

Sailing. I have started this letter twice
in the last few minutes and have
torn up both sheets. Yesterday and today
went much too slowly for I miss you
on weekends more than any other time, and
I want to get them over with. Yesterday
I worked until after seven, moved until
eight, had several drinks, and went to the
top. I danced with two girls the entire
evening, one dance upers, and then came
home. I had much fun. Practically
all of P'ton R.O.T.C. of 1942 is out here
now. They arrived last week, so the
last part of the summer should be most
enjoyable.

This morning I had more fun than
last night. I was up at eight and
riding by nine. We hadn't been out

for more than a half hour when it
started to pour rain. We kept right
on going. It rained until eleven.
I was soaked, but completely refreshed
and happy.

This P.M. I got mixed up in a
very sad affair. A very good friend ^{an ex-Battery Commander}
of mine was married in a double
wedding early in July. The other
girl was quite ill at the time but
went on with the ceremony. She died
early in the week, and I was asked
to go to a pall bearer. I couldn't very
well refuse, so off I went. I found out
today that both she and her husband realized
that she only had a few months to live
after they were married, but they went

through with it. The funeral was
horrible, the first one I have ever been to.
When I die I don't want anything like it.
Death certainly is not a time for weeping,
a time for curious people to stare and see
a show. It is a grand thing, and a very
private experience.

Enough of that. The best rain storm
in years is now in progress. Blue
lightning all over the sky, high wind,
and a down pour. I am happy indoors.

Once again I have the pictures.
I will not send this tonight, but will
wait till morning and send them to you.
They are not good, as you will see.
I hope I have the ones I am talking
about. I was on a picture taking detail

last spring and became good friends
with the photographer. They are the results
of a beautiful friendship.

I have a phone all my own now.
It is Fort Hill, 2078. Why don't you
call me on Sunday and reverse the charges.
I will be here from noon straight through
the day. If you would rather have me
call, and thus be a little less Brazen
I will do it.

Tomorrow I am out in that
proverbial field again all day. We
give four more anti-tank demonstrations.
I may write you again from out there.
It is the quickest way I know of
making time pass.

These letters just go on and on.

Can I get help being redundant
but I do wish I could be with you
tonight and every night. Please I know
we will like each other in January
even more if possible than in August.
Did you read the little piece in Times
about the soldier and girl who met on
a bus? Quite things do happen.
My new room - mate just arrived
so I will quit this and try to prove
him. I love you very and will write
tomorrow.

Gordon.

Monday A.M. The snaps I thought were here and
I will get negatives developed. I seem about
you last night will tell you about it tonight.
ell
G.

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4 PM
1942
OKLA.



Miss Cary Stuckey
Exeter
New Hampshire

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