



U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

San Antonio,
Texas
Thursday, Sept. 27

My darling Cathie:

A few more lines this lonely night
just to say hello, & hope that you're okay.
me? I feel like a heel. Today I received
a reply to the farewell note I sent Dolly,
telling her it was no use. She was very
humble, and didn't ask for anything except
my friendship. She hoped I would remain her
friend forever, and that she knew when I
returned & saw her that I had changed, & when
I promised to call on her the next day - & didn't (I
didn't return in all those fifty days I had
at home) she knew it was all over as far as I
was concerned. I didn't want to hurt her, &
tried to ease the whole situation by putting
the blame on me, & the war; & the fact that
I had been gone so long -

Oh, well, such is life - it's better to tell
her now just how things really are - if that
feeling isn't there, I can't help it. I don't think
I should make any obligations when I haven't
the heart to fulfill them. It's best for both
of us to keep things on a frank, level basis -
no pretensions for honor's sake & pride. She's
young (she claims she still loves me & won't
get over it in a day) & if she did care for me
she'll get over it - She hasn't (or hadn't) seen

(OVER)

seen me for almost 3 years, & she got along somehow, for all that time.

Cathie: I have a little plan. She-you + I - never got to Yorkshire to see "Wuthering Heights" - but in my book - just for character I am going to pretend we did go. The drawback is, I have no data, no information. Is there a real W. H.? Is there a house. you spoke of the inn - I want to know every thing, **EVERYTHING** you know about the real W. H. - scenery, when the heather blooms, when the rains frequent it (if not always) all about the sun - everything that will give me enough info to write a 5,000-8,000 word chapter. I don't mean for you to send such a literary composition. all I desire will be the raw facts, upon which I'll proceed to elaborate. Is it a deal? I promise very favorable mention of you - in fact you are going to be the heroine of my classic - part will be truth, other parts fiction, or should I say a slight exaggeration of the facts. That sounds better, doesn't it?

I wrote you a regular letter a couple of days ago - you'll probably receive this one the other - because I hadn't been paid then, & had to squeeze my finances, sending it regular mail. This one I shall post air mail....

I'll have some pix for you shortly, now that I HAVE been paid & can afford a few luxuries until it is gone. I don't engage in the simple game of poker since I've re-



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turned; I don't know why, for I have all the time in the world, but nobody here wants to play. I played quite a lot while I was on leave, and lost pretty heavily, so I've sworn off - for the time being at least.

There's nothing new here. Still no processing - I'm no nearer to getting out of the Army than I was this time two weeks ago; though I am eligible for discharge. But as long as I get 3 meals a day - (I never get up before 10 A.M.) so I can only count 2 meals, don't have any laborous tasks to perform, & get & aid every + now, why am I griping? At least I'm in the U.S., and have been home, & know that eventually I'll be able to go home permanently!

This is the latest thing in envelopes - just pull a string + presto! it opens right up. I saw them in the P.X. + they were a novelty so I just had to procure some. Don't know if they'll be practical or not--

Oh yes about the masthead - and the use of your name - will you permit it - if you want I'll just have to spell it differently + make it semi-fictional. No, I think you would complain as long as I make you (OVER)

a lily-white character, pure as the snows....

I haven't had a thing to drink all day - in fact I have had very little alcoholics since I've been on this base - three weeks tomorrow - it is ill here to obtain. Unless one goes into San Antonio, + the trip is too far, + the temperature much too hot to take that trip.

Honey-chile, I have to run along - I went to get a bite to eat before I go to bed tonight - too late I've just discovered - it closes at 10 P.M. + it's that time now.

Let me hear from you pronto, eh? + keep sending the vital communiques to my Mother's address. It's not Mielke, yet, so it would be wise to use the old Army handle.

All my love - as ever

Always

Yours

Heathcliffe