Dear Frank,

Now we know am I going to start this letter. I should was apologize for this late answering, you know. Really, Frank, each time I write a letter, it seems I have to make an excuse for not writing sooner, - not that the person demands an excuse, but my conscience insists that I make one. Each time, no matter what the reason, I say - and truly believe-that I will do better. Somehow, It never seems to work out that way. Maybe I'll be extra-special prompt for a letter or two and then - I don't know - I just don't get around to it for a month or so. The real truth of the matter was is that I have no excuses. That's why I try so hard to make one, I guess. Oh, well, Frank, you understand, I guess everybody has the same trouble.

That was quite a story about that crap game you related in your last letter. Keep on coming out a dollar ahead in each game and you'll come home a rach man. That Sgt. McCall must be quite a character. It seems you have something different to tell about him in each letter - A result of being Brooklyn bred, no doubt.

So you think all I need is a little lovin', eh Frank. I wish I could think the same way, better it is the same way, better it is the same way, better it is in the same way, better it is in the same way, better it is in a fraid any ol' lovin' won't do me a bit of good. You know, as far as getting nice fellows for dates I've been pretty lucky. The only trouble is I never seem to be able to get palpitations over any of them. Maybe after I go out with them once or twice I begin to think it might be "him", but them very shortly I'm disillusioned, and begin to get bored. Oh well, Old Maids run in my family, and with only eme out of every seven gals going to get her man after the war, what chance have I?

Did I tell you I joined the U.S.O. (N.C.C.S.) on Shore Road, right near your house. Gee, its swell. Everybody seems to thank its the best canteen going. When that furlough of yours comes along, maybe I could drag you over on a Friday night, eh?

The first night I was there, as luck would have it, you'll never guess who I ran into after not seeing him for about four months - Vince. Gee, everything happens to me! Here I am not five minutes inside the place - not knowing a soul - and in walks my long lost friend. Needless to say he nearly colapsed when he saw me, the had a very nice talk, but save no encouragement to renew the friendship. You know what they say about the sleeping dog.

Anyway, the next week I went a very nice Soldier - honest a real Soldier not a sailor - and I have seen him about six or seven times now. He is really a very nice fellow, a good Catholic, 25 years old, six feet two, rather intelligent, and very nice looking. Of course.

as you can tell from the above, its nothing serious on my part, but it is a guarantee of an occasional date. Oh yes, he is from Wilmington, Delaware, and was a draftsman for Dupont before the war. At any rate, I have had a lot of fun with him, but he expects to be shipping any minute now, so I guess I'll have to start hunding again. Know anybody eligible??

You might be interested - if you have not already been told the gory details by one of my religious colleagues - in hearing about our most recent exploit.

I think I told you all about our interest in the Nurses Cadet Corps, didn't I. Well, we found out that a basketball chum from St. Francis was training in Kings County and I get in touch with her. We arranged to visit here last Saturday after work, and needless to say we were all very anxious to see the place.

Well, Frank, we were escourted around all of the Nurses' quarters and classrooms, all of which was very nice and cosy. Then we decided we wanted to see some patients but we were not allowed to go into the hospitable but she said that she could take us someplace just as good - the morgue. Yesk, Frank, Fel, Peg and myself spent last Saturday visiting the Kings County Morgue. We went into the place which was all lined with what looked like files to me, and turned out to be where the bodies were kept on ice. A funny little man - just like you see in the morgues in the movies - came out and asked us what we wanted, and nearly collapsed when we asked to see a body. At just that moment a funeral car (hearse) drove up and the underters' name was Austin W. Moran and when I said my name was also Moran they said we could see anything in the place.

First of all we were asked if we would like to see an embalming and of course we - all but the Nurse gave an enthus astic "Yes". We were then lead down this long hall lined with the "file cabnets" to a door upon which the funny man knocked. Another man came to the door and upon being told what we wanted sticks an arm out from behind the door and says "Shake". Being a very friendly person I started to clasp the hand when I looked at it and let out a scream. It was a sort of blue-gray color and ix I just knew it was dead. The man behind the door, however, insisted that it was his and began cleaning the finger nails of the discolored hand with his other hand. Finally, he opened the door and showed us the entire arm which turned out to be off the man they were embalming who had been hit by a subway train and immediately killed. We were then issued into this max small roon where the body lay and very calmly watched a man washing the body. There were two other bodiles in the room waiting their turn but needless to say, we felt the urge to leave before they got mx to them.

Really, there was a whole lot more stuff that we saw, but I think maybe we had better give it to you in small doses. Surprisingly enough it had little effect on us, except, of course, none of us felt the urge to eat any supper.

Anyhoo, by the time we finished with the morgue and heard about all the dirty work like delousing dirty patients and such and w saw the dead people, we were a little discouraged. I intend to try to get over to see St. Vincent's Hospital some time soon, but I do think that Fel, and Peg are about decided against it.

That's the way things have been going \*\* with us lately, one week\* we go to see Joan enter the convent, a few weeks later we go to the morgue, and yesterday I get a letter from a nun at St. Francis who wanted me to become a nun, asking that I come to visit her. Such a life!

Maybe I'll take the easy way out and join the convent. Hoy, what I couldn't do to a perfectly good convent!

Well, Frank, I guess I'll sign off now, we are looking forward to seeing you real soon. That term of yours ought to be over shortly, shouldn't it?

Oh, yes, I knew that there was something I wanted to tell you. Frank, don't ever worry about what you say to one of us - I mean about its effect on the others. Really, were not always at one anothers throats - or yours eather. We like to hear from you guys and know what's going on where you are. That's the only reason we read one anothers letters. Why, our letters are always contradicting one another's. We exaggerate at times, elaborate most of the time, and sprinkle a little bull here and there for effect. Really, I think it is only human to do that, and I don't think any of us will get excited at any little thing you happen to put into one of our letters. By the way, even if the mail is a slower, I think this new way of answering is much better. Even if you just made three copies of each letter there is something elevating about getting your own mail at your own address.

I'mm closing again, and wishing you all the luck in your exams which must be coming up real soon or are just over - naturally the prayers come with the wish.

Lone & Kisses, Eileen

O.S. I just finished a long letter to the before I started this.

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