

[Transmission begins]
96 Paterson Street,
Jersey City 7, N.J.

May 1, 1944

P.F.C. John A. Albanese, U.S.M.C.
11th Defense Bn – H & S Battery
c/o Fleet Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

My dear Johnny:

Gosh, honey, I'm terribly sorry neither you 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 mother 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 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 flame spread over the whole yard and was creeping on a neighbor's fence. Then it neared our garage and believe it or not, we all were calm. My father had a hose and I was trying to stamp out the fire with my sandals (which didn't do such a good job except to hurt my

tootsies) and then I got a pail. A neighbor dragged over his hose and there we all were trying to fight the steadily creeping fire. We did, though, and no damage was done however I had to get redressed for a date I had, being now I was smokey [sic] etc. I'll now tell you all about the date I had.

Kathy, Stuart (sailor) Vic (sailor) 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 country-like place could exist in New York but it does. We went in the afternoon, naturally. Then we all went row-boating on the lake there, which was quite 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! I even told them this which caused a little excitement. Then, later, I took over the oars and honey, you can just imagine how 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 when another crashed into it. What a life! Then we went to Times Square and ate good spaghetti in Romeo's. Gosh, I doubt if I've ever tasted better spaghetti than 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.

Saturday night I went to Palisades Amusement Park with Stuart, Vic and Kentucky (again our same sailor-friends) and Lorraine, 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 I'm a little afraid of that ride, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'll go on it someday perhaps when I'm 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 another just in case you prefer this to 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 woman for quite sometime, and that you didn't think one ever was there, excepting dear old Eleanor!

Well, do you really think not seeing a white girl is a tragedy! I think you boys should be glad to get away from we women. Do you agree!? After all, girls can be so annoying at times. However, I personally wish there were more fellows around this city, and I wish one had the name of Johnny Albanese. Honestly.

I saw the movie “Magnificent Ambersons” also and I agree with you that it was quite dry. In fact I practically fell asleep in the theatre and that’s the truth. You’d think the Govt. would be more careful when picking out pictures for overseas. However, I suppose some people liked it but I didn’t.

Was I surprised when you asked me whether or not Sinatra was shot? 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 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 bother shooting him. Perhaps you had better not tell the fellow that his girl was wrong for he may become annoyed. I think she 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 send 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 say, that girl really is in love.

Well, sweets, I’ll say s’long for now as my lunch hour is practically over.

I’ll write soon again.

God Bless You and Good Luck.

Love & Kisses,
Corinne

P.S. – I hope you’re feeling okay. [Transcription ends]