



STEWART FIELD  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Wednesday  
1130

Dearest Pottic,

No flying today. Good old mother Nature finally came through with some luscious thick fog so we got some sack time this morning.

This letter is going to be devoted to answering questions (for a change).

Now first, about Woody's date. I spoke to Steve Fisher, the fellow I was talking to you about, and he's got town this weekend so he won't get off. I also spoke to Tom Kennedy, the fellow you saw at the station with the "nice eyes" - ~~man~~! He's got a date this weekend, he thinks he might be getting



engaged, anyhow. So he's out.  
I don't think Tom Bent would  
be the guy for Woody either.  
And most of the other fellows  
I know are married, but I'll  
see if I can get somebody.

Says Harry James is at  
the Meadow Brook, I'd like to  
see him, maybe we could  
get out there this weekend,  
would you like to, honey? I hope  
you know how to get there.

You were very sweet to  
want me to bring my mother  
along Saturday night, but  
listen Sweetheart, I see her  
on Saturday afternoon's and  
Sunday, I know she doesn't  
mind my going out, she  
was young and in love once, too.  
and now since she has met you  
she'll understand even better.

Oh, and by the way, I am  
in love. I don't know who  
I'm trying to kid by  
saying you're just a "good





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friend," if I thought of  
my good friends the way  
I do you I'd be in one  
hell of a mess. You made  
me love you, darling, I  
can't help that. I've thought  
I was in love many times  
before, and I always talked  
myself out of it. In this  
case I've talked, and talked  
but it's no use. You asked  
me why I don't want to  
get too serious. Well as  
far as I'm concerned it's  
too serious already, darling.  
I don't think it's fair to  
you or me either, what with  
this war, and things as  
they are. And also I'm  
not the type of guy that  
will let himself get in too



deep. I wouldn't hurt you for  
the world Potties, but I believe  
in being frank and not  
keeping anything from each other.  
That's one reason why I love  
you so much, because that's the  
way you are. And another  
thing, I don't like playing  
second, or is it third fiddle,  
I still don't see how you  
can love three guys at once.  
I never understood women  
anyway.

So that's how it stands,  
darling. I love you with  
all my heart, but it's against  
my better judgement. My  
instructor says my judgement  
isn't very good, though.

Well now I've got to go  
to chow now. You take it easy  
this week and get some sleep.  
I still miss you, and count the  
hours until I will see you.  
I love you — *Judd*