

Dear Dot;

I'm going to dash off a few lines, long overdue, while the boss is out to lunch. I really don't think I have to tell you what a wonderful time I had with the Shields. Dot, it couldn't have been more perfect. Joe was everything and more than I expected. Now I can truly appreciate all that you said about him. You must have spent some wonderful moments alone with him, talking over all the things that it didn't look like you were going to have time for.

The extension must have been like a gift from heaven. (And let me hear no more about the Lord answering other peoples prayers and not paying much mind to yours.) Honestly, if I had not seen Joe, I could not believe such a blessing possible.

Dot, all the family, from the Chief down to those darling sisters of yours, I liked so darn much, that I really hope that they liked me because I want to see them again, and as often as I can. I couldn't have felt more at home than if I had been with my own family. Thanks so much for the invitation, Dot, it was so enjoyable, and that comes from the bottom of my heart.

I was told that ratings on this Post were frozen but my name went in the other day for a G.D. T/5. It no doubt doesn't mean a thing anyway. I see the barracks only in the dark these days. Been working till, at least 10:30, every night and leave as soon as I get breakfast every morning. We have two WAC's that they are breaking in in the Lab.

My job is the office. Full charge. THANK GOD FOR W & J. Lots of paper work. You have no idea. Any more paper work and I'll need another file for the back porch. The office and Lab have taken shape. By many mistakes, we found a system for everything that comes into our hands. It was a madhouse because we have had to operate on a much larger scale than was originally intended. But it has taken shape and it's now working. (You're surprised? Imagine what a blow it is to me.) But, after this, I would not be afraid to tackle any job in the Army. It's done that much for me. I'm proud of our dump. The office especially. It's my baby.

Dot, Deck is in Arkansas. He writes twice a week now. It's so damn crazy but even at that, I haunt the mail for his letters. His last said that he writes other girls (Of Course) but my letters have come to mean more than any other, with the exception of those from his parents. How am I doing? Better, I think, than I could have hoped for. Before leaving Oregon, he had a three day pass and he and Pete Johnson, (from Brooklyn) went to Klamath Falls, got a bit too tight, and had a wonderful time. But what I'm getting at is that he bought me a gift while he was there. It hasn't arrived yet and he didn't tell me what it was but who cares about that. It was a darn sweet thing for him to do and he must think of me often. Maybe he was



tipsy but it still was sweet.

My bunkmate, the screwball, wrote a book that is used in every college in the country. It received recognition in Geneva as the best book of its kind for the year. 1940. Her name is in Who's Who. Her reason for coming into the WAC's is to gather material for a book on Women's Part in the War. Now, you know what I mean when I say she's nuts. She'll never find time to gather material for her book when she has spend all of it sorting cloths.

I hope to get another pass after TM's (That's a new one for you to figure out.) and I'm going to spend it writing letters. I must write to Brad and my family. They are not even talking to me. I'll close for now and Happy Easter. Joke-aint it?

Best of wishes and love

*Harman*