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UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Monday nite  
Dec. 8, 1947

My dearest darling Cathie:

What a night I've had - what a weekend I've had - going around in circles - it's so long a story that I'll pass it up now.

All that I can think of now is this maddening, pounding desire for you - nothing in this world is going to be right or satisfy me until I hear you say "I do!" And I mean "I do!" Darling, have you ever felt that each minute, each hour away from someone was torture - hell? Damned, I'm raving like a mad-man - a derelict but when you're got an uncontrollable force within you shouting and crying for someone there is nothing to do. Nothing to control it; it can't be mastered.

If you were to say that you didn't want me any more - that you no longer loved me I would have nothing to live for. I've built all my dreams, my hopes, everything around the vision of a smiling girl with twinkling eyes - a mite of a lassie with a heart of

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gold and a personality of sunshine.  
When I go out with anyone else it  
only serves to show me how  
inadequate any other girl would be.  
it only serves to enhance your own  
dear self - a spirit of England, det-  
ermination, doggedness and humility.  
"In a world where England is finished  
and dead  
I do not wish to live -"

What's all this bickering?  
Petty grievances aired & reaired - two  
nations that can't get along except  
in war - then they see the closest  
of allies. Both countries should  
receive resound spanking and wake  
up to the fact that an alliance  
in peace is more necessary than  
during a time of conflict. Tuff  
of that philosophy.

I hope, my darling, that you  
shall have received my letter which  
I addressed in such haste that  
I placed an incorrect address (or  
an insufficient one) or both -  
There is so much that I want to  
say - I'll begin with my weekend



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An old buddy of mine from Norway whom I knew at Cranwell when he was attending the RAF school there, is now living in New Jersey. He contacted me & got his fiancée to drive him out. He also brought along his fiancée's sister as a companion for me. This girl was very nice, but her sister was a cold snob - maybe that's my impression - that's the way she stacks up against your assets. She's a schoolteacher (both are) and veddy veddy veddy!

But Finn & I talked over the old times in England; we had a lot to say - pro & 'con - about England I con weather - pro - London, you, etc. etc.

Perhaps Kitty - she was quite elderly - didn't hit it off so well with me because I kept talking about - guess who? You -

I told you in my other letter that I have been putting my money in the bank. Today I deposited \$50

more toward the day when you will be here. My heart has been too big. I've loaned money; given it away and "burnt" it, but all that is over now. I'm going to stretch every nickel before I part with it if it means you can get here that way.

Darling, Darling, Darling, I've been so miserable these last few weeks - not hearing from you - trying to perform my extra-curricular duties, plus the Beacon, which I am now handling alone and which keeps me confined to the base & my office. I lost my associate editor and also my sports editor through discharge from the service, and the entire burden is mine. I have one WFC photographer. Not much help in the literary end of the paper.

I'm beginning to hate the paper, because it takes all my time & leaves no time to write to you & ~~write~~  
 Sending other letters - so will cut this short. All my love  
 forever & ever  
 Heathcliff