



STEWART FIELD
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Sunday
1530

Dear Mom,

Well here I am at Spence Field,
and is this place a dump.

Tom & I hitchhiked from
Savannah last night and after
a real ride to a small town
south of here in the fog, and
after two flats, we made it.
Got in about 1030 this morning.

Gee I miss you honey, it was
really hell to leave Friday it
reminded me of that Monday
I left in October '43

The trip down was awful.
The train was mobbed as
usual, but I hustled a seat,
couldn't sleep though. I've still
got the scotch, the wasn't even
a dining car on the load much
less a club car. I had my
first meal today since Friday.
This place really looks like a

rough deal, plenty of chicken
all around, especially at the flight line.
The food is good though, so
far. We live in a two story
barracks divided off into rooms
with three in a room. I don't
know when we start flying,
which, by the way will be all
in AT-6's, no P-40's. So
that means 70 more hours
in that ship. I'll have almost
200 in it when I'm through.

The washouts down here are
very high, around 50%, and
half of the lucky ones that get
through, are flight officers, but
that doesn't make any difference
to me, all I want are those wings.

We'll be restricted for the
next two weeks so I won't
see this town, but from
what I have it's a killer.
Every thing folds up about



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East Jesus

nine o'clock, that is what
there is to fold. Well anyhow
I'll save money.

I've still got \$5.00 worth
of meal tickets, too. The
first open post I get I'm
going to town and blow me to
a good meal, on Uncle Sam.

Did ace make it o.k.?
let me know his address and
how he likes it.

Give my love to Bobby +
Man for me, and thank Bob
again for all she did, she's
really marvelous. And so are
you my dearest Mom. I love
you with all my heart and
think of you constantly. A thousand
kisses from -
Your devoted son
Bud