

Dearling,

Tonight I am tired, so I am writing you. I will feel refreshed afterwards. I have found that a few minutes of concentration on you picks me up for hours. The only trouble is that I am getting in the habit of writing you every night. I like it. Last night I did go to the "top", but before it I was talked into a martini, then a beer or two. We danced a little, talked and sang too much. It was hard getting up this morning, but up I got. I was riding by 8:30. The men I rode with were aces, jumping everything in sight. I am not so good, so I took out by myself.

and practised some small ones. My horse
can jump which was interesting to
find out. She not only can, but likes to
which is much better.

After riding I mailed a letter
to you, got some breakfast and
slept for an hour. This afternoon I
went all shore to see "Mrs Minerva"
I liked it and had to quit my
jaw to choke back a tear or two.
The emotional unstable. The
weather was hot and I took a shower
then time to write the family and
you. I love you more + more every
day. This thing we have started must
keep getting bigger and bigger. The

Boy meets girl theme in the movie.
The P.M. was provocative, but I am
sure not good, I think. It isn't
so far to Oklahoma, only two days from
Boston, and it doesn't cost too
much to make just one trip. I want
to call you up. When I do, just
talk fast and say anything. I will
shut my eyes and pretend, don't
mind at all. Let me know some night
when you will be all alone at home
and I will be resting on the phone.
I hate to try to talk when anybody
is around.

We really craved a lot into
a few days. Maybe it was good the
time was short, because everything is
so easy to remember. I am mad for

the Cleveland Indians, rainy days,
pictures of birds, little hills, dead
wood, brown, black eyes etc. and
infinity. I love you very much
are you?

I will make an inventory of my
H + S and let you have it. I am
buying the ones you have. Rosemary
Jabe, (mentioned before) has some and
the two of us are getting all we can.

Tomorrow I am up at 5:15 and
with the friends am home late. Please
stay frozen Nussysish in a very private
sort of way. I would like you any
way, but the B.H. way is best
I would like very much to kiss
you good night. I don't know now

why I didn't do it on the hill, I know
I like hills,

I am finding out that I have muscles
again and am stiff, beautifully so.
Goodnight Cary, I want write to you
tomorrow, I don't think, but I know learned
well I will.

all of my love
Gordon.

No books yet, but I love you.



Miss Cary J
Selma D. Norris
Exeter
New Hampshire

6711-652 Love Letter
Priding of better vision
On more who life jumps
Sees Mrs Minnor, almost
crisis. Reflecting on time
in Clark Kent, shared love
of Gilbert & Sullivan

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