

Hells my darlin, I didn't write to you last night and I feel like I have broken a date, told a lie, or have done something equally upsetting.. I have been busy the last two nights writing you letters in my mind and trying to pack the accumulation of a year. My new rooms are too low. I hope the books and pictures from home come quickly.

This afternoon I left work an hour early so I could go in town. I bought a victrol for my records and looked at some furniture. I shall probably end up with a good chair, a lamp, and a rug.

Yesterday was a lanner day. not only did I get two letters from you, but they came in the same mail. what would your pappa say

if to know what the F.V. Hill mail man  
was delivering to me? I love it and  
wish it would happen every day. your  
picture is fine, I carry it when I can  
see it most often. I want one to put  
in a frame. Mine will be forwarded  
to you at an early date. They are out  
at the battery and I invariably forget  
to bring them home.

Today brought a letter from Tommy  
Taplin. He had been to dinner with  
Barbara and Anne. They Cross examined  
him until he was politely rude. Tap  
warned me that there were two female  
Cleveland Pinkertons after all the information  
they could get. He is an excellent man.  
I wish I had known him better.  
Today it rained. I was out

in it all the time. One of the nicest things I can think of is to walk down some street with you on a rainy fall day, or even a spring day, but early in both seasons. There is always a feeling in the air that can't be beaten. Following the walk we could sit in front of a fire place, and I would hold your head in my lap and watch you talk with your eyes. You do that well.

I was feeling so good about getting follow checked again when somebody told me I looked leaner.

I am going to stop eating altogether.

I stopped at Rosemary and Dana Faber's for a while tonight. She just bought the complete "pirates of P". I had her play the modern major general

for me. I dedicated it to you because  
I like you so much.

I do hope this wonderful  
thing, bluffs, panges, or what fancy you,  
that we started peeps growing soon  
and more with you because it  
certainly has with me. I won't go  
into any descriptions or similes or  
examples, but it is tremendous. I  
it is almost 17 weeks until I see you  
again I am putting ~~in~~ for leave  
very early in December, so, if any one  
gets to go home, I will be the one.

The dress in the picture  
confuses me, but I am almost sure  
it is the one you wore the day I got  
to Cleveland for the second time. Tell  
me please.

Tomorrow is Saturday again. The weeks do go pretty fast. I am going to ride in the morning, parade just before noon, do routine things in the P.M. and then go to the Hops with one of my male friends. We may not even get there. I don't like dances any more. Why can't you be here? That is a ridiculous question, but one I keep yelling to myself until often I wonder why people can't bear me. Please be good to me, long rib-cased one, because I care more for you than a soldier should care for anything. Quick wasn't it? Stop pushing me off on the floor. If I ever own a couch it will be four feet wide, and if you ever tickle me again I will stop you in the best way I know how.

I never thought I would get to this  
page but here I am & now off to bed.  
I miss you, I want to see you, I will  
call you whenever & whenever you say,  
we are one hour behind you (is 6 in N.H.,  
5 in O.K.). Do you still like Gardiner?  
I would like to kiss you goodnight.  
I will never forget one Thursday night.  
Sweet 16 & never its feeling.

I love you very  
Gordon

12



Miss Cary Stuckey  
Exeter  
New Hampshire

GTR to CSK 19420906  
Scanned

air