

Friday

September 17, 1943

Dear Frank,

Last night when I came home from work the first thing to greet me was your letter. You know, Frank, you have changed. Surprisingly enough, I can definitely notice it in your letters. It's not just that you say you have, but it seems your entire outlook and disposition have changed.

I don't mean that you had such a terrible disposition, but like myself, you had a way of innocently or otherwise cutting people deep. But your last few letters - about the last five I guess - have shown such a different change in attitude. Believe me fella, on you it looks good.

Don't go thinking I'm taking every sentence and word you say apart. - I'm not - I just can't seem to say exactly what I mean, but comparing your letters of say two or three months ago - I have to do that from memory as Peg has all of these - with these new ones, its hard to believe that the same guy was holding the pen. (The above has no reference or thought of that one letter, so oft mentioned in previous correspondence and which from henceforth shall not be mentioned or otherwise referred to by the writer.)

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Oh, Yes, before I forget, let me put your mind at ease about Joe. Just before I got this job a letter came from your brother, just like the one you quoted from him, It informed me that I hadn't written in a dogs age - in fact - and I am ashamed - only five letters in the year he had been in the service. When I got this job, I immediately went to work - as I have a quite a bit of spare time - and wrote not one or two nice long letters, but five in one week, and about three or four since. I suppose he is just about receiving them now though, so I'll keep on writing and hope that he gets them.

Thinking it over, Joe seems to have changed quite a bit too. You two - and maybe its my ~~imagination~~ imagination - just don't seem to be those two boys with the unaccountable temperments. Remember the moods you used to have. If Joe just wasn't feeling chipper he would sit in a corner and hope nobody would bother him and if you were feeling blue, you would make up an excuse to go for a walk and let the wind blow the gobwebs out. You probably still feel the same sometimes, but I don't ~~imagine~~ imagine you show it as much.

Of course these are all deductions taken from your letters, but somehow I feel, or is it hope, that they are right. You know I'm no psycholanalysist, so don't pay too much attention to this balony.

Say, Frank, speaking of changes, I think that we have let you know that we think we have changed - we hope - but we are still going strong at those old songs. In fact we are learning some new ones. The tatooed Lady and Bell Bottom Trousers being among our specialities. How about sending us a copy of that new G.I. book with the dainty - or is it dandy - ditties you boys are now singing. After all, everybody but us girls seems to have heard "Dirty Gertie" and you know how we hate to be left behind in anything.

Monday

Well, Frank, they managed to keep me busy all Friday afternoon, so I had to let this go til today.

Johnny Acer was home a couple of weeks ago. He is crazy about the Navy and honestly, that kid looks swell in his uniform. Fel and I met him one Sunday at Mass - I still hang mythat at Kazalski's most Saturday nites.- and he informed us he would be over after dinner. Well, the poor kid took the ~~two~~ two of us to ~~2~~ see Dixie at the Kings. Frank, you'll never guess what we did. In the end of that picture everybody is joining in the singing of the song - in the ~~next~~ movie of course - ~~xxxx~~ Dixie - its all very stirring and emotional and the first thing you know both Fel and I are sobbing like a couple of babies. ~~xxx~~ Honestly, poor Johnny nearly died. He turns to us and says "Gee, I only have one handkerchief." We really didn't mean to scare him, but we certainly had a good cry for ourselves. I haven't cried so hard in the movies since I saw "Blossoms in the Dust", about ~~xxxxxx~~, about 3 years ago. Anyhoo, it was about eight o'clock when we got out, ~~xxx~~ so Johnny kissed Fel goodbye on the corner of Bedford and Flatbush Aves. and took me home. He stayed and gabbed with my parents for a while and when leaving very politely kissed me goodbye right in front of my parents. - Honestly, Frank, I was embarrassed. Strange as it may seem.

Speaking of kissing, I'm looking forward to that "BIG" kiss you say you have for me. I guess if Johnny Acer can kiss me in front of my mom and pop you can too. Kiss me I mean - but please not in front of them - anybody else will do, but not my parents - I get embarrassed no end. But my parents think that Johnny is the nicest boy I have ever brought into the house, so I don't think that they minded in the least.

I suppose one of the others has by this time told you of our interest in the Nurses Cadet Corps. I would sincerely like to join this ~~king~~ thing as nurses training is certainly something, but the way things look now, I guess it will never come to pass. Eel and Peg have lost whatever interest they ever did have in it, and I don't think I would join without one of them coming along. Fel's mother thinks it would be a wonderful thing for ~~xxxxxx~~ all of us, but Peg's mother does not approve at all. Needless to say, my mom's all for it.

Anyway I have until December to decide, and in the meantime, I think maybe - and that's a big maybe - I'll try being a nurses' aid. But most likely I end up still being just a plain stenographer.

If the war isn't any closer to being over - and believe me when I say I hope and pray it is - in April, I may join the WAVES. I'd love to be ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ mechanic on a airplane or something. But remember, Frank, this is all just talk. Besides, I would probably have to do office work if I did join, and that is one of the main things I would like to get away from.

Enough for ~~xxx~~ my future, let's see what has happened in the near past. You know, of course, that I don't see Vince any more. Just one of those things, You know how hard it is to get along with me. And he was no better. Since then I've gone out with several nice fellows, but you know me, as I wrote ~~xxxx~~ in one of Joe's letters, the gal with the icicle heart. Nothing serious has developed, nor have I any hopes in the near future - but I'm in there pitching all the time.

leh, leh, spirit infanter ← You know, Frank, lots of times I wish I could get to really be crazy about a fellow. I even try to convince myself that I am every once in a while, but it never seems to work. However, I'm really not worrying about it. I just go around singing that song - what is it "Someday he'll come along, the man I love", and having an Helluva good time with all of the swell fellows I do meet.

Well, Frank, I've got to close now, if I want to get this out today. I can't think of a "Clever" ending like the one you gave - "Sow Lawn" Yayk! - and you've heard the one about ~~h~~ like Lady Godiva, having revealed all, I approach my close" so I'll just say

Love & Kisses
Eileen

Now that I've gotten a close on this letter I can just ramble on and not worry about not finishing tonight.

You know, it is usually just about 4:45 that everybody in this place decides they have a "quick-in-a-hurry" letter to go out, so I try to play it safe.

I hope you don't mind the typing in this, Frank, but for one thing, you can read it - if you've ever seen my handwriting you understand - and I think it looks better around the office if I'm typing instead of just writing in longhand. After all They may decide that they don't need me - which, I might add, they don't.

Pardon the jump from thought to thought, but I feel I should ask - or rather tell - you that you should correct that fallacy about Duffy. Oh, Frank! it can't be true. What a fate to befall anybody. She really can't be that bad. Is she white?? Really, if you get her address, you should, for the sake of her conscience, write and let her know what she is letting herself in for. I sincerely hope that you were fooling. But somehow I don't think so. Let your conscience be your guide now, and see if you can keep your peace of mind without warning this poor innocent creatures. After all, maybe she is just a kid about Ronnies - no I guess she would have to be at least as ~~xxxx~~ young as Vivi.- age.

Is Collin really going to get into the Army? No foolin' we were all genuinely sorry about his being rejected. We all think he is really swell, you know, and think the Army would do him good. He has loads of brains, and a little mixing with people would probably make him the life of any party.

Say, I'm going to owe postage on this epistle if I ~~xxx~~ keep it up much longer. Besides Kazal is waiting for me downstairs, and she is not the most patient person I have even known.

I notice you just send us "Love, as ever," in your letters, what's the matter, don't you want to kiss us. Getting HighHat or something? Or just noncommittal.

By the way, the ~~xxxx~~ pictures we've been promising all along are being printed, and come next payday, we will get them in the mail to you.

Bye again.

Love & Kisses

E. Allen

Now that I've written a close on this letter
I can just relax and not worry about not finish-
ing tonight.

You know, it is usually just about 4:45 that
everybody in the office decides they have a "quick-in-
a-hurry" letter to write, so I try to play it safe.

I hope you don't mind the typing in this, Frank,
but for one thing, you can read it - if you've ever seen
my handwriting you understand - and I think it looks better
around the office if I'm typing instead of just writing
in longhand. After all they may decide that they don't
need me - which, I might add, they don't.

Frank, I know from experience that if I
feel I should ask - or rather tell - you that you are
correct that father about Dolly. Oh, Frank! it can't be
true. What a fate to befall anybody. She really can't
be that bad. Is she white? Really, if you get her
address, you should, for the sake of her conscience,
write and let her know what she is letting herself in for.
I sincerely hope that you were fooling. But somehow
I don't think so. Let your conscience be your guide now
and see if you can keep your piece of mind without warning
this poor innocent creature. After all, maybe she is just
a kid about Rosalie - so I guess she would have to be at
least as young as Vivian - age.

Is Gollin really going to get into the Army? No
foolin' we were all seriously sorry about his being re-
jected. We all think he is really swell, you know, and
think the Army would do him good. He has loads of friends
and a little mixing with people would probably make him
the life of any party.

Boy, I'm going to owe you a lot of this epistle
if I can keep it up much longer. Besides Kazal is wait-
ing for me downstairs, and she is not the most patient
person I have ever known.

I notice you just said us "love, as ever," in
your letters, what's the matter, don't you want to kiss
us? Getting high on something? Or just noncommittal.

By the way, the next pleasure we've been hav-
ing all along are being printed, and come next party,
we will get them in the mail to you.

Bye again.

Handwritten signature and scribbles at the bottom of the page.

E. Moran
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