

come. But, before I could work at the USO, I had to be a member of the GSO, Girls Service Organization. At monthly meetings we learned the correct approach and conversation with soldiers, as well as, how to safeguard military information. There were rules and standards to follow. But one thing we all loved was the dancing! Every Monday was party night. Tuesday was a formal dance when we could wear full length dresses. Friday was a square dance, and Saturday informal dancing. It was fun! When nylon stockings were no where to be found, I learned to improvise. I painted my legs with pancake makeup. Then a wonderful thing happened, I met my future husband there! He went off to war and I continued to work, but we never forgot each other.

When President Roosevelt died in April 1945, government workers were allowed to leave their offices and view the funeral procession. Six white horses carried the body of the President down Pennsylvania Avenue. It was the first time I had ever seen grown men cry. It was a sad sight.

A few weeks later, in May, while I was at work, I heard that the war had ended. I was so happy, but had mixed emotions too. I had not seen my finance's face nor heard his voice for three years. I began to plan our wedding and in November, when he arrived home, we got married. We moved to the south and I loved living there. Life was good.