

Godson darling,

I've just come back from sending you a telegram and inhaling vile stuff at the infirmary. My voice didn't leave me till late last night, and then only partially. This morning I had a whistling voice and this afternoon all I have is a whisper. I'd hoped by inhaling several times today I'd be able to talk by tonight, but so far no luck. Now if my voice returns & you don't call I'll be a very unhappy girl. If it doesn't and you do, I'll hold the receiver & hear you & Lib will say into the mouthpiece what I whisper to her. What complications.

Yesterday afternoon I got a special delivery from Peggy all excited about July and everything. She asked me for a picture for the Wharfedale paper - which of course I don't leave - and

the copy for the announcement - which I didn't know + had to make up - and the date - which I also didn't know for sure, but I decided we'd messed around long enough + we'd better make up our mind, so I said unless any drastic reasons changed our ideas it'd be May 13th. That means it goes in the paper on Sunday the 2nd. I do love your sister. It was a wonderful letter, just like her, and it made me feel all reassured and happy just when I was scared and worried that your mother would be upset.

Today at last is really spring. Libby + Gini and I lay out on Gini's balcony and got our first glimmerings of sunburn. All the sophomores went off for bike rides and picnics with their men - and I wished you were here so very much. We could go for a long walk and end up on a beautiful sunny hill where we would make the grass our couch and sit and

make love to each other in a very
idyllic sort of way. Oh spring. Oh Gordon.
I have easily 1000 more freckles on my
nose and forehead than I did this
morning. I think it was good for my
nose. I've hardly sneezed at all
since. My throat isn't sore any more
either, but my vocal chords just
won't respond. Every few minutes I
try to say "Gordon" but even that
magic word won't come out from between
my ruby lips. I love you. Oklahoma
in July and August will be very
hot, but very pleasant. In fact if
it's as hot as a friend here from
Oklahoma City tells me, by August
you and I will have been
stronger hill and lighter water
together! Oh my. Happy May Day.
Happy Independence Day. Happy
Wedding Day. I love you. You are
fine, you are pretty, you have a lovely
head of hair, you are tall, dark, and

divinely handsome in a smooth South
American sort of way. And I am a
perfect mate for you, being tall and
willowy and blonde, with curves (gentle
ones) in the right places, and a lovely
peaches and cream complexion - and
I'm oh so sophisticated and self-possessed!
What a couple! Wow. Darling I love
you so much - maybe it's the perpetual
throat-fullness that has ruined my
larynx. Will July ever come? There
are so many things to do - I wish
someone would tell me what they
are so I'll get 'em done. I feel
so inefficient. Now I know why all
the traditions about weddings. If
the bride has charge of it all
herself she learns as much efficiency
she becomes an excellent wife.

all my love for always -

Cary

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VIA AIR MAIL