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Letter Written by Katherine Trickey to Her Folks Dated April 15, 1944

Katherine W. Trickey

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WAC Det., IRTC
Camp Wheeler, Ga.
15 April 1944

Dear Folks,

It was so good to hear your voices Tuesday. I'm sorry you had to wait up Monday evening. I just couldn't get the line. I put the call through finally at 11 o'clock to be called between 6 and 730 AM but even that didn't get through. When I got home Tuesday night the operator had called so I called her and she got your connection immediately.

It has been so busy this week that I haven't had time to write before this. I played baseball Tuesday night, Had a class in projectors again Wednesday, went to Macon and got my shirts and skirts which I was having altered Thursday, and went to the Hospital to see Calista Friday night.

I got the papers about Marion Moan. Isn't it swell that Don is back in this country. I shall write her tomorrow. I had a nice Easter letter from Aunt Grace and a letter this week from Beverly. I certainly hope Craig is home when I am.

When I sit down to write it seems as if I never can think of the things I want to tell you although inbetween times I think of all sorts of things!!

Dad, down here they plant witch grass deliberately!! Just plain grass seed is not sufficient to get any grass near our barracks apparently so this past week they have been planting long witch grass roots, hoping to get something started so that the lawns won't wash away with every rain.

Minnie Long left today on her furlough so I will be alone in the files for awhile. She has fifteen days as she has to go clear to California. The rule here is seven days plus travel time. I'll get 11 days.

Every day Crockett and I mention how fortunate we are to have such a swell bunch of girls in our barracks. Our wing is the very best group of the whole WAC camp here. There isn't a girl who isn't nice in every way. We get up singing in the morning and fool and joke most of the time and I haven't heard any quarreling at all. It makes a great difference. Some of the other barracks are not as fortunate.

By the way one of the girls has a sick father whom she is trying to help amuse by sending him postcards of the home towns of the girls and fellows she has met. Would you get some post card views of Maine, (Lewiston or Bangor or any other place will be all right) and send them to me?

Must close now and get to work as my noon hour has been over I'm afraid for several minutes.

Loads of love.

Kay

P.S. Have you had any word or news of Helen at any time?