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## Letter Written by Katherine Trickey to Her Folks Dated July 31, 1944

Katherine W. Trickey

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~~7/31~~ 31 July 1944

Dear Folks,

Decided to stay down to the office and write letters tonight. Marjorie and I got back from our week-end at 9.30 last night. We really had a fine time and it cost us just six dollars ~~apiece~~ a piece. That is quite a lot to spend on a week-end but it certainly helps to get away from here once in a while.

We started at 1 o'clock Sat, with a pass to Helene, Ga. We looked at the map and picked a town that seemed to be fairly large and about fifty miles from camp. When we got to the bus station we found that the bus to Helena had gone and that there would not be another until evening. There was however a bus to Dublin about the same distance away on a different road leaving at 3 and if we wished we could catch a local bus from there to Helena. We decided to go to Dublin and if anything were said about our passes we would be just on our way to Helena! We got a room with twin beds, private bath, four windows and an electric fan for 2.00 each. It wasn't very cool even then for it was a terribly hot day, but it was much better than the barracks would have been. We reached there about 5 and after resting awhile went out for supper which cost us only 65¢ instead of the \$1.00 we would have paid in Macon. We walked up and down a number of the residential streets causing considerable interest as apparently WACs are not very common there. When we were going back toward the center of town on one of the streets, a car stopped with three middle aged women in it and they offered us a ride which we accepted. They were very nice and took us all around the town, out to see the new Navy Hospital which is in the process of construction; and the Prisoner of War Camp; and the main buildings of the town; It was very nice and interesting but rather queer as all three were deaf and could understand very very little of what we said although they told us all about everything as we drove along. After that we alked up and down the Main street for a little while. I never saw so many Negroes close to before; Sat. Night seems to be their night to appear. We had some cantaloupe and ice cream at a nice little Cafe; then bought some magazines and went home and read a while before settling down to such a nice sleep. We didn't wake up until late and didn't

get up until about 11. Then we hurried and dressed and got a lunch and decided to go to church. We went to the first church we came to which happened to be th Christian church. There were only about a dozen in the congregation; no choir, but a nice Hammond organ and nice organist. The minister was a young chap , I almost doubt if he were twenty yet - He wore a brown tweed suit and the brightest plaid necktie and he didn't button his coat at all; He had however, in spite of some ain'ts , a rather pleasing speaking voice and for the most part used fairly good English and his sermon was well thought out and presented. The people were very friendly and all spoke to us as we left.

We walked around a while then ate dinner and went back to the room and had a nap. We had to check out at three o'clock which was rather too bad as we could have slept all the afternoon easily. We didn't feel like paying for another night however. When we got leisurely down to the bus station the Macon bus had just that minute pulled out and next one was at 4.30. We went back up town and had icecream and chocolate milk at the drug store which was so air-conditioned we almost froze. ~~They didn't have any ice cream in bulk so were selling half pints which they~~ cut in two pieces right through the box and served without a dish for only 20¢ a pint.

The bus was the regular Savannah Greyhound and when it pulled in it was full and when we came to get on, the bus driver said we'd have to take the second one which was one of the regular Camp Wheeler busses from Macon which they had sent down to Savannah as an extra for overflow. We were feeling quite downcast to think of riding two hours on one of those rickety old things when the bus driver came along and said that there was a bus up front that had just been fixed from a breakdown and which was going to Macon and would take the overflow instead of the little Camp Wheeler bus. It was quite a break. It was a good Greyhound with only a few on it, so it was cool and nice all the way back.

We were going to have something to eat and then go to Camp for the movies, but as we went by one of the Macon theaters we saw that there was

a show which we had neither of us seen. So we decided to go to that and eat afterwards. It was a punk show and I can't even remember the name of it.

Our biggest treat in the way of eats these days is to go to a restaurant and order Watermelon. For 25¢ they serve, I think it is a ~~half~~ quarter of a melon cut lengthwise instead in slices as we do at home. It is quite a sight as comes in on a plate sticking way out over the edge and is really all the watermelon I can eat at one time; in fact I can seldom quite finish it even.

I got paid today and telegraphed 15 dollars home to you. Let me know if you don't receive it. I also sent a money order to the University for \$20.00 which leaves only \$50.00 to go. I'm hoping to get that paid off so that at least I won't be in debt when I get out. Is Dad going to like his job? It must be a lot better than the mill work anyway, and I should think might be fairly interesting. Maybe he can get me a job when the war's over, who knows.

I had a nice letter from Dot Somers today and she sent those pictures she took at Camp, the one in the overseas cap isn't too bad, but the other two are horrible. She said that she would send you some, if she doesn't, let me know and I'll send these home. Dot, what about those back tires, will they go another month without retreading? I rather hope so as I don't think I'll have money enough this month. Will you find out if you can how much it will cost and let me know, maybe we could get one done now and one later. I'm afraid if they are driven much further they will be so bad they can't be retreaded and then we're sunk.

That was a nice letter from Tex wasn't it? I shall write him tonight and I am inclosing his letters as you wanted it back.

I learned that I passed the Officer Candidate Board, but as I told you that doesn't mean that I'll ever go as there are quite a number of us and there isn't even any quota here yet. They merely keep a pool on hand just in case they ever do get a quota which will probably be only one from this Camp anyway. It is however somewhat of a satisfaction to have passed the board.

Well, this turned out to be quite a long letter after all. It has rained hard nearly all day but is sunny now and getting hot again. Love Kay