

April 26th

Dear Maurice.

It is now 8:30 P.M. and I'm up in the turret box — all the planes are bedded down for the night.

The other letter I mailed a little while ago so I suppose you'll get it a day late. I'm sorry dear because I like to have you receive letters regularly.

There are pictures being shown outside — I sat through two of them and in a few minutes (I was going to say — go out and sit through another one but there's no film left in the projector room that I must stay where I am.

I phoned over to your mother's

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and wished them a happy Easter. We had intended stopping in there on our way home but it was way too late when we got back to town. Right after we got off the horses and were getting in the machine, Billy and I got in on our side and Johnny walked around to get in the other side. I forgot and thought it was you and let out a whole lot of gas. It made a sound but I guess Johnny didn't hear and thank-goodness it had no odor.

Ella said that you would graduate on the 7th. When maybe you'll get your notice to come this way and what a reunion will have.

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The girl that went to old St. Marys with me on Good Friday asked to be moved down stairs Saturday. She said she'd quit otherwise because they made her too nervous upstairs. There's one woman that has been there several years and she is rather long. The girl, Evelyn wouldn't take her guff so she told Mr. Murray. She was so thrilled to be downstairs. Well, it is a much better place as far as the atmosphere is concerned. I think it there too. At the end of the day we feel more rested. The only thing is — most of my work — I have to

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talk over with the different
boxes. There is usually
something that is left out
or some question to be asked.

I'd rather make sure what I'm
typing is right and check on it
first, than have to erase after-
wards. Saturday I caught a

10 dollar error and phoned up
to Mr. Michael and had him
write down the figures and
add them. I asked him what an-
swer he got and then told him
what was on the PD - 200. He
said that was a good catch.
And I told him "oh yes
I'm so intelligent!" and he
laughed. If I didn't happen to
catch that I'd have about
6 copies to erase after and get

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the figures in exactly, and that takes time. I'm not supposed to check the figures but just happened to and it was a good thing I did. Tonight when I phoned up and told him I had finished another PD-200, he told me that I had done a lot of them. Well, I can get more work done downstairs because there aren't so many interruptions but my desk is stacked high with work that I can't possibly get to. They know that so I don't mind. I have a drawer to myself in a file cabinet to keep enough paper supplies at close hand. I'm the only one who has those accommodations but then I'm the only one who

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is burdened with so many different types of work. The freshman the fellow I introduced you to downstairs told me to ask for a drawer. I keep my hat in there too.

There's a lot of dissention in the office upstairs because VC & (who you've heard me mention other times) rides most of them. The really is a son of a gun — he gives dictation chewing gum and if you make an error he rattles to the boss. He's uneducated as far as schooling is concerned. His sentence structure is terrible, and the stenographers who do his work have to redo it when the higher up men get to read the script. He was trying

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to rush me last Friday and Mr Roschke had words with him about it. I was supposed to get the work out by 4 o'clock and in the meantime I had to do some tracing on a P.D. 200 - that wasn't an error on my part. A wire had come from Washington making some changes in the specifications so I had the tracing job to do. It took me over 40 minutes and Mr. VCH thought it should be done in 5 minutes. This girl Evelyn was taking dictation from Mr Murray and heard the whole thing. Mr. Roschke kept talking back to VCH and he was quite surprised. Finally

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Mr. Roschke had the last word. I had called him and told him why I couldn't get the work done. Evidently he believed that I was telling the truth, and he sure stuck up for me. Mr. Murray says I am doing a grand job and that if I knew shorthand I would have gotten the job that was open. So I am studying shorthand because I'll have another opportunity later. One girl told me I was too conscientious, but I like to have the work neat.

I had dinner tonite at the Commuter Club and who should walk in for boiled milk and rolls, but Mr. Kiefer. He sat next to me and talked real loud.

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I think by the time we finished
the whole place knew you were in
the Marines and that looked at
S.P. Don't worry dear I didn't
mention my address. He said
that the red-headed salesman; also
the big husky fellows - stock
boy, were gone - inducted and he
was very tired. That to work tonight
so was getting himself a snack
to take him over till he got
home.

It is now 11:13 and maybe I
should do a little shortsend just to
keep in practice.

So I'll say goodnight dear and
pray for you that you get the
right scatter papers and that you
win your medals for expert marks-
manship. Ed Lef. dear. Love & kisses
xoxoxo Alice