

Army Service Forces
Boston Port of Embarkation
Camp Myles Standish, Mass.

12 Mar 1944

Subject: What gives with Sherman

To : A friend (If I've still got one left in the world.)

1. Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and Liddle Lamsy Divey. Who's crazy? I am, haven't you heard? I'm also a Photo Lab Technician. That should make you a monkey's uncle. And they also have me going to another school. Only this time, it's at night. Three hours, three nights a week. Why don't they leave me alone? I didn't join the Army to get an Education. I was happy ~~bing~~ stupid because I was born that way. I've suffered from chronic stupidity all my life. It never bothered me. I wasn't so stupid as not to know I ~~wasn't~~ stupid. And, when one knows they're stupid, they can use their stupidity to the best advantage and really become quite successful at it. How will I ever reach the peak of my success if I have to keep my nose burried in AR'S, TM'S, Cir's, and bla, bla, bla.

2. When I heard that I was assigned to the Photo Signal Office, I ran as fast as my two big feet could carry me, all over the whole D__ Camp trying to find it. I had a little trouble as, you see, it had not come into being yet. However, there was a Signal Office and the Officer in charge there, told me to go two blocks down, turn right, and then left, then right again--Well, by this time, it was time for mess so I went over to the P.X. and had a hot dog.

3. Late that afternoon, I found this little run down, old pop house, and made my way thru the mud (It rains here too) into the house for a military entrance. Thereupon, falling over coal buckets, field desks, and equipment of which I have not yet learned the name, and found my boss in the bathroom shaving. Lt. Gold, short for Goldberg, known as Freddie Packard of Stage, screen, and radio, now having his name changed on all G.I. records, to read, Fred M. Packard, 2d Lt. Sig O., gave me a warm wealcome and explained that things were a bit disorganized (a masterpiece of under statement) due to the fact that the Photo Lab was in it's first stage of existance on this Post. The personnel was being ~~selected~~ hand picked and only the "CREAM OF THE CROP" would be selected. Excuse me, ain't this where I came in? Hundreds of miles from Georgia, and they're still using the same song and dance. That line must be SOP.

4. A few minutes later, we had another interview.(This time with his shirt on) in which I learned that he had gone to A.G. School and flunked out and therefor had a great deal of sympathy for anyone still in existance, after such an ordeal. I told him I knew nothing

whatever about photography and had no background for such work, having dipped only a couple X Rays in, I didn't know what, in a dental office, was a no good reason for thinking they could make a Photographer out of me. So, due to my vast ability, he says, "Take over, I don't care how you do it but make a Photographic studio out of this dump." I'm to receive help from an enlisted man, he told me; A Pvt. Fletcher, also very capable. He ran an elevator out at Metro Goldwyn Mayer, making him an authority on Photography.

5. Well, I've been on a merry-go-round ever since. Cleaning, I supervised. I like to boss myself around. Set up an office in the living room which had to be moved into the kitchen because we ~~have~~ have no front steps and everyone will have to come in the back door. My file has to be Dewey Decimal System because all correspondence, requisitions, etc., go out under file numbers. But old man Dewey would never recognize what I've got set up. We had some trouble with requisitioning our supplies too. We could only draw for supplies required for Laboratory set ~~XXXXXX~~ (My mail is censored.) but we have to operate on a much larger scale. We tried everything and finally the boss got frantic. Cut channels, sent a telegram to the Cheif Brass Hat of our ~~unit~~ outfit, saying give us what we need or no Lab. He caught hell but we got our supplies. Also two Lt Colonels down here to inspect the place. The house was never built for ~~accommodating laboratory equipment and~~ a Photographic Laboratory. It could never be made into one, says the Colonels. WE'll be moving shortly. After all my work. And, believe me, we've been going day and night. The office is mine. I've spent hours in the darkroom and haven't begun to know the first thing about developing & printing. We are getting additional help which we need badly, and that means that I'll have more time at my desk and To run the office. (That's where the boss wants me) I'm not getting too enthusiastic but it has possibilities, and it's interesting, and it's something you can sink your teeth into, and, if not pulled out of here because I'm not in my proper job; well, who knows?

6. As far as Classifications is concerned, It can fold up shop any day now. It doesn't work. Look what happened to me. As the troops are loaded, and the Casuals stand by, they pick the first man, or men as replacements for the number missing from the shipment. It doesn't matter what brach of the service they have been trained for. That made me sick.

7. This school I spoke of, is a course in Basic Photography. A small class to any who are interested. Only I have to go. I enjoy it. Also, another item that keeps me on the run every minute, I report to the hospital once a day for steam and menthol treatments. I've got a chronic sinus condition. Yes, they even found a name for my sniffles. I'll always be the gal with rythm in her sniffles but the tempo has not been quite so rapid since they pushed everything but the kitchen sink up my head, and after, said treatments.

Saturday and Sunday C.Q.
Last Sunday, it was K.P.

OK, so you're not talking to me!!!!

Schiltz, my liddle honya, my little baby I'm neglecting;

I'm sorry, Dot, cross my heart I haven't had any time. Just like being in Washington again. Only this time, it's work that takes up every minute You've got, and some you haven't got. Relax, will ya, Red head, remember your blood pressure.

Both your letters were like a drop of water on a very thirsty tongue. How many times I've wanted to talk to you and thought, "If only Dot were here." A letter would have been a good substitute but there has not been time for the kind of letter I wanted to write to you.

I'm glad Brad let you read my letter to her. At least I will not have to explain that mess. But I hope she did not release it for publication. Little ashamed of such bitching. One shouldn't write in such moods. No need for it really. I'm perfectly happy here and things may turn out very well. Besides what does it matter what job I do, so long as I'm doing something. We didn't come into this thing for a career and the only thing that matters is getting it over with so that we can all go back to concentrating on being civilians again. Just call me, Pollyanna.

Kind is crazy about her job. She isn't sure but she thinks she's in QM. Supply Hdq. You see, she has been away on a three day pass. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Three day pass!!! They work like mad around here when a shipment is in and then everyone goes away for a rest cure. What about the Camp? It isn't pretty. All buildings with one exception (mine) are covered with black tare paper, for blackout purposes. No landscape. Just a spot cleared of woods and very rugged. You are always getting places in a jeep, or some G.I. vehicle. They stop along the road and pick you up. The WAC's here have made a name for themselves as hard workers and they are well liked. The girls are fine. Not like the old gang. But a lot of nice kids. It's a big company.

The Camp gets you after a while. I guess this is as near to overseas duty as one can get without getting on a boat. All jobs here, no matter how simple, are important. Everything in this Camp is secret. You know that there is a war going on every minute. Gad, Dot, when I see the troops marching in such large numbers, it's hard to make myself think of them as people. It just seems too awful that they can be. When you see them loading, you would have a heart of stone if you could stand by without a prayer for it to end soon.

I'm keeping my fingers crossed for you and Frank getting together. I know it's going to be an important reunion on which I don't want to intrude, but if the troops aren't in, I would like to come down for a day and meet him and see you. I've got to see you. Already, there

is so much to say that a letter can't cover. Have you heard from Joe? If not, I will tell you, that all the girls who have friends in Italy, are constantly trying to figure out why they haven't heard from them. No doubt, they can't write. Maybe that's where Joe is by now. He'll be allright Dot. Just keep thinking that.

That was some letter (Would you call it that?) Ed sent. Still would like to know if he thinks you're a cryptanalyst. There is no greater proof than the letters you sent me, that any letter from you, would serve as a morale builder to anyone. I think he needs you and you're neglecting him. It's about time he should need a new pair of shoe laces. What he really needs is a book on how to write English. But he's a sweet cuss. Please keep writing to him. (I can't resist this) I hope your correspondence proceeds and grows for the duration, and after that, who knows? And none of your damn smart cynical remarks, babe. May I send Deck his address and he might be able to cheer him up too. I may? Thankyou.

Forgive me if I'm bringing up a topic you do not care to talk about, but I've wanted to tell you many times, that I knew what you were going through, while we were at school. I wanted to say or do something that might help in some way. I couldn't. I'll never know why but I thought I could only help by staying out of your way at times. I'll be honest and tell you, that I thought you were fed-up to your neck with me. It made me miserable because (and maybe you can tell me) what I did. Whatever it was, I'm certainly sorry if I added to your unhappiness, in some way. I guess I must have, but I didn't mean to,

and that's all I wanted to say.

I was awfully happy for those nice things you said about me in your letter. You dislike the word sweet but that is exactly what you were being when you wrote it. You talk about fine people. When I meet one finer than you, she'll have a pair of wings, floating around on a cloud. They don't come any finer than you, Dot Shields, and I happen to know. OK, I wont say any more. We can start swearing at each other again.

I can't end this without a word about my bunk mate. Oh, and our new CO. The third one we've had since I've been here. Last night, getting ready for inspection, everything on the right, will now be on the left YOU KNOW!! The bulletin board read, quote, "All Make-up will be arranged on lower shelf of wall locker in echelon order. Now, I've heard everything. My bunk mate has been using her foot locker for a cloths hamper, ever since I've been here. She keeps sorting the dirty cloths from the clean in all her spare time. She has not yet decided which is which. She never knows if she is washing clean cloths or dirty ones. Your education is not complete until you've met this character.

This will be all for now. Next time you write home don't forget to send my love. Believe me, Dot, I'll write every chance I get. Keep me posted on everything at the Home Camp. It's not such a bad place. I miss it at times. Say hello to all the kids for me. Gad, it's 2:0' clock.

Goodnight sweets

Sharon

Mr. Shultz
Dr. Dugay

and I know nothing
about it. This time
I am going to A.G. School

where I came in
the same song
where I came in
the "CREAM OF THE
WHEAT". The
one on this post. The
one to the last first
set things were a pit
Hed M. Backstage, say it.
and I said, now having
got a short tour Goya
set Jesusing the same
over cost packages
there too) into the