

[Envelope:]

Lt. A. S. Aiken

Selfridge Field

Michigan

[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Why Darling –

That was the most horrible letter I've ever received. You not only blasted our future to bits, but you did it in a hurry. Look, I know the army is efficient and all, but have a heart. It wasn't like you at all, and who's supposed to be the pessimist in this duo?

I may sound light, but I don't think any little and appropriately yellow Japs backed by all the dictators the devil ever made can lick our spirits if we don't lay down and give in. I guess it's the Irish in me—but that's the way I feel.

Speaking of feeling, in my case the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. I feel that I could have hysterics any moment and actually enjoy it. There must be a purpose in our loving like this and I can't see where it's cannon-fodder.

You definitely sounded in the letter as if you had been imbued with the typically-male attitude that war is a serious business not to be trifled with, and love is something to while away boring hours with. I can't believe that it will last long if true, that attitude I mean, because you're not that dumb so don't give yourself to it, heart and soul, but save a little for me, and that part can remember that the reason the Lord made you wasn't war, and that it's only an incident in your life which has to end someday. Whether it be for the best or worst.

Because I believe, and you've got to believe too, that there isn't any maybe in this deal, that some day, somehow whether we're dead or alive we'll be together for the rest of eternity. That's why I couldn't be so sorry about your Dad, because I know he loved your mother very much, and that they're together.

But I'm not interested in dying right now, there's every chance that we have a long hard life ahead of us—because the world's going to need people like us more than it ever did. So for pete's sake forget all that martyr attitude. I don't doubt that you want to give the country all the support you can but a little hope and confidence won't hurt a thing.

I still want to marry you the first chance we get, even if we only have 15 minutes. It's too late to walk out on me now. And I can't believe you'll want to even if you swore you weren't in love any more.

I'm going to write you often whether you like it or not. And I also love you
darling. ~

Pat. [Transcription ends]