



U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Sq. H., 104 AAFBU  
Mitchel Field, N. Y.

My dearest Cathie:--

**Lying here in the hospital** flat on my sacroiliac, I have been thinking about a lot of things. First I'll tell you about my accident. I was in a jeep smashup (I wasn't driving) and my head bashed against the windshield, knocking out four front teeth and breaking my jawbone. Also I received three severe wounds on the right leg which have me confined to bed now. I've taken about 100 penicillin shots and equally as many sulpha tablets.

**There is so much to explain** that I don't know just where to begin. I waited months for a letter from you; I didn't write very often, but now I fear that the ones I did write and entrusted to someone else to mail didn't get to you, because there was a person intent on doing everything in her power to see that we never got together. I am sure she opened at least two of your letters and destroyed them, and how many more I have no way of telling. I hope there were more, because if there were, it means that you were writing all along. Whether you were or not you will have to tell me—that is if you want to.

**I went back to Almiria only once** after leaving there last summer, and when I did get there I found one letter from you in which you stated that you had written to the American embassy and enclosed a blank to prove to me that you had.

**I've got to go even farther back** to explain.....I am, as you probably have conceived by the upper address on this page, back in the Army AIR FORCES. I came back last June, after trying civilian life just nine months. My primary reason for enlisting was to get back to England or Europe if possible to see you or to see if I could hear from you. But that is all out, because nobody is being given foreign service, and I doubt if anyone will get it soon. Too, the AAF raised the pay of the servicemen again to where it didn't pay to compete with it on the outside. Considering my lodging, board, clothes, etc. I am making about \$300 a month now in the service, and that was more than the tightwads wanted to give veterans on the outside. They considered they were doing you a favor by hiring you at all—and there was a mass release of men from the armed forces which caused such an overflow of manpower that employers could pay what they liked because if you didn't want to take the job, there were a dozen waiting in line to apply for the position. Not that I couldn't make a go on the outside; I proved it, and I had an enviable position, and one I liked, because writing is in my blood, but I could not stand to be treated by the managing editor—an almost ~~insane~~ dipsomaniac, who came to the office every morning with a hangover and took it out on the employees. *like a dog.* After seeing three years of war, felt as hundreds of thousands of other men do.

**I also got what I wanted** there at Mitchel Field, on Long Island, just about 45 minutes from Broadway on the train. Another guy and I are in charge of the Mitchel Field Beacon;



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the camp newspaper, and that is all I do, write what I want; publish what I want and we carry a lot of prestige too, because of our positions--not that I want prestige--just respect. And a fair chance.

Where to start, what to tell you, what to hope of you, I don't know. Perhaps you've met someone else since you have been going to the academy...and I am just an unpleasant memory that you would like to forget. Maybe you have changed your mind about wanting to come to America.....Perhaps....perhaps.....

**I am going overboard** without knowing what your attitude toward me is. I've got it bad; I've always had it bad; I'll always feel that way. Why couldn't I have realized before it was too late that you were the one for me; before I left England....it seems such a short time ago; it has been well over a year since I looked out the Liberator window and saw those islands disappearing behind the aircraft.... Cathia, there has been something vital missing since that 11 day of July, 1945...something that has made me a stranger to all who know me and a stranger--sometimes I think--to myself. Because of an unfortunate incident at home I left there; I received a very raw deal from one who should have been very close to me, but never was and he thrust the goad at me every chance he got even after I had gone overseas and trusted him. I would like to return home for my mother's sake, because I believe that a finer person never existed in this world....in fact I know it.....I'm speaking of my father. I don't know if I ever told you what he did while I was away....if I did, I don't want to be monotonous and repeat it again.

**So I went off to Elmira, N. Y.....**my spirits high and ready to start all over again, from scratch, and I found out that I wasn't going to get a better deal out of that place either.....I have found a bit of happiness back in the army...at least I am not so lonesome....in Elmira I was a perfect stranger and wanted to make friends and did make a few.....still I wanted something more, the love of a family...nothing can take the place of that. Someone to call your own, someone whose life you would gladly put before your own. I went into service at an early age, and after I reached adulthood that was the only life that I knew, And I found it had to realize that there was any other kind of life....I just couldn't get acclimated I suppose. Here, at least, I have buddies....a new group....not Robin, or Big Noise, or Bob, or "Mr. Moto" and a lot of English friends I made....but a swell bunch of kids....all of them away from home and all of them practically with the same background and ideas that I have.....

**Now to get back to the accident** which I was in last Thursday. The other guy who works on the Beacon and I had gone into New York to pick up some material for the newspaper when we had a slight mishap, which proved to be very unfortunate for me, but not so for him. We were coming back and were about 12 miles from the base when we ran into the protective rail at the side of the road when he became blinded

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by the headlights of another car. Four of my front teeth went with the wind, and I didn't even know that I had a wound on the leg until some firemen carried me to the fire station and gave me first aid.... I was holding my teeth in my hand. Some were torn out by the roots others were broken off and had to be extracted. Just as soon as my mouth heals I am going to the dentist who will furnish me with some "store bought" teeth, and we have the best dentists in America in the army and they tell me that you can never tell the difference once you are fitted. Only three right in the front will have to be put in and one on the side.... I suppose I am lucky to have my life.... although I've always had a horror of false teeth—especially on a young person. But a lot of guys -- since my accident have revealed to me that they also have a few false teeth—a fact I never would have known by just looking at them.

I shall have had some 200 shots of penicillin before they are through with me. I get shots every three hours.

One day later: This letter had to be discontinued while I turned my attention to sundry other things, but now I hope to get it completed and along its way to merrie England. Today I feel much better. Perhaps they will let me out of bed shortly, and I can get around a little.

Cathie, I hardly know what to write; now that I've allowed a day to elapse between pages of this epistle. If I had kept on writing continuously, I probably could have gone on for many more pages; as it is I will do what I can. Like a fool I've been rambling on and on about myself.... you must think that I am an egotistical one. But honestly, if I could see those sparkling eyes of yours right now, hear that merry voice, or just see ~~you~~ slightly more than nothing frame of yours..... no disrespect, mind you, I like... or should I say love.... little women? One at least. However hard I may try, I can never forget those experiences we had and those we didn't have because fate in one way or another always seemed to intervene. What I like to remember best is you bicycling along the road to the Buckinghamshire Arms, with me of course, and your voice so sweet singing "Always," which always will be my favorite song. And the voice of Heathcliff somewhat raggedly joining in occasionally. Cathie, do you think we ever can recapture that magic bliss?

Yes, at first I hated England; hated it with all of me that was capable of hating, but that was a long, long time ago, before I came to Sculthorpe. I was trying to think of that little town just away from Sculthorpe.... or village.... it was Cyderstone, I think. And the day, as I've said in articles over and over, that I saw you racing down the hill with Renee and an American airman, and I was intensely jealous, even though I had never met you.... I felt that he had no right to be with you. And it was none of my business at all. And I've told you over and over how I stopped Renee and you that day when you came back from the village about 5 miles from the base.... I can't remember the name.... where you had been for tea.... pretending to stop you just to talk to Renee when all the time I just wanted a chance to say something to you.



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Even though those days were short, and before long, you were transferred to another airdrome, you kept coming back, and though I could not always meet you because of evening work, you stayed around until I got off, or if I didn't get through in time you came back again another day. Then after our squadron had moved to Chettingham (or however it is spelled) I came back for a short week and we saw each other briefly there. But never did we get to keep our rendezvous in London.....

Cathie, how is my city? You said that you were growing to like it; I know that you couldn't help but like it after you had been there awhile. New York, only a few minutes away, is cold and heartless, and I care nothing for it at all. It has none of the warm friendliness that the city on the Thames is famous for. The only thing I like about New York is its entertainment facilities....because it is the cultural center of America. I went to see John van Druten's (he's English, you know) "The Voice of the Turtle." I also saw Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" again. I saw it first in England more than two years ago.....truly the greatest picture ever made; Shakespeare has been faithfully transferred to the screen. For once, Ingrid Bergman is opening Nov. 15 in "Joan of Lorraine" That I've gotta see. Also want to see Helen Hayes new play, "happy Birthday," due soon in New York and Noel Coward's "Present Laughter," soon to come there with Clifton Webb in the lead. I hear that the Broadway flop "Pickup Girl," is a big success in London. Funny, the difference in taste. "Dear Ruth," I covered for my paper when I was a civilian, was a great hit here, but flopped in London. That I can understand because I thought it stunk....and that's putting it mildly. How are you doing at the Academy? Have you received any offers or better still, have you appeared in any productions. If they haven't asked you yet, they have only themselves to blame for not discovering you?

Much later.....about 135 penecellin shots later....Here I am still in bed, although I feel much better and my leg is so improved that I am able to walk now. The radio is on...playing 3 O'clock in the morning.....an old but favorite one of mine.

Still later..... This is a happy day, because this is the day that my shots were discontinued and the bandages were taken off my leg. Also some other important things have happened since I began this epistle. I have been made EDITOR, no less, of the Mitchell Field Beacon, now I will be the one to wield the power. I can sit back in my office in the Headquarters Bldg. and give orders and smoke a cigar, like the editor of the London Times. My appointment will become effective immediately upon my release from the hospital, which should be in less than a week from today--Nov. 9.....

Cathie, again I am stumped....I don't what to do. I want you more than I've ever wanted anything in my life, but if I only knew how to go about acquiring that which means everything to me. I received a letter from my mother yesterday in which she inquired about you, wondering if I ever heard from you and if we still planned to get married. That I can't answer until I hear from you. She really loves you....and so does my Aunt Cat. I still would like to know if any letters were concealed from me and if my letters to you were destroyed. I can't help but believe they were, especially when I was staying with Mrs. Mc Dougall, because I remember an instance when I came home from the newspaper and she didn't tell me I had had a letter from you that day.... Several hours later, her own

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daughter asked me what "Cathie had to say in her letter" and I was surprised, as Mrs. Mc hadn't revealed it, if you had sent a letter. I approached her on the subject and she denied--violently--that I had received ~~her~~ your letter...and her own daughter called her a liar. Later, when I had written a letter to you--in it, incidentally, I told you that you had been right in your opinion of that woman--and laid it down. She claimed she mailed it and that I owed her 45 cents. I knew she was lying, because (if you will look on the envelopes of some of my former letters) the postage rates for airmail letters to England were such that it would be impossible to charge 45 cents on a letter. To England, 1/2 ounce was 30 cents, and each fraction of over a half an ounce required another 30 cents. If the mail was 60 cents per ounce; I often paid 90 cents for an ounce and a half; she couldn't have paid 45 cents.

She probably opened the letter, read it and destroyed it, as she did (probably) dozens of the ones I received from you...just how many I'll never know, but when I suspected her of this trickery, I was so browned off I thought of having her arrested for opening my mail, but she was the mother of my best friend, and it would involve a lot of testimony; having her own daughter testify against her. So I just moved out.

"I love thee with all .... my life...." That is being recited on the radio now, and mirrors perfectly my sentiments, even though I have not proved it, because I allowed that little inkling of doubt to creep into my mind; that little bit of doubt that, perhaps you hadn't written; that I was all overboard without even a straw to cling to. But now I am past caring what your reaction may be to a letter of this nature....I've got to know. So please, darling Cathie, if you still feel that you would want this one; that you would still leave England, your family and all to come to America and me, I guarantee you that even though I may not be able to give you rubies and diamonds and caviar, I would like a life-time contract trying my damndest to make you happy. Cathie, you have been so right about so many things; so many things I was too stubborn or ~~blind~~ blind to see. As I've said before, my entire adult life has been wrapped up in the Army; it's the only life I really know, and it hasn't allowed me to think clear through everything.

Enclosed in this letter is a story I wrote while lying flat on my back here in the hospital... I have received many compliments on it, from the head nurse; from the public relations officer.... I wrote a speech for an Armistice ceremony in New York (a suburb)....I put all my heart and soul into it....and forgive me for committing plagiarism, but from a quotation in one of your letters to me (remember the time you gave me such a cool and broad-minded reply, when I flew off the handle for something you had written about the McDougall wench.. which, I admit, later developed to be the truth?) you stated that regardless of the nationality, all mothers felt the same sorrow when their sons were reported killed in the war--be they Americans, British, Russian, or Burmese. I elaborated on this theme in my speech and made a plea for the peace-loving nations of the world to make future wars an impossibility so that those sons sleeping in foreign cemeteries shall not have died in vain! I was going to deliver it myself when the plaque dedicated to World War I ~~was~~ dead was unveiled, but unfortunately I was in an accident. A captain has been requisitioned to take my place. The girl who typed the speech for me, said she cried when she typed it....it was the greatest tribute that could have been paid me, that I had been able to move her like that....Hope it has as

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much effect on the audience.

There I go, talking about myself again. By the way how do you like these red paragraphs. In the newspaper business we can set the first phrase of a paragraph in dark type; I suppose that is where I conceived this idea.

Boy, will I feel like a fool if you are happily married when you receive this. I have a little confession to make—I never will be happily married unless it's to one girl—the only girl that has ever entered my life that made me forget all the others I had known, and made me lack interest in any others.

How is the climate in London now? Winter is coming and I suppose it will be very rough. Still I would gladly accept it if it were humanly possible. Received a letter yesterday from a buddy who was sent to Paris....and wait a time he is having. He didn't want to go overseas and they send HIM, when I would give my right arm to go, and they won't allow it.

Cathie, darling, if everything is okay, I would love that picture of you....a large one, very large....and please—if it is possible go to a recording studio—they must have them in London—and talk to me—a big record—on both sides...if I could hear your laughter, your voice....Now that I am able to get up and around, I will try to make a record of a letter for you...the American Red Cross provides special services here, records, recording machine and all. I may sound funny to you with my front molars out, but that will be arranged shortly. I hate this portable typewriter again. It always happens; I get the paper caught and tear it into pieces. You'll probably notice it on every page.

But to have a giant photo of the girl I love to place over my "executive" office would be a dream come true. And when the people—even generals colonels and dignitaries would come in, and I'd point with pride to "the girl I love," "the girl I want to marry; the sweetheart of Yorkshire."

I'm taking a photographer into New York soon to attend a play...and have pictures made of the patients here at the hospital with the star or stars. There is one philanthropist—the daughter of the owner of the Grace Ship Lines who each week donates 11 seats to the best Broadway legitimate plays...and also donates \$11 for the men's meals. The seats cost about \$6 (1 pound, 10 shillings) each, and she has been doing this every week for the past 2 years....spent thousands of dollars, so the wounded and sick...while convalescing....may enjoy the finest plays....Helen Hayes new comedy was the attraction last week....Voice of the Turtle this week, and many others. I would like to see Eugene O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh; the greatest event in the theatre in 13 years....his first play in 13 years...last was "Ah Wilderness." Critics came from England, Australia, Belgium in fact from all over the world Of giant propensity, the Iceman runs over 4 hours, monumental in the theatre. The critics, by the way, had to stand...Imagine standing 4 hours just to write a review on a play. I'm going to enclose a theatre ad from one of the New York papers to show you what is playing here now. I wish one of them said: Cathie MYERS in "Etc., etc., Etc."

I'm not going to start another page. You'll probably never wade through all this trash as it is, so for now, I'll remind you that I'll anxiously await your reply. And that regardless of anything; I love you and you alone..... as ever and ever.....

With all my heart

Louise, Heathciff