

*Frances Overholser's
Letter Home
November 1943*

Women's Army Corps (WAC)

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Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society
From the RG2353.AM collection

Camp White, Oregon
Nov. 2, 1943

Dear Family:

Decker & Sippla went back to the barracks this morning so the ward is very quiet. There are only three of us now, Brunson, White & myself. Brunson had her tonsils out this morning, without ~~an~~ ether, and naturally feels awful. All she got was a hypo. which didn't knock her out completely, but there won't be any after effects.

Let. Zadroga was here yesterday and asked me to write her a fifteen minute radio script

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2.
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that she had written one
herself but didn't think
it would be satisfactory.
I am supposed to pull
an idea out of the blue
and have it ready by
Thursday. After all, I have
more time on my hands
than she does.

I am provoked at my
room mate. She hasn't
been in to see me once.
One of the other girls
finally brought my
writing paper - I have
been trying desperately
to get it since the 27th
and I still don't have
the other things I asked
her to bring me.
Here I could have been
working on stories for

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3.

a week, but she won't bring me my manuscript or any paper although I have asked her for it repeatedly. Well, I have this radio play to worry about now and I'll write one if I have to use paper bags for stationery.

They have a nice library here and I found a funny book yesterday "The Gremlins of Lt. Oggins", by Irwin Shapiro. It is all in poetry, well, rhyme anyway, and it is cute. The story is about an American pilot from Missouri who did not believe in gremlins, much

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4. to the disgust of the other pilots, and what came of it.

Received a card from Mrs. Brownell + one from Mignon but have had no ^{other} mail since I came to the hospital. There may be a stack of it over at the Post Office. I spent most of the day yesterday writing a letter to the Betty Aldens telling them all about the barracks and life here in general. There is nothing in it that I haven't told you before except that I drew them a floor plan of the barracks and of my room. Maybe you can get it from Mrs. Brownell.

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5.

At present we are fighting an ugly rumor about the Wacs and we all feel terrible about it. As you know, the Wacs have been doing a wonderful job. We have released, I can't tell you how many Divisions of fighting men, but it is beginning to get into Hitler's hair.

It all started with an order for 40 baby cubes from Ft. Des Moines. They were for officers' wives, of course, but Ft. Des Moines happens to be one of the largest Wac centers in the country and Hitler's agents jumped at the chance. "Smear the

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Wacs! Ruin their reputation.^{6.}
They are there only for the
convenience of the soldiers,
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their morale. Frighten their
parents. Do everything
in your power to stop
recruiting. The Wacs must
be discredited." Those
orders came straight
from Berlin, and at present
they are succeeding. (maybe.)

A ~~lovely~~ ^{scandalous} thing happened
yesterday. We are one of
the jumping off places
for foreign service and
yesterday another
regiment arrived,
complete with officers
and their families.
The little town is around

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7. here, already strained to the limit, could not absorb these wives and children. There was no room available anywhere. Some of these women were pregnant and expecting the stock at any time, so what did the general do? He assigned them to our barracks!

They moved into a couple of empty barracks away down at the end of WAC row, and we may never come into contact with them at all, but just wait until Hitler's agents find it out. What a nice, juicy bit of scandal that will be. "Heister! I know this is true because I saw it

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with my own eyes. There are 90 pregnant women in the Wac barracks!"

Oh! oh! The nurse says we have five babies since morning! Talk about the race dying off! What we can't figure out is why women in that condition went to travel. They should have been in hospitals somewhere, not on the road.

But don't get the idea that I am unhappy. I have a nice inner-spring mattress, plenty of reading matter, and some of the nicest nurses you ever saw. The Lt. who gives me my hypos just came in with some pills and said she felt like throwing her cap in whenever she came near me. I didn't say "yes ma'am," I just laughed.

Loove,
Frances

TRANSCRIPT

(Page 1)

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I am provoked at my room mate. She hasn't been in to see me once. One of the other girls finally brought my writing paper – I have been trying desperately to get it since the 27th and I still don't have the other things I asked her to bring me. Here I could have been working on stories for . . .

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Love,
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