Dear Mom,

It seems a long time since all the nurses and friends gathered at the beach field station to give us a great send-off that April Fool's Day.

Good news and bad news! Biscay and I are being transferred to Fort Dix, N.J. to a station hospital that is forming down there for overseas duty. Where? No one knows. Ten of us are going. I shall be done this week and so say my farewells. Of course we volunteered.

Sister June 18

Dear Mom,

I have been going to write for ages but I just didn't have the energy to even schedule a card. We got a good send off at the station—me and a Pullman going to NY so that we not been so rejected we could have slept. We arrived at Grand Central about 1:30 am. What a hell place—hundreds of people—unimaginable
...of all branches of the service - what an exciting place! We had a terrible time getting our baggage from NY to the Dix. Finally, after 3 hours of walking around NY, we were able to get the bus. It took me 3 hrs to get to Wightstown. We were "dead" when we were finally dumped on the sidewalk in front of the barracks. One of the girls called the Chief Nurse to tell her we were here and she didn't know we were coming. Finally she came down in her car and told us the hospital was right up the street so once more we started hiking up the street. The barracks have been closed for months and were dusty and musty. At least the twelve of us are all alone. It seems most desolate to me, no trees or grass just red sand and mud - we are depressed.

Finally it is straightened out - we belong to the 16th Station Hospital. It hasn't arrived here yet so until everyone arrives we are to go on duty.

We walk miles to the mess hall. Last night we went to a U.S.O. show given at the open air theater on the post. We got...
last coming back until an ambulance drove by and the driver offered us a ride. Priscilla is in bed all bundled up with a heavy black blanket, shivering as all get out—it is so chilly and damp this am.

I met a young man on the bus coming home yesterday. He was with a bunch of new recruits just coming in. He sat beside me and we started to talk. Can you imagine she is from North Adams and he is casing to Dr. Kronick? Another coincidence!

Thank you for your welcome letter, Mom. Kiss Dad Pest + Joanie.

Yours to all,

Had those cheap snapshots taken at

aton. Delightful aren't they?