



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Wednesday
1810

Dearest Pottie,

This will have to be short and sweet, (well short anyway) now. We've got some operational night tactics tonight from around 6:30 until about three this morning.

I got your long letter today written on Monday it was swell darling.

You're doing pretty well having only told two people by Monday. I'd like to shoot it from the rooftops. It all seems so unreal, like a dream, but I guess that's love.

I said you can plan the wedding, darling, but I would like to get married around seven thirty or eight in the evening, does that suit you?

I can't imagine anything more

givesome than getting married
at ten in the morning, I'd
be half a sleep

Now, if you don't think you'll
see that fellow in the air corps
(I wish you'd tell me his name,
you told me once but I forgot it)
before he goes overseas, you'd
better write him. Does he still
love you? That's important. If
he doesn't you could write him
anyways, but if he does Dottie,
don't, - until you're sure you
won't see him: I'm putting
myself in his place, and I know
how he would feel.

Listen sweetheart, after the
war there would be only one
person I'd be dating whether
I'm married to her or not.
But what about you? You're
the one that's going to be
left home, while I'm galavantin'
around the country. ^(that's while the war is on) I want you
to realize that darling. You'll
be Mrs. Judson Clark (gosh
that sounds wonderful) & you
might get awful lonesome.



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There's something I should explain about that first night, hon. I told you then that I loved you, and I did; but I was able to talk myself out of it during the weeks that followed. I really did mean it darling, it was no line, but I didn't realize how much ~~I really~~ you really did mean to me then, consequently I passed it off as "good friendship." But things have changed since then, I know now that I love you with all my heart darling, like I never loved anything else, not even jellybeans!

Well angel, the week is half gone, now the days will begin to grow longer & longer.

Thursday and Friday are
the worst, then Saturday &
Sunday seem like a few hours.
We have so little time together.
And I wish this war was over,
maybe it won't be too much
longer.

I miss you, darling
Give my love to your mother,
my best to your Dad.
I love you -

As ever

Edith