

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

October 12/44

PFC. John A. Albanese, 527287  
11<sup>th</sup> A. A. A. Bn – F. Battery  
Light A. A. Group  
c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, California.

My darling Johnny:

Here I am at long last! I hope you're in the best of spirits, honey.

In your letter of Sept. 14 you said that you'd meet me at the airport being you noted in my letter that I'd hop the next plane to the Pacific to cheer you up in case you were not feeling so cheerful. Well, I'll have to break that date now for the thought of meeting a Man (and a Marine at that) was too much for me! So, now I'm a physical wreck. Honestly, life plays tricks on humans! Oh well, I'd only be added trouble to you anyway.

It's too bad you had to miss both the Bob Hope and Jack Benny shows for I know they must have been super. Next time, let's hope you get a chance to enjoy them.

You seem to go on a lot of details. Are they the same as expeditions or scouting parties? Or, could that be military information. I hope you're careful when on them, anyway.

So you think it would be nice having three or four wives running around the house, eh! Phooey, if I were one of them, I'm sure I'd be very jealous. So you see it would not be a good idea. Seriously though, Polygamy is the craziest thing and it seems in the United States we have a touch of everything.

Johnny, take my advice on this point. Whenever you meet your future wife, don't tell her you want three children, all boys, so that you can sign them up in the Marine Corp. A mother never wants her children to leave home and if

they were in the Marine Corp they'd never get home. Right? And anyway, what in the world is wrong with girls? I think they're very nice. As far as I'm concerned, I'd like both boys and girls – nothing like an assortment.

Honey, when I do buy stockings today, it's practically impossible to get nylon so I need not worry about that. But I'm glad you told me about the dishonest sellers claiming to have nylons from Mexico, which turned out to be 100% rayon, for I might have met up with one of them. My girlfriend, Kathy, received a pair of Nylons from Frank Sinatra's mother in Hoboken. I once told you that her mother knows Frank's through business. I don't know how Sinatra's mother got the hose, but Kathy said wealthy people can still obtain it. I wouldn't doubt that for the rich always manage to get their wants. Or am I being prejudiced? I don't think so.

Quite a few weeks ago, I rammed my head (just above the temple) into the corner of a door. Golly, it practically knocked me unconscious. Within a second, my head blossomed out the a bump about three inches. Can you imagine how I must have looked? For two hours, my Mom bathed my forehead while downstairs my date for the night waited. Naturally I couldn't go anywhere. You see, I'm always in a rush. I was hurrying to be ready for my music teacher who was coming in about five minutes. Then an hour from then, my friend was to come. All in all, I rushed! By the time I'm finished knocking myself, I'll be whacky for sure. At the office when I'm getting books or money from the safe, sure enough I hit my head there too. I better stop or you'll begin to wonder what's wrong. My brother probably thinks I should be more careful too, as the rest of my family does.

I got a great laugh out of your "Gillette razor blade" joke. At first when you said you had a "close shave" I thought something awful happened so I held my breath, and then when the joke came, honestly I laughed. I suppose from relief too.

Do the natives take care of the laundry that you spoke about? If so, I guess they don't wash them so hot.

As far as I know, I received all your letters and answered all the ones past.

Honey, I think I'm getting dull or something but I really can't seem to think of anything interesting. I may as well be with you boys in the tropics where nothing ever happens. All I do know is that I'm as busy as heck at the

office. The telephones ring constantly – always complaints and my other work is piling up. Thus, I would not tell you about my work for it is nothing but headaches.

Sometime I should write you a little note in shorthand for the heck of it, but I guess you wouldn't understand it? In fact, you may even get angry at me for writing anything in shorthand (Pittman) for that would be irritating.

I met a Marine the other day who was overseas for about two and one-half years! Can you imagine! He was in quite a few campaigns and as a result quite nervous. The first thing he did when he reached home, so he said, was to take a long hot-bath for he was sick of showers and then to get a hamburger. I hope the war is over shortly so you boys don't have to spend any more time over there.

S'long for now with loads of Good luck and a bunch of super-duper kisses just for you—providing you have a ration coupon. If you're persuasive, a coupon won't be necessary.

S'long,

With love,

Corinne

x x x x

PS -- Please excuse  
all my errors as  
I'm writing during  
my lunch hour. [Transcription ends]