really make use of that gym in my spare time. I'm playing on our squad football team. In fact, I'm the Capt. of the team. We had our first game last night and won 32 – 6, so I'm rather proud of my team 'cause we beat a cocky bunch.

I bought myself a dog a couple weeks ago. He is a red cocker spaniel, and he is a very good, well-mannered dog. The fellows are crazy about him, he sort of acts like a mascot to our squadron. His name is G. I. It is getting late and is nearly time for the lights to be out so I think I will sign off. This is a short letter, but it is the best I can do now. I hope you folks are all doing fine, and I want you to know I am thinking of you.

Bye Now

Love Gordon



U. S. AIR CORPS

Wednesday Night  
Sept. 27, 1944

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