

Moe Weiner to Sylvia Weiner, June 6, 1944

Image

Tuesday June 6, 1944  
1108

Dearest Syl:

It's a little hard to sit down and calmly write a letter, just as though nothing were happening. Of course nothing has happened except the most world shaking event.

Although I'm hurrying to talk about it, I don't. Not that I know anything; even opinions are taboo at this particular stage.

However I can say I am glad that the long weary-some wait is over.

How, when and where did you first hear about it? Did you upon getting up in the morning turn on the radio, as we used to do? Or did you know earlier.

I see by the papers that Rome has been taken. Well, that too is out. In fact every thing taken into consideration, things march well.

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(The Gilder Lehrman Institute of American History, GLC09414.1108)

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We've finally managed to hook  
up Jack's radio and as I  
write, I'm listening to the  
programs with half an ear.  
It's pleasant as a background.  
Right now a chorus is singing  
"Night & Day". Remember it? It  
always has been a favorite of  
mine.  
Just in passing, I received no  
mail today. But since the  
last week has been good in  
that respect, one day without  
any is no great calamity. So  
I'll begin to answer your 1st  
letter, the second one you wrote  
that day.  
It's nice for you now, looking  
forward to weekends, and the  
chance to spend two quiet  
relaxing days at home. I used  
to envy you then when I had  
to get up at the usual time and  
crawl into a hot subway, spend  
a few hours at the office and  
dive into the big, now hot  
subway for the ride back. But  
what a relief to get that first  
whiff of cool air as I would  
get out at Sheepshead Bay.

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I'd have given something to have  
been at Sarah Scheff's that evening  
with that tipy lady, needing  
Esther (Ellen) and her boy friend.  
How they must have squirmed.  
I wonder what her boy friend  
thinks of Esther's friends' friends.  
Last night when I finished  
writing to you I said I was  
going to say some peng pang.  
Well I never did get to it. Just  
then some fellow from another  
outfit near us walked into  
our day room and told us that  
there was a movie in their  
mess hall, so we decided to  
take a look. It turned out  
to be Wallace Beery in "Rationing".  
It was mildly amusing, that's  
all.  
Saw you had a little bit of the  
blues that Sunday evening, and  
attempting to drain your sorrows  
at Elman's with a fudge sundae,  
~~didn't~~ keep either, w singing  
songs. When you're blue, you're  
blue, so whatta ya gonna  
do? Can't seem to organize for  
writing tonight here, but,  
I love you  
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### Transcript

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However I can say I am glad that the long wearisome wait is over.

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I see by the papers that Rome has been taken. Well, that too is ok. In fact everything taken into consideration things march well.

We've finally managed to hook up Jack's radio and as I write, I'm listening to the programs with half an ear. It's pleasant as a background. Right now a chorus is singing "Night & Day." Remember it? It always has been a favorite of mine.

Just in passing, I received no mail today. But since the last week has been good in that respect, one day without any is no great calamity. So I'll begin to answer your 5/21 letter, the second one you wrote that day.

It's nice for you now, looking forward to weekends, and the chance to spend two quiet relaxing days at home. I used to envy you then when I had to get up at the usual time and crawl into a hot subway, spend a few hours at the office and dive into the by now hotter subway for the ride back. But what a relief to get that first whiff of cool air as I would get out at Sheepshead Bay.

I'd have given something to have been at Sarah Schiff's that evening with that tipsy lady needling Esther (Ellen) and her boy friend. How they must have squirmed. I wonder what her boy friend thinks of Esther's friends' friends?

Last night when I finished writing to you I said I was going to play some ping pong. Well I never did get to it. Just then some fellow from another outfit near us walked into our day room and told us that there was a movie in their mess hall, so we decided to take a look. It turned out to be Wallace Beery in "Rationing" It was mildly amusing, that's all.

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I can't seem to organize for writing tonight dear, but,

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