



U. S. ENGINEERS
FORT BELVOIR, VIRGINIA

June 11

Friday P. M.

Dear Mom,

Yesterday Berenice Webster + I were in Washington; or rather, we went in Wednesday evening + stayed at Silda's. We went to the movies - for 28¢ - and saw "The More the Merrier". It is real funny. Besides getting into the movies cheaper, we can also ride up in the Washington monument free. We did that yesterday - the stores aren't open until ~~the~~ 12³⁰ @ noon. We also went to the Mellon Art Gallery + we started out to see the Jefferson Memorial, but we thought we were going the wrong way. We weren't, but will try again some day. The bus goes right by it, so we have seen it from a distance.

I got an olive drab fatigue dress yesterday, but I don't have an o.p. hat as yet, but I have one ordered. My beige dress has to go to the cleaners - my purse rubbed off on it before I washed it.

Yes, I got the hat. But I'm sure I told you that before. Now the only kind of slacks we can wear are olive drab!!

Yes, I wrote Pauline, but haven't heard from her.

Got my 2nd tetanus shot today - only one more to go.

We have movies, only I just never have gotten around to going here. Last Sunday I went on a blind date - a bunch of us went to the officers' club & sang. One of the men was from Iowa - & he had the loudest voice - so we sang

(2)



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the Saw corn Song every 15 minutes!
There was also a man from
Green Bay there. The man I
was - was from Wilkes Barre, Pa. -
nearly everybody around here is
from Pa. - it seems like.

I sent my ~~subscription~~ address
change to Look, but I haven't
rec'd. any copies of it yet.

It's been relatively cold
here, too - really just about
right - but everyone else
freezes!

I saw Fred Astaire the other
night. He danced for us
at the open-air auditorium,
which is within walking
distance for us. He was here
for 2 nights & one afternoon,

and that P. m. he came to the
Red cross Auditorium in the
Hospital & danced for the
patients. He even went to
one ward where the patients
were too sick to get up to
go to the Auditorium.

I guess that's all for now.

Love,

D. G.



NURSES' CORPS
UNITED STATES ARMY

Thursday AM

Sept 16

Dear Mom,

Here I am on nights, and life is very dull and boring. I have 3 wards - one colored medical, one colored sore throats & colds, & one white sore throats & colds. To get to one of my wards I have to go on a ten mile hike (more or less).

I started reading Ludwig's "Napoleon", which I got from Hilda, and I also worked on a lesson in my C. S., but my arm got tired, so I quit that.

I hope I get to go home
on one of the week-ends
that Wisconsin has a football
game at home. I'd like to
see a good game.

I see by the MTT that
Wisconsin is also going to
have an OT course. I guess
we won't let Minnesota
get ahead of us.

I'm hungry again. We
eat at midnight at the
patients' mess hall ("General
Mess", it says on the door -
and the name fits it
perfectly), but I always
get hungry again!

Love,
S. G.

If you can find this on
the map, you're better
than I am.

ASSAM, India

Sept. 24, 1944

Dear Mom,

On one of our stops here, one
little G-I pipes up and says to
me "Did you know Margaret
Parker from Middleton? I used to
work for her in N.W. Airlines in
Chicago." I guess it's a small
world - but it really made me
feel good that somebody way
away from the States should have
heard of Middleton, Wisconsin.

We saw the Taj Mahal from
the air. The pilots were
very kind and circled around
it, so that we could get a
good look, even to the pool
that Richard Halliburton swam in.
Someday I must read all the
Halliburton books over again.

We have reached the end
of our travels. (In fact, I
think we've reached the end
of the world). I heartily
recommend air travel - I wasn't

sick any of the way. The seats weren't any too comfortable, but when we weren't sitting we were lying on the floor sleeping - high altitudes apparently make one sleepy. As a matter of fact, I've never done so much sleeping in my life - I suppose it's the heat. They say we are very fortunate coming here this time of year.

We live in houses, called bashas, made of bamboo. There are five rooms in this basha, and at present there are 3 girls to a room, but they are building more quarters for us. There is running water in each room; it doesn't run out, but it does come in, and that's very handy, even if it is contaminated, but we can at least wash our faces. Our drinking water we get from Lister bags, which I give probably heard off. It is almost impossible to drink it, unless it is very cold, and, of course, we never get milk. We can very rarely get canned fruit juice. The govt. furnishes beds, and the girls fix the rooms up & packing crates & wicker furniture which they buy. And we do have electric lights. The way everybody talked before we came here, I

② fully expected to live in a tent & 20
other girls, & a cobra under every cat,
and to wash my underwear & face out
of my helmet. So life could be much
worse. I really think I could enjoy
it - well, at least, tolerate it - if
I thought it would be for only a year,
or 18 months at most, but some of these
girls have been here 30 or 32 months,
and, frankly, they look like hags.
India seems to be forgotten, as far
as the Army is concerned, and it really
seems a shame when so many of
the girls back in the States want to
go overseas. And, especially, I think it's
a shame that the girls back in the
States get all the promotions. But, at
any rate, the big wigs here seem
to be pretty much OK. Our own Capt.
ever left back at our first stop in
India & amebic dysentery, and she
may be returned to the States. It's
really too bad. She's been in the
Army 7 years, and this was her first
trip over, and she was really looking
forward to it.

Did I tell you that now my
ambition in life is to get Henry
Stallace to sign my short-snorter
Bill? I would tell you the
different kinds of money I have
on it, but were not supposed to

mention all the places we've been
in one letter, but I guess you
can sort of guess.

Here the girls wear slacks
most of the time — they have
to wear them after 6. and they
never wear caps, which is a
good thing. because I lost one of
my 2 in the laundry.

I hope we get mail before too long —
so far I've had but one letter from
you + 2 from the Sgt. since I
left the States.

My wound I got from the
bicycle fall is now practically
healed. It takes a long time
for things to heal here.

I guess I'll finish reading
"S. W. Carver" in the Omnibus
I found. I was going to write
to Hilda, but I guess I'll
wait until tomorrow.

Love,

S. G.

Assam, India Sept 26

Dear Mom,

Last night we got a lecture about censoring our mail - they say we keep them busy. Poor things! The only thing I could think of that I got cut out was what I said about the natives, but after the war is over, I'll tell you what I really think! And speaking of Indians reminds me of something funny. The Indians say "Salam" for "Hello" and "Goodbye", and the first time I heard it I thought the bearer was saying "So long" because they do know some English phrases, but when he said the same thing the next morning, I had to rack my cross-word puzzle brain to remember the expression. By the way, my little cross-word puzzle book did me a lot of good on the way over. I realize that it was supposed to be strictly for night duty, but I decided that it was all in a good cause! I hope my last few letters haven't been too awful sounding. This really isn't too bad. And I felt ever so much better today, partly because we are working and partly because it didn't rain today for the first time since we've been here. But it's thundering now, so I suppose it will be raining tonight again.

I'm working on a medical ward - officer's. The officers here aren't quite the dope-heads they are back in the States, but it burns me up to make beds, etc. for people when you know perfectly well if they were enlisted men they'd be doing it themselves. Frankly, I'd just as soon work on the Chinese.

The wards are very funny. One ward has a telephone, another has a refrigerator, another the water-cooler. I practically wear out the path to the ward that has the cooler. I just can't get enough to drink. And when it's hot and, it tastes like swimming pool water. Then I have a patient on a Sippy diet (milk only, for a while) so every hour I have to dash over to the refrigerator to get it. First we fix up

powdered milk, then evaporated milk, but none of it is too good.

Yesterday Jennie & I went to the Bazaar - a lot of little stalls, you know. But we weren't able to buy much of anything - and they warned they boosted their prices. One niple, 8 annas for a box of Lux (Indian-made) - about 40¢. Another place it was even more, so I didn't get any - I'm still scatch. But I did get a bath towel - for about \$1.08, but it's not too bad.

Today the Hindus celebrated Christmas - about a week ago the Mohammedans did. Tonight we saw them all dressed up in white dresses & green kerchiefs around their necks. They were sort of singing, and beating tom-toms, apparently having a good time or something.

The girls next door have a radio, and tonight we heard Red Skelton, and even Red Skelton sounded good.

The girls who live here are Sauchoners, who are used to being waited on, and all that sort of bunk, have natives to wash their clothes, etc. - these women are called "ayaks", as you probably know. But none of that for me - as the guy who gave us a lecture told us "they earn extra money on the side at night" - and, anyway, there's too many bugs around here without inviting trouble.

The Johnnies are few & far between, but today Jennie & I found one that had real Johnnie paper. The British paper we usually have reminds one of the slick pages of Sears Roebuck catalogue!

Well, I do wish I had a coca-cola - it would really be wonderful. But 2 or 3 times a week we get ice, so I put my can of grapefruit juice on ice, and it was really good.

It's raining again -

Love,

S. G.

Oct. 27, 1944

Dear Mom -

Berenice got a letter from home today saying her brother is missing in action (in Italy) - I have never seen Berenice cry before. I always feel so inadequate in such a situation. But I took her shopping to me, & we bought some curtain material and so she is starting the stool for ~~her~~ ^{our} dressing table. Berenice loves to sew, and I figured it would be good for her to be doing something. We got some blue & yellow plaid - it's quite pretty. She has 2 other brothers (twins)

in the service, but they
are still in the States.
This brother is her favorite,
he's about her age.

We just don't know how
fortunate we've been - so
far, at any rate. I only
hope the war is over
soon enough so that
Frank won't get involved
in this mess. As I'm sure
I must have said before,
I'm glad I'm not fighting
this war as an enlisted
man.

I have a Ed Malone
book of poetry to read
tonight.

Love,
Sig.

provided. Use typewriter, check ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(SENDER'S STAMP)

To
Mr. H. E. SKOTT
Apt. 2
1403 Mt. Vernon Blvd.
Alexandria, Va.

From #772267

Lt. Sigurd Casper

20th Gen. Hospital

P.O. Box 1000

(Date)

Merry Christmas to you, Dad

from Somewhere in India



Your adoring
daughters

Sig

V-MAIL

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1942

Dec. 20

Dear Mom,

The biggest news here is that our footlockers came through and your suitcase, too, so you can always say that your suitcase went to India. Not that you will ever want to claim it again - it really came through in very good condition - but it has my name printed all over it. Our things came through very well - we'd heard how some people lost a lot out of their footlockers, but I'm sure that ours weren't touched, not even the suitcase, which wasn't even locked, as we couldn't find the key. After we unpacked our heavy clothes, & hung them up, our bamboo clothes pole gave way! Just too many clothes, I guess. I didn't realize that I had

so many slips to me - what I'm
going to do with all of them is
more than I know. It's too bad
that I didn't put in pants,
instead I rarely wear a slip.

I also got my first packages
yesterday - 2 from Ardis & Louise,
& the one you sent me with
the books, magazines & sweaters.
I can put the sweaters to
good use in the evenings
here.

It's actually hot outside
today. Now that we have
our raincoats, it probably won't
rain until the monsoon season
starts.

I planted the aster seeds
which I got from Bea and some
sweet pea seeds, and I transplanted
my zinnia plants to the west
side of the house, because I
thought they would do better
there. It's very often 11 a.m.
before the sun comes up
in the morning now, so

(2) they weren't doing too well.

Today I made - (or, rather, supervised the job) - a Christmas tree. We got a bamboo pole & the boys cut holes in it, & then we stuck in branches - that was the tree. We covered it with green crepe paper, and then from branch to branch we ran more strips of green crepe paper, which made it look more like a tree - if you have a good imagination. There's a red crepe paper, cut in much narrower strips, we colored it up a bit. We made cellophane bows from cigarette pkgs., and we had some silver "icicles". At the very top we made a star out of silver paper which X-ray film comes in.

I went to the movies last night, and saw "Bride by Mistake" - it was quite funny. There was also a new reel and some short subjects, one of which was about Spanish moss, which we learned was used for upholstering car seats, furniture, etc. The audience burst into howls of laughter when the commentator said, "No doubt some of you are sitting on Spanish moss right now" - we weren't - we were sitting upon bamboo seats which pinch, if they aren't sat upon right!!

Love,

Fig