

ANN CARY STUCKEY

Thursday night

Darling

Why I'm writing you now I don't know, because you won't write me on the train & that'll put me permanently one ahead of you - which will never do! Brazen leassy though I am - really this is poor.

Besides which I'm going to want to write you constantly over the weekend - I'm never going to be able to keep up the pace if I continue this airmail stuff. All in all, this is BAD. So here I am.

Guess what I spent a most enjoyable afternoon

doing. You never could, so I'll
tell you. Persuading myself
I'm not & can't possibly be
in love with you. You've no
idea what fun it was. I
had all these reasons mapped
out in outline form - &
then I went & looked in
the mirror & I was grinning
from ear to ear & my eyes
looked as if they were
roaring with laughter at
me. So I said to myself:

"You win, Cary. I give up
trying to be rational with
a hussy like you." So I went
to the night mail & there

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was epistle two from Lt. K.
And all went very well with
the world.

Poor Peggy. Wouldn't you even
let her guess anything? My
family don't ask me many
questions, but by astute comments
every time I go to the mail
& especially when I come back
not emptyhanded they manage
to get a flicker which probably
tells all.

Which G. & S. records do you
have now? Tell me & I'll
go make sure I know 'em so
we can sing them together
next time I see you. When?

I never realized Oklahoma was so far away as I've found in the past few days it is. I was thinking it wasn't such an awfully great distance from Cleveland, but it is, isn't it? Oh my goodness gracious me, that's unfortunate. I guess it would take all of three days to get from here to there, and heaven knows how many dollars. Damn.

Since you left Sunday noon ~~night~~ I've had only one drink & that was Sunday night at the Kinders'. How's that for being an inspiration to you? And Dan has had millions of Tom Collins' and

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always offered me some. On
the wagon, Gordon. It's really
easy.

I hope when you see my
lengthy effort written between
Cleveland and Buffalo that you
are put to shame for saying
it was impossible for you to
write on the train. You've
no idea how much I enjoy
hearing from you, darling.

Maybe it's because I love
you. I dunno. I do know
that I'm awful fond of you.
What did your mother and
father say when you got
home?

Darling, do you realize we've
only known each other five or
six days? Every time I think
of that I get plenty worried.
Because we aren't going to
see each other again for
six months probably. Will
it be strong enough to last?
Right now it is, but will it
be? It's all been so wonderful
that we can't let it stop.
I just wish we didn't even
have to be apart. There are
so many things we don't
know about each other that
we should know, and would
if we only could see each
other a bit more often. I
keep remembering individual

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moments of our four days, and then just as I ~~try~~ to get a good grasp and bring them into focus, they float away. Others are very clear — like the way you looked when you said goodnight Thursday night (when you felt like a sixteen year old) and ~~and~~ when you were dragging the limb down the hill and said you wouldn't kiss me — how did you know I wanted you to kiss me, by the way? You weren't supposed to. That's not the sort of thing that's done, you know. And lots of others.

But goodness I'd like to see
you again - soon. All well.

Philosophy & all that.

I've just glanced through
this letter, & it seems to
me there's only one point
made particularly clear throughout.

I love you - I think. Keep
that in mind as you
sit down each evening (?) with
pen & paper. Brazen? Well
I guess so.

All my love,

Cary

Have you got the book yet?

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letter
No over love