

USO Leads to Romance

By "Rosie" Lorraine Miller

I was born on a dairy farm in Fulton, MD, one of two girls and two boys. When I was seventeen years old I heard President Roosevelt announce over the radio that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. My brother joined the Air Force. Even my parents volunteered to watch for enemy planes at the fire station. I wanted to support the war effort too. The federal government desperately needed clerical help, so I applied as a stenographer. Three weeks after graduating from high school, I was hired by the Department of Justice in Washington D.C. handling miscellaneous correspondences addressed to the President and by the White House referred to the Office of the Attorney General.

Each morning I drove my car from Fulton to the USO parking lot in Laurel. I caught the train to Union Station in D.C. and then a bus to work, six days a week from 9:25am to 6:25pm. It was an interesting assignment and I liked my job.

Everyday when I would return from work to the Laurel depot, I would walk over to the USO and volunteer. Sometimes I would work at the soda fountain, snack counter, or the reception desk. An important service was finding a place for a soldier's family members to stay when they would