

Sunday, Dec. 16, 1945

My darling Cattie:

I saw a little except from a poem I liked. decided you might like it to - if you've seen the picture "You Came Along," the story of 3 American flyers, you'll know it, because it played a prominent part in a fine picture. If you get the chance, see it - for my sake - i.e. - if you haven't already

"He giveth you wings to fly,
And touch the air on high,
And care for you every where,
Who for yourself, so little care...."

I think it was written by Longfellow - I'm not sure.

Honey, Christmas is just around the corner, and I will be angry very long when it isn't a festive period, & at this time, when I think of how this old world needs "peace on earth, good will toward men" & could never think of being angry at anyone - especially you, when I need you so much & want you so. We tried to tell myself that we were too far removed from each other to make a successful go of it, but I knew all the time I was lying - and it all boils down to this;

You may be sorry for it if you do come, however I wish you to, and we can give it a trial. I'm warning you now that I'll spit ashes from my pipe & cigarettes on the rug; I leave the back-room littered with cloches; I don't like to pick up things after me. I have an uncontrollable fondness for a bit of spirits even so often, I'm moody, and like to read the morning newspaper at the breakfast table, and during that meal you'd probably never see me. I'm the world's worst dancer. I can't carry a note (although I try to sing), I loathe tea, and drink gallons of coffee every day; besides the "Lady of the Lake," "The White Cliffs," is the only poem's ever read + liked, I'll probably be poor all my life - a struggling young

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writer who writes books that'll probably never sell (& I
can always revert back to my early Army career when
I was being K. P., and get a job as a dishwasher) —
besides I won't have a work after you become the Sarah
Bernhardt of this decade — I don't like to shave, and
I'll look like Mandy Woolly ~~perhaps~~, and numerous
other faults I'll not mention, but if you think you
can stand them (and not ever try to reform me, because
the Air Forces have given me a supreme hatred of discipline)
would you like to share these offenses to perfection with
this an one — say for about a lifetime?

God only knows why you should desire such a
life — for thy debits decidedly obscure my credits, as
far as the habits of the human race go, and although
I'm not selfish enough to make any demands, I AM human
enough to want you.

And if you won't disclose my secret, and abuse
my confidence, I'll let you in on a little secret:
The first time I saw you, tearing down the hill at
Cyclistone on your bicycle I said: (to myself, I might
add in all fairness to you) "That is the girl I am going
to marry."

Jeze, Cathie, we looked at other girls since I've
been back here; we gone out with them. We tried
to make myself like them, but I keep remembering
a lil ol' self-kind of a person who used to make
me very happy, & laugh, & forget that I was 4,000
miles from home. So what do you say?

Tomorrow, or the next day I plan to leave for
Elmira, N.Y., leaving one life behind, and starting
another anew. I think I can go to work on the Morning
paper there, to supplement my funds while I'm
putting out my "masterpieces," and I'll be only 250
miles from New York City, ready to take off whenever
your boat comes in.

So, if it takes an engagement to get a visa, or
passport, you can present this letter, for although a

ring is lacking right now, (I've depleted my savings, almost, on civilian gear - suits are \$50 apiece, top-coats \$75, & we spent about \$800 (\$200) on various things already - including having myself a sweet time - which I think I deserved after being discharged) you can consider your "esteemed honorable self" engaged if you wish - I've mustered enough courage to speak thus far, and I may never get it again. Let me know, pronto, what your decision is, and I'll look around for a ring as soon as I get to Clivira, no need to get it now. I'm sure. If so (you say "si, si, oui, oui, ya" or any language meaning "yes" I'll know) - English preferred though - what size do you take - 3rd finger, left hand? Better use a piece of string to measure it, too because American + British sizes may not correspond. And (although you gave me this info, or part of it once before - another fault - very poor memory, I'll forget birthday, anniversaries, important events) give me a complete resume of the size dress (Anglo included, if that is done) stockings, shoes (shoes aren't rationed anymore - in fact no commodities (except sugar) are - all meat, + everything else joint free; clothes never see rationed.

You see, milady, though we known you quite some time, + know very little about you, and I know a lot too - if that makes sense.

I do know you like Tchaikovsky, Shakespeare (high school days dampen my appreciation for him, because of 30-line passages I had to memorize from "As You Like It", King Henry, the Somethings" which biggown reverence (convinced), + Nature, + Beauty.... I could go on indefinitely.

You'd love the arts around El Dorado (incidentally Mark Twain married a girl from that city + his remains,

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study, so forth are there yet. And it was in Cheyenne
County (of which Elkins is the County seat), that the
Yankees defeated a Virginia Red Coat Army & soldiers
in the American Revolution, + was where our independence
war, virtually was won.

It's so high that when one stands on the peak
his ears throb, + he feels light + happy, and about
2000 feet below - is an arroyo (casual spelling) +
train winds its way, snake-like, through light pines
again, leaving a billowing trail of smoke + cinders
belched up by the mighty engines. When I was there
the leaves were truly a Wonderland a virtual pan-
orama of vividness, in bright red slashes; pastel,
subdued tones, yellows, greens; Autumn serenade -

Someone has no doubt accused us - we, the inhabitants of
the so-called South, have been undermined, + betrayed.
It has snowed here! True, there were only a few light
flakes, melting long before they touched the ground. They
were nice to see, floating airy from the Heavens, sumptuous
to appear opaque in their oblique descent toward a watery
climat, terminating a brief but beautiful life, as the talons
of a sodden earth, hungrily dissipating little geometrical flakes,
never allowing them a moment's repose. (This could go on
forever; what I'm trying to say is: Snowflakes start down, they
come in a diagonal direction, they melt when they hit a rain-
soaked earth. That is all - "Roger, over, + out!"

But the inclement weather didn't persist - lasted only
a few hours; now the Sun is shining once more, and
although it's far from warm, everythig is nice.
Before I sign off, please tell me what month your
birthday is in + the date -

(For now I'll top out of here, hoping to hear from
you very soon - All my love - always,
P.S. I still want a tinted photo. Yours forever
well and you one - if you "Hurstcliffe"
Nest it - soon -