

[Envelope:]

Lt. A. S. Aiken  
O – 406500  
18<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron  
c/o Postmaster, A.P.O. 937  
Seattle, Wash.

[Transcription begins:]

Greenbelt, Md.

High Sugar—

I guess whomever you borrowed the paper from used to write his girl long letters. One of the gals at home writes me that the boy she's gonna marry writes her four or five letters a day.—I felt very neglected to say the least!

I don't guess we'd better get very mad at each other—because when I get mad I like to get as far away from the person as possible. I'd probably wake up in Iowa some morning, with you still in Alabama for instance! And think of the train fare wasted—I'm afraid the budget couldn't take it.

I've often wondered whether we were right or wrong about not getting married when we had a chance; and waiting for circumstances to be more favorable. I remember they conducted a survey for some magazine at school this spring asking which we thought was the better choice. I remember I said people should wait—but I've often wondered what someone who went ahead and got married would say. Rod, for example.

August has been rainy & I do mean rainy—I wonder now how a Maryland boy had the nerve to yell about Texas. We have on the average of seven showers per day and this has gone on for weeks.

It's wonderful that you have the radio—I hardly ever turn ours on any more except for the news. I could hardly make myself listen to news before the war, because every day seemed to bring us closer to it, and I was so afraid. Now I get nervous if I don't hear the reports at least once a day. I guess it's just to reassure myself that our little yellow brothers haven't taken Alaska over. It's funny how selfish a person gets even about something as big as a war.

Greeks are nice people, aren't they? I imagine (I looked it up in the dictionary & it's not imigion) that Dimitry has a very special hatred for anything Axis, or maybe it's a good thing you don't get Life and the papers up there. Some of the pictures are more horrible than you can imagine of the starvation there.

Some of the men I ride with are in the Map-Photography Section. They brought me some pictures of the Anchorage to Naknek region. It seems very desolate, but awfully beautiful. I wondered if you had ever seen it.

Had a very interesting talk with a Captain back from Nigeria a week, the other afternoon. He came in our office to type some "Secret" stuff. Had a 'halo' in his brief-case so of course we all wanted to know where he got it. So he preceded [sic] to tell us all about Africa and how cool it was compared to Washington! He made it even more interesting by telling us how beautiful we all were. It seems he hadn't seen a white woman for quite a spell and practically anything looked good to him.

I was wishing you had been here that night. He got sort of pressed for time so he had me type some of the stuff. I was surprised at how secret it was! And I would have thoroughly enjoyed coming home and telling you that there were some things I just couldn't tell you; like you said to me on the way home from Toledo. It is sort of elephantine—the way I never forget a wrong, isn't it?

I woke up in the middle of the night, the other night, and just as I woke up I thought that you were there with me—so when I got fully awake, I felt horribly desolate because you had never seemed so close before, and for a minute I thought I had dreamed that there was a war and you were in Alaska. It felt so wonderful, but it certainly felt awful when it wasn't true. Some day it will be though, and I think I'll always remember the war as something I dreamed, but then I'll be able to wake up and find that you really are there.

It's just about a year ago since you got that ten days leave. Somehow it doesn't seem that long, does it darling—it makes me feel rather hopeful that another year could go by as swiftly even though I didn't see you. Well we can always hope that it will be sooner. Hope is such a wonderful thing—I guess I never appreciated very much before.

It's raining sort of softly out—it seems almost as if you could come up the stairs & knock at the door for me to walk with you in it. I'm sure we'd have a lovely time—we always used to.

Please remember how awfully much I love you—it's everything I have and I have everything. You ought to be very proud of yourself to be able to be loved so much.

Love me a lot.

Pat. [Transcription ends]