



FORT OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA

Tuesday 8 Aug 44

Dear Mother & Dad;

Forgive the typing but have just been batting out a note to the social work ass'n and found it fun so decided to go on practising. Of course, I'll never make a typist for I have a habit of looking at the keys, along with making a host of mistakes.

Have gotten all your mail and feel as though I've been neglecting you - but there's so little news on the war front these days. I could talk about the weather and the job but they never change. Still warm and still interviewing. But my morale is a little better since I am foolishly hoping that some fine day we'll be picked up to do a social work job. If so, and it works out as we hope it will be excellent training toward psychiatric social work. Dottie H and I are doing a little investigating on the sly and hope to get a few leads. Ed seems to think it is the thing to do and has given me the name of someone to write to for further info. Please keep your fingers crossed -- and let's not talk about it too much to the neighbors. I don't know just how many "channels" (ask Joe) we've skipped so far, nor when it will catch up with us. But I've finally learned that you've got to do things on your own or they don't get done. I may sit the war out in Ogle all the same, but at least will have had the satisfaction of trying.

You doNt know how I've enjoyed being on the boys' furlough through your letters. It's a beautiful pipe dream hoping we'll all get home together in October, and you know it, but I must say I'm guilty of dreaming too. Can't understand how Joe got his extension -- someone must be handing out hearts to the brass hats. But I'm so afraid it will keep him for another furlough for some time. Maybe he has a few tricks up his sleeve, though. I can't wait for both the boys to write me about their days together. It's been so long and I'm wondering what changes they found. You did not say whether Joe reports back to St. Pete or goes right on to Miami .. was almost hoping they'd let him go to Atlantic City since he's so close.

The Shieldses are always home -- so I thought. And I was so logical in picking a time to Phone, too. Felt that since Joe had to leave on Sat. and Frank on Sunday, the logical



time for that second keg would be Friday. So I spent an hour Friday evening trying to put in a person-to-person to Frank. Make believe I wasn't surprised to hear that NO ONE answered. I couldn't imagine why some of the kids weren't in at 10 PM at least. Things sure have changed. I shall have to give up trying to arrange things according to pre-war conditions in the Shields emporium. O, well I saved 3 or 4 buckaroos and Frank can be sure I was thinking of him anyhow.

Wish you'd remember me to the Kampfs and the Keezars. It's just beginning to seem like ages since I saw them all and I'm really looking forward to a session when I get home. I'm not forgetting the Katzes but I seem to think about them a little more often, I suppose because Bobby is occasionally a topic of conversation, and I wonder about his sister. So toss them a few kisses for me too.

Billie hasn't written in a few weeks so I take it she hasn't gotten back from her recruiting trip yet. You surely knew I would ask her down for my furlough but saw no need to do it so early. However, since Mama, the social secretary extraordinaire, was right on the beam with the heckling I sent the invitation immediately. Will you ever stop hounding me, you old bag? Say, put a firecracker under Salerno and tell her she's to stay out of my bed until she comes through with a letter. I'm a poor correspondent but it's surprising how nice I can be if people answer my mail once in awhile.

May Hill has written twice, each time enclosing a dollar for beer. I started an answer to her last week and was interrupted by the eye exam. So I finished the note blindly explaining my predicament. At that it was a tree pager. Yesterday I got a cute little note, dollar enclosed, saying she read with interest page 3 of my letter and would I mind sending along pages 1 and 2. She guessed I needed 10 more beers to regain my eyesight. I lose more friends that way. So I answered immediately. Those three are really fun.

Well if this isn't the damndest jumbled mess nothing is. That is what comes of having nothing interesting to say and still trying to do right by civilian morale. So I'll close before I start to lower it.

Love & prayers,

*Sue*