

The Letter

DJ Kane

I was reassured that this transfer to the Mail Recovery Center in New York City, as a Assistant Inspector was a promotion, and not a demotion, as I thought it to be. Ten years working at a United States Post Office mail facility, and now transferred without warning is quite unusual.

I entered the building looking for the main office, to report to the Postal Inspector. "I was instructed by the Postal Inspector, to just work the floor, whatever that meant, become familiar with the operation, and above all don't hesitate asking anyone questions." I was given reading material to take home or read at my desk that would make me more familiar with my duties. I was shown a desk in the main facility that I would use as my station, and told tomorrow,

"I would be expected to come to work, wearing a suit and tie."

On my desk were a computer, pencils, pens, paper, and my new Assistant Postal Inspector ID. I immediately switched Identifications, and sat and started reading my material. I was in a large hall, my desk facing a number of doors, which workers entered and exited with mail.

As I looked around getting familiar with my surroundings, a couple of postal workers passed my desk with trays of mail. "I asked them if that was, mail destined for the dead letter department and they motioned with their heads "yes," as they continued on their way.

It was much to quiet, I was bored, and decided to get up and walk to the Dead Letter Department, and back to my desk, a very short walk. As I reached the Dead Letter office door, and turned around, I had noticed an envelope, on the floor next to my desk. It must have dropped from one of the baskets the employees were carrying, as they passed my desk. I thought about returning the letter to the Dead Letter office, but since I was bored, I decided to read it, as I found it had been previously opened, no harm, no foul.

There was no postage on the envelope, just a faint red stamp reading U.S. Army V mail and dated 1944. With the word filmed, followed by the name and address of the addressee and sender. "I know this neighborhood" I thought to myself, "It's close by, just over the bridge, maybe I can try to deliver it after work. I took out the letter, which had been written by hand, still remarkably legible to read, as I sat down in my chair.

"Dear Babe, I miss you so much, your smell of love we once shared together. Keep adding the perfume to your letters; it brings back memories of you and me together. You can never know, how much I miss you. Can't tell you where I am because of the censors. How is our baby to be? If he is born before I get home, tell him Daddy loves him and will see him soon, when Daddy gets home. I have to close for now Babe, my buddy has to

move his jeep, which I am leaning on as I write. I'll continue to add to this letter tomorrow. Remember, that I love you precious, and miss you so much, wish I was there with you and our baby. Write soon and often. Love you and our baby, Joe"

I teared up a little, as I put the letter in my shirt pocket, after writing down information that I might have needed, after deciding that I would try to deliver this letter and it's loving message. The Hon, in the letter was MaryAnn Marcy, who lived in 1944 at 2483 East 21st Street in Brooklyn, New York.

After work I headed to Brooklyn, from the City, and arrived at the home of MaryAnn, who by my estimation should be in her sixties. "Hope she still lives here", I was thinking as I rang the doorbell.

An older gentleman opened the door, seemed somewhat annoyed, "What do you want, it better be good, I'm having my dinner."

As I displayed my ID, I said to him, "Sorry for the interruption, I'm Doug Kane, an Assistant Postal Inspector, looking for MaryAnn Marcy who once lived here in 1944, and have a letter to deliver to her."

"She doesn't live here any more," he answered, "I purchased this home from her about ten years ago. Did you say 1944?" He asked.

"Yes, I did say 1944, and do you know if she was married, and did she have any children?" I asked.

"What the hell mister, you sure ask a lot of questions, I think she had two, 1944 Hugh, you don't say" he mumbled to himself, as he scratched his head.

"Would you know where she had moved or living now, this letter is very important?" I again asked him.

"Where are you from mister?" he questioned

"Your friendly Post Office", I amusingly answered.

"Yes, I do recall, you told me before, 1944, that's a long time ago" he continued. "Give me your contact number, and I'll get back to you, if I find out."

"And your name," I asked.

"Never mind with that," he answered.

"I gave him my number, thanked him for any future information that I would receive from him, not that I expected any, he didn't even give me his name."

Well, tomorrows another day, at least I tried.

I arrived early at work to find a message from a Bob, “MaryAnn lived in a home at 426 Grand Street, in Williamsburg Brooklyn.” “ So his name is Bob, and he came through rather quickly much to my surprise.”

After work I drove to Williamsburg, to what I was hoping was MaryAnn’s home. I rang the bell and there was no answer, I rang it again and a familiar face opened the door. It was Bob, and before I could say anything my boss appeared, with a grin on his face. “Before you say anything Doug, you passed the test. That letter is put in front of all new Assistant Inspector’s desks and most of them fail. You have proved that you belong with us, by your caring. Tomorrow, I will certify your position, and we’ll get you out of that hall and to your own office” “I didn’t know weather I should be happy or sad at this ending.”