



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Monday
1930

Dearest Dottie,

Gosh I miss you, honey
as usual, twice as much as
last week.

It's funny darling but
everytime I go up in a
plane it's a hell. Even
if I had about a thousand
hours it would be the same,
I'd love it all the more.

And that's the way with you
darling everytime I see you,
every time I kiss you, I
love you all the more. I
never thought I could love ~~you~~
anyone as much as I love
you, my darling. There's
only one trouble, I see too
much of flying, and not
enough of you.

It's snowing like hell
up here now, it looks like it's
going to stick, too. I hope
we have a white Christmas.
I can't remember one Christmas
on which it's been snowing
on which (man-what grammar)

I flew this afternoon for
an hour and forty minutes,
that leaves me just forty-five
minutes to go, I ought to
finish that tomorrow, if the
snow's not too bad.

We've got our C.O. working
on the delay en route now.

He's royally P.O.'d about
the deal we've been getting,
'cause Cochran Field got
delays, so maybe he'll get
results. He should, he's a
Colonel. If we can get
it, that will give me about
seven days. You know how
we've only had one whole



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day together, and that
was spent working around
New York. If I get a lot
of time, I'd like to go homeback
riding sometime, or would
it be too cold? With me
home, I guess a horse is
all I could have to get around
on. That will really cramp
my style. I wonder if
they have any two seaters,
with a heater and a radio,
huh?

However, are you going
to wait until after Christmas
to get a job? I wish you
would because if I do get
some time off you wouldn't

have to work, and also
I think you should take it
easy and lay some sack
time (solo!) for a couple
of days, after I leave.
And now, go to the doctor's
this week, please. There's
nothing wrong with you
of course darling, but
a check-up now and then
never hurts.

You're very sweet darling.
I love you. I love you in a
way that I can never describe.
Like I love anything beautiful,
anything sweet. You're everything
I've ever wanted, Dottie.
I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

I love you—

All my Love
Judd

P.S.—I gave Dottie the \$2.00.—I love you.

W. D. Jackson Clark
Sydney 3 class 45-A
Cadet Det. Stewart Field

BURGH