



STEWART FIELD  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Thursday  
2030

Dearest Nottie,

What a mad day  
this has been. I flew  
two hours this morning,  
then went to ground  
school. Then in the afternoon,  
more ground school, P.T.,  
an end session with the  
link trainer, a bite to  
eat then the toughest two  
hours I <sup>ever</sup> spent in the air.  
Tonight from six 'til  
eight I was flying dual  
instruments with my  
instructor. It's O.K. with  
me to fly instruments,  
but when you're doing it  
to save your neck it's  
something different. About  
seven we were cruising  
around up near Albany



when it started to snow,  
and I mean snow! I  
could hardly see the wingtips,  
just a red & green blur  
where the lights were. So  
about that time my jolly  
companion decides it's time  
to go home, so we got  
on the beam and started,  
along with everything else.  
The damned ship began to  
ice up, the carburetor included,  
the lights in my cockpit  
went out, and precipitation  
static (caused by the friction  
of the snow on the plane) blanked  
out the radio. And to make  
it worse, I had to go so  
bad my back teeth were  
floating. My God what a  
trip. But we made it.

I've got 22 hours and  
five minutes of the extra  
thirty now, and if we keep  
flying like we have been, I'll





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be through around Tuesday  
and maybe they'll let us off  
early for Christmas.

I'll probably fly again  
tomorrow night since I need  
some more instrument time.  
I'm sore of flying all day  
Saturday, we're going to  
try to run off that Cross  
Country if the weather's good.  
And if it isn't, I'll fly  
Sunday. If I do I'll  
call you, as you know darling.  
(Can you read my writing?  
I can't)

O.K. hon, you don't have  
to wear your hair up, but  
sometime I want to see  
you with it up. I know  
I'd like it that way, but I  
guess I'd like it anyway



you wore it. I love you  
darling.

I got a letter from Don  
today. He wished us both  
~~very much~~ a lot of happiness,  
and sent his best to you,  
honey. He's in North Carolina  
now, also he's a P.F.C. He  
expects to go overseas in  
about three or ~~four~~ <sup>five</sup> weeks.  
He's leaving from the ~~Pacific~~ West  
Coast, so that means the Pacific  
I guess. It's too bad he  
couldn't have gotten home for  
Christmas. He was quite surprised  
to hear about us, naturally. I  
think he's always liked you  
hon, but how could he help  
it.

Say hon, when you write  
Bob again, ~~say~~, say hello  
to him for me. I'm looking  
forward to seeing him around  
Christmas.

Steve seems to think a lot  
(please excuse this letter hon)  
what a mess.



III



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of Woody. I don't know  
~~what~~ whether he's madly  
in love with her, I don't  
know him well enough, but  
he talks about her a lot, and  
wants to see her this weekend,  
that should prove something.

It's pretty nice to be in  
love with you too darling, except  
when I'm trying to concentrate  
on anything except you, or  
when I'm trying to write  
to you, it's hard not to  
tell you every other line how  
wonderful, sweet, and lovely  
you are, or how much I  
love you, my darling.

Well angel, I've got to  
stop writing now, and be  
content with just thinking  
about you, (for a change).



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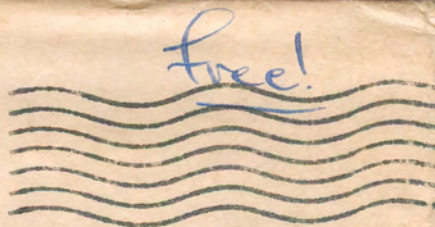


I love you, darling, I'll  
always love you with all my  
heart. I miss you terribly  
and think of you always.

I love you —

L. J. Clark

W. J. Clark  
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