



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Friday
1600

Dearest Dottie,

Well, at last it's Friday, and by the time you get this it will be Monday, and I'll be starting a new week of about a dozen instead of the usual seven days.

It's worse being so close to you, and not being able to see you. So near and yet so far. And the time we do have together is so damned short.

There's nothing much I can tell you, because I'll probably tell you everything I did this week on Saturday. But I have been busy, at least the first part of the week, and

I must say I've been pretty good about writing. I didn't write last night because Steve and myself got to talking to some WACs over at the P.X. after I called you, and it was ten before I knew it. It was swell talking to you. Now, you sounded like you had a cold, and that's not good. Oh, by the way, my chapped lips are better, temporarily. It must be the cold weather in New York, (it says here).

Well hon, I'm C.O. today. I've got to go get the mail. Hope there's a letter for me. I love you and still miss you. Give my best to your family.

As ever
Ludd

4/C Judson Clark
Squad 5 class 45-A
Cadet Detachment
Stewart Field, N.Y.



Miss Dorothy Dix
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Pelham, 65
New York