November 4, 1944.
7:30 p.m.

Dear Folks,

Finally I have found a chance moment in which I can drop you a line. I hope you received the two cards I sent on the train, if you did then you could read them.

I haven't looked at a map because there aren't any available, so I don't know exactly which route we followed after Chicago we went through Des Moines, Des Moines, then we went to St. Louis. We were outside St. Louis when we went to bed, woke up in St. Louis. We followed the Hudson from Albany to N.Y.C. The scenery didn't amount to much until quite a distance south of Albany. Then the river becomes wider, the shores very steep and wooded. We were yanked because of the fog which limited our vision, we discovered on each morning afterwards that the fog.
is so thick you can cut it with a knife. On the way down the Hudson we saw that Point, Big Bill, the tripod at anchor, the Columbia U. + the N.Y. Giants stadium, + of course pulled into Grand Central Station, at about 12:30. There were just hundreds of girls on our train + we filed through the station by two, causing even New Yorkers to stare at us trudging along with all our baggage.

My suitcase proved to be very heavy + before the day was over I had two blisters on my right hand + very sore shoulder muscles. We other suitcases arrived the next evening in good shape.

We took the subway to the theatre which is 197 Columbus north. We really didn't see anything of N.Y. or the Bronx even though the subway is an "El" long before we got here. About all I've seen of N.Y. is the sky + theater.
We had mess immediately when we arrived, right off the bat they started drilling us. We always march in formation wherever we go — to mess, to get our luggage, to class, every place.

Your study was appointed section leader and means I call out all the directions when we march or drill. I walk separately from the group, yelling "Hey, two, three, four, column left, etc." What do you know, CAP has benefited me in at least one way. I'm also Catholic group leader so I lead the 7 kids in my group to church.

5 Nov. 1944

After we had mess we were issued our hats & livettes, which are windproof covers that fit on the hats & down on the shoulders. I look like the very devil in the hat because my hair is so short on the side that it looks as if I don't have any. Our stockings are called "6 I Mylons" which was a big laugh because they're icy heavy little stockings.
Kept me well, saw our tickets which are apartments of two bedrooms, bathrooms, galley, and two closets. They were formerly civilian apartments and there are 510 girls in our building. Four girls are quartered in our room, two in the other, so that eight of us share the same bath. We were lucky since some of the apartments have 10 or 12.

The big thing is that Maria and I are in the same room, in fact nine bunk mates. This my upstairs neighbor, meaning she has the top bunk and I the lower. Our other two roommates are Jean Kane from Rockford, and Mailynne from Chicago. They're the ones when we went on the train and liked them, so we tried to get together and succeeded.

Mailynne is 20, lives in Rogers Park, is a Catholic and attended the U. of Minn. and Mundelein. Jean is about 26 or 27 and has been a teacher for the past three years in Downers Grove near Chicago. I like them all and we get along fine in everything.
after we were assigned our rooms they called a meeting of all the girls in our section (40) to explain some of the general rules governing us. After that we went to mess, came home to another meeting, broke up about 9:00 (9:00) I had to be in bed by 9:30. Our beds weren't made, nothing was unpacked, & we weren't washed, so we all went to bed dirty, tired, & somewhat mad about the whole thing.

Friday morning after mess we all took our aptitude test which consisted of bookkeeping, grammar, spelling, etc. In the afternoon we were fitted for regulation shoes, tennis shoes, & galoshes. The shoes, of course, aren't much to look at, but the important thing is that they're comfortable. Friday night we had another meeting concerning rules.

Saturday morning I woke up at about 5 a.m. & was believably a dog. The rules are that in order to report for such call you have to go
I meant first even though you're sick you can't stand up. I went but sat it out in one of the lounges, losing my stomach a few times. I finally got to the dispensary only to find about 500 girls in front of me, all sick with the same thing, upset stomach, diarrhea (?), and a bad stomach ache. As it turns out, it was all caused by food poisoning, presumably by the fish we had Tuesday night. By Sat. night there were some 500 girls sick from ptomaine. I really felt so low in my life I never saw so many others sick. It really lays you low. I feel pretty good, although a little weak. They sent food over for us yesterday so that we could stay in our rooms since the hospital was too full to accommodate us.

It is now 9:15 p.m. Monday night & 5 so you can see I have been interrupted many times.
I'm just off the diary now and will write soon.

By now I'm feeling all right except I just can't stand that food; they serve us at mess.

I really miss home cooking!

Hope you are all fine.

Lots of love,

June

[Circle]

 Called to James & Sunday, but we aren't allowed visitors, so I'll just have to wait for our first liberty in order to see him.

Get your mail tonight - just I've received mine was good - keep it up!

No airmail stamps will have to send this.
