96 Paterson Street, Jersey City 7, N. J.

May 1, 1944

P.F.C. John A. Albanese, U.S.M.C. lith. Defense Bn - H & S Battery c/o Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

My dear Johnny:

Gosh, honey, I'm terribly sorry neither yow or Walt heard from me for such a long time. However there's quite a few letters on the way to you both so I guess from now on it'll be alright insofar as my letters are concerned.

I now have your letter of April 5 in which you told me Walt moved across to another island about 20 minutes away. Gee, I hope you and Walt meet again someday soon, and I know that if I had anything to say in Washington, I certainly would arrange to keep you both together.

Nothing new or exciting (again?) has happened in the States, with the exception that the weather here is wonderful. Uh huh, it's that lazy, dreamy Spring weather that we all crave but hate to work when it's here. In fact, I should soon start work on my vegetable garden but as yet I haven't. Too busy at office and school, I guess.

Yesterday (Sunday) I started writing you a V-Mail but lo and behold I couldn't finish. Why? (now you know it must have been something very important to interfere with my writing you) Well, as I was writing, I heard my more say, "There's going to be a fire here" and gosh I jumped from my chair and investigated. And here is what I found! My father, in the throes of cleaning the yard of dead grass, had piled it all up and put a match to the grass in the center of our yearx yard, which is quite big, and a strong wind apparently came along before he had time to wet the surrounding grass with water to prevent spreading. Gosh, the flate spread over the whole yard and was creeping on a neighbor's fence. Then it neared our garage and believe it or ", we all were calm. My father and a hose and I was the g to stamp out the fire with my sandals (which didn's such a good job except to hurt my tootsies) and then ye apail. A neighbor dragged over his hose and there are pail. A neighbor dragged over his hose and there are pail though, and no damage was done however I had to get recreased for a date I had a now I was smokey etce. It is now tell you all about the date I had.

Kathy, Stuart (sailor) Vic (sailer) and I were going to Central Park, N. Y. C. to take pictures and roam around. It's swell there. It's hard to believe such a quiet

went the place could exist in New York but it is we went

P.F.C. John Albanese, 12th. Def. - H & S. Battery.

Then we all went row-boating on the lake there, which was duite crowded. Vic & I in one boat and Kay & Stuart in the other. However, I was really and truly afraid those sailors wouldn't be able to maneuver a boat around a lake, honestly it even told them this which caused a little excitement. Then, later, I took over the oars and honey, you can just imagine now fast we went then!! Yes, I believe a turtle could have beat me. It was fun though although I did get very wet from other boats splashing etc. Kay fell on her face in the boat then another crashed into it. What a life! The we went in Times Square and ate good spaghetti in Romea. Gosh, I doubt if I've ever tasted better spaghetti that they serve in Romeo's. Perhaps, I shouldn't mention food etc. to you and Walt when writing in case you boys don't get an overabundance so therefore if you would rather me not, tell me when you next write so then I'll curtail my detailed accounts.

Saturate night I went to P alisades Amustment Park with Stuart, Vic and Kentucky (again our same sailor friends) and Lorainne, Kathy. We all had a grand time but we didn't have time to go on the scenic railroad, however I didn't care too much for the a little afraid of that ride, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'll go on it someday perhaps when I with a fellow that will really hold me in. Quite sometime ago, I went on it and my cousin (Marine) and I both nearly fell out. That gave me quite a scare, as you can imagine. The Virginia Reel is lots of fun though!

I recently sent you a picture and herewith enclosed is parother just in case you prefer this towards the other. I hope you're not angry at my sending another. In case you would have a picture of yourself with you, I wish you'd send it to me, however I doubt if you do being overseas. The one I have of you and walt is not as clear as some, I guess.

In your letter you said you haven't seen a white
we man for quite sometime, and that you didn't think one ever
was there, excepting dear old Eleanor! Well, do you really
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I saw the movie "Magnificent Ambersons" also and I arree ith you that it was quite dry. In fact I practically the leep in the theatre and that's the truth. You'd into think the Govt. would be more careful when picking out picture for everseas. However, I suppose some people liked it but didn't.

was soot Gosh he's as alive as ever! In fact some of us had passes to his radio broadcast a few weeks ago. I think I

(over)

told you already how we missed it by being a little late. We were there before the broadcast but our seats were taken, what luck! The girl who told her boyfriend that Frank was killed was sadly misinformed. Really, I don't think any husband or boyfriend is so jealous of Sinatra that he'd bether shooting him. Perhaps you had better not tell the fellow that his girl was wrong for he may become annoyed. I think show just made a mistake unintentionally, don't you?

That girl really has courage to ask for a furlough for her boyfriend. I'd like to do that too but it would never work for the government would only sand a fellow home on an emergency leave, I guess unless he was actually due for a furlough. However, if that fellow has been overseas 20 months, I think he really deserves a furlough. God, two months would just about finish me overseas. Honestly, that boy deserves to be sent home for a rest. I guess I repeated myself there. Anyway, I must lay, that girl really is in love.

Well, sweets, I'll say s'long for now as mallunch hous is practically over.

I'11 te soon again.

God Less You and Good Luck.

Love & Kisses,

Corinne

P.S. - I hope you're feeling okay.