



WAVES

[Lotta Osterberg]

Thursday 1445 (2:45)  
3/30/44

Hello, Delta!

Yes, it certainly has taken a long time to say that -- but it was not intentional. Just now the glee club is seated in the Little Theatre waiting to broadcast at 1630 (4:30) over WOR, and it is only short of 3 o'clock. The Stavee Band is playing a number that is Eastern in nature -- you should see the drummer now. The sailors are really good, the leader of the band used to play in Russ Morgan's band. Oh, now I know the name of the number -- "Ride Russian Ride."

Yesterday afternoon Section 222 (I think of the glee club) sang in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. What a place! Every where I looked I saw myself. There were mirrors, sparkling chandeliers, and carpets that gave way an inch or two when you placed your foot down. The Stavee opened up the program (or convention); they remained on the stage for the entire program which was

2. quite lengthy. Brig. Gen. Hines spoke about Stoddard Star II Veterans, Mr. Olds, president of National Steel Corp. also gave an address. Among the many people on the stage was a member of the British Parliament and the Royal Navy. (By the way this was a Travellers Aid Society Annual Convention.) The afternoon was really quite amusing. You know it is quite an ordeal to sit still for two hours in front of a large audience.

It was especially for me sitting beside the Steinway in exactly the middle of the stage. So, to keep from falling asleep I began to count the partitions of the two balconies, the number of seats in each partition, then I concentrated on the reflections on the well-polished piano. Every once in awhile I felt a yawn forming and just as my mouth was about to open I tightened my lips, my cheeks no doubt bulging.

I shall skip the details of our fancy, colorful meal (dinner I mean) and tell you chow about our trip back to the station. From the Stoddard the section "hopped" on Park Avenue down to the subway, <sup>NYNE 2</sup> singing proudly in the rain. She hadn't gone more than twenty-seven blocks when our section was taken off the train due to an emergency case



## WAVES

among us. Finally the Ensign in charge asked a 6' and myself to control the subway crowd (not the Staves); the rest of the section was sent back to the barracks with the Specialist, the director of the glee club. I can tell you that I sure felt like "Man Mountain Ostberg". Isn't that what you used to call me? After an hour the U.S.N ambulance arrived; the sailors had difficulty getting the patient into the wire basket. See, we envied her because we were tired and cold. I had put my coat on the girl and I had run several times to the street level looking for the ambulance -- it was pouring outside. So that was my first ride in an ambulance and it was no short distance. All kinds of excitement in one day!

Oh, but everyday there is something exciting and interesting. I have to put my stationery away now -- the Captain is coming to the broadcast.

Friday 9:00 a.m. Now to tell you about some of my ship-mates. Incidentally this station is called the U.S.S. Hunter;

4 - the "captain" of U.S.S. H. is Capt. Amenden who has seen plenty of action in the South Pacific. He is quite elderly, small, and a friendly, respected man. As one girl said, he reminds her of a sweet, gentle grandfather. You can well imagine Capt. Amenden's surprise when asked to head a women's reserve station! He is doing a fine piece of work and I think he likes it. (My, the way I get off the subject.)

I room with 5 girls; this varies from apartment to apartment. First, there is Joyce Hartley from Portland, Oregon. She majored in psychology at Jamestown College, N.D. She has a year and a half to go. Joyce is having fun (and difficulty) deciding who to have for her mother-in-law. She has three possibilities! Joyce is a wonderful girl.

Then there is Rosetta Bewchat, a brilliant girl. She wanted to be a chauffeur so badly, but the Navy has greater things in store for her! Rosetta's best friend, Charlotte Nielson, also lives in the apartment. Both attended Iowa State College.

Next comes Rosemary Radocaj from Kansas City. She's plump and a fast dresser! I am beginning to think she sleeps with half her clothes on. Rosy



## WAVES

loves the various pronunciations her last name is given. But there is only one common way of saying Ida Oliphant's last name. Ida wants to be called Ida. do you blame her? Ida comes from Salt Lake City. This morning Ida told us that her great grand-mother was the sister of Brigham Young. Yes, Ida is a very debut Mon. There are my room-mates. I shall miss them a lot. Fortunately Joyce, Charlotte, and I will be together.

Yesterday, I received the latest issue of the Northern News (it is just as good as ever) and noted that Pugh wants a Southern accent. You certainly need one, Marion, if you claim to be a Southerner. Our section leader, Marian Arthur, is a Georgian and there is no doubt about it. Everyone calls her "Georgia". Have you been wearing your boots, Pugh? Good, I do miss you!

And how is everything with you, Helen? I wish you could have heard the concerts I have... not only the Rochester Philharmonic but the violinists. Are you going to play a solo (no, I doubt that you would consent) or an

6. obligato on the spring concert.  
I hope you like your practice  
teaching. (I realize you have  
some less enjoyable days, but...)  
How's Henry? I would not  
make this letter quite so  
personal, Helen, but everyone  
knows Henry, and he's  
pretty nice, isn't he?

And June, what about  
Dick? Oh, Richard is fine!  
What are you going to do next  
summer? You look a little  
thin, Kirby. Eat more. I bet  
I eat 3, 4 times as much as  
you. Remember when Ruth,  
you, and I drank tea and  
ate Christmas bread in your  
room, Oriental style? We  
had good times. Now  
don't think I am lonesome  
for home even though I  
miss all of you. Jane, say  
"hello" to Mrs. Apletten and  
Smoky. Is he clean yet?

Mary Helen, if you want  
to cook chow for a rather  
large group of girls (and  
hungry ones), I suggest you  
enlist in the Stables! It  
would be a great experience.  
Yes, I know you couldn't  
be here in it? Ruth told  
me and I read in the  
Northern News last evening  
about your recent party.  
I thought about the Deltas  
that Friday night.

Hedberg, I have found  
girls that love to laugh just



## WAVES

as much as we. By the way I can control myself most now. I know during Regimental Review in the memory as we march past the captain and other officers I am tempted to laugh on the command "Eyes, right." But I don't.

As you can see from the envelope I am now stationed at Bethesda. It is quite a bit different from Hunter in that we are given more independence and free time. Except for the heat I can imagine myself in Michigan especially around Lakewood where there are low pine trees. Of course there is no lake around here.

The corpsmen expected to be put to work in the wards immediately but that pleasure will come at our next station. Our training at Bethesda is four weeks in length -- all lectures for the first 2 weeks. The latter two will be devoted to the art of giving shots, etc.

8. I am going to see a movie now (an educational one) so I am going to bring this letter to a close finally. Really, girls, I have lost minutes and minutes of sleep over the fact that I have not been able to get a letter off to you. I say minutes and minutes because when 2130 (9:30) comes around I am ready to slide into my bunk and fall asleep almost immediately (if I do not have to do my hair.)

So long, kids. I think of you often. And you also, Miss Truffley. I expect to write you a letter soon. (That word soon no longer means anything, it seems.) How is your father, Miss Truffley? He certainly is a kind, friendly man.

I must go to noon mess now. I wouldn't miss a meal for anything.

Love,  
Lotta

MAAE2

