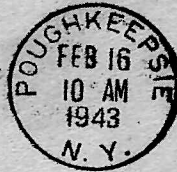


CSK → G-TK 19430216

Love letter. Concerned CDK  
doesn't know abt this neg. w/  
Peggy. Aech: GDK all knows  
w: bly Oakes's future husband  
also at Ft. Sill. CSK not  
impressed. Difficultly talking  
on phone.



Gordon T. Kinder  
& F. A.  
Fort Sill  
Oklahoma

309 RAYMOND HOUSE

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York

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Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York

Gordon my darling -

I have just talked to you and there were two freshmen standing outside the booth quite intrigued by my getting a call from Oklahoma, so I couldn't shout I love you, but you know it. I always come upstairs again with the biggest grin imaginable when I've talked to you - it's impossible to wipe it off. So this time I bumped into a girl who made great comments about it - I just grinned merrily back at her and went dashing on

upstairs. I love you. The beautiful valentine you sent me is more or less on its last legs, so I've unwrapped the ribbons and put it in a wonderful oval glass dish which is perfect for it - it'll last several more days this way.

It seems to me I discussed my new Pollyanna attitude of come what may in my yesterday's letter. Let's not worry any more about what's coming but let it come - I approve of your new - or renewed - policy of getting back into the social life of F.S. There's only one thing that still worries me & I'll just mention it this time.

309 RAYMOND HOUSE

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York

That's the fact that you haven't told your mother anything. I know how you felt in Wheeling and Bridgeport, and all that darling, but she's your mother and should by rights be the first to know. You of course know her as an individual and so can judge it that way, but I'm a woman and I know that she'd be awfully hurt if she knew that we were both as sure as we are and hadn't told her. Also the fact that Peggy and Arch and your father knew first, before she did. I don't know why I should worry about it, because I'm pretty well

satisfied with your judgment, you know. It's just that I don't want anything to happen that might make your mother be against us as a pair - and I don't know whether telling her or not telling her would do that.

Enough of this. The moon is bright & the night is fiendishly cold and I need you to keep me warm. Libby is busy writing a letter to Fort Sill too. From now on there's going to be difficulty with our mailbox because this lad who just graduated from Princeton & is now training at Sill is quite interested in our Libby. I've only met him a couple of times and naturally don't think him nearly good enough for her, but she says he grows on you. Then, too, of

309 RAYMOND HOUSE

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York

course, there's always Jack and Libby to be remembered. In case you should run into your Vassar mail-box-mate, his name is Bob Oakleaf, O.C.S. #64, Cloister Inn, Princeton '43. You and he might find quite a lot in common - especially since Libby just confessed that every time Bob wondered about this, that, or the other thing to do with Silo, she had been able to answer him from bits I had told her out of your letters. She hastened to add that she had said nothing of personal relations - nothing

that she shouldn't. This is  
Sun, both of us sitting here  
writing to Bill. I'm betting that  
in a minute Lib will say "Carry,  
do you have an airmail stamp  
I could borrow?" You're very

nice and I like you lots  
especially on couches. There isn't  
enough of you on telephones,  
but I do manage to get quite  
a glow from talking to you.

I wish I could always hear all  
you say: It's loud enough, it's  
just that the words run  
into each other. Maybe you  
don't enunciate clearly enough.

Take dictation. I love you. You  
didn't tell me that tonight.  
Am I to take it that you  
don't? What a horrible thought!



No - you implied that you wanted to marry me, so I guess you're still willing to put up with me. If I can make allowances for hair on the chest and now on the head, no neck but six clins, hair on the Back? and all your other frightful attributes I guess you ought to be able to stand a snoot-faced, pock-marked, bushful, unpoised, long ribbed, (and large elsewhere) unattractive frozen, semi-redhead - at least for a while. I do hope so. I refuse to plan for June 1944. I refuse to plan one minute ahead. I mustn't let myself dream - too much. Then

things will be that much  
more wonderful when they happen.

Gracious me I'm on page 8, and  
these are Big sheets of paper.

This will never do. Don't you  
get bored with my telling you I  
love you? I do it night and

day, so you must. I don't,  
though. My nose itched all

this weekend, but I just said  
to it "Now, go on and itch because

I'm saving myself for one fool

who ain't aroned, and you'd  
better just keep on itching till

June, July, or whenever I see  
him again." So it kept on itching

and will demand quite a bit of  
attention when next we meet. I

refuse to go on to page nine. It's  
late. I'm sleepy. I love you.

Good night, darling. Wait till I get  
upstairs to turn out the light. Kiss me  
quick and go back to the Chaffins. It still itches.