

May 7, 1942

Huck -

Some crust - daria to pin on me sick insinuation terrible phrases. For that I disknow you. No person can insult my family and get away with it. No sir. Yep indeed my papa is a husky man but never let it be said that he wrestled with a hot torch. for anything else but to throw "de burn" out at first. Requested in pass. (In a foreign part of a gal)

But to make with the punk line quick in a hurry. "In not working yet." -

### Analysis and Explanation

Went down Monday - (as they required me to do) - walked in - gave my name [that twice] - and then was called over to a Miss Ine Clarity's desk. She picked out my application and then proceeded to give me that interview. The very first question she asks me is a lulu.

"You're taking up typewriting in  
business school - aren't you?" "Gulp"  
I replied. - "Have you time for a  
test?" Quick - right then and there  
I began to feel uncomfortable -  
but uncomfortable - for all I know  
about a typewriter yet. She called  
a young girl over and told her  
to take me to one of the offices.  
I was trapped to a place just  
overflowing with machines. [Here  
is where my knees decide to play  
tag with each other]. Another  
young woman cordially relinquished  
her machine. I sat down in her place  
was given a piece of paper & told to  
set it up. When this was accomplish-  
ed she handed me the test, looked  
at her watch and said - "Go". I nearly  
fell right on the floor. I felt so  
awfully conspicuous. My hands  
shook as if I had palsy. Never  
before in my life did I sell men  
in, all - over, people - people,  
as business - business. What made  
it worse was, the typewriter I had  
was the neatest thing to a junk  
yard I had ever seen. Every  
hesitation or mistake I made was as

noticeable as a scream in the dark.  
What an experience [34 words a minute  
with 20 errors] was I embarrassed  
But then what a surprise and dirty  
trick. Well to go on.

I went back to the personnel  
dept. and then she proceeded to  
tell me about the job that's  
supposedly waiting for me by  
Friday. It's duplicating records.  
I'd do a bit of bookkeeping - math  
and then write most of the day.  
She explained that it was a very  
& burdensome and responsible job.

The reason she said they picked  
out my application was because  
I had a good handwriting, and  
presumably a good head.

Naturally I agreed with her. - Oh!  
She also remarked that an elderly  
woman and myself would be  
the only girls in the bank [a den  
of hungry walrus]. By the way,  
it's about a 15-minute ride from  
my home. (Church Avenue &  
Flatbush).

Hope it goes through. Mom  
puts a wet blanket on it by  
saying that "When they say they'll

Let you know - you wait".  
Here's keeping my fingers crossed.  
I'm already, quit day school  
admit many storms and am  
pretty sure I'll start this Thurs.  
night.

Well that's that and for the  
time being I'm a lady of leisure.  
Playing baseball one day and  
rape the next . . . . That's right -  
the kids [all nine year olds] ganged  
up on me and played on my good  
nature to turn rope for them.  
I felt silly, but it pleased them  
and that's what counts - - Gotta  
keep up my good name y'know.  
Dad again insisted that I go a  
few rounds with him. This  
time I ripped one of my finger  
nails [He nurses it with poultice  
& Loring oint. - Mom says "Serves  
you right." What are you going  
to do with a family like that?]  
I'm really beginning to feel  
these suckouts in my shoulder.  
But dad has his remedies.

"What - got a kink? - Oh just  
twist the old arm this way and  
that way, etc." by the time I'm  
finished - I've got - - Lord knows what

Last Sunday, I saw my cousin  
receive his first Holy Communion  
through half closed lids [I know sleep  
sometimes it was impressive and  
he looked so awfully "holy" -  
& cute. That afternoon I finished  
my mission [by all rights I should  
be writing to you --- men right.]  
(Oh funny how things like that  
make you blue - unless it was on  
a race track). Immediately  
après le sermon je suis allée  
à la chapel et lit these  
candles pour vous. (I tried to donner  
à ma mère, mais elle a dit éclairer  
les candles instead, and being  
as I'm an obéissant [sans autre ??] child-  
I did.

So there out to get pal Joe again  
I'll give more power to him. If I  
know Joe (even if it's only one tiny  
hair on his head) he'll make a  
damn good soldier. He's like  
Chet in one way - he'll say about  
how he won't do a thing and  
then turns around and does  
it at his best. Some people

6 you just can't figure out and  
he's one of them but a nice one.

Hey Joe - did you finish  
painting the sidewalk yet? And  
how did you enjoy that farewell  
party? Deserter!

Well as far as that baseball  
game between the "stages" and  
the "blossom girls" goes. - I'm afraid  
well it just isn't. I didn't get  
much of a chance to make plans  
and I doubt if I'll be able to  
count on A. S. and Walter A.  
because they live so far out.

Besides I don't think A. S. was  
very keen on it. I guess it will  
have to be between the Brooklyn  
gang. I'll talk about that when  
we get together again. I'm still  
for it and Ellen and Peg are  
rare to go. If you need any  
sort of inducement for Joseph  
tell him that dinner's in the  
bargain. Help - no pushing.

Well Frank here's my stop.  
Whenever I'll make it abruptly,  
instead of bothering you with

a - - - - - was a joke. [No reflections]

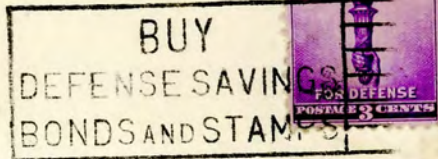
So until next time.

I am.

Your Friend  
A. L.

P.S. I now can't get over the length  
of our letters. Only having seen  
you Sat. too. But you know  
we very seldom get a chance to really  
talk together.

Then too I never thought I could  
say <sup>so</sup> little in so much  
I think reminds me - never mind I change  
my mind. - I wish like keepin you  
guessin.  
Bye again.  
Trusty



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