

April 9, 1943

My dear Young 'Un,

How's that for formality. Your struggling to come to a right salutation amused me. Is the name Loretta so formidable that you, even you, flinch before it. What have they got in the army now. Sissies?

But really I was more than glad to hear from you. Evidently our letters crossed, as I note you wrote Thursday whilst I was gathering my thoughts Friday.

You didn't tell me a thing I didn't know about you - that is, about falling back into your old ways were you to join the civilians again. Tough as you are, it was nothing short of severe discipline that will make a man out of you. (How's that for getting the tenses all botched up!!) I'm doing better every day - sometimes I can't remember how to spell such a word as physician. We have a young girl (volunteer typist) here in the office, and in trying to copy some of Miss Kirby's work she typed - "Phipician D. Glatz." She claims to be Greek or Filipino (according to Tornell) and I thought she was introducing some Greek art into the record. After a bit of studying, I made out the fact that it was - "Physician, Dr. Glatz." Well, what I'm trying to get at was after seeing the "phipician" I couldn't spell the word physician myself. Well so much for that. Not so good! (Baby Snooks).

What a joy to your Mammy when you return with all the neat tricks up your sleeve. Before I forget it. I had a long chat with your Ma yesterday (it being staff meeting and I was holding down the fort alone). Well, me lassie, what have you been doing to her by exchanging mail with Joe and Frank. No fooling, young 'un, I don't think she's worrying about you chilluns as much as you would like to think. Perhaps it's natural conceit that makes you three feel that she is going to pieces. On the contrary, she said she is very happy to know that you three are doing what you wish to do, and as for you, she felt you were getting in a rut and this is where you will make good. Don't get the idea that the gal was squeaking about you, but you will remember that I felt the same way. You were not interested altogether in your position or status in Red Hook, and therefore you did not care whether you checked in at the office or not. Your mother did ask me to tell you when I wrote that neither she nor your Dad is a "jelly fish" and they are enjoying their little snack each evening as before. She said she wrote all three of you a "good letter" and intends to remain "up in the air" until you three come to your senses. Phooey - that was something to get off my chest.

How about the drilling and sich. Do you have to handle firearms, swim, hike, or what. You seemed to dwell more on the latrine than on your actual day's routine. When you had K. P., surely that did not mean peeling potatoes all day. I am very much interested in just what the day consists of. Do you still get two and three hours for lunch and keep someone on the job until you get thru "chowing." I've suggested to Tornell that she join the WAAC (hoping to get some real work out of her) but she claims she is too much underweight.

Another question. How are the meals? All you want, or do you ever get your fill.

I am glad to note that you have some promising subjects for your gay repartee. I never tried to compete with you in this respect, as my natural meekness and humility kept me from making any rejoinder to your cutting remarks.

By the way, I am glad to report that since you have gone ~~ix~~ the way of all Waacs, I have been able to go to Mass each morning and receive Holy Communion. Of course, I have to include you (as a sort of penance).

But all in all, little one, I am glad you are taking to army life as you say, and that you will get the most out of a "much needed discipline." (I just couldn't resist that.)

Let me hear from you soon, and with best of luck,

Yours

"Loretta"