



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Thursday
1645

Dearest Pottie,

I just came back from the D.X. where I called you. I'm sorry you weren't home, I didn't think you would be. I planned to call later, but I'm flying again tonight.

I'm sorry I haven't written more this week but ~~with~~ this night flying takes up all of the little sack time that I have. You've been swell about writing home. You have no idea how good it is to come crawling back from P.T. and find one of your letters on my bed, but did you ever try to read a letter in the shower? Have you got any waterproof ink? I hardly have time to

read them, much less write.

Yeah, that's the song
"That could happen to them," er, no;
"It could happen to me," well anyway
I like it.

What are you doing these
nights that you're not getting
any sleep? Have you tried
going to bed early or
is it the lack of ovaltine
in your diet? Well maybe
this weekend we can get
in at a decent hour, <sup>(decent, decent
decent, decent
how the hell do you
spell that?)</sup> 3:30 instead of four. I'm

not promising anything now,
but Saturday night I'm
going to try to get tickets
to a show in N.Y. I'll

see if I can get a nice
soft pillow for you to sit on.

Say, Sunday is the 29th
are we going to that wedding?
I'd forgotten all about it. I'd
like to go, I love weddings.

Well hon, I've got to go to
some lecture ~~at~~ on night flying
safety now. I'll see you Saturday
angel. In the meantime, stay sober
all my love Julia