

[Envelope:]

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

[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hi Sweet!

Got a call from Watson at the office the other day—he said Edith was rather worried about you and had I heard? So it made me wonder too—it's funny, I look forward to your letters but I don't expect them at any certain time. Quite a difference than when you were at Selfridge when I used to get positively furious if I didn't hear twice a week. It never bothered me when you were in Texas. I guess that was because I got a letter almost every other day.

Believe it or not I'm really earning my \$1440 these days. I'm positively dead when I get home. I've taken over the supervisory work cause he is working on something else. We're short handed anyway, and the newest girl is still learning so—I don't usually get to lunch until about 2:00. It's a lot of responsibility and I can't say that having responsibility intrigues me as much as it once did. But I do like the work which sort of stymies your idea that I would have to stay married to you because I'd hate a job too badly. I'm glad any way that I can prove to myself that the reason I didn't like working at Interior was because I was too lazy etc. I was sort of worried about that at the time because everyone kept telling me so. You weren't much help either in fact I could have accused you of gloating.

Dorothy Blood has entered nurses training and Bill has been drafted. I remember her telling me last year that Bill was going to get a commission in the Navy & probably be stationed in D.C. I was horribly envious because Gordon was in a pretty good position too & I felt like we were the only ones who got stuck. But it looks like I under estimated total war. I'll be darn surprised if she ever marries Bill, but I know darn well she'll make a good nurse—she has practically no heart and no imagination. Darned if I don't like that type tho; and I certainly envy some of her sterling characteristics.

Becky is finally being transferred and getting a raise too, she thinks, which is a blessing. I think she would have gone crazy if she hadn't gotten out of that horrible filing job.

Got a letter from Char yestryday [sic]. Gram seems to be having a good time with her and I know Char enjoys having her. I sure would like to get back for Christmas, in fact,

they all think I'm planning on it, but I don't see how I'm going to do it. I couldn't get time off enough for any more than a week at home. Now that I've gotten myself to the point where they need me at the office. I don't know whether I could get away, in fact, they're so darn shorthanded. Then too I couldn't afford to go home for Christmas in Dec. and meet you in California in February or March. I'll probably have to quit the job to get that much leave any way. So I'd rather work straight thru. If you can't get leave I'll probably quit some time in the spring anyway. Because there are so many opportunities to do other things that I hate to waste my time with this work after it stops being new, and I stop learning. There are a lot of interesting jobs open in the Air Corps itself. I so hate to think that I'm wasting these years.

Do you think after the war that you'll never want to see another plane again. I guess it might affect some people that way. You must have quite a lot of time by now. If it's as foggy as the papers say—it must be mostly instrument time. I guess it would be just as much fun to fly a Link trainer (I wish you were).

Most of the time you're horribly wraith-like—(not quite real, to you) sort of like a very real dream I once had. It's not so unusual really—out of our entire lives we've been together something over four months, and that mostly between the hours of eight & twelve.

I guess it all goes to prove that love is a very real miracle.

I love you so terribly much and I think of you always.

Pat. [Transcription ends]