April 7, 1942

Dear Ma,

We have been in the army a week—tomorrow! It seems as if we have been here forever.

Yesterday I received your most welcome letter, Ma, also one from Ray. She mentioned the lovely roses Ray sent here. Priscilla and I expect to have a big day on the 25th. April and we intend to dash home.

Late 8pm

Last night I went with 35 other nurses into Boston Garden on a chartered bus to see the Bing Crosby show. We wore our uniforms (white) and we borrowed over-sees caps and expect who already had their Army uniforms. When we arrived there, we had to march up on the stage and salute while the band played the Star Spangled Banner. It was a charity show for the big Bullets Club that is being raised on Boston Common for the
We were just washing off the stage when Key Kysa came out on the stage, so we got a good look at him. We talked to him as we were the College of Musical Knowledge, etc. On the second stage opposite was Mickey Aepke and his orchestra who introduced George Jessel, Katherine Hepburn, Sophie Tucker and Benny Rubin. They were very good! The program was full of music and jitterbugging sailors and soldiers—just packed.

We were called here or there until 2 a.m. so we were pretty excited when the show was over for me up.

On Easter Sunday church was held in the recreation hall. A choir from the church on the shore in Cambridge sang "The Resurrection."

The patients are nice boys—they come from all over the country. Of course, the Northerners dislike New England—say the people are cold and in hospitable. It is true that the people around Oyer and Boston look the poor fellows twice as much for everything. It is true around the country near any cities (military) sad, isn't it?

Write soon. I will see you in May. Coming to New York, the 23rd June.