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### Letter Written by Katherine Trickey to Her Folks Dated January 22, 1945

Katherine W. Trickey

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22 Jan 45  
6.30 P.M.

Dear Folks,

Am staying at the office to work a little while, so that I would take the opportunity to use the typewriter to write the letter which should have been written yesterday. I just didn't feel in the mood to write yesterday although I had plenty of time.

I have forgotten to ask Dot evrytime I wrote (although I intedned to do so ) what I should try to get for Bobby's birthday and consequently the time slipped by without my buying any thing. I'm sorry. To make amends will you tell me something which you are perhaps having difficulty to get at home so that I may help you out with the shopping to that extent, Sis?

Isn't that too bad that Mrs Merrill should have that accident? Did she fall in the house or outside?

Not much news here. I played basket~~ball~~ Wednesday, but I guess I wrote you that night didn't I? Thursday we had a company meeting and then Marjorie and I went to see Deanna Durbin in Can'T Help Singing. Fairly good music but very exaggerated melodrama. I stayed in Friday and Saturday but was tired and didn't do anything but read and sleep. Sunday I got up about 10.30. I had intended to sleep until noon, but two of the girls got to fighting as to which one should build the fire which went out over night, so I had to get up and arbitrate. Marjorie and I went to the Hospital visiting in the afternoon and then went in to Macon and wandered around and finally went to see ~~"The Waves/are"~~ " Here Comes the Waves". I had seen it once but Marjorie hadn't and I was glad to see it again. It is really very good. Then we went out about half a mile to a small drugstore to have sandwiches and ice cream but they had no ice cream after all.

Today Minnie is on K.P. so I have been rushed trying to do her work and mine too. I even had to stay late to finish or rather to get to a point where I could stop-- this

darn stuff is never finished.

The shotgun shells finally arrived from Bangor - did I tell you I had a letter from Miriam describing what a time they had to get those sent. First it was too icy to get into the station yard; then her car broke down; then she rode with someone else for a week; then when she finally got the package to the freight office, they wouldn't accept unless it was in a wooden box; so she got an orange crate and her mother fixed it up and Oliver mailed it. My land I wouldn't have caused her all that trouble for the world.

Approximately when are Mae and Phil expecting their baby?

Did you notice in Kirstein's big ad that Dr Barbara had really sold her house to Dexter Clough/ I'm sorry she has really decided to leave Bangor for good; I think she is a big loss to the community.

There is nothing very exciting this week. We play basketball again Wed. night and Marjorie and I may decide to go to Perry again if we are too tired. The barracks are so full of girls now that Saturday night is a bad time to sleep. They come in at all hours of the night and morning.

I'm sorry you had so many colds and hope that you are all feeling OK by now

Love to all

Kay