

Transcription

(November 1, 1944)

Ain't the darndest thing? Are there I'm so busy I can't see straight or I haven't a thing to do. The latter is the case right now, and I love it. The boss is out to lunch, so I can write you a leisurely letter without worrying. Last night I worked until about 7 PM, and cleaned up a lot of little junk that had been lying around on my desk. This morning I cleaned up a few big pieces of junk – drew a contract, etc. he hadn't had a chance to dictate to me yet, so I'm clear. When I finish writing to you, I intend to try and write up some verses and some silliness for Es' party tonight.

Talk to us this morning – she says her chin is up, and says I certainly Octonauts that one can't go around with a chain dragging on the floor for very long. The only thing that's bothering me is that she's vacillating about Starved Rock again, and I do not want her to go. She doesn't like leaving her mother alone, and she doesn't like taking off Saturdays from the office. I can talk her out, maybe, but I don't know if I should. She supposed to talk to me about it tonight, and let me have her final decision. If she does go, Evelyn wants to go, and I suppose there are others who to pitch in, but you know I'd prefer Es' company to anybody's – except yours, of course.

Would you like to hear about my "date" last night? It's the funniest thing – whenever we have someone coming in from out of town, I think about it in the morning and dress up a little. This guy came in from New Orleans on Monday, and I did think of it, but I gave it not a second thought, for he is "one of the family" and nobody for me to impress. so he decides he'd like to take me to dinner last night – I had to work anyway, so it was okay. But here I'd dressed like any other day- if I'd dressed up, I would've felt better. Said so to him too, but he claimed I looked perfectly okay. (was wearing my #2 brown suit with the red and white blouse of which you have pictures in Rockefeller Center). we had a good dinner at Gibby's – steak, and not too expensive, and found quite a bit to talk about. He's exactly 2 weeks older than you are, and they were married Sunday before we were, on the 23rd, same year. He talked quite a bit about his wife and baby, of course, and in a way it was refreshing to talk to somebody like that -M.O.T., and not a wolf- at least not with me. He was kidding me that you would find out I went to dinner with him but I silenced that by telling him I had already written you. And I had, hadn't there? Even got home early – he walked me to the I C, and it was a beautiful evening so I walked from the station, I was in bed by 11. Okay? I thought so.

It's unseasonably warm out, and expected to hit 80 this afternoon – and I called up yesterday to have my coat delivered! It has been chilly over the weekend, and I really expected to wear it tonight to the party for Es, but I certainly won't need it if it keeps up like this. Guess I can wear it next week, though – or the week after – may as well have it at home.

Got a funny letter from Bern last night – he really wrote it in a hurry, as soon as he got mine. Said next time I have a letter like that to write him, I should mark it to be opened only after hours, because I demoralized him and made him unfit for work for a couple of hours during the working day.

More coming, toots

More love too

Your Babe.