

[Transaction begins]
96 Paterson Street
Jersey City 7, N.J.
April 15, 1944

Pfc. John A. Albanese
11th Def. H – S Battery
c/o F.P.M. San Francisco, Calif.

Dearest Johnny: —

I received your V-Mail¹ and was very happy to hear from you again. Also, very glad you're in good health.

Gosh, it's too bad the U.S.O. couldn't arrange to have more women in their shows, thus you'd have no cause to say "no women tch tch" eh! Really I never imagined we girls were so important however perhaps I'm excluded for I guess I'm more a nuisance than a comfort. Please don't agree with me.

Nothing new or startling has happened around this neighborhood. However perhaps you'd be interested in hearing this. My girlfriend's mother has recently worked for Frank Sinatra's mother and dad in Hoboken, N.J. Hoboken is the city next to Jersey City and is Frank's birthplace or something. He went to school there etc. Kay's mother therefore received passes to Sinatra's own show on Wednesday night and for the Hit Parade tonight. Kay is taking my younger sister Dolores to the Hit Parade.

Well honey I can honestly say that I never have or never will swoon when Frank S. sings. I'm not that type girl I guess. Personally I think Frank's "Bobby sox" fans overdo it. He does sing well though but romantic attraction is out in my opinion. Sinatra is now busily working in New York City. Enough of this.

I was wondering if a serial number is necessary when writing you. Perhaps it speeds your mail delivery.

¹ From June 1942 through November 1945 "V-Mail" was comprised of a single sheet of paper measuring 4-1/4 by 5 inches. Letters were written and then microfilmed saving valuable space and still getting letters to our troops and home to soldiers families. The letters were printed on the receiving end and then delivered.

Gosh it must be exciting traveling to different islands to load or rather count ammunition as you say. However I honestly wish you and Walt led less exciting lives and were safely tucked at home. I'll have to close now as I'm writing this on my lunch hour which is now over. I'll write tomorrow again.

Love and Kisses, Corinne [Transaction ends]