

My Best love, how are you? I am very  
fine, and am thinking of you all the time  
which is not too much. Today was long  
and tiresome. I started at 5:15, rode  
from 6:30 until 7:45, counted money  
for pay and paid soldiers the rest of  
the morning. All afternoon and  
tonight until after nine I took part  
in a modified Hellzapoppin. We  
were working with an Infantry  
Battalion and things did not go  
smoothly. At one point at least ten  
officers were shouting orders, a airplane  
was trying to land on the road, soldiers  
were running all over the range, and  
I was thinking of you as usual. It  
all worked out fine.

There was the most beautiful  
sunset I have seen in a year. The  
mountain was deep purple, red, ruffled.

The sky a streaked pink. It is impossible to try to describe these things as I will stop. I wanted you to be there.

I like short letters, not that I don't like to get any kind of word at all, but I do like the ones that just go on and on. Mine tonight must be short and end fairly soon. I have to be up at the crack of dawn again in the morning.

Some night when I have hours and hours to write I will tell how all those ideas of mine tie in with Christianity. They do completely, which is convenient as I wouldn't like to be a pagan or any of those other things. I think what we have is nice.

I want to see you with your hair short. Do you realize that I have never seen you on a Sunday, Tuesday or

Wednesday. Would you consider seeing me on those days as well as the rest of the week? Please make out a schedule of events for my next leave. It takes 2 1/2 hours from here to Cleveland on the train, count those days in, adding an extra day if I come further east. This leaves one week of vacation. I love you, and will call you a week from this <sup>coming</sup> Sunday if you will give me the time. I can call any time A.M. or P.M.

The Hunt Club has some of the neatest found pups I have ever seen. Some day I am going to have one. They are a lot of fun, and smart. I also want a Dackehund?

I haven't moved to my new quarters as yet. This business of working until eight or nine at

might leave little time for anything  
but writing to you. I would rather do  
that than anything till a few more has  
to offer, soon.

Please forgive me if I stop here  
but I have to go to bed and get some  
sleep. I am dead. I want to see you,  
I want to hold you, I want to hear you  
laugh, I want to fly with this week-end.  
All in all I am in a pretty state and things  
are very much at sixes and sevens.  
I will write much more tomorrow.  
I think I am sure I am set in my mind  
and to you

all my love  
Gordon

10

Scanned  
Imagined

LAWTON  
SEP 2  
5 PM  
1942  
OKLA.



Ray Stuckey  
Hamshire.