[Envelope:]
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[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hello Baby –

Just think I actually owe you a letter—got one day before yestryday [sic] and one again today and haven't answered either one. It's wonderful of you to write so often, but lately I've been getting them in reverse order so it does rather confuse me. I guess one came real fast (11 days) and the last two have taken about a month.

The latest one just talked about a damned red-head—I've always felt gypped on account of my grandfather, Timothy Patrick O' Brien, had bright red hair—it was still auburn when he died and I can't understand why when I inherited his nose I didn't get the good points too. Besides, of course, I'm jealous of a Varga[1] girl—how would you feel if I pinned up a picture of some muscular joe—Petty dreamed up (he does, you kno') and sat around mooning about it & wondering why his lion skin didn't fall off. On second thought it sounds like I ought to be worrying about your mental processes instead of your roving affections. But I guess if I looked like a Varga girl I wouldn't have any inhibitions about it. I don't think I've ever seen anyone who did—have you? I imagine after they had four children they'd be disgustingly fat.

It's still cold here and this is the 1st of May—I thought I knew all about Washington weather but I never would have imagined I'd be cold in a winter coat this late in the year. Time has sort of gone fast hasn't it? It's been 3 months since you left. And we've been married long enough to have had our first fight although I guess we were a little ahead of schedule on that. You ought to be very careful of things you say to me—I remember them so long. I know I'll never ask you to dance with me again. Guess that was a mistake in the first place, however. But I won't make it again!

I can't seem to stop giving you the devil today can I—really I'm in a pretty good mood and I do love you fearfully—do you think I'm going to be the nagging type. God—that would be awful—huh?

Bob Richardson got back again—Laura is coming to town too but I don't intend to do anything about that—although I doubt very much whether that would bother her or not.

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[1] Alberto Vargas—Popular pin-up girl artist whose 'Varga' girl centerfolds during the period 1940-1947 are generally considered his best work.

I'm not in the mood to be patronized because she's got a husband and I haven't. Bob's been ferrying P-38's to Africa, but should be back for a while now.

Catherine Brennan has a job out at the S.C. Air Base now and is crazy about it. She's busy staving off the advances of some of [sic] looeys and being true to Chuck (remember them at the wedding) who's been inducted into the army. These flyers! Remember me telling you about Mike & Dick whom I picked up in Seattle well Peg said in her letter that they introduced themselves as friends of mine and had been dating some of the kids. I imagine that if there was a woman in Alaska Mike would have a date. He certainly was as audacious a person as I've ever met. However, I seem to prefer the subtler type who protects frail young ladies from heels on boats. Too bad I've never met any heels—on boats, guess I've really never seen you at your best. We'll have to take a boat trip some time.

I have to work tomorrow which is Sunday—but I'll get next Sat. off for it and as we're finally planning to make the New York trip then, we can take the weekend. Steve got out of the hospital so Helen's dying to go. It seems centuries ago that you were in the hospital on Easter. That was a terrible ten days. I imagined you dead or dying and them only letting Edith and your Dad in. I was really kicking myself for not marrying you the day you got back from Kelly[2]. Then I finally got to see you and you talked about Brenda & Cobina and said you didn't care if you never got out. I was about ready to feed you arsenic with your medicine.

I'm crazy about you—I don't feel married to you but somehow it doesn't seem to matter. As if I belonged to you but you didn't belong to me. I don't feel as if I had any ties on you at all but that whenever you wanted me to be there, I'd have to be. Guess that's why I get mad so often but I haven't been able to stop myself since that first night you wouldn't stop kissing me.

Guess it's love, Pat. [Transcription ends]

[2] Kelly Air Force Base—San Antonio, TX