

Miss Josephine Mercaldo
340 E 15th St
Albany, NY

Saturday
May 26, 1945-

Dear Frank,

Received your letter
written May 13th and
was glad to hear from
you.

I'm feeling fine
and hope this finds
you the same.

Frank, you better
be careful what you
say in your letters.
Especially when you tell
me where you were.

I can see you were on
Hawaii. At least that's

2.

what I think it was. I guess you've been on most of those Islands down there in the Pacific. You better not answer that because it might get cut out.

I hope you do meet up with my cousin. You in for a lot of fun if you do. He was always the life of the party. He is a swell egg - not because he's my cousin either. Tell you the ~~the~~ truth - I don't know what he does. All I know is he's a seaman

Yes, I never asked him any questions because I don't know if they'll let it go through. Sometimes I'm afraid to write anything. My cousin met his brother on the Philippines. He's in the Air-Corps (Army).

See, thanks for forgiving me for making that mistake. Now I can sleep better.

I still like big families. But I'll wind up having just one child.

You can always learn how to dance when you get home. If you can dance

There's always something else
to do. Right now the Kumba
and Lamba's are the
main dances here in New York.

I'm sending you a
picture I took Sunday.
Just thought you'd like
one. If not, tear it up.
Did I change since you
last saw me?

I haven't done much
since I last wrote. I
went dancing once and didn't
have a good time. Place was
full of wolves, so we left. I
have no use for those fellows.
Give my regards to Bill and
Irene. My best to you. Love, Joe