

Morris "Moe" Weiner to Sylvia Greenfield Weiner to

s.l., England, 6 June 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 3 pages.

Tuesday June 6, 1944

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 bursting to talk about it, I can't. Not that I know anything; even opinions are taboo at this particular stage.

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

How, when and wear [*sic*] 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 ok. In fact everything taken into consideration things march well.

[2] 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.

[3] 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.

Saw you had a little bit of the blues that Sunday evening. And attempting to drown your sorrows at Elmans with a fudge sundae, didn't help either, or singing songs. When you're blue, you're blue, so whatta ya gonna do?

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

I love you

Moe

Sylvia Greenfield Weiner to Morris “Moe” Weiner

New York, New York, 6 June 1944.

Autograph letter signed, 7 pages.

Tues - June 6, 1944

Hello – My dearest, —

Well – D-Day! It has come – God! So long awaited – so feared – so rejoiced – such release – such new tenseness – such excitement – such quiet – Well – darling – all of these feelings & emotions were expressed & felt by American people today – as you can well understand. People – & that includes me were torn between feelings of gladness that “the beginning of the end” has come – and with the fear of great sacrifices –

So much for the general feeling – dearest – except – that I want to tell you that the whole thing is being handled in the usual exciting American manner – until blow by blow description – comments – by radio – long discussions on meagre information in the newspapers – a day of prayer by mayor, workers – & President –

Now for the exciting event as it was reflected in my own day – [2] Awoke at the usual[*struck*: ly] time – & my usual quiet fashion because David is still sleeping (can’t turn on the radio) – dressed & left the house – In the bus – I notice a[*struck*: n] movement – a restlessness – a murmuring amongst the people – but scarcely paid any attention to it – as I was occupied with my own thoughts. Arrived at Sheepshead Bay & couldn’t get a paper at the usual place because of the crowd around the paper vendors – So I dashed over to another stand – & grabbed the first Herald Tribune available – the headlines of which were not sensational (it was not the “Extra” – But as I was about to dash away – noted PM – It was sensational – The front page just had the following words splashed across the page – “Invasion Extra” – I brought a copy – As I got into the train – & thank Heaven! got a seat – looked at the rear page [*strikeout*] covering latest Bulletins – & there was Gen. Eisenhower’s speech – [commanding] the real invasion – I became Excited & read the paper through – It was so exciting – People were [3] deep in their papers – like never before – Few spoke – even people traveling together did not speak – I read every word. When I arrived at the office – several girls were crying – others glad

it had finally come – Tenselessness which had been accumulating during the last few weeks was released – Needless to say – no one could work – As for myself – I didn't cry – darling – I felt as I have been feeling all along that it is good it has started – What will happen will do so – & the sooner this gets started the sooner it will be over – I am fully aware of all the dangers & sacrifices – I am ready for them – I have been thinking of them for so long – So I spent my time trying to reassure others – I called Olga early – & learned she was feeling quite low – but she cheered up – Decided to have lunch with her –

We finally forced ourselves to work – & became immersed in it, so that it was 11⁴⁵ before I knew it – we were permitted 15 minutes for personal prayer – But – as you know how I feel about that – I departed for Palmer & Marcers –

[4] Found Olga in fairly good spirits – Had lunch with her & learned she planned to go to Chicago on Saturday – Gave her the pictures & she liked them so much – spoke of you & Marty & exchanged thoughts & memories – Finally left her & walked back – trying to get a few words from radios blaring out all over the streets – Finally – bought the latest paper – Came back to the office – & read the papers then – as there was no [radios] handy – There was much talk about the immensity of the undertaking (Remember when we spoke about an umbrella of airplanes in that long ago – seated in a blue chair –) about whether this is a feint – or a real thing – about the whereabouts of the Luftwaffe – about what Russia would do – about when [*illegible*] would strike & about Rome – about this beginning of the end of the war – how long it would take – Perhaps – 1945 – the beginning – Perhaps – I didn't have time then to picture you – your [position] – your place in this – & I am glad – Late in the afternoon we were informed that the “Little Flower” requested [5] presence at a “Prayer meeting—” in Madison PK – where a light burns ever for the soldiers who died in the last war – So at 5 P. M – went there – around the corner from the office – There were crowds & crowds – The mayor came with Mr. Whaler – & loads of camera men – etc. – A catholic priest, & Rabbi (Wise) & Protestant pastor – said prayers – then – an English opera singer sang “God Save The King” – a French (Free) who received a lot of applause sang the “Marseilles” which is very stirring – Papers drifted down from the tall buildings – Then the Italian anthem was played – as Italy was welcomed as a member of the Allied Nations – Then Igor Gorin (a White Russian) sang of all things – the “Internationale” – what a faux Pas – Evidently, there had been no time for Igor to learn the new Russian anthem – & it was funny to hear a white Russian signing “And ye Prisoners of starvation” to the crowd –

Wow! It was terrific – & funny – because most of us knew about the new Russian Anthem – By the way, attitude toward [6] Russia has changed considerably here – It is realized that she has taken her place as a nation alongside with us – & that she no longer is a bugaboo – Most people think Russia is going capitalistic – while other nations will tend toward socialism – Who knows? So it ended – & home I came – There were no appointments scheduled at the Draft Board – thank Heaven! So I sat myself down at the Radio – & have not left it since – Every once in a while programs break-in constantly with news bulletins – It is exciting – & in between tunes – I think of you – & your place – The President read a so-called prayer – what was a great document & sounded like a new “Gettysburg” address – How long this interest & excitement [*inserted:* will] keep the American People united remains to be seen –

Now to you – I hope you are alright – & I have shed only a few tears in my fears – But no matter what – dearest – I love you, love you – love you – & Falmouth St will be ready for your homecoming –

Soon – I hope –

To Victory soon –

Dearest –

syl

Good Luck!

Good Good Luck!

to all of you boys!

[7] P.S Called Mom – & as usual she was wonderful – Quiet – but interested in all the going’s on –had just listened in to the Presidents’ prayer – & she prayed – too –

My Dad called to ask how I was feeling – explained –

So dearest – this time I really – forgot to say “Good night” –

So darling; Beloved –

“Good night” I hope a good night for people all over the world –

Love Syl