



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Sunday
2000

Darling

This was supposed to be the longest weekend I've had, but to me it seemed like the shortest. Time is

one thing we never seem to have enough of, darling. Won't it seem funny after the war when we won't have to watch clocks, or hurry to trains?

I hated to leave today darling. You looked so lovely. As ~~you~~ usual I fell in love with you all over again this weekend, but this time it was something different.

Something I can't explain, how.

I loved you so much Friday I didn't think I could love you anymore, but I do, a thousand times more,

I feel we've much closer
now, than we've ever been.
Honey in a way it's good
that I've only got four
weeks left. March is a
long way off.

Darling I was going
to make this a long letter
tonight, but I just found
out that there is going to
be an emergency air raid
drill at nine tonight,
so I'll have to cut it short.

Steve sends his best
to you and Woody he'll
write Woody tomorrow.

I love you darling,
more than I ever thought
I could love anyone. Please
take care of your sweet
self, and stay off that ankle
until it's better.

Give my best to your
wonderful mother + father. And
for their daughter - a thousand kisses,
a heartfelt of love. Always ever fondly
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