The A. L. Atlas
S. Reprint Co.

C. G. Battles
6-406500
18th Fighter Squadron

A. M. H. Postmaster

1101, Washington
May 3, 1943

Greenbell, Mo.

This Baby—

Just think I actually owe you a letter—got one day before

yesterday 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 takes 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—Shug

always felt gyped on account

of my grand father, 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.
In fantasy of a Varga girl—yes
would you feel if I pinned
up a picture of some muscular
Joe & Betty dreamed of (he does you
this) and sat around moaning
about it, wondering why his
skin didn't fall off. On
second thought it sounds like
ought to be worrying about your
mental processes instead of your
proving affections. But I guess
if I looked like a Varga girl
I wouldn't have any objections
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—thought I knew
all about Washington weather.
but I never would have imagined
to be cold in a winter coat this
date 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 these as long.
I know I've 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.
Dad - that would be awful - isn't.
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. I'm not in the mood to be patronized because she's got a husband and I haven't. Bob's been ferreting P-38s 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 keeping away all the advances of some of the boys and insists to Cheek (remember them at the wedding) who's been inducted into the army. These flyers! Remember me telling you about Mike and Dick whom I picked up in Seattle? 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 antisocial a person as she ever met. However, I seem to prefer the gentler type who protects frail young ladies from heels on heels. You had I've never met any heels-on-heels, 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've get rest 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 as Helen is dying to go. It seems centuries ago that you were in the hospital on Easter. That was a terrible time.
days, I imagined you dead or dying and then only letting Edith and your dad in. I was really kicking myself for not marrying you the day you got back from Italy. Then I finally got to see you and you talked about Benita Cabane 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 wherever you wanted me to be there’s street. 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 late, oh.