

[Envelope:]

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[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Hi Sugar –

I got quite a kick out of your letter. The letterhead was censored and also the place you arrived at and then what has been fairly good so that you got in a lot of flying time. It looked so ridiculous, I just had to laugh. However if you're where I think you are, I think the Alaskan mainland would be better even if it doesn't have any inner-spring mattresses.

Those rumors you hear always strike me funny—I can just see a dark, tall man in a long black cape sticking his nose thru your door and whispering them at you. I suppose it would be very nice if you got to be a 1st looey—but I've always thought that gold bars matched the uniforms better than silver.

You have a pretty good average tho'. About the only rumor that didn't come true was the one when you thought you'd be sent to Canada to learn about that radio-range or something. I was very happy about that not coming true.

About putting money in the bank. I will if you want me to, but don't you think your sister would know more about that sort of thing than I?

Maybe I'm wrong, but I've always felt that we were lucky we didn't know what was going to happen. I don't see how I could possibly have let you go without practically dying. Remember the girl who's engaged to the ensign on sub duty? Well he graduated from sub school this week and got 6 days leave. She was so happy and of course I envied her—but when I think of those six days going by one after one, so fast like they always do. And waking up in the morning knowing that there are just three more—or two or one—I don't know. I feel sorry for her for what she'll go thru. He's been ordered to sea of course, she can't say where. I'm certainly glad you are air-minded baby, I'm scared stiff of subs. I think I'd get claustrophobia.

The census dept. has been moved to Suitland, Md. So I was pretty worried as to how I was going to finish school, until I found out that Suitland is just sort of a suburb of Washington. When I thought of leaving the apartment I sort of hated going too, because so much of what happened to us is associated with Greenbelt and the apartment. But I guess we'll be here yet a while because I think Lue will keep Char's apartment.

It's funny, if someone had told me I would meet the person I was going to marry in Berwyn I'd probably have taken the next train to Iowa. Those Berwyn cowboys with their lovely sideburns certainly are a mess. But you're awfully cute which is nice, because I'd probably love you if you had the face of a horse.

My urge to go swimming came a little late this year, but I hauled out the old bathing-suit the other day—and it still fits. I can't have changed proportions even $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch because it fit like wallpaper when I got it. This will be the third summer in use. Cause lastex is on the priority list and wool doesn't appeal to me. It's lucky I don't wear a girdle some of the gals, are really worried.

The magnolias are out all over town but it hasn't been very warm. Rains a lot too. I cut my poor lonely English class this morning (Sat.) cause when I woke up it was raining so I just turned over and went back to thinking about you. But Md. has a new ruling about no cuts and no excuses for sickness accepted (unless for two weeks or more) so I can't do that often.

You know, if you have time you might drop the folks a line, I've told them where you were, but you can't imagine how thrilled they'd be. You know, the letter heading censored and you could always mention the weather so they would know how censorship works. After all our trouble keeping our letters to ourselves and all, we finally have a third party in on this affair. Fine thing! But at least he doesn't read mine.

I guess we have sort of a psychic effect on one another even at about 6000 miles apart. (Golly, it looks awful in writing, doesn't it?) Because you've been on my mind so much too, guess you got my letter saying so in fact. And although I wouldn't admit it at the time—I had the same feelings when you were in Texas—but honestly I didn't realize it was love—my I.Q. never was very high. It is true that there are those certain times when you are particularly restless and at-a-loss when nothing seems to help. Remember those long discourses I used to write you telling you there was no such feeling. Well it just goes to show you that being Irish, I can argue that black is white at the drop of a hat.

I've worked out a theory which has helped me and might help you. I'm giving the war three years to run. At that rate as four months are gone and there are 3-four months in one year, and three years—it means that $\frac{1}{9}$ of the war is already over. Simple huh! Well maybe not but you can figure it out in your own words. I have decided to jump off the Calvert street bridge if three years is not enough—providing of course I don't get fat and have to before then (in case you're worried I have just lost 1 lb. which makes it 109 lbs). At any rate this is my pet theory and it puts an end to the situation instead of just rambling aimlessly on. It also makes me happy on Sunday because the previous week makes it just one week less.

Please don't forget how desptely [sic] I love you, and act accordingly my sweet,

Love Pat. [Transcription ends]

