

[Envelope:]

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A.P.O. 944
c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Washington

[Transcription begins]

Oct. 7, 1942
Greenbelt, Md.

Hi My True Love –

I hope I won't startle you too much, but I'm writing to tell you that I leave Washington the 18th to report for duty Nov. 1 at the Cold Weather Testing Detachment, Ladd Field, Fairbanks, Alaska. I know it will probably seem that this time I'm chasing you a little too far, but I hope you won't be too disgruntled.

It was just about a week ago that I heard of the chance—and after that I had to overcome all sorts of obstacles—such as being only twenty, not being a stenographer, but they told me yestryday [sic] that I was one of the twelve to go.

I can have 55 lbs. of luggage—which will be some limit when I'm leaving for an indefinite stay. I guess it's for the duration. They aren't making it much easier either—I'll go within 90 miles of home, but I don't think they're going to let me go a little early & stop off for a couple of days. Which makes me slightly ill.

Lue thinks it's a good opportunity, Mom & Dad haven't answered my wire yet, and I haven't had the courage to write Char—I will be one dead duckling if she catches up with me. I'm going to write her tonight tho [sic].

I know it won't be any picnic but I honestly dread sitting the war out, so I feel it will be a break. Of course the fact that it puts me about 5000 miles closer to you doesn't hurt a bit, even if there is still another 1000 to go.

I certainly hope you can arrange to take at least part of any leave at Fairbanks, although I realize you do want to get back to the states after a year of it.

I love you so much, baby, and I want to see you so desperately. Just being on the same section of the continent with you will be wonderful. We leave by train for Seattle, where we will probably have to take turns at flying up there via Pan-American. So I may be in Seattle for a week even.

From all I've heard, Fairbanks seems to be quite a nice town—I would have preferred Anchorage, but all the officers who know say that it is pretty wild there these days so I guess I'll be better off.

I don't know how I'll like -50° below zero, or it getting dark at 2:00 p.m., or hard water, or mostly rice & potatoes & meat but I guess if other people can stand it, I can.

It's two years ago tonight that you asked me to marry you. Remember? I told you I thought we should wait two or three years—and you said no we couldn't possibly do that. I remember even tho' I still wasn't sure, I was still glad you said 'no,' because after I suggested it I got sort of a sinking feeling in my stomach, at the thought of being away from you so long. However we seem to have accomplished the impossible but it hasn't been much fun, has it?

Anyway you should be able to get off whatever damn rock you're on, a little oftener than once per year, which would undoubtedly be the score if I were to stay here in the states.

I want to help the war effort, if possible, but I'm just living for the day when I can see you again. By the time you get this letter, I will be well on my way, so you can probably reach me at:

Cold Weather Testing Detach.
Ladd Field
Fairbanks, Alaska.

I'll write my address as soon as I get settled. I wish I was coming up to marry you, and be with you the rest of my life, but I'm certain it won't be too long before that will be possible & we can start building a life together instead of working to destroy other peoples'.

All my love
Pat. [Transcription ends]