





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 hunting again. Know anybody eligible??

You might be interested - if you have not already been told the gory details by one of my ~~colleagues~~ 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 got in touch with her. We arranged to visit her last Saturday after work, and needless to say we were all very anxious to see the place.

Well, Frank, we were escorted 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. Yes, 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 under-  
*take* ers' 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 enthusiastic "Yes". We were then lead down this long hall lined with the "file cabinets" 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 ~~it~~ 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~~ *marshaled* into this ~~small~~ small room where the body lay and very calmly watched a man washing the body. There were two other bodies in the room waiting their turn but needless to say, we felt the urge to leave before they got ~~to~~ 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 ~~xx~~ with us lately, one week~~x~~ 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. Boy, 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, we're not always at one another's throats - or yours either. We like to hear from you guys and know what's going on where you are. That's the only reason we read one another's 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 ~~xx~~ slower, I think this new way of answering is much better. Even if you just made three copies of each letter ~~x~~ there is something elevating about getting your own mail at your own address.

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

*Love & Kisses,  
Eileen*

*P.S. I just finished a long letter to ~~Frank~~ <sup>Joe</sup> before I started this.*

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