Dearest Dottie,

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

After working like a friend 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 right.

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, it 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 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.
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
med house. I am at the
present in the "Quiet" room.
And except for two radios,
a couple of hot arguments
and the gentle mourning of
about twenty fellow cadets
it's very peaceful, so please
excuse this screened 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 everyday,
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,

[Signature]

A/C Judson Clark
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Miss Dorothy Sut
8 Brookside Ave.
Pellham, 65
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