

[Envelope:]

Captain A.S. Aiken  
O – 406500  
18<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron  
A.P.O. 986, c/o Postmaster  
Seattle, Washington

[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hi Baby –

Why didn't you tell me you'd been sick before and why didn't you tell more people about it up there. In fact why didn't you impress them with the fact that you were a decrepit wreck. After all, you might as well get back before you really become a WAAP.<sup>1</sup> I'd like to be married to you a little while before you can't be distinguished from a relic of the G.A.R. If you can find some nice porky Eskimo gal to keep you warm—you have my blessing. After all your services means [sic] more to me than your morals.

I've seen the replacement program for July—of course they don't mention names but you fit in the experience level nicely. Besides baby if you get with this bunch we'll be back in the same vicinity we were in, in February and I could sure stand a little more of that. It's a much better deal than Mills & Anderson etc. got so don't let them chisel you out of it. It will probably be some time in August before we can actually kiss and make up to each other but it still sounds pretty good. Got a letter from Joan she says Jack Chennault's wife wrote that he was back and also John Thompson—whom I don't know. Golly I hope that Chennault's leaving won't make any difference to you. However the deal I saw was from 942 & the program was definitely set up so they must know by now.

Anyway although I still hate to be optimistic [sic] but do remember that we'll probably be together in a few short months and that I've made a firm resolution to be nicer to you and always let you have your own way (Gad what am I saying) anyway if you think when you get back that I'm not living up to my resolution just tell me about it and I'll be conscience-bound to reform at once.

Got a letter from Aud, Felix (her appendix) finally broke last month and though it was tough for a while she's now home in Marcus recuperating—having quite a good time. With all the trouble she's had from that darn thing I'm glad she finally is over with it. She says Harriet is back in California but nobody's heard from her.

Joan & I are trying to do something about Mrs. Matthews. I wrote to her today and told her that if she wanted to go either to Florida or here that Joan & I would try and help her get a job and get situated. Of course, inasmuch, as I don't know her at all—she may

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<sup>1</sup> WAAP—acronym for “Wing And A Prayer”

think I'm crazy to suggest such a thing but if it were me—I'd have to go someplace and do something so at least this will give her something to think over.

Don't worry about my birthday. I've about decided to get me four soup spoons from you for my birthday. I absolutely can not resist getting some silver once in a while and we should keep adding to it if we expect to ever have a full set. I've been a nervous wreck all evening since Lue stayed in town tonight to shop and of course I found a spider on the wall—I am not going to kill it if it rots there.

Guess Helen and Elaine and I will surely get to New York this time. Easter would have been so crowded that I'm rather glad we didn't go. I'll send you a post card from New York—just to prove I was really there.

Oh my sweet I do hope you hurry up and get here—I'm so sick to hold on to you and tell you that every things all right. Please don't be afraid of anything. There are times when I can't help it too, like when I wrote you those last few letters, and tonight if [sic] feel as if nothing could ever hurt us. No matter if we never saw one another again while we lived I'm so sure that there is something more and whatever it is we'll be together. I don't have to have facts I just know—sometimes it's all so clear I can laugh at my doubts on dismal days. You're darn right I could answer all your questions and if I couldn't I'd make something up as I went along. I love you and there are so many things I want to share with you. I hope in time you'll come to know me better and to understand the way I feel about them all. It will take us a lifetime.

I love you.

Pat. [Transcription ends]