



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Monday
1930

Dearest Dottie,

I'm sorry I couldn't write
you longer letter last night,
honey. We were ^{worse} with that
air raid drill until after
taps. And before I forget
to tell you, angel, don't tell
anyone about it will you.

That's just the sort of stuff
that starts these crazy rumors
about the V-3's, or air raids
on New York, you know what
I mean. And don't you
worry about it, honey, it
was just a routine drill,
we've had them before.

Today was a beautiful
day. I flew Instruments
for two hours this morning,
knocking off some of the
extra time I've got to get
in the next three weeks.

The latest rumor going around
now is that we'll get off
the 23rd regardless of whether
we've gotten the required
extra thirty hours in or not,
but it's strictly a rumor.

In the coming they fly
trick and fact. Another
one has it that we're going
to Kansas for advanced,
but that's strictly stuff.

No one knows where we're
going, but I imagine we'll
stay in the East. Gosh

I hope it's not too far
away from you, darling,
it's bad enough being only
fifty miles away.

I'm glad Woody can
make it this weekend.

I don't know what time
I'm getting off Saturday
but the ground display
is open at nine in the
morning so I imagine I'll
have all Saturday off.



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If I do you can come
up early. When I find
out I'll call Mom, and she
can get in touch with you.

I sure hope this week
goes fast and doesn't drag
like the last one. That was
the worst yet. The more
I see of you, how, the longer
the time seems that we're
apart; the shorter it seems
when we're together.

Did you go to work
today? I hope your ankle
is better, how. You should
have stayed off of it this
weekend, you've got to take
it easy with something like
that. I can just see me
trying to keep you in
bed on a weekend. Hum-
come to think of it, sounds like

a pretty good job to me, -
er. how's your cold?

Well darling, I've got
some homework to do, I'd
like to write all night, sweetheart,
but Uncle Sam doesn't think
I ought to.

I love you darling more
than any amount of the
words in my limited vocabulary
could ever tell you. You're
just too sweet + wonderful
to ~~be~~ be true, and I
still say I'm the luckiest
guy in the world.

Give my best to everyone.
I love you and miss you
terribly, angel. Goodnight -

Ludd