



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Thursday
1900

Dearest Dottie,

A lot of things have happened since I saw you last, how.

after working like a fiend most of Sunday evening on my cross country to Pennsylvania, I find out Monday morning, fifteen minutes before I take off, that I'm going to Hartford. Conn, and from there to Albany N.Y. How I ever got there I'll never know. a "boy named Joe" was in the back seat that trip all night.

On the Hartford to Albany leg I passed over Sheffield, Mass. where Bill's farm is. I looked for

it, but one farm looks just like another from 10,000' feet. How this plane gets around, though. I was in three different states, & covered 300 miles in an hour and forty-five minutes. What a ship!

~~Today~~ Last night I started night flying. That's why I didn't write.

Today I had my instrument check, and passed it O.K. It wasn't so hard.

You ~~asked~~ wanted to give me something for luck. Well now, you've all the luck I need. You've done O.K. so far.

I don't know what we can do this weekend. I just had a look at my financial status, and it doesn't look so good. This is the end of the month,



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you know. I'll call you Thursday.

So you're finally going riding. I can see that mob of girls on horses.

God, I can't write in this mad house. I am at the present in the "Quiet" room. And except for two radios, a couple of hot arguments and the gentle murmuring of about twenty fellow cadets it's very peaceful. So please excuse this screwy letter.

Whenever I start to write you, it seems that I've got thousands of things to tell you, but when I start to write, all I can think of is how much I miss you, or how long this week will

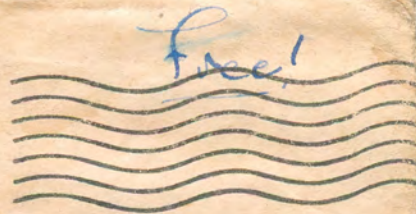
be; and what you're doing
now, etc. Oh, ain't love grand.

Keep writing honey, I'll
try to write every day,
but this week I will be flying
every other night.

I miss you like the devil
darling, and think about you
always. Give my best to
your family. Goodnight
sweetheart.

All my Love,
Ludd

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