

[Envelope:]

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

[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hi Honey-bun –

Guess who I got a letter from today—Mary Ellen—and written in her own hand writing! Can you imagine it? Or do you recall just how crooked and helpless her hands were when we were home. She's writing a book about the hospital & her own funny experiences she tentatively calls it "Horizontal Holiday" which ain't bad. She was quite ecstatic in her praises of you—which of course I just ate up—some time when you're feeling particularly low I'll let you read it. She considers me very lucky—but even at that I think she under estimates what I consider myself. I sent Mom a pair of good white gloves for Mother's day. She just got a new coat which has a white collar on it so evidently she looked very good—Don wired her some flowers so she was quite thrilled.

It's gotten quite warm all of a sudden. Which doesn't bother me a bit because I always think that before it's cold again we should be together.

Becky was in a fashion show at the National Theater last night so Mary C. & I went. It was a good program—one of the nurses who was on Bataan spoke—and Becky looked very smart. However I get very depressed when I take a look in the closet now. I haven't gotten this month's statement but if my addition is correct you have about \$2014 in the bank. \$815 came all at once about a week ago. And of course the \$148 every month. Then one time \$300 at once. They also send me your cancelled checks which don't do my morale any good. I can't always picture you sitting there pitifully drunk with some—well some gal on your knee when one comes from the Lido. Anyway is it all right if I just send you the monthly statements instead of remembering to put the figures down in the letter every time.

I've never received any more War Bonds and Edith hasn't either—so if you feel you should check up on it I will. Mary Clare & I went over to Edith's yestryday [sic] before we went to the style show. I was very ashamed of myself when I saw her hand as it has a very ugly scar & I never did go over while it was so bad. She looked good otherwise and so did Watson. They've both been busy around the yard. The living room furniture looks very nice. Mary Clare liked them a lot.

I was very busy today—but I liked it. Half the time I'm rushed and the other half I sit & read—that's very depressing. And I feel like quitting [sic] because I'm so useless, but then the next day I have to struggle to get everything done so you never know.

We got a letter from Don—they've stepped up his classes a lot and he's really going round & round.

Tonight there was a huge bug in the hall so I made Lue go out and kill it—while she was trying the people in the next apt. came out and they all three made so much noise trying to annihilate the thing that I was sure they were going to have the fire & police dept. in on it. They killed everything in sight and then Lue kept yelling at me to come out & see if I could find anything. Everybody thought it was very funny but I wasn't embarrassed because I don't laugh at things other people are allergic to and I don't see why they should at me. The main point is that for a while I can walk up & down the steps in bug-free bliss.—No cracks!

I was counting up tonight and there are exactly 25 people with whom I correspond more or less regularly—more with you etc. and less with Catherine etc. It's no wonder I feel guilty most of the time. Then if I move from Washington there are even more added to the list. I do like to write letters tho [sic]—If I have time. Especially to you sugar.

The news about Attu is still the same—headlines announcing “More Troops have landed” then about a ten line write up about it saying that the navy has issued no bulletins. It's very maddening. Especially since we won't get the combat reports for another month or so. We get them from everywhere else in a week or so—You're just in the wrong damn war.

You better throw the cookies out when you get them because I found some in a tin box that I put away about a month ago and they are not fit to eat.

Do you really not let the other fellows see the funnies I send you—I didn't think you were the Scrooge type but what else would they be jealous about? You know that you ought to at least have brotherly love for the 18<sup>th</sup>—what manner of man are you?

Not with standing the fact that you're a little weary of your sea side vacation—I think you'd last just about a month pushing a pencil here in D.C. After that we'd probably be bitter enemies with a divorce in the offing (you'd be wondering why in the hell you ever got married) and a fit case for a sanitorium [sic]. I ain't kidding. It's a tough grind—so look at the scenery around you & breath [sic] in a little fog and thank God there's not a desk for a 1000 miles.

And also think of me—and how much I love you & how astounded you are that I possibly could. And remember that whenever you get back I'll be there & insist on staying very close to you and get mad at you when you start being sensible again—Great fun—we'll be together so much that you'll be thinking of ways to get out of the house for a minute & I'll simply die because you're more interested in washing the car than you are

in me. (Or does that sound like mean my back?) Anyway I'll be able to spend 10 of the 24 hours close to you—unless you decide on twin beds again. Even if you are erratic—I think you're wonderful.

Pat. [Transcription ends]