[Envelope:]
Captain A.S. Aiken
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18th Fighter Squadron
A.P.O. 986, c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Washington

[Return letterhead:]
Address reply to
Headquarters of the Army Air Forces
War Department
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War Department
Headquarters of the Army Air Forces
Washington

[Transcription begins]

Hi Sweet –

Life is rather dull here in the office lately but I guess I'm helping the war effort by writing to you. Ahem: Anyway, I love you, does that help?

We finally got to New York, and I did all the things a proper "hick" should do. From going to the top of Rockefeller Center, to seeing the Statue of Liberty and the Rockettes and Central Park, & a broadcast and riding the subway and going to church in St. Patricks. (It's the most beautiful church I've ever seen). It was all fun but I'd like to go again with you sometime. I was so jealous of Helen and Steve! The trains are horribly crowded but it wasn't so bad as Helen and I sat with a bunch of soldiers and sailors (the cutest sailor with the most beautiful Irish brogue). Elaine sat further up front and pretended she didn't know us because our corner was making so much noise. We told them all the crazy things we could think of about Iowa—don't know whether they believed us or just knew we were crazy and humored us.

Mary O'Shaughnessy (the red head who lived with Helen in S.C.) looked perfectly darling in her uniform. We all tried it on—I'd really make a very good WAAC. It was a lot of fun getting together again—.

Got a letter from Mom—I guess she's been writing to you. She says they hope to go to Superior to see Dan soon. She also mentioned that we got a gift from "the Richards." I think I'll go over to Edith's Sunday anyway so [sic] can fish their address from her.

We also took some pictures in New York of which I will send you a couple as soon as Helen has them finished. I'm glad you feel that I understand you. I don't think it's so much you that I understand as it is people in general. Some of your reactions fool me completely. But if you react normally I usually can fix things up. I still don't know whether you really were jealous or just kidding and I'm still not exactly sure just why you didn't want me to go to Alaska. But I'm sure, with you, that we'll always be in a position to talk things over.

I missed you a lot in New York. I always do when I go someplace. It seems as if you should be there when I get there. I'd like to see you in anything. Not just a black negligee. I'm afraid you'll never see me in one of those things—in the first place they cost too much and in the second place I'd feel like a dope buying one of the dern things. I do have a pair of red & white flannel pajamas, however. And after eskimos you shouldn't be so choosey.

I'm certainly getting an education in fighter tactics, airplane performance, enemy characteristics etc. I read everything that comes through here so at least we'll be able to talk intelligently.

My boss (Col. Leagues) has just been telling me that if he'd thought it over he never would have gotten married. I guess he's a little boy who never grew up. He's on limited flying status on account of trouble with his legs and is remedying the situation by a lot of heavy drinking. His wife, of course, doesn't approve and I suppose is making things difficult. But I can't say as how I blame her. I know darn well I'd leave him under similar circumstances. Honestly, baby, if we ever get like that I'll feel as if the whole world has fallen apart. This love of ours is something certain to hold on to even if everything else is falling apart. I think it's really amazing just how much we've gotten to count on each other. I wonder if we would have anything left if we didn't have each other. Anyway I don't particularly care to find out.

Greenbelt, Md.

I started this letter at work but that's no place to concentrate on you. So I decided to wait and finish it.

The pictures I got tonight from Helen (Helen & Elaine—We took them in Central Park, N.Y.) they think they're good but I can't see anything so wonderful about them. I guess the deal is that I like pictures of you.

I've long since found out that you wouldn't be back in April (that's fairly obvious) but a bunch from there did come back then so for a while I thought you might be among them. The story about Amchitca [sic] and of course the landing on Attu has all come out in the papers. I knew before about Amchitca. I hope you're not "working" too hard these days. I've always felt there was no use in admonishing you to be careful etc. like Lue does

because it's not only unecessary [sic] but absurd—if you were to be careful you'd probably be court-martialed.

I've always thought you were very wonderful—you kno [sic] that—I'd have had to, to marry you. So don't feel although I don't much mention it that I don't remember and understand the spirit behind every kind and understanding thing you do. After all, if you feel I know you very well then you must realize how I feel about the very decided effort you make to be as wonderful to me as possible. It isn't something that needs much talking about because I think it's the very beginning of what love is—both of us being generous to the other.

I want to be close to you so much, I want you there when I wake up and I want your arms around me as much as you do—sometimes I feel that I can't wait even another 2 or 3 months. But, of course we will wait, having no choice. It helps to know that we have everything in the world to look forward to, please don't keep me waiting too long… I love you. Pat. [Transcription ends]