



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 mad session with the
link trainer, a bite to
eat then the toughest two
hours I ^{ever} 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 see 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
some time 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 ~~two~~ ^{four} 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.

111



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

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 —

Ludd

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