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Letter Written by Katherine Trickey to Her Folks Dated March 12, 1945

Katherine W. Trickey

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MON. 12 Mar 45

Dear Folks,

I hope I get a letter from you on tonights mail. It has been over a week since I have heard from you. Dot's letter thanking me for the birthday box was the last I received. I hope nohting is wrong.

We did get tickets for the Ballet Saturday night and it was very enjoyable. They were topnotch performers. Five dancers - 3 women and 2 men - and two pianists. There were eleven of us went in together and at first she had only three tickets, then the telephone kept ringing with more people turning in their tickets until finally nine of us got a chance to go and I imagine the other two might have but they got discouraged and left. Unfortunately that is the last Community Concert this season. I shall miss them.

Yesterday I was on C.Q. at the office but I had been here only a short time when Capt Poslik who was on duty said that I might go back to the barracks as he was going to be around to take any calls and to get the mail. I got back to the barracks in time for Mail Call and to meet some of the girls going to church so I went to the 1st Area Chapel. The Chaplain was fairly good but I do not seem to get as much out of the chapel service as I do when I go in town to church. The Chapel service is conducted exactly the same as any protestant church but it may be the unfished building or something I don't know.

In the afternoon, I took at nap and then Crockett and Iris Cook and I went walking in Ocmulgee National Park. This park is almost in to Macon but we've never before taken time to get of the bus and walk in to see what it was like. It is one of the regular National Park

Series with nice roads, paths, and parking lots. There is a museum of Indian relics. They have the only extinct preserved earth mound lodge. This is about five hundred years old and is a council chamber circular in shape with huge oak beams and pineroof with bamboo on top of the pine then clay and earth on top of that. Outside it looks like any hill. The walls, part of the beams and some of the roof pines are the original. When it was excavated it was found that it had been burned and some of the beams were consumed, others however were only partially burned although the roof had fallen to the floor. It was reconstructed about 1937. There are several Indian graves in another section of the Park and they were in the process of digging into several other huge mounds which are within the park area. The work of course has been stopped by the war.

It was a long walk, but after we had gone in town and eaten supper we decided to keep on so we went to the Macon City Park to see the very many pretty flowers now in bloom there. ~~A very satisfying day as you can see.~~

Betty Cox's Mother from New Hampshire came yesterday for a visit with Betty. She was very nice to meet. In the course of the conversation I discovered she knew Uncle Henry and had worked for him in the Hospital at the Soldier's Home. Small world isn't it!!

I had a letter from Bob yesterday but he didn't date it. He said he had lost ~~all~~ ^{some of} his pictures and wanted some more. He had got my address from you, Dot, so he had as you see received the letter in which you sent it to him. I had a letter also from Mae. Everyone there is doing fine.

I sent Bobby a little sweater yesterday. Let me know when you receive it, Dot. Also a package addressed to Dad although he probably won't want some of the things that are in there!!

Much love,

Write soon.

Kay