

CATHOLIC CHARITIES DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN

DIVISION—FAMILY WELFARE

TELEPHONE TRIANGLE 5-8518

230 BALTIC STREET

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

April 2, 1943

My dear Dot,

Just to give you a thrill at beholding your old stationery - I wonder if you wouldn't like to be using it once in a while instead of policing the barracks - or do you? Sounds like Mary McVague, or is it just Vague!!

We received your card and could<sup>nd</sup> see a bit of resemblance between you and the Dizzy portrayed. But I suppose you'll get there.

About the poundage - have you lost or gained any? I understand there's a question before the House of Reps in Washington, wherein the army wants to see that something is done in the way of getting some food to the U.S. civilians. I do hope something can be done about such a weighty matter.

Your Mammy read one of your scintillating letters which you had sent her. Your trip must have been more than a little exciting and lively. And about your being so particular about picking up things about the barracks - even to the extent of doubling for a White Wing.

How's the other condition about which you wrote Eileen? I do hope there has been some provision made for the modest ones. I am afraid I would have to hold out even UNTIL VICTORY (You see I don't say for the duration).

Young Un, the old place just ain't the same. No one to challenge and no one to hold her lil' snout in the air and pass my desk, just because the bacon was burned at breakfast. What do you do when the oatmeal has worms in it? This is just a suggestion and the next time you have this mush, just think of little worms that were nice and wriggley and are now little corpses concealed under the witsy bitsy flakes.

Thank you - I am feeling much better now but had a very severe sore throat. I can hear you saying - "Well, you can't blame it on me now," but my feeling is that in all probability you left the germ somewhere here in the office, and it took some time to develop.

Have you had all your shots yet, or don't they serve beer in the South? You speak of your officers as being such mighty fine people. Trying to get in with the "Uppers" so as to be relieved of KP. Can't be done, Kid, jest can't be done.

Your little strawberry plant is doing very nicely and holding its little arms higher and higher to the sun, and my own little anemic one which you brang me last October got so ashamed of its backwardness, that it too is reaching up to old Sol.

Old Sol - I can imagine you drenching yourself in it hours on end. Of course I don't refer to your --- but skip it, lest I become vulgar.

Miss White said she had written to you, but at any rate, I am sure she wrote some sense and not just a lot of nonsense.

Before I forget, how are the boys getting along? Is Joe still in the States and how's Frank coming? I shall be glad to know and to be remembered to them.

Best wishes to you, Little One, and when you are RESTING some time, let me hear from you.

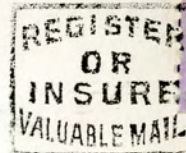
Sincerely yours

*Folie*

*or*  
*Lovara*



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