

G. I. Bill and Mostly Mary: The 1943 Diary of Margetta Hirsch Doyle

January 1

Happy New Year! It seems hardly possible that it's 1943 already -- how time does fly (to be prosaic!)

The year began uneventfully enough: Mother and I picked up Cary (recuperation from her appendicitis-removal) and went to Dr. Weiss -- then on to Janssen's for lunch. We spent most of the late afternoon at the Hettler's who were having open house. It was good to have egg nogs and fruit cake inspite of all the rationing going on. Daddy came out on the 5:17. We all fooled around and then had a big dinner of Virginia Ham. Looking back on the day, it seems as though all we did was to eat.

I spoke to Bill Brennan on the phone. He saw "Random Harvest" today. He sounded fairly all right.

Floyd was inducted in the army at 12:00. I wonder where he'll go and stuff!

January 2

Cary spent the night here. Mother she and I met Aunt Jean Zschoina for lunch at the Holland House Taverne. The food was good, and we enjoyed it.

Then Cary and I went on to meet some friends of hers at the St. James Theatre to see "Without Love" starring Katherine Hepburn and Elliot Nugent. The comedy was amusing and K.H. was excellent but the rest of the acting seemed a bit stilted.

On the subway coming home I bumped into Jackie Tilford and Ginnie Frank -- talked and reminisced. Bill Brennan came up to say "Goodbye" -- he goes back to Lehigh tomorrow. He is definitely coming down to Billsburg. Fun! I got Bill Boyd's picture this morning. It's real good and I'm thrilled.

January 3

After a leisurely morning around the house, Mother, Dad and I drove over to Kay's and Louise's to give them their tickets for the trip back to Williamsburg Tuesday. They're both swell girls (and oh! I got my Xmas presents from them.)

We then stopped at the Amber Lantern in Flushing for dinner of roast chicken and came on home where Daddy rehearsed his acceptance speech for the banquet (Army-Navy "E" award for Davis and Gick) Wednesday night. I feel as though I know it by heart.

Lizzie gave us a "party" of tea sandwiches and coffee on her china -- it was real good.

We stopped at Brennan's to see Mrs. Brennan and Pat and have some port wine on the way to the station with Daddy.

January 4

Whew! Whatta day! Mother and I got up early to go to the Paramount and saw "Star Spangled Rhythm" with all the Paramount stars. (it was a riot!) Benny Goodman and orchestra and Frank Sinatra were there in person.

We then dashed back to Robert's for a shampoo, set, eyebrow pluck and manicure. I felt quite beautified!

After that we flew home to pack my laundry box and suitcases with time out for a trek to Dr. Sammis. He examined my foot (the one with the torn ligaments) and wrote me an excuse from gym. He's a darling!

Mother and I went into New York again to check my bags through to Billsburg. We met Daddy at the Hotel Pennsylvania for dinner.

People phoned to say Goodbye and stuff. Lordy, how this vacation flew!

January 5

Back to school! Cary, Lou, Kay, and I came in a pullman which was good cause it was terrifically crowded on the rest of the train. Nothing new -- just same old business of sitting uncomfortably and waiting for hours to eat. Natchally we talked and talked and got caught up on all the news of various vacations. Of course, we kept bumping into the gang all the time. The trip was uneventful and we all wished so badly that the train would have been going in the opposite direction. When we got back to the house we all bulled for hours and hours. There's some stupendous news about both Beth and Danny, but I'm sworn to secrecy.

Such a wonderful vacation as it was!

January 6

I felt crummy all day today -- sort of an upset tummy and the like. Sooo I just lounged around, with time out to go to the station and pick up my suitcases -- I also avoided food continuously. Needless to say, I went to classes too since it would involve a five dollar cut otherwise.

I'm kind of disappointed today. Bill Brennan was definitely coming down here and we both wanted it so badly but his orders to go in the army have been changed and the only dates he could be sure of being able to come are the dates of my exams. Oh phoo! I wish something could be arranged! The special I got from him today told the bad news. I haven't given up all hope yet.

I got a real nice letter from Bill Boyd. Everything seems swell on that score.

People dropped in all evening.

January 7

All day we've felt silly and accomplished nothing. All we did was laugh, play records and bull. Philosophy, Economics and English Lit. were a little grim in that serious talk about the coming exams went on and made me realize (as it always does!) how little I know and how much I have to learn between now and then. This afternoon, Beth and I went to the library to do philosophy. It's gotten to be too much for me. Every year -- every week -- I swear to study it and every week I don't. Someday, I'll reform, I hope.

We went over to meet Carolyn Harley at Camouflage class and zoomed to the Wigwam.

No excitement -- no nothin' today -- just fun. My! How little there is to write about when I hit Williamsburg!

January 8

Another uneventful day -- I won't make anymore apologies for uneventful days though cause there'll probably be scads of them before I'm through this winter.

Flash! I got A- on a philosophy quiz which I got back from Dr. Haserot today. 'Twas my first mark of that sort all semester and I could hardly believe it.

I went over to Barrett this afternoon a- visiting Kay, Ginnie, Lou, Cary, and Jan. They were all thinking about studying. Beth and I went downtown to shop, but couldn't find any of the things we wanted. I was up in the tower from 12 - 1. I got busy tonight with an evening of "personal improvement." I feel all lush and contented now.

I got a nice letter from Jimmy Tracey, a Canadian sailor I met this summer and a note from Pat Brennan.

January 9

Slept late today cause I didn't have a class till 10:00. I went over to Miss Barksdale's office to see about my gym credits (I haven't been taking it because of my sprained foot)

After a good lunch [Mrs. Shackleford, our new housemother, is terrifically nice] Beth, Danny and I went downtown and then fooled around all afternoon. Danny got a letter from her mother telling her about her grandmother's death. She felt pretty badly about it too.

Kay, Lou, Dossie, Muggy and I went up to the Lodge coffee shop for supper. Then I came back and wrote letters and listened to the Hit Parade ("There Are Such Things" -- dreamy song) was first. All the kids in the house are so swell.

It snowed last night and the campus looked like a Fairyland.

I got a letter from Mother.

January 10

A lovely quiet Sunday! We slept late -- through breakfast and church -- and starved until dinnertime. We had beef, which was tough but tasted unusually good anyhow.

We went downtown and then studied. I did 3 Spanish lessons and read two chapters in Economics besides outlining some of it. I hadn't studied in so long that the brain effort wore me out. I'd better get in the groove soon though cause I'll really have to be studying the next few weeks

We fixed our own supper and then Beth, Danny, and I walked to the Wigwam in the snow. There were mobs of people there. Some kids came over and I washed my hair.

I've been back almost a week and very much wish I were home. I love it here but --

January 11

Such a nice day! After lunch I went over to the dorm and fooled around, before going to the movies with Cary, Colbie, Jan, Janie and Dot Raymond. We saw "Once Upon a Honeymoon" starring Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers. It was darling!

There was a Women's Student Government meeting in Phi Beta and then our sorority meeting. The latter thrilled me terrifically for I was nominated, elected, and installed assistant treasurer of KΔ. It so completely surprised me though that my right hand shook terrifically when I raised it to take the oath of office. Anyhoo, I'm awfully glad about the whole thing! I can't quite picture me as being Treasurer some day! I aint the type!

I got my boxes from home with clothes, food, records and the like, so we had a celebration.

January 12

Today was another awfully nice day. After lunch, I went over to the dorm, and visited around. I was supposed to spend the night there but am turning over a leaf of being a greasy grind.

Tonight a gang of us went to the basketball game which we won over the University of Richmond 40-27. It was quite an exciting game.

I got a letter from Bill Brennan in which he sounded awfully optimistic about coming down. Gosh, I hope so! It'll be during exam week though which explains why I must cram and cause I've got to get all my studying done before next week.

Mother wrote me several letters. She's been working hard at O.C.D. Has a uniform too.

January 13

I turned over that new leaf! But for time out to go over to the dorm for a few minutes I studied Sociology all afternoon and felt terrifically noble for doing it. How much more noble I must be!

We went to chapel tonight and then to a Spanish Club meeting at which the [illegible] sang. Oh gosh! We laughed till our sides ached. It was truly an experience.

Beth bought me Benny Goodman's "Why Don't You Do Right" to cheer me out of my funk of studying. Nice!

Dr. Blocker gave us his final lecture of this semester -- a deep, teary job about war and all the fellows leaving and sacrifices. It's Hell! Dave Yeoman went into the Merchant Marine today, reports from home say.

Letters from Joanie and Pat Brennan.

January 14

The last day of classes and now studying does begin in earnest. All afternoon and evening I skimmed over my 700 big pages of English Lit. with time out for deep bull sessions, reminiscing about grammar school days. Twas silly but fun!

I got a letter from Margie Borcher who has been working at the [illegible] Publishing Company in the Art Department. She seems truly interested in it, and I'm so glad cause she hasn't had a real outside interest in so long.

I also heard from Florence Morrow and she wanted me to come down to Atlanta after exams. Natchally, I can't cause I haven't time to even go home much less trek to Virginia's southern partner, Georgia. I surely would like to see Florence though.

January 15

Had an Economics Review class with Dr. Heidingsfield from 9-12 this morning with time out to go downtown for breakfast. Reading period has begun and everyone has a combination of a studious mood with a "what-the hell?" attitude

I went up in the tower to watch for airplanes. It was a clear day with good vision but I didn't see any planes. 'Course, I found out later that a plane crashed in the vicinity during my hour's watch. I'm expecting to be courtmartialed.

I got another special from Bill Brennan and unless he gets notice before, he'll be down next Wednesday. Please God!

Besides mail from Mother, Dad, Bugs, and Uncle Ed, Floyd sent me a card from the Air Force in Miami. Amazin'!

January 16

From nine-thirty this morning till ten o'clock tonight with just an hour and a half out for lunch and a walk downtown, and an hour for dinner and fooling around, Danny and I slaved at Economics -- and I do mean slaved. It's a blissful feeling though to know it's finished -- c'est fini. 'Course I have to review it all before the exam Wednesday, but that's beside the point.

I got an awfully sweet letter from Bill Boyd. He's put in his papers for the Air Corps and gosh! I hope he makes it. He's wanted to be an air cadet from the very beginning, and deserves to get it. He's expecting a three day leave soon and will come to Billsburg then. So nice!

January 17

It's inconceivable! Last week it snowed and today it's been so hot that we resurrected summer dresses and sweltered in them. All the windows are open, but nary a breeze comes in! And it's January too! It's good for the fuel shortage anyhow.

Beth, Carolyn and I went to Bruton Parish, feeling we needed some religious stimulation to help us through the grueling experience of exams.

I finished studying for my Soc. Now I'll just need a quickie of a review before the exam Friday.

Beth and I bought some food and cokes at the College Shop which we dropped at Muggy's and Doris' to cheer them during exams. They seemed thrilled and cheered.

We ate supper on the porch. Cooler!

January 18

I crammed English Lit in my brain and sneezed and coughed intermittently. Danny and I went downtown to buy blue books and foo and goo, and later on walked to the Lodge and back for recreation. Basically I studied all day as I have been doing for the past few days. I've slaved away to get most of my work down by Wednesday when Bill Brennan would come.

Sooo, what happened? Tonight, the phone rang and it was Bill (long distance) from New York. We chatted and the general idea is that he can't seem to get transportation down here. I can't take much more of this changing of arrangements. Oh gosh! I guess I'm kind of disappointed. Bill & I still haven't given up all hope, but --

January 19

I've studied so much Economics (with Danny) that gladly would I scream! Tomorrow this time, my exam will be over. The uncertainty of not having had an exam before this has been annoying -- I like to get the fool thing over with. Golly, I ought to at

least pass my exams with this display of studiousness. I've never before studied even half so hard.

We took time out for a trip downtown, one to the Wigwam, and another one to the post office.

Janie Enberge's Max, an ensign in the Navy, stopped by on his way to boarding his ship. He seems awfully swell and Jane loves him good.

Letter from Mother & Dad.

Dot Grady, KA from Cornell, whose father teaches at Jamaica High, told me tales of Bill!

January 20

The Economics exam was such that I displayed a vast amount of imagination throughout it. I bulled beautifully but knew enough to be sure I passed.

My little sis, Pat Lavery, took me home with her for dinner and to spend the night. I had the best old time. We had genuine roast beef for dinner, did the dishes, made toll house cookies, sang and in short had a super "homey" evening. Her family is wonderful and I've sort of unofficially been taken in. We stayed up (Pat and I did) until 3:00 a.m. talking deep talks. It was gobs of fun.

I got a wonderful letter from Bill Boyd; also a special from Mother -- maybe Bill Brennan can come down next Tuesday or Wednesday. I give up though.

January 21

Pat and I were awakened at 11:00 a.m. by a combination of one dog, named Mickey, hopping on the bed and one brother, named Charles, blowing mock reveille in our left ears. We improvised a breakfast and then I came back to the house. It was such fun and I had a super time.

My old beat up cold has gotten radically worse so I kind of nursed it -- and me -- all afternoon with time out for a nap. Danny made me an orangeade and I felt all coddled.

I studied Soc. and English Lit. and mostly laughed with the kids. Beth, Danny and Cary ganged up on my "helplessness" -- I was outnumbered.

Letters from Joanie, Bugs and **[Armous]**. Joan is recuperating from her chicken pox.

January 22

I developed a beautiful case of writer's cramp -- if nothing else today. This morning from 9 to 12, I answered questions which made up a Soc. exam. It wasn't too bad and I'm sure I did fairly all right on it.

I had two hours in between and then zoomed over to Wren where I wrote about English Lit. for three hours. (My left hand is now practically paralyzed). This was a lulu, but once I got into it, it could have been worse. The first of three questions summarized the whole semester's work!

Beth, Cary, Janie, Libby, Dot, Holly, Carolyn & I snuck away from exams and saw "Reunion in France" starring Joan Crawford and Philip Dorn. It was exceptionally good!
Nice letters from Bill Boyd & Henrietta.

January 23

Another day, which to all outward appearances, was drab, but which really was gobs of fun. Beth and I did Philosophy, even digging into her suitcase to unearth a mess of notes which presently snowed us under. That still wasn't enough to quench our spirits -- and Danny tagged right along. Sooo, we had another day of exam -- reactionary.

Bill Gulick is down to see Louise. They both seem terrifically happy!

I hate to start this all over again -- but I got an air mail special from Bill Brennan, in which he said he'd made reservations on the train to come down here Wednesday and Thursday of next week if his notice doesn't come before. I'm definitely not counting on it this time, but I'm hoping again!

January 24

Still another day devoted to Philosophy -- a day in which we developed some philosophies of our own. My head is still swimming with what Plato, Lucretius, and Aquinas felt about their very deep convictions of life, but some discussions by McClelland, Daniel and Hirsch have made a great impression. We got off on the subject of emotion and sentiment -- Beth and Danny came to the conclusion that I have "passionate potentialities" (I could be very sentimental, affectionate, etc.) Danny is the other extreme and Beth is in the Happy Medium of the "Black Rose Girls."

Connie Korn's brother passed through on his way to leaving the country via Norfolk. He's an Ensign and awfully nice.

January 25

The philosophy exam wasn't so good -- or rather, the exam was fair and my knowledge was there, but the questions on the exam never quite seemed to coincide with my knowledge so -- I'm kind of pessimistic about it. Hope I can keep my C!

I visited in the dorm this afternoon. Stupendous news: Colbie met a boy Art Ward, on the way back to school at Christmas time. (He goes to Fork Union!) They've been writing each other daily and he came to see her last weekend. Results: They're going to get married

in June! It's fantastic but Ginnie seems terrifically happy! I'm confused, but so long as she knows what she's doing -- ?

Lots of mail from Mother, Dad, Pat Brennan and Floyd. Floyd still seems happy in Miami Beach ("Sweet" letter!)

January 26

The Spanish exam wasn't so hard as I'd expected, but it wasn't good -- or rather I didn't do well on it.

I got two super-duperly confoosing letters from Bill Boyd, but two letters which were really wonderful. He's a nice fellow!

Danny got a wire from Richmond asking her to come take her Civil Service exam at 8:30 A.M. tomorrow so -- zoom! zoom! She and Beth trekked up to the thriving little metropolis spending the night with Lennie. I was lonesome in my little pink and blue room all alone, but had my night of personal improvement for tomorrow's the BIG DAY! Bill Brennan sent me a wire -- he ought to get in at 9:30 A.M. tomorrow I can hardly wait yet am not counting on it entirely. I'm so lucky!

January 27

At 9:30 A.M. I met the train from Richmond no Bill! Mimi Jardine came tearing down to the station to say he'd missed connections and had phoned the house. Finally he got in at 12:30 -- it was really good to see him. It was raining and as a matter of fact rained all the time he was here. We had lunch at the Capitol and walked all around town and campus. We stopped at Barrett and saw some of the kids before going to the KΔ house. Bill liked them all and vice versa. I hopped into my gabardine dress and we went to the Lodge for awhile -- dinner and dancing! We went to the station to meet Beth and Danny returning from Richmond -- sat swinging over legs on a freight wagon till the train came. We went back to the Lodge till 11:00 and then to Laverys where we talked and stuff till 2:00. I spent the night with Pat. Such fun!

January 28

Bill called for me at 10:00. I wasn't quite up but zoomed into my clothes when he came. We had breakfast at Laverys and then walked around in the rain some more. At noon we met Bugsie and Cary for lunch at the Capitol again. Some more walking with stops at Smith's where Bill was staying, and at the house. We zoomed to the station again and hopped on the train. We've had terrific ice storms down here so Bill had to leave tonight and was afraid of not making connections. We went to Richmond together so he wouldn't have to say "Goodbye" so soon. Dinner at the Hotel Murphy was wonderful. We walked

back to the station and finally my train came in. It was best he sees me off rather than for me to say "So Long" to him. I sniffed into his voluminous hankie and then all gone! I hope our "I'll be seeing you"'s come true soon.

January 29

At first this morning I didn't feel too cheery -- as a matter of fact I felt downright unhappyish but in a little while I returned to the "Black Rose" girl usual status -- acting normal (?) again.

Libby Fisher officially told us she'd been married to Charlie Beville since Sept. 17th. We'd suspected it all along, but now we know. She's leaving Sunday and we'll miss her terrifically. One compensation though is that Cary is moving over to the house to take her place. Sounds like fun!

Tonight Beth, Holly, Libby, Pat Triem, Sheila and Mrs. Shack (who gets even nicer every day) and I saw "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman and Paul Henreid. Lordy, it was wonderful. I haven't gotten over it yet!

My Sociology and Spanish grades came (C in Soc. & B+ in Spanish)

January 30

Commencement Day and real sad it was too. Ginnie Humphries and Holly Rickis graduated in a ceremony not nearly as impressive as the June ones. What with Danny moving to the Practice House and Libby becoming Mrs. Beville in practice, some wonderful girls are leaving this weekend.

The ice storms brought wires down today and Williamsburg was without electricity. A gang of us went to the Lodge and ate by candlelight. The power at campus stayed on.

We gave a shower for Libby and she seemed terrifically thrilled and happy. Fun!

I registered this morning. Besides Econ., English Lit., Spanish, Philosophy as usual I'm taking Psychology of the Interview. (Fascinatin') Phys. Ed. is Bowling and Folk Dancing.

[I got C in Philosophy & B in English Lit.] Also in the mail came a coldish letter from Bill Boyd. I'm confoosed!

Holly Miller came back for her second semester!!!!

January 31

Today was a beautifully restful Sunday to end all beautifully restful Sundays. This morning Beth, Conny, Marty and I got religious inspiration at Bruton Parish and then all afternoon we zoomed around in the living rooms playing bridge listening to dreamy programs on the radio, talking and generally doing useless things. T'was blissful not having to study or anything. I'm in favor of it.

Libby and Holly have left and Cary, Sheila, Pat and Elaine (Punchy) are moved over. It seems so different! Speaking of Libby, she announced to us that a little Libby or a Junior is on its way. It'll arrive in June! Gee, we all love that girl and will miss her terrifically.

This has been such a neat month inspite of exams and all that. A lot of swell things have happened!

Memoranda

"Little sis"es at W&M 1942-1943

[Photograph of young woman in upper left corner captioned "Doris Hostetter"]

[Photograph of young woman in lower right corner captioned "Pat Lavery"]

February 1

"Rabbit, rabbit" day: a new month and a new semester. I'm starting out with my new leaf again! I just had three classes today. Psych of the Interview really does terrifically interesting things; a whole gang of us take it together and I know it'll be fun; Spanish was as usual; and Bowling, good stuff. I can't understand why I've never bowled before.

At the council meeting we appointed Elaine Social Chairman. The sorority meeting was uneventful.

Flash! I got A -- 97 on my Econ. Twas the highest mark in the class and I'm so happy. I haven't gotten a good mark in a long time. I guess I'll definitely major in Business Administration now. It sounds so sensible.

I've developed a gem of a cold which involves losing my voice. Neat!

February 2

I had my first Philosophy, Economics and English Literature classes of the new semester. Economics sounds particularly interesting being all about war time and Post War stuff. I love the course or maybe my grade helped influence me.

My dopey old cold got quite a bit worse. I hate to let a stupid thing like that get me down but I do feel crummy.

Cary, Jan, Colbie, Kay, Lou, Holly and I saw "Commandos Strike at Dawn" at Paul Muni. It was quite good but had a lot of gorey excitement and seemed blakish in spots.

Beth, Elaine, Cary and I have organized the Harem Girls 1st Order of the Arabian Knight and we're going full force. I love to be crazy like that.

February 3

At first I thought I'd stay in bed all day but then I decided not to pamper myself and instead crowded quite a bit into the little day. Classes were uneventful. I had bowling and my score for the first game ever bowled by me was 48. Rather pathetic.

We fooled around most of the rest of the afternoon and then after dinner went to chapel and a Spanish Club meeting. At 8:15 Becky, Mimi J., Floppy and I went to our Folk Dancing class. It's a dopey time to take gym, but we all have lots of fun doin' it.

Flash! Mary Ana Fellows has left school having admitted her marriage to Bob Daniel last June. She's gonna have a baby in May. All these secret marriages!!

February 4

A truly messily rainy day! Elaine went up to Pat Dorsey's wedding in the rain and has come back a-weary. She said the ceremony was super but Tommy Dorsey (No. 1 Bandleader) looked and acted crummily, giving autographs, etc.

Beth and I slept most of this afternoon and felt better afterwards. Cary, Marty and I went to a Foreign Travel Club meeting which developed into being just a sort of Council meeting with plans being made for a bigger and better F.T.C.

I got a letter from Bill Brennan - which though it was strictly carburetorish did have a decided perk to it. I was impressed. After all the indecision of his coming down last week he still hasn't gotten his orders to report.

The KΔ's played basketball tonight and are stiff and disgusted -- Janie & Beth especially.

February 5

I hate to keep repeating myself but the weather gets wetter n' wetter all the time. I "braved the elements" going to class and up in the tower. No airplanes -- they always seem to be out to lunch.

We rushed Betty Driscoll this afternoon and evening. A bunch of us went to the movies and saw "Andy Hardy's Double Life" with Mickey Rooney. It was awfully cute and very funny! We came back to the house for dinner and then went to the basketball game. We played Hampden Sydney and beat them 46-37. Quite an exciting game!

Besides mail from Mommy and Daddy, I got a card from Bill Brennan saying he's definitely been accepted for premeteorology training. Gosh I'm glad cause he wanted it so badly. I also got a censored letter from Jim Tracey with a sentence cut out.

February 6

The sun broke through at last and almost hurt our eyes with its unaccustomed glare. It does look and feel good though after all that doggone RAIN.

After classes, Beth, Elaine and I walked around downtown buying soap and things like that. Then we came back and slept -- fooled around all evening too.

Holly Miller phoned and came over to see me. She looks real good -- I feel like a heel for not having seen her this week 'ceptin' while dashing around -- not for a talk, I mean.

I got my laundry box cookies and a crate of oranges from Mr. Dulaney. Good! I heard from Margie and Bugsie and received a howl of a letter from Floyd. It really was a gem!

Pat Lavery's man, Pete, is home from Great Lakes. She's a happy little girl!

I'm cutting another wisdom tooth on top all else.

February 7

Twas another peaceful Sunday of sleeping late, hanging around and listening to the radio. I went over to Barrett and talking deeply with Holly, we whipped up a concoction, which developed into pimienta cheese sandwiches.

Pat Lavery's man, Pete, is home on leave from Great Lakes and she brought him around to meet me. Gosh, he's a darling; they make an awfully cute couple!

Announcement came over the radio that shoes are being rationed -- only 3 pairs a year per person. All my shoes are wearing out on the bricks of Williamsburg too. Ah me! I shall have to revert to the primitive days of going barefoot!

Also was it announced that W&M is being used to train Naval -- CHAPLAINS! Isn't it Hell? No ensigns! (air corps)

February 8

Convocation this afternoon to celebrate the 250th Anniversary of the granting of the charter to William and Mary (1693-1943)! Incidentally too John Stewart Bryan was inaugurated Chancellor of the College and -- John Edwin Pomfret was inaugurated President. Conant, the President of Harvard, made an address and all in all twas very impressive. We were all truly filled with the glory and importance of William and Mary.

There was a usually boring Women's Student Government Meeting, and then we had Second Degree Pledging. All in all the day was very deep! with celebrations and ceremonies galore.

Beth feels real sick with sinus trouble ears throat inflamed and so on. She's gone to the Infirmary.

I got mail from home but nothing else. I haven't heard from Bill Boyd in over a week. Am I confoosed again?

February 9

Twas a real nice day! We slept through Philosophy and cut English Lit, feeling truly wicked. This afternoon I did some philosophy and then Elaine, Janie and I went to see "The Crystal Ball" with Ray Milland and Paulette Goddard. It was awfully cute and we laughed 'n' laughed. Twas funny!

Official grades came out and I found out that although [illegible] sent out my card with B+ in Spanish my grades say I got A in it. I don't know who made a mistake, but the A is official so I'm not complaining. Final grades are 2 C's, 1 B and 2 A's -- I made Dean's List so am real glad about it.

W&M is giving courses in Meteorology. If I'd been a good little girl --, but things don't happen like that!

February 10

We gave a tea for Mrs. Shackelford this afternoon. Everything ran smoothly and people seemed to enjoy themselves as far as things like that go. We sent her an orchid corsage; since it was her first, she was terrifically thrilled. She's so wonderful! All the housemothers, sorority presidents, Mrs. Pomfret, Dean Landrum, Miss Low, etc. came. We had tea, sandwiches and cakes and my smile is just about frozen now.

My bowling improved to 69! I'm getting there but still my technique aint so good and I must admit I reverted to 49 on my second game.

After the tea we hopped back in sport clothes and ate dinner and went to chapel. Don't know why but I got hysterical and Elaine was very disgusted with me. Of course, she had to start laughing too which was why she was disgusted.

Folk dancing! Fun, but I'm a-weary!

February 11

Beth came out of the infirmary last night, but went back this morning cause she has the measles. She'll be in at least three more days! Oh gad!

A bunch of us went to see "Shadow of a Doubt" with Theresa Wright, Joseph Cotton, and Macdonald Carey--the scariest, best old picture, and good! We flitted around and studied a little philosophy. Tonight, Cary and I went to an aircraft spotter's meeting which turned out to be really interesting. Films showed the whole procedure of reporting planes. We're going to have to identify the 56 kinds of plane, which sounds involved. More courses!

Wayne, a little sailor, came to see Mimi Boone tonight and she seems happy at seeing an old friend and stuff.

I had a strictly carburetorish letter from Bill Brennan--still no orders!

February 12

Happy Lincoln's Birthday! No observation of the holiday though! Psychology of the Interview involved an Assuage Test, which proved how one can't tell the truth sometimes no matter how hard one tries. Spanish was as boring as ever and the first philosophy quiz of the semester was typical!

I watched in the tower for an hour. Cary and I got lush blue and gold Army Air Corps arm bands for over a hundred hours service of airplane spotting. They're an impressive memento! I visited in the dorm and saw Dossie and Muggy, "remaking the friends" I'd lost when I hibernated because of my cold.

Mother, Dad and Lizzie sent a stupendous box of chicken, cookies, candy, sandwiches, etc. We had a feast tonight and twas delicious. Letters from Ginnie Frank, Edith and home.

February 13

The weather has taken a decided turn on the COLDiSh side, and it snowed in a blizzard sort of fashion. I'm frozen!

This afternoon, a gang of us went to the movies to see "Saludos Amigos," the Walt Disney picture. I developed a big crush on Pedro, a baby airplane. Playing with the cartoon was a March of Time, taken in Williamsburg last spring in technicolor for the Restoration. It was so odd to see and hear about buildings and things we see and do every day. It was very interesting though, even if they cut out the part I was in.

I got a percolator Valentine from Bill Brennan and cute ones from Daddy, Pat Brennan, Danny, Bugsie, and Midge and Marty. Otherwise my sex appeal is nil!

February 14

Happy Valentine's Day! Excepting for a call from Mother, there were no signs of the observation of the day. My sex appeal hasn't improved!

This morning, Punchy and I trekked through the freezing morning to Bruton Parish and walked back frigidly. This afternoon I went over to the dorm and visited Holly and Louise.

Cary, Punchy and I are in charge of Hell Week for the pledges, and held a meeting with them tonight to tell them what they have to do. Somehow people realized that I was pledged late and escaped Hell Week last year and as a result tomorrow I have to wear my black snood with the pink bows on it all over campus. I'm humiliated--me an active too!

February 15

'Twas hellish to be shunned by sorority sisters, laughed at by friends, and stared at by tourists, as I wore my little snood around today. Two boys and the man in Rexall's thought it was purty, but those were the only compliments.

All afternoon the pledges came over and worked around the house cleaning Venetian blinds, vacuuming, straightening up and so forth. We all felt luxuriously commanding! It'll last for a whole week too!

We had our sorority meeting early tonight on account of the basketball game. It was a confused jumble of rescinded motions, with nothing much accomplished. The game was grim: 65 to 34. Norfolk Navy Air Corps Training Station was too tall for our men.

February 16

Another day! Student Religious Emphasis Week opened with a convocation. Dr. E. Frank Salmon of the Philadelphia Holy Trinity Church spoke terrifically interestingly, and he inspired me religiously.

Beth came out of the infirmary and it sure is good to have her back with us. To celebrate a gang of us saw "I Married a Witch" with Veronika Lake and Frederick March. It was a cutely stupid picture about witches and the like.

Beth, Elaine, Cary and I went to a Freshman basketball game which didn't quite materialize.

Ninety of the Army Reserve boys were called up today in addition to some Army Air Corps fellows. All the time more fellows leave -- Gad! Bill leaves for Lehigh & Fort Meade, Maryland, tomorrow!

February 17

The day started with my usual eight o'clock and then I substituted for two hours in the tower; during which time we had a state-wide practice air raid. Dr. Harrison, the Chief Observer, relieved me, however, and so I missed most of the excitement.

My bowling improved to 68 again. (I'm going to make at least 75 or bust) I did philosophy and "tortured" the pledges as they washed and ironed our Venetian blinds etc. Our curtains look lush too!

Beth and I went over for dinner at the Home Practice House with Danny. She cooked it with her own hands and we were impressed. The "fancy" frozen meat loaf, peas, bread with relish, coffee, and strawberry fruit cup and cookies, were all truly wonderful!

A bunch of us went to the Methodist Church where Dr. Salmon spoke again. He is super! Then on to Folk Dancing & the Wigwam.

February 18

An uneventful day, with walks downtown, a little studying and a lot of fun. Tonight, Becky, Mrs. Shack, and I went to hear Dr. Salmon speak in Phi Beta. He's such an interesting person!

I had a "humiliating" experience in Economics class today. We're going to do special reports in committees of five--graduate work type of thing for experience. We chose committee leaders and the leaders chose people to be in their committees. Everyone was chosen finally 'ceptin' Cary and me and then Cary went and I stood, deserted. An "amoosin'" discussion with Dr. Heidingsfield followed and finally Bill Harrison said "I guess I choose Miss Hirsch"--as though he had any choice in the matter. We've howled over my humiliating experience all day.

Still no news from Ft. Bragg; I'm crushed. -- also no news from Miami Beach which is a blow to my pride! "My life is bleak!"

February 19

After classes and philosophy quiz were over, my day was a nice one. This afternoon we had an informal bridge party at the house. Betty Driscoll stayed for dinner and afterwards we put the KΔ ribbon on her -- everyone's real happy about it! I visited in the dorm awhile and bumped into Dossie too.

Tonight Beth, Punchy, Marty and I (with eleven other members of the Psychology of the Interview class) went to Dr. Foltin's house. We had such a swell evening; he's fascinating and it was fun sitting cozily around the fire, looking at the imaginative surrealistic paintings he'd done and just listening to him and Mrs. Foltin talk in their Czechoslovakian accents. They're so stimulating to be with!

I got letters from Joan & Margie. -- Bill's orders were changed and he still hasn't left Hollis. I got C+ on Philosophy

February 20

I'm dead -- or reasonable facsimile thereof! Classes were boring and unexciting! This afternoon was a typical Saturday afternoon -- we walked around downtown and then sat on the front porch writing letters and stuff. -- twas so balmy!

This evening Kay, Colbie, Lou, Ann (Kay's new roommate) and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shoppe for hamburgers and chocolate layer cake. Très good! I hopped back and at 7:30 Mimi Boone, Floppy Pettigrew, Punchy and I went down to the Methodist Church U.S.O. center and had gobs of fun, once things warmed up a bit! We threw darts, played checkers and dominoes and were kind of bored, but once the square dancing started it was swell. I was with Andrew,--a sailor from New Jersey, who was awfully nice -- most of the evening. Virginia reels, imitations, and singing were most fun!

A carburetor letter from Bill Brennan!

February 21

Sunday -- our one morning to sleep -- but Beth, Punchy and I got up for 8 o'clock communion in the chapel. We met Kay and all went to Bruton Parish for Canterbury Club breakfast, which was good and fun.

This afternoon was likewise typical. We played bridge, wrote letters and listened to the radio. Mrs. Enberge is down and while she, Jane, Mimi B. and Becky were at the Lodge for dinner they met some sailors, who later called up the house for dates. Mimi and I went out with them -- back to the Lodge for champagne cocktails, dinner and dancing. It was fun but an unusual experience, for they were both married; and I'd never dated a married man before. Bill, my date, was awfully nice and has a terrific singing voice. He asked me to write his wife, which I did. Her picture looked grand.

Mother phoned and we chatted.

February 22

Happy Washington's Birthday! Such an irritable old day as it was though! 'Twas hot and mucky, and we had so much to do. I could scarcely keep awake during classes and then after bowling (a crummy score!) I walked to the Public Library to take some books back for Betty Driscoll. The library was closed, so I have to go back tomorrow. Damn!

All afternoon, we worked getting ready things for initiation tonight. 'Tis the grueling, disillusioning side of the otherwise wonderful picture. We had a pickup supper and then initiation began. Pat Lavery felt faint and had to leave for awhile, but was there for the most important part. That was the only mishap. All else ran smoothly.

Letters from Mom and Dad -- none else!

February 23

Honestly, I planned to accomplish a lot today, but I didn't quite manage it. We got up for cup service at 7:00 A.M. and then on to classes! This afternoon Cary and I walked up to the Public Library and then I went visiting, having deep talks with Dossie and Muggy, Kay and Louise. I did accomplish something in the line of "gaining and keeping friendships."

Bill Samuelson, the sailor phoned and wanted a date. I didn't think it wise and said "No." He sounded so pathetic though that I asked him to come up to the house where a gang of us went down to talk with him in the living room. He's really a wonderful fellow and I hope Margie his wife, can come to Williamsburg soon.

Besides mail from Mother and Dad and a cute note from Pat Brennan -- I heard from Bill Boyd. He's in South Dakota -- couldn't write because of secrecy of his moves. Alas!

February 24

I'm tired again! In between classes I studied some philosophy and wrote a few letters. Guess what: I bowled 73 today! I'm improving, but still have a long way to go before I'm a smooth bowler -- if ever.

We slept awhile this afternoon to try and do away with the pallor of our faces relieved only by the dramatic sombreness of circles under our eyes. We're so tired!

Tonight was the formal KΔ reception for initiates. Representatives from sororities, and men, came. There was a surprisingly large number of men here considering the scads of them leaving for camps north, south, east and west of here. I was talking to Bugsie, Dick Goodman, Gene Hanofner and Butch Fleming most of the evening. It was fun, as things like that go.

February 25

I slept through philosophy lecture this morning and then, revived, got up and worked, constructing a psychology chart, reading English Lit and copying notes. This afternoon, I did some studying for my philosophy quiz and then took time out, with Beth, Danny and Cary to give exuberant approval to Wit's Cud Stationary which arrived. It's such cute stuff, with darling appropriate pictures at the top of each page. I feel inspired to write letters!

Beth, Cary, Marty and I went to the movies and saw "The Hard Way" with Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie. It was terribly dramatic but real good, having a deep moral. Reminiscent times running through it, were good!

I heard from Floyd at last too. He's stationed at Lowry Field, near Denver, Colorado. Everyone is so far away these days!

February 26

Went to my 8 o'clock and then hopped up in the tower with Cary for two hours, with airplanes soaring over, one after the other -- fast and furious. I went to Spanish and took my Philosophy Quiz (C+ again last week). We studied this afternoon and gabbed some. Then this evening, Punchy and I went to Bruton Parish to help with the supper which the Canterbury Club gave for people in town, who never eat home-cooking. It was lots of fun; over a hundred people came and we felt we'd "done so much" for them. I'm gonna join a waitresses' union though -- my poor feet and aching muscles!

Mr. Dulaney sent us a box of Mexican candy from Texas, and Daddy sent some food too. By the way the difficulties at D&G involving desires for a labor union, seem to have been peacefully and favorably settled. Daddy's so glad about it all!

Cary went to the Phi Tau formal! Smooth!

February 27

Such a nice sleep! Dr. Heidingsfield went to New York for the weekend and so I didn't have any classes until eleven o'clock and consequently spent a lovely, lazely morning: cleaning up around the room and stuff.

'Twas another typical Saturday afternoon. We walked around downtown, to the Wigwam and back and horsed around at the house, writing letters, but mostly not accomplishing a darned thing. Dossie came over and I helped her write a theme for English, amidst talks and catching up on latest news. Tonight I washed my hair manicured my growing nails and generally spent a "typical Saturday night at William and Mary."

Spring vacation has been changed to April 7-15th. I'm thinking of cutting and staying home longer. I hope I can!

February 28

Today was such a nice day! Beth, Punchy, Dossie and I went to Bruton where Rev. Curt Junker delivered the sermon. He used to be assistant-minister at St. Gabriel's in Hollis when I went to Sunday School there. He left for South Dakota to do work in the Indian missions and since then has become quite an important figure in Religious Youth Movements. He's truly a magnetic personality!

After dinner we took walks and did some studying until four o'clock when Beth, Punchy, Mrs. Shack and I went to Bruton Parish house for tea and forum (conducted by Mr. Junker). I spoke to him for a few minutes and we reminisced about St. Gabe's. He's neat and I like him so much

We got back from the tea too late for supper and so had a sandwich and milk shake at the Wigwam.

February 29

No February 29th this year!

Memoranda

Photograph of young woman in upper left corner captioned Kay Johnson

Photograph of young woman in lower right corner captioned Louise Dietz

Memoranda

[Photograph of young woman in upper right corner captioned "Ginnie Colburn"]

[Photograph of young woman in lower left corner captioned "Arlene Daniels 'Danny'"]

March 1

"Rabbit-rabbit" day again! Classes and bowling went much as usual. At 2:00 o'clock, I went visiting in the dorms and saw Jan, Connie Cooley and Janie. I had a deep talk with Colbie. She's kind of unhappy about the way her parents are taking news of her coming marriage with Art. Big problems!

Punchy Cary and I went to see "In Which We Serve" with Noel Coward. It was powerful, and one of the best pictures I've ever seen.

There was a W.S.C.G.A. meeting, aircraft spotters gettogether, formal pledging for Betty Driscoll and sorority meeting. Elections for new KΔ officers took place with following results: Floppy Pettigrew, **[Proxy]**; Fran Pendleton, Vice President. Becky Koehler, Secretary; and Beth, Editor. Ann & I are treasurers still.

March 2

Not a new thing happened! We rested around the house and studied some Psych. for our test tomorrow at 8 o'clock, with time out for walks downtown and to the Wigwam, and a call meeting to discuss revised rushing rules for next year, to make free association between sorority and freshman girls possible.

Bill Samuelson phoned and we had quite a nice talk. His wife arrives the middle of this month sometime. He's a swell person, really. I'm anxious to meet Margie too.

Louise is going home Thursday and then to Lehigh for the weekend. Janie is going, too, on a blind date. Lucky girls! New York and Lehigh in one fell swoop! Beth, Louise and Muggy have each been nominated for W.S.C.G.A. offices. I hope --

Letters from home and Edith.

March 3

Psych. test wasn't too bad this morning! Bowling was unusual in that I bowled 73 and 86, including a strike and several spares; and -- actually, I demonstrated timing. Impressively amazing! This afternoon, after the usual, Cary and I bought a carry-basket for Mrs. Shack's marketing and then voted for the W.S.C.G.A. None of our girls were elected -- too bad! After dinner we went to chapel at which Dr. Foltin spoke. Then Becky, Mimi B. and I went to a Library Science Club affair -- Dr. Clarke interviewed the best-seller, "Song of Bernadette" interestingly.

We all had Folk Dancing, which a sailor from Camp Peary led. It was riotous and fun! We went to Rexalls for limeades and then back home.

Mother phoned to say I can cut spring vacation till April 19th. I'm so glad!

March 4

Such a busy day! This afternoon Beth, Punchy, Cary and I went down to the telephone company office and applied for jobs as operators, since they're needed so badly and since we felt we could give time (and would like the money). We had an interesting time, filling out applications and being told sketchily how it all worked. Chuck Gondak who is in charge told us if we are going home for spring vacation and not coming to summer school it wouldn't be worth while to train us. He's going to try to work it out though. It would have been fun and good experience!

Colbie came over, bringing Art to meet me. He really seems wonderful and I'm beginning to understand it all. After dinner, I went to a German Club meeting, did philosophy, learned how to deposit, etc. for the Treasury from Ann who brought the books over for me; and lasted through a blackout.

I got awfully cute letters from both Bills!

March 5

In between Psychology and Spanish, which I really cut, I went up in the tower as is usual of a Friday morning. Then after dashing off receipts and deposit slips, I trekked down to the bank with the KΔ treasury pouch tucked underneath my arm. I trembled all the way cause I deposited -- \$1,334.28! It was an experience though and I began to "mature."

After philosophy quiz (I knew almost nil) we all played around and I managed to write a few letters. Tonight, after dinner, Beth, Cary, Becky, Jane, Carolyn and I went to see the College plays "Back to Methuselah" and "Man of Destiny" by George Bernard Shaw. The acting and production were excellent but they were poor choices for college entertainment.

March 6

It rained really hard most all the day, with the sun peering through occasionally. Anyhow, our plans to garden and fool around in the springlike outdoors fell through. Instead, after lunch, Beth, Punchy and I really dug down into the job of cleaning our room. We even went so far as to move the beds and roll up the rug to bring all dust and dirt to life. Some corners hadn't been touched since we moved over here in September. We worked pretty hard dusting and vacuuming, emptying wastebaskets and, in general, looking and feeling like cleaning women.

Betty Marie Ellett came over for dinner and stayed awhile. She's a cute Freshman -- hence informal rushing of the non-rushing sort. Everyone does it.

Bill Samuelson still phones and wants me to go out.

March 7

Another busyish day! Beth, Punchy and I went to Bruton for regular church service confirmation and communion (double feature!) We felt deeply religious!

After dinner, Kay and Mrs. Johnson came over; then we all talked and wrote letters. At 4:30, Punchy and I went to the Bruton Parish tea and forum which Bishop Brown led. He's a lot of fun and seems to be awfully nice! I tore out of Bruton and went up to the Lodge with Barbara Gray, Arlene Mims, Danny Lee, Timmy and Ann to meet Kay and her mother for a wonderful dinner. It was so sweet of them to ask us! Then I came back and tore into the KΔ treasury report with Ann P. I'm mentally fatigued from adding long columns of numbers and then subtracting and dividing. 'Tis a tiring job!

March 8

Had an interesting experiment in Psychology; tasting an unknown substance, which turned out to be plain old chlorinated Williamsburg water. Spanish was dull; and bowling only eventful in that I made two strikes After bowling, Midge, Cary, Marty and I fooled around downtown, shopping and just looking. This afternoon I sewed up a Red Cross headdress for the Canterbury Club and felt versatily home-ecish. After dinner, we went to a W.S.C.G.A. meeting for further nominations for office. There was an aircraft spotters meeting and then I came back to work on the books some more with Ann Pettigrew -- numbers to be added over and over again! Sorority meeting was installation of new officers and many a lump in the throat! Dot Grady came too -- she's leaving Wednesday. 'Tis truly sad!

March 9

Nothing happened in classes today excepting my conscience is beginning to hit me and I feel I should study somewhat and devote more time to books and classes. Seems difficult to do though!

This afternoon I went to see Holly and then Kay, Lou and Colbie. They're all such wonderful girls. Art has gone out to Milwaukee to meet and talk with the Colburns; Lou had a super time at Lehigh as I'd known she would -- Bill Gulick goes in the Air Corps March 26th. Beth, Punchy, Cary, Marty, Becky and a whole bunch of other kids and I saw "Keeper of the Flame" with Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracey. I liked it very much -- the acting of every part was excellent.

Tonight was an intramurals basketball game between KΔ and KAΘ. We lost!
Letters from Floyd and Mother and Dad.

March 10

Ash Wednesday and such a nice day! It was springlike, and wonderful! Punchy, Cary, Becky, Midge, Janie and Mimi and I went to 8:00 A.M. Communion at Bruton to get in the spirit of Lent. Then back to classes and an afternoon of studying philosophy on the front porch. Punchy and I went to chapel tonight and then we had our usual Wednesday night fun at Folk Dancing with a trek to the Wigwam afterwards.

The big events of the day though were:

1. Connie Korn became engaged (by letter) to Shea, who's a Captain in the army, stationed at Fort Sill, and seems to be terrifically nice. We can't believe Connie's settled down to one man -- seriously. She's walking on clouds.

2. Fran Pendleton was elected Chairman of Judicial Council -- one of the 3 big things in W.S.C.G.A. That means so much for KΔ; and we're completely happy.

I got B+ on last week's Psych. test

March 11

We went through classes without excitement or novelty, and as a matter of fact, there isn't much of anything at all that happened to write about. After lunch, Beth, Danny and I went over to the Red Cross WorkRoom and whipped up some surgical dressings. It was fun of a sort, and gave the Black Rose Girls a chance to catch up on latest news and intimate gossip. It also made us feel as though we were doing something worthwhile. The rest of the afternoon was spent dreamily on the front porch. I've got spring fever again! Tonight Beth and I wanted to go to a Backdrop Club meeting, but the KΔ Council meeting for appointing new chairmen held us up and we never did get there. I studied at Philosophy -- didn't get much done however -- evening ended in a jam session.

March 12

I climbed up into the tower for my two hour scan of the skies. Cary went up the first hour and Midge joined me the second. I was late for Spanish but that didn't much matter. Philosophy quiz was as grim as usual -- some week I'll really know the stuff, I hope! I did get B- on last week's paper, though.

Beth, Cary, Punchy, Pat and I went to the movies and saw Bob Hope's new riot "They Got Me Covered." It was Hopishly slapstick, but awfully funny. We laughed 'n' laughed 'n' laughed.

Flash! After dinner tonight, Beth, Punchy and Cary taught me to ride a bike again. I hadn't ridden in ages and so it was loads of fun -- it made this a Red Letter Day! I am indebted to them indeed!

I walked out to Bell Hospital with Cary to see about a swollen gland behind her ear. It's nothing serious -- nor mumps though!

March 13

I felt like little Nell -- one weekend a year the pledges and new initiates take over the house, while "us" who live here go to the dorms. 'Twas a miserable day though and we didn't feel like being dispossessed at all. At around 4:00 P.M. Kay, Lou, Janet and I went to the Lodge for hamburgers and coffee. Downtown I bought a pair of hauraches (non-rationed shoes) and feel happy about the whole thing. We all reunited at the Wigwam and admitted that we missed each other -- all fifteen of us. I trekked over to the practice house to spend the night with Danny, and chatted with Muriel Koch and Floppy Pettigrew -- even playing honeymoon bridge. I slept in the attic, hemmed in by trunks with a pair of roller skates hanging over the bed.

I got a letter from Allen Fischwenger and a card from Jimmy Mooney -- nice boys.

March 14

Danny fixed Floppy and me some orange juice, toast and coffee, and then we kind of snuck back to the house. It was fun spending the night over there -- terribly **[efficient]** though. Beth, Punchy, Becky and I went down to Bruton for morning service and then had dinner. After that, Beth, Punchy, Cary, Jane and I hopped into shorts, through raincoats on, and went over to Barrett's roof for a sun bath. It felt good, but I don't think we got much tan -- if any! A development from the sun and heat was a case of measles for Cary. We took her over to the infirmary, and there she rests in peace.

The rest of Sunday afternoon and evening was typical -- quiet and peaceful with a snack to eat in the living-room.

Bill Samuelson phoned as did Dossie. Mother phoned from N.Y. Everything seems fine!

March 15

Besides being Income Tax Day, today was verily a Red Letter Day -- one of the biggest in my life for I got myself a job. Chuck Gondak from the telephone company, phoned and offered it to me, after putting good things on my reference blank. Honestly -- I'm so thrilled about it -- Imagine my earning over six dollars a week and having fun too. Of course, the novelty may wear off but it's wonderful now. I don't sit at the switchboard -- just record the outgoing long distance calls, and switch them over to the Richmond operator. It's such fascinating work, and makes you appreciate the stuff that an operator does. Golly, I couldn't be more enthusiastic about it. I'll have to budget my time, but I think I'll be able to do it. It's sort of a challenge. My, how dramatic!

I visited in the dorm this afternoon.

March 16

Nothing new happened in classes -- Tommy is down to see Kay and after Philosophy I officially met and chitchatted with him for awhile. After lunch Beth & I went to the Infirmary to chitchat up the window at Cary. Then all afternoon I did Philosophy and wrote letters. After that I went to work and tonight I did it all by myself -- made several mistakes but I guess I'll improve. By the way, I made application for Social Security -- I'm a big (!) girl now. I've yearned for a Social Security Number for ages! Exciting mail snuck in from Bugsie, Audrey, Edith, Margie Samuelson, Bill Brennan and Mother & Dad. Bugsie is definitely planning to come down in May -- I'm so glad; Aud told me all about her going steady with Jack Menderman, and Margie wrote a sweet thank you note. Bill Brennan's letter was written in a carburetor manner but it did have an occasional perk

March 17

Happy St. Patrick's Day! Along with the wearing of the green came another real nice day. This afternoon, Midge and I went to our last bowling class, and I bowled 77 and 79. Then we fooled around downtown: I bought a Max Reig pin for Bugsie's birthday and did some shopping for Mrs. Shack. Mail included my daily poem post-card from Daddy, a letter from Ginnie Frank, and one from Mrs. Hughes enclosing a check for me to buy Cary some apples and oranges. Marty and I bought them and took them over to the infirmary, and then voted. Then natchally I went to work. No stuff -- I love it more each day and am not at all anxious for the four hours to be over with. How I'm looking forward to the day when I'm presented with my first paycheck!

March 18

Such fun! Went to class and up in the tower for an hour cause I couldn't get anyone to substitute. Then I signed up for gym, I have to make up last fall's and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1-3 I take archery and 3:45 to 4:45, I take swimming. Ee gad, no? I studied Spanish and Philosophy this afternoon, had dinner and went to work. I did it all on my own and helped other people. I did some mathematical rate work too, and had a lot of fun. I'm still so thrilled with the whole job. Punchy got a job as operator tonight too, which makes it just about perfect.

Pat Lavery's man Pete wrote me a deep letter all about Pat. I'm confoosed and will have to write him a deep letter back. I get so involved in such different things.

March 19

I had my Spanish midsemester this morning after being up in the town for an hour. It wasn't at all bad, but there was stuff I didn't know. Philosophy quiz was as usual (C+ on last week's). After that, Beth and I fooled around buying tickets for tonight's German Club dance and going to pay the Telephone Company for KΔ. (me paying the Telephone Company!) At 5:00 there was a Flat Hat business staff meeting.

Tonight was wonderful! What had started out as a joke when the ΣP's and KΔ's had a mass conversation over the phone last night, materialized superly. Bob Howard and I got along swell -- he's neat. We went to the Greek's with Harvey Johnson & Jeanne Mencke and had a bottle of sparkling burgundy. The dance (formal) was fun though hot; and I had such a perfect evening!

March 20

I'm a-weary! Being as how our front yard has become a dirt path of late -- we decided to make it a grassy lawn. After lunch we trekked outside with shovels, hoes, spades and rake and dug up the lawn, weeded, raked and planted grass seed. We're dirty from head to toe and exhausted, but feel it was worthwhile, and will be proud when our landscape gardening materializes

Margie Samuelson arrived tonight and Bill brought her to the house. She's neat and I like her good.

I hit the Jack Pot with mail today from Mother and Dad, Bill, Bill and Floyd. Bill Brennan got his orders and will probably be home when I'm there for spring vacation. Bliss! Bill Boyd sounds terribly depressed and I'm worried about him. He doesn't seem to care much about anything

March 21

'Tis the first day of spring, but you'd never know it! It's blizzarded as I've never before seen it in Virginy and to think that just yesterday we sweltered in cotton dresses. This weather confuses me!

The alarm didn't go off this morning so we slept through communion and went to breakfast instead and then to church. This afternoon, I studied for my Psych exam and then Punchy and I went to the forum which Dr. Foltin led (to get an A in Psychology for effort). The rest of the time we studied some more wrote letters, knit on afghans for the Red Cross (community jobs) and marveled at the snow. I wrote deep letters to both Bills. I hope maybe I cheered Bill Boyd up a little -- I wanted to so badly. Cary came in dreamily from a date with a Lt.

March 22

Today was one of those days beginning one of those weeks -- you know the way I see it now, almost every second there is will be taken up with something or other.

It snowed some more and after lunch, we went out to take some pictures of the lush stuff on campus. Then I started to grind and lordy I had to! With an economics and an English exam both tomorrow, neither of which do I know too much about, I've been verily hitting the books. I'll be so glad when these fool exams, term papers and all are over with.

This evening was the usual: -- I had W.S.C.G.A. meeting with installation of officers (Fran looked so good up on the stage of Phi Beta), song practice, sorority and house meeting afterwards. Nothing amazingly new at any.

Mail from home and Bugsie!

March 23

Another one of those days -- my Economics exam was real nice but when I swung over to English Lit. next period it was another story. Lawsy be!

This afternoon was athletic as per scheduled. From 1-3 I had "archery" but since the snowy ground was not appropriate we had a stiff gymnastic's class instead -- my muscles! Then from 3:45 to 4:45 I dashed into my bathing suit and went swimming. In spite of Jefferson's pool being a strongly chlorinated oversized bathtub, it felt awfully good to be swimming around again. I would love a long swim in the great outdoors somewhere -- when it gets warmer!

Punchy and I worked from 6-10, and did some "Information," messenger and rate computation work!

A card from Bill Brennan: Peggy Freeman is engaged. This flow of mail is amazin' but nice.

March 24

Classes were uneventful -- at least I didn't have any exams though, which was a step in the right direction. This afternoon I hibernated in the Library to write my term-paper on the Era of Farm Agencies and Government Aid (1941-1942). I got terrifically involved in it all and am glad that I've finished.

This afternoon was terrifically impressive -- the first Naval Chaplain's School in the United States (at W&M) was officially installed, complete with addresses, formation marches by the chaplains, Camp Peary band and Star Spangled Banner. It was muchly impressive. Old Dominion Hall was christened the Good Ship Old Dominion. It's amazing!

I went to a Flat Hat business staff meeting and then finished my paper.

I got letters from Joanie, Henri, Mother and cards from Daddy, Howard Clark & Bill Brennan -- he's getting orders to report today in Philadelphia -- won't be home spring vacation. Damn! Sniff!

March 25

Such a lovely day! Of course, it was my athletic afternoon but in between gyms we went up on Barrett roof for a sunbath, to break up the typical afternoon routine. Then tonight I worked and -- joie de vivre! -- I stared at my first pay check which is simply beautiful. To make life much more wonderful, the pay check was for \$8.80 instead of \$6.40 as I'd expected. Oh luscious day! Then too I had 9¢ deducted for Social Security and I feel as though I may retire any day! Such capitalistic emotions. I'm so happy!

Another card from Bill Brennan, on his way to Atlantic City. Gosh, I wanted to see him so badly spring vacation. At least he hasn't gone to Miami, which is a slight consolation.

Mother phoned and we chatted. She said Bill was real sweet when he spoke to her.

March 26

Another nice day. The big event was the arrival of my Social Security number. Now, I'm officially a working girl with my ***-**-**** staring me in the face. I'm thrilled!

Classes were exciting in that I made A- on my last Psych. exam. I was muchly pleased. I had B on my experiment book!

I watched in the tower for my traditional two hours and then cut Philosophy quiz (got B- on last weeks') cause I couldn't possibly have had time to study for it.

Beth Punchy had a lazy afternoon—on the roof and sleeping in the room.

Working tonight was the same as usual. I still love it so good though.

Mail from home and packages of summer dresses and the like too, with cookies. Spring vacation is hovering near -- in less than two weeks. It'll be good to go home. It's fun here though.

March 27

A springy April shower day -- only it's March, and not April. It was awfully warm, but awfully wet.

This afternoon we cleaned up our room and I wrote some letters for the Flat Hat. We haven't had a maid in ages, so we've been doing our own housekeeping (so far as it goes!) We all went to the movies and saw "Random Harvest" with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman. Gosh, it was wonderful! I had seen it in Radio City this Christmastime, and truly enjoyed seeing it the second time.

I dashed out of the movies and up to work. It was loads of fun tonight, as always. Honestly -- it's like taking a course in Psychology to hear the intimate tales of various and sundry people.

Cary's out with Brady again -- 1st Anniversary (week) They're really "dreamy"

March 28

Today was religious in nature! Punchy and I went to Bruton this morning, and then after dinner we went up on Barrett roof but found it a little chillier than expected, so we went visiting instead. I had a deep talk with Danny at the Practice House; she's sending Fred's pin back to him. Tonight a gang of us got all dressed again and went to the impressive evening candlelight service at Bruton.

Wren called Beth -- he's gotten his orders for April 12th, and she is muchly distracted cause (temporarily at least) that changes all her spring vacation plans. Damn this war! Goll-ee, how super it'll all be when it's over. It's like a grim movie we're seeing -- it's too awful to be true, and yet it is.

March 29

Nothing new! Classes went on the same as usual and I studied some. I got such an awfully sweet letter from "Mom" Brennan, telling me all about Bill's leaving for Atlantic City. Dave has gone out to sea and won't be home again for nine months. As she said, "Brennan Yeoman Enterprises has gone to war." Doggone!

A gang of us went to the movies and saw "Happy Go Lucky" with Dick Powell, Mary Martin and Betty Hutton. It was a riot and real good. The darling song "Murder he says" was in it and Betty Hutton was adorable.

Punchy and I worked and had more interestingly amusing anecdotes. It's such fun. We wrote invitations for the KΔ banquet Friday night.

March 30

A real nice day! To begin with, my Economics exam paper kind of snuck back to me and I was muchly pleased. My grade was 99 and the comment was "Because there is no such thing as a perfect paper I could not give you 100." I love Heidingsfield for that!

In Archery I barely passed the 20-yd test, but I and four others did. I'm real fond of the sport. The technique taught here is very different from the one I learned at St. Mary's, but once you get the hang of it, it's much better and more consistent.

Cary and I cut swimming because Ginnie Till (Instructress) didn't show up on time. It felt good to miss part of my athletic afternoon, and to take a nap instead.

Working got a little tiring tonight -- not enough calls came through to keep us busy.

March 31

Not a thing is new! After lunch I trekked downtown "on financial business" depositing \$700 and buying defense stamps -- for Kappa Delta -- not for me! Would that I had \$700 to deposit! The group picture of KΔ came and it's real good and something to keep. Natchally, the picture of me is traditionally crummy; but I've gotten immune to seeing horrible pictures of me!

We all went up on Barrett Roof for sunbaths and actually it was like Coney Island. We were stretched out catycornered and sandwiched in as closely as possible. The sun was hot and we got a faint shade darker -- still there's a long way to go before we get tan.

Colbie has the measles on top of everything else. She's just about definitely decided to leave school in a week or so to marry Art.

April 1

One of those days without a spare moment or three: -- classes from eight to twelve were usual -- excitement coming in the form of a C-in English Lit. I'm happier about getting C-in that than getting B in anything else cause with what I studied it was a close call from a D. This afternoon was my athletic day and I'm a little physically weary. Punchy and I worked (last night this week) and got our paychecks. To date we've piled up a nestegg of \$17.42. Impressive! After we worked, at about 10:30 Beth, Punchy and I started work on placecards and favors for the banquet and stayed up till about 2:00 A.M. doing them, with a bit of philosophy quiz studying thrown in. We got hysterically tired but had much fun being creative.

April 2

Such a lovely day! On evenings such as this, I realize how terrifically lucky and happy I really am. College is so wonderful -- and KΔ life means so much to me. Gosh, everything is perfect!

We had a cup service this morning at 7:00 A.M. to celebrate the installation of a new chapter at American University. (Such a long night's sleep as we didn't have!)

This afternoon, Punchy and I went to Bruton Parish to arrange flowers, fix seating arrangements and so on. -- it took us most of the afternoon but the banquet was worth it. As we sat around the candlelit horseshoe tables in formals, we truly realized what KΔ means to us. Punchy was a super mistress of ceremonies and all the speeches were real good -- Pat Lavery gave an impressive spur-of-the-moment one and I beamed with pride. Everyone enjoyed it so much that it made our work truly worth it.

April 3

We slept -- a lovely activity -- this morning until time for our ten o'clock classes. After lunch, we packed tremendous boxes full of winter coats to send off to our respective, unsuspecting parents. Then, from 3-5 we had Psych. Lab and did a fas-kinatin' experiment of lie detection through association of words. Punchy was one of the guinea pigs and me thinks she was the guilty one.

I'm still in such a beaming, "appreciative" mood -- life is really so wonderful, inspite of the times when everything seems wrong somehow.

Libby came up to the banquet last night (both of her) and just glowed. Gosh, she looked wonderful.

Bill Brennan sent me a card. He's been terrifically busy doing KP, being a runner and on guard duty. Poor boy! I also got a real nice letter from Pete. I'm sure he and Pat are straightened out now.

April 4

A restful Sunday! We went to Bruton and then this afternoon I typed my economics term paper, did work on the treasury and wrote a few letters -- also threw in a little Spanish and English Lit, and felt as though I'd accomplished something for a change.

We had a call meeting for the plans for KΔ dance April 16th (I won't be back for it -- it's awfully short notice too.) Right afterwards, Floppy pinned the ribbons on Betty Ann Fletcher and Mabel Dunn -- two new "sisters."

Colbie is definitely leaving Thursday for Arizona and they're throwing a surprise party in Barrett for her tomorrow night. Now that the time has come I can't quite believe it. I hope they'll be happy -- I'm sure of it though.

Becky and Midge came back radiant from the installation of the new KΔ chapter.

April 5

My future is all settled (for the next two and a quarter years anyhow): I had an appointment with Dean Landrum, and we chitchatted about my records -- she seemed to think they were good enough, and I am now going to major in General Business officially. I'm so glad it's definitely settled at last, after all the subjects I've wavered back and forth over. I'm contentedly satisfied.

I worked and was messenger -- a tiring job especially after having trekked down to the station to be my ticket, check my bags thru and the like. After work, I went to the dorm for Ginnie's shower. She seemed surprised and awfully pleased. It doesn't seem possible that next week this time she'll be Mrs. Arthur Ward, Jr. I spent the night in the dorm with Kay.

I got a sarcastically sweet letter from Bill Boyd and one from PFC Floyd.

April 6

Nothing to write about tonight! I did some last minute things and generally got enthused about going home tomorrow. I didn't have any gym this afternoon, which was a pleasant change-the weather (cold and windy) was in our favor. I went over to see Dossie and Muggy and signed out in Barrett with Miss Lowe. Cary and I fooled around downtown some too.

Punchy and I worked for the last time in several weeks. We had an "interesting" Greek who kept calling in and threatening to kill us if his call to Detroit, Michigan didn't come through. Oh fascinating! Never a dull moment! I love Life too. We snuck along the shadowy streets expecting to be attacked at any minute.

Punchy's and Carolyn's pictures were in the Flat Hat, digging in our "Victory Garden"

April 7

At 3:20 P.M. began our trek home, which inspite of unpleasant expectations, was really gobs of fun. The train from Billsburg to Richmond was crowded but we managed to sit on a suitcase or two, and didn't stand the whole way. When we hit Richmond Cary and I, wanting to luxuriously celebrate the beginning of vacation, ate a super deluxe dinner at Chicken-in-the-Rough. It was wonderful to pick up the yummy chicken in our hands and munch.

After dinner we hopped in a taxi out to Shelby's house. She is a friend of the Hughes and awfully nice. It was lush, sipping bourbon and gingerale too. Then back to Broad. St. Station and at 11:00 PM we started the actual trip home. It was jammed with soldiers and we sat down intermittently.

April 8

The train arrived in the land of the skyscrapers along about 7:00 A.M. and a little tired and awfully dirty we met Mum, Dad, Lizzie and Mrs. Hughes and had breakfast in the Savarin trying to get caught up on all the news at once. It's good to be home. We stayed around the house all day, and I slept off and on. We had Chinese food for lunch, which -- since I hadn't eaten it in ages -- was truly delicious, and is still one of my favorite stuffs.

Mom and I got dressed and met Dad in town for dinner at Rigg's. (place of memories of dinners with Bill Boyd). I chewed on an omelette and enjoyed it very much.

It doesn't seem as though I've been away from home at all now; it's so natural to be here.

April 9

Mother and I went into New York City to the Capital and saw "Slightly Dangerous" with Lana Turner and Robert Young. It was improbable but sort of good. The Capital has started having a stage show again and Charlie Barnet & Orchestra, Mary Small and Victor Borge were all in person. After the movies we "discovered" a new restaurant, The Skipper's Corner, all decked in nautical trimming -- good food and real cute.

Bugsie, Myrtie, and Edith came up for dinner and it was swell seeing them again. They're really great girls, and I love them good. After dinner, Aud came in from a celebration at the office. Much talk about FDR's decree that wages and jobs be frozen -- regimented life -- necessary for war; I s'pose.

April 10

I slept luxuriously this morning and began to read "The Prodigal Women" by Nancy Hale. T'was the first book I've read in ages, and I like it.

Mother and I met Daddy at a Horn and Hardart automat and had fun putting in nickles and taking out chicken croquettes and peach pie. I've always been fascinated by automats. Daddy went to a specialist to learn the verdict of whether or not he has to undergo an operation -- the verdict was noncommittal -- depends on Daddy's nerves and their condition.

This evening Bugsie, Myrt and Aud came up to play bridge. We got rather hysterical over it; and Mr. Culbertson would have been disappointed in techniques and the like.

Floyd wrote Mother about entering OCS.

April 11

Sunday! I lounged around with breakfast in bed again until time to go to St. Gabriel's with Audrey. The "new" minister, Rev. Condit, is a marvelous speaker and packs the church (St. Gabe's is a hard church to pack too.) He really is giving it the needed vitality.

Mother and Dad picked me up in the Packard (so wonderful to ride in a car!) and drove me over to the Amber Lantern in Flushing for dinner. We had a leisurely dinner and came home. Joanie popped up and we got caught up on all the latest dirt. She's an awfully cute gal. 'Tis a shame her parents are trying to keep her from growing up.

We took Daddy to the station and then stopped by at Hettler's. More gabbing with plans made for Bugsie coming down to Williamsburg. Sounds like fun!

April 12

Looking back on it, it seems as though Cary and I spent most of the day underground. Via subway and Hudson Tube we went over to Maplewood to spend the day

with Punchy. We woke her (and Dot Engstrand and Betty Marie Ellett) and had a lush "breakfast" at 12:30. It was real much fun and they're all nice people. Mrs. Lewis is grand too. We made dreamy plans for Dal (Punchy's West Point man) to bring three friends for a super quadruple date weekend in New York; they'll probably never materialize though.

Cary came home to spend the night. Mother, she and I met Daddy at Rencher's and then had dinner at the Triangle Restaurant. We all talked and fooled around.

April 13

We spent a lazy morning in and out of bed. Kay and Lou called. -- Kay got a telegram from Colbie, telling us she'd been married yesterday. It still doesn't seem possible!

I went to the dentist's and then on to the beauty parlor. My hair has been cut and permanented on top and I'm a new woman minus my complete pompadour. I'm anxious to see its developments!

We had such fun tonight. On my first paycheck I financed a lovely evening. Mother, Dad and I ate a wonderful dinner in the Green Room of the Hotel Edison and listened to Timmy Tucker's music. Then we saw "Star and Garter" with Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark. It was a high class burlesque show, but good.

April 14

Mother and I finally managed to get away from the house on our way to New York. We stopped at Mr. Blatt's and I tried on my new black chesterfield. It's a beauty! I love it good.

We shopped around in Arnold Constable's but didn't really buy anything. Excitement came in the form of seeing Mrs. Roosevelt there, being fitted for new clothes. Me and the president's wife!

We met Cary and C.B. and had lunch at Billy the Oysterman's. Then, on to see "Something for the Boys" starring Ethel Merman. It was darling and the songs by Cole Porter were good. I love musical comedies. -- I guess my soul wasn't cut out for the deeper things.

The usual meeting of Dad at Rencher's with hamburgers following!

A nice long letter from Bill Brennan and long telephone chats with Pat & Joanie.

April 15

Such a busy day! Right after ten this morning I hopped on the subway and went into Macy's to do some Easter shopping. En route, I phoned cuz Bill Boley whom I hadn't seen for two years, and renewed acquaintances. I met him at his office in the Buchanan Advertising Agency and then he took me out to lunch at a darling little spaghetti house. I'm

so glad I at last took steps to see him. More shopping -- and then I met Cary at the David Miller Theatre to see Helen Hayes in "Harriet," a play written about Harriet Beecher Stowe, "the little woman who caused a big war." It was superbly done, I thought and Helen Hayes was excellent as always. A cocktail at Toffennettis and up to the WOR offices to meet Myrtie! Her job there seems ideal. We went back to Toffennetti's for dinner and then got lost in the subways in Brooklyn trying to see Edith's life as a student nurse. It seems to be a nice life!

A "super" letter came from Bill Boyd -- well -- good any hoo!

April 16

Another busy little day, beginning with a dental appointment at 9:30 A.M. Mums and I went into New York and shopped divinely. I bought six lush dresses for spring and summer and a hat, and am in love with all of them: -- a black and yellow two piece print, a grey and rose silk print, a bittersweet shirtwaist; a white shantung with colored-embroidered pockets; a luggage wash dress and a brown two piece sport suit. They're all darling. After contentedly shopping, we had a yummy lunch at Rogers Corner, eating in time to music by the Corn Cobblers, and then we met Cary in front of Madison Square Garden to see the Greatest Show on Earth -- Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling Brothers Circus. We had a riot of a time and felt like 8-year olds as we devoured pink fluff, hot dogs, and peanuts and stared fascinatedly at the trapeze artists, lions, elephants, horses, clowns and the like.

Mum and I met Dad for a delish dinner at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, and chatted awhile there. Nana was here when we got home.

April 17

I went down to the dentist's at 9 o'clock and then to Jamaica for some shopping of last minute things. Back home I wrote a letter to Bill Boyd and then Mother and I went into New York to meet Dad at the specialist again, after exchanging nickels for beef pie in the automat on 86th St. This afternoon I had much fun sorting out letters received from both Bills and Floyd. It was very interesting to note the differences in letters written then and now. Over a long range, I really appreciate them -- as though I hadn't all along.

After supper I spent the evening on the phone and writing a longie of a letter to Bill Brennan. I really have missed the Bills this vacation, but have had fun inspite of it.

At 11:00 P.M. Bill Brennan phoned me from Atlantic City. I was so pleased -- it was super hearing his voice again.

April 18

Happy Palm Sunday! Such a nice day too even though 'twas my last day at home. This morning I found a yellow linen suit and a yellow sweater and love both dearly. I got dressed in my Easter outfit (black and yellow print dress -- black Chesterfield and big black hat) and then Mother and I went to church at St. Gabe's.

Mother, Daddy, Lizzie and I went into New York and picked up Cary and C.B. for dinner at Guffantis. It was a wonderful Italian dinner complete with Chianti wine, but I'm so stuffed I can scarcely breathe.

This afternoon was a typical Hirsch Sunday affair with confusion galore. Aud came down and Bugsie came when I was out.

I feel wistfully sad! 193-12 Foothill Ave. has been bought so we're moving by June 8th. My last night here -- such nice memories too.

April 19

The long trip back to Williamsburg: Mother, Dad and Lizzie took me to the station and then Cary and I began our journey, riding Pullman -- afterwards we found that the train was practically empty, and we wouldn't have needed the reservations. We played around with Punchy and Dot Engstrand some, had dinner in the diner, played bridge and so on -- including spilling a box of cookies all over the hat of the man in the next seat. He was only slightly frigid.

The train got in on time and then we got back to the house -- so good to see everyone again. Mrs. Shack has left though for an operation and we're all sad. -- we'll manage by ourselves for awhile till we get a new one (housemother).

An Easter card and letter from Bill Boyd & one from Florence Morrow!

April 20

I'll be a Home Ec major yet! Beth, Cary and I -- now that we have no housemother -- are going to take care of all the marketing complete with ration books and housekeeping funds. It's fascinating, but rather confusing at this point. Praise the Lord that we still have Flora and Lizzie (cook and maid). We're getting to be so experienced though.

Such a dreary ole day of going to classes again and realizing the work I have to make up. Everything seemed to go wrong with all of them and archery was unattractive too.

Cary, Beth, Punchy and I saw "Cabin in the Sky" with Rochester, Ethel Waters, Lena Horne and an' all colored cast. The music was good -- the picture was "unusual" -- sexy too!

Didn't work tonight -- studied & had fun instead.

April 21

Classes, marketing, studying and work with a lot of fun thrown in. We're so terrifically enthused about our marketing -- tis fascinating to buy stuff for 18 people and fight over ration coupons--so many bargains we've been getting though (considering the rise in prices and other troubles) This morning we actually found some sausages going pointless because of the surplus at the A & P.

We got our paychecks at work and I feel truly wealthy again. It seemed odd to be saying "Long Distance" again after these weeks.

On top of everything else, the water has been shut off, which makes living difficult -- no washing, no johns or anything. Just one big old happy feeling! The family of KΔ house. It's such fun to have something new happening all the time.

April 22

Lord, I'm tired! This was Thursday and I dislike Thursdays with a purple passion: classes from 8-12 with one hour out for marketing, which was unimpressive, as we dashed all over town trying to buy white potatoes (among other thing's) and were finally convinced that you can't get them anywheres. Such food problems!

It was too cold for archery so we went for a brisk hike through the woods; I did some philosophy; and then we went swimming.

At work, I made a notebook for Miss Johnson and went crazy, punching holes and making indices. She gave me two fifteen minute reliefs though, which was lovely of her.

On top of everything else, this morning from 1-3 our john overflowed and Dean Lambert, the night watchman and plumber tried to fix it. Such excitement! What else can happen?

I had an awfully cute letter from Bill Brennan -- he's so swell!

April 23

Absolutely nothing new happened today -- just one of those days of marketing, classes and work, with no eventful excitement connected with any of it. Being Good Friday, this afternoon after philosophy quiz (I got B on last week's), Punchy, Danny and I tried to track down a Service to attend. First we went to Bruton for we'd heard there was a meditation from 2-3 but not a soul was there so we walked back to the Methodist church and were relieved to find a service going on. We walked in, sat down and bowed our heads in prayer just as the benediction was being said. -- and that was the last service in town. Oh well, we tried to get a little religion anyway.

I had a card from Colbie -- very happily married for a week having honeymooned in Grand Canyon. Art leaves for the army May 1st!

April 24

We could have slept till ten this morning (our one morning) but good little housekeepers that we are we had to get up early to market and avoid the Saturday morning rush. I can't get over it -- we had so much money left over and seem to have managed wonderfully -- especially considering we're so inexperienced.

This afternoon Beth and I went downtown and bought us some Mais Oui perfume to put us in the Easter mood (no flowers for us -- no nothin'. Sniff!) But then it really was Easter for I had lush boxes from home with dresses, black pocketbook, spoons from Lizzie, fruit knives and forks, Bambi stuffed animal, cuddly little duck and jelly beans and other Easter candy. I'm so very spoiled, but really awfully happy!

I had Easter cards from Lizzie & Dad and a letter from Bugsie.

Work was uneventful but busy

April 25

Happy Easter! Twas a lovely day but I did miss being home and also (together with Cary, Beth and Punchy) sniffed over getting no flowers or other remembrances (from "admirers.") Cary, Punchy and I got up for the 6:23 Sunrise Service in the Sunken Garden -- it was beautiful. After awhile the others awakened; we had breakfast, complete with colored Easter eggs and then dressed and went to church. -- then on to the Lodge for champagne cocktails and a lush dinner. Very sumptuous! Late this afternoon we completely relaxed. We fixed supper for ourselves and then went to the graduation service of the chaplains which was so stirring that we sniffed a little sniff. They leave tomorrow for undisclosed ports and a new batch will arrive them. The ceremony really was wonderful.

I phoned Mother and Daddy.

April 26

Still more things keep happening! Floppy, Ann and I had conferences with Miss Roberts and Mr. Nunn about arrangements in case we have to eat in the cafeteria for the rest of the year. They claims that the marketing, etc. is too much work for us -- we pray we get a housemother. Gollee! Studied and played this afternoon -- song practice and sorority meeting tonight. Beth's tooth broke and she's leaving for home tomorrow. It hurts terrifically -- poor kid -- we shall miss her deeply.

Letters from Bill Boyd (perk: he isn't going to date anyone but me and will go places stag. Life is getting complicated and rather involved!), Pat Brennan, and Jimmy Mooney (a riot -- such a sense of humor!). Anyhoo, the male mail situation was lovely. We received packages from Mother & Dad too.

Life is so busy and confused, but fun.

April 27

Beth left on the ten o'clock train and Punchy and I are all alone in our little pink and blue room. We have such wonderful times in it!

Janie and I went marketing and actually were able to buy nine pounds of white potatoes -- things we hadn't even seen in ages. We had an Economics quiz and then this afternoon was my athletic day, only we didn't have swimming since the water in the pool had not been fixed.

Punchy, Mimi Jardine and I went to a Backdrop Club meeting at which Jeanne Mencke announced that there will be no Varsity Show this year due to about ten reasons all caused by the war. Tis a deep shame for Varsity Shows are always such fun, but it can't be helped.

We all tried to study for our Psych. exam but were stopped by a blackout.

April 28

Whee! I'm tired from doing nothing much at all. Things are just piling up and I'm getting more weary all the time. Today I marketed, went to classes (including my Psych exam which was very different from what we'd expected) wrote letters and did my philosophy. Punchy and I went downtown and did some shopping -- actually we were each able to buy a card of bobby pins (a treasure). We moseyed around in the record shop and finally bought two oldies: Artie Show's "Temptation" and "Star Dust," and Tommy Dorsey's "Yes Indeed" and "Will you Still Be Mine." They're both lush!

At work, Punchy and I had a long talk with Chuck Gondak. We're going to have our pictures "took" for the Flat Hat and for the East Coast newspapers since it's unusual for coeds to be doin' what we're doin'. Excitin!

April 29

Our new housemother came (Mrs. Dalthud) and she seems real nice (the quiet sweet type). By 10:30 tomorrow she'll make up her mind whether or not she'll help us with the marketing and therefore whether or not we'll be able to go on eating in the house for the rest of the year. Gosh I hope so!

Cary and I outdid ourselves with our marketing to impress her. We had chuck roast, fresh peas, cole slaw, rice and fresh strawberries with cream. Mushrooms were another extravagance.

We didn't have Economics class, and instead went to Marshall Wythe Seminar at which Dr. Taylor spoke on War Manpower Commission. It was interesting!

The rest of everything was uneventful. Tonight was paycheck night -- cheery thought! I realized suddenly Monday is Bill Brennan's birthday -- what to get him?

April 30

Such a beautiful, but such a busy day: -- Classes; marketing; airplane spotting (in the Library tower now as we climb a steep ladder above the little law students -- immodest!); studying for and taking my philosophy quiz (B on last week's); walking to the Wigwam and downtown with Punchy, Cary, and Mary **[illegible]**; badminton intramurals which Punchy and I played with the Pi Phis and lost; deep talks with Mrs. D -- convincing her she'll be able to manage the house cleaning with our assistance (I'll still do the financial end); and work. I washed my hair and am now really ready for bed.

Beth came back tonight and we're so glad. Tis so nice for us all to be reunited again.

Exam schedules came out -- mine isn't so good but one exam schedule is as bad as another, I guess!

May 1

Happy May Day! It was Saturday and so we didn't do much. Cary, Beth, Mrs. Dalthud and I went marketing and made out pretty well. Cary and I made the first major mistake of our careers as housekeepers. We bought birdseye fish for dinner (no points) and naturally thought we should keep it frozen in the ice box. By the time Lizzie and Flora arrived there were just so many chunks of ice lying there. We all howled hysterically over it and had a vegetable plate dinner (I hope the fish will thaw by Monday!)

This afternoon Cary and I went down town and to the Wigwam. I wrote some letters, changed the bedding on my bed and generally wasted time -- worked tonight.

I received a card from Bill Brennan -- his 29 day training is almost up.

May 2

Such an unusual little day! We slept unusually late and then Beth, Punchy and I dressed to go to church. As we came out of Bruton, Joy Allen pounced upon Punchy and me saying Cary had walked by with two ensigns and a lieutenant j.g. and wanted us to walk up to the Lodge and meet them. Bewildered, we looked at each other with a what-the-heck attitude and walked on up. Sure enough, there was Cary with three naval officers! We soon became acquainted and had loads of fun drinking champagne cocktails and eating dinner. After awhile we came back to the house and played the vic. It was really a terrifically pleasant afternoon.

Cary, Punchy and I pored through the want ads and I wrote six or seven letters of application to see how the land lies.

I tried to phone Bill Brennan to wish him a happy birthday but couldn't get the call thru.

May 3

Things may seem "awfully dismal" at times but I'm really so very lucky and the bright spots of life are so nice. Tonight -- brazen hussy that I am! -- while down at work I placed a call through to Bill Brennan again. It wouldn't come, but the little operator kept trying (pull!) and finally just after I got back to the house the phone rang and a voice said "Boy! This is wonderful!" Ya huh, 'twas Willy and gosh it was super talking to him. It wasn't at all like a typical long distance conversation -- we just said dumb old things and deep things and you'd have thought we were both in Hollis rather than in Billsburg and Atlantic City respectively. So nice! Oh I forgot to mention that I got a perky letter from him too. I'm beaming obnoxiously. I wish.....

My life has a mysterious element too. This evening while I was out two darling marines came to see me, one of who "was a very good friend of a girl from home." Vague, but I hope they come back!

May 4

I've still glowed all day from last night's phone call, and even now nice things keep happening. At lunchtime the package man came bearing a gift for me: a lush "bon bon" spoon with an awfully sweet note from "Mom" Brennan -- I was so tickled with it, and love her good.

We rushed today informally -- Betty Marie Ellett for lunch and two other girls for dinner with the usual accompanying intra-sorority feeling. Initiation for Jinx Richardson, Ann Wilson and Eleanor Ramsdell was last night and so we had a cup service at seven o'clock this morning -- then classes, marketing, fun and work.

I received real nice letters from Mother and Daddy and a faintly perky one from Bill Boyd. He is trying to stall off his furlough until June when I'll be home. Gosh, I hope it'll work. I'm so lucky!

Flat Hat mentioned Punchy's & my badminton defeat.

May 5

This morning was the annual convocation for the tapping of the members of the Junior class chosen to be Mortarboard and ODK. It was very impressive and full of suspense, since supposedly noone knew who was to be selected. Fran Pendleton was one of the five girls to get Mortarboard and we're all very thrilled about the whole thing. The other girls were Margie Lentz, Katie Rutherford, Marion Ross, and **[Lebe]** Seay. Mary Wilson Carver is the new president.

Punchy, Carolyn Harley and I went up on Barrett roof sunbathing and got faintly tanned. Then we went shopping for Mother's Day gifts and had our pictures taken at the telephone office. Per usual when having our pictures taken, Punchy sneered and I had "my fixed look" sat on the camera, but we're celebrities anyway.

Beth & Marty won badminton matched over Gamma Phi.

May 6

"Rabbit - rabbit" really worked this month cause things keep getting better 'n' better. Today was a usual Thursday: marketing classes (Econ outside in the Sunken Gardens), archery (I'm off the 30 yd line at last) and swimming. After that we went downtown to the official dedication of the U.S.O., with music and speeches, including one by John D. Rockefeller, 'Jr. 'Twas sort of impressive.

Yearbooks came out today and it's the best Colonial Echo in years. We spent considerable time in poring over it, laughing and "ohing" and "ahing."

Remember the marines I wrote about Monday night? Well, Warren Ripley came back this evening and is awfully nice. He knows Mary Claire Willard from St. Mary's and she gave him my name. -- small world. He, a goon, Mavis Bunch and I went to the movies ("Truck Busters" was horrible) and then to the Lodge coffee shoppe

May 7

I'm awfully tired, and in a bad mood though still awfully happy about everything. Such a nice life? Nothing exciting happened today. I didn't go marketing, but instead went up in the Library tower for two hours -- once with Cary and once with Midge -- spotting airplanes. I managed to get a bit of studying done for my philosophy quiz which I sleepily took. (B- on last week's) I went over to the office to get a social card for Warren and ended up talking in Louise's room; then I wrote letters to both Bills and fooled around. Holly Rickis has come back for the weekend -- it's natural to have her here. Work was bitter -- everything went wrong and the time dragged. A "nice voice" called me up and chatted and a sailor walked us home. Such a masculine life as I've been having glimpses into. I can't get over it!

Floyd wrote me from Hunter Field, Georgia

May 8

The weekend has come and I've resolved to purely have fun -- and how it has started! This afternoon Beth and I went downtown to do our weekly shopping for odds and ends and then she Punchy and I went sunbathing by the practice house with Danny and Eleanor Ramsdell, It's really hot too!

Warren came by with two other marines to tell me that they were going to Richmond and he mightn't be back right on time for our date tomorrow night. Seeing the other two marines I promised Beth & Punchy dates tomorrow night -- and I dood it. Every few minutes, after we were all together I would say "Do you really want to do to Richmond?" and finally we talked them into staying for a howl of an evening. We saw "Air Force" one of the best pictures I've ever seen, and went to the Lodge. Ray and Dick kept wanting to be in Richmond, and kept making all sorts of classic remarks! Such fun!

May 9

Happy Mother's Day -- and what a day! Being hot, we lazily relaxed around the house and didn't quite get to church. I wrote home and Bugsie, changed the bedding on my bed and dressed for dinner. In the middle of it Warren (who wasn't supposed to arrive until late this afternoon) came with Ray, and thus began the second day of my truly unusual experience. Since there isn't much to do with a date here on Sunday afternoons we went for a walk through the woods and then sat and watched people playing tennis, after which we went to the movies and saw "Air Force" again. Then we went up to the Lodge for champagne cocktails and a howl of a dinner -- amusing (!) episode about the time and the tip. What a boy!

Mother phoned tonight -- and then Harold from Camp Peary phoned me. He sounds nice but you can't tell. He phoned the telephone co.

May 10

Nothing at all new again. Classes, marketing and quite a lot of studying this afternoon! I actually did some English Lit and then typed away on an interview for Psychology, letting my imagination run rampant with information. I really did get from Warren on the subject "Alcohol and You." This evening there was the last W.S.C.G.A. meeting of the year, and then we went to an Economics makeup, disturbed by retreat's being blown from the naval chaplains in our right ears. After that, we had song practice and sorority meeting, made vivid by stirring remarks about the state of the treasury and the consequences of not paying fines and the like.

We had a dreamy serenade by Eddie Anderson and two other boys complete with guitar and drooled out the window at its romanticism.

May 11

I went to classes, and then as usual went downtown with Cary to do the marketing -- was amazed that some boxes of puddings had arrived in town -- it made our housekeeping have a bright spot for the day.

Archery was nice in that I got off the 40 yd line in one try. I must have just been jinxed by the 30 yd line -- I have a new lease on life now though. On the way back from archery, I stopped in to see Holly, Kay and Louise and talked to them for awhile before coming back to the house and getting ready to have my picture taken again for the Transmitter, the Telephone Co. periodical. Speaking of pictures, the Flat Hat came out today with our crummy picture and the writeup. Punchy and I are celebrities!

Mother phoned about Daddy's maybe coming down and to say she has the measles - - imagine! Harold also phoned me!

May 12

Another awfully nice day! After classes and marketing I did my philosophy and then Beth and I rolled bandages for the Red Cross with Mrs. Pomfret. Beth and Punchy played badminton intramurals with Theta and won -- I silently stood by and cheered.

Warren was here when we got back & stayed till I had to go to work. He wanted a date tonight and Friday night too but I work both nights and so I got out of it very easily. He's a nice fellow but a little too eccentric to be very enjoyable.

In the mail I got a "big" picture of Bill Brennan in uniform. He looks good and it's interesting to compare it to the other big picture I have of him. He's so neat and how I'd like to see him! He enclosed a note as did his mom.

May 13

Gad! I'm weary! Today was another one of those days where nothing noteworthy happened but little thing after little thing kept piling up till I haven't got much energy left. Why do I bother to mention classes, marketing and my athletic afternoon? I'm stuck on the 50 yd line in Archery and in swimming after I emerged from the pool, I slipped, leaped into the air and fell completely flat on my back -- I'm sore and my posterior hurts! At work everyone seemed irritable (probably just because I was) and things didn't seem to get done right. It's being paycheck night was the one bright spot -- by the way, with my remaining checks I've decided to pay for my \$25 room reservation fee besides my ticket home. Then I'll feel I'm doing something worth while and useful with my earnings.

May 14

Life keeps getting better 'n' better, excepting for some things of course, the chiefest among which being a meeting of two representatives from each sorority to which I went with Dr. Pomfret, Miss Wynne Roberts, Charlie Duke and Vernon Nunn all about eating in the dining hall next year and reductions (?) in rent, involving all sorts of amazing

involvements. The fur was flying as we got in truly deep discussions. There'll be another even hotter meeting next Monday evening. All the things that keep happening!

Such a nice thing happened at work tonight! A Mr. Curyea, who has been calling New York to his wife quite frequently from Camp Peary asked me my number and when I came back from my relief a lush box of candy was waiting for me with a card which said "In appreciation of the service that I have received in my calls to New York City." It was one of the sweetest things anyone's ever done for me.

Bugsie comes tomorrow! Life can't get much nicer!

May 15

Such a beautiful life. Bugsie was supposed to come this morning but got lost through connections and finally arrived at 3:00 P.M. on the bus; Gosh! It was super seeing her again! We came back to the house and then walked around campus -- had a screwy time at dinner and afterwards getting dressed for a mass blind date -- eight couples. It was super with us walking to the Lodge, Chowning's, Rexalls #2 and going to the dance in Blow Gym with eight army lieutenants. It was a crazy evening but loads of fun, and I hope Bugsie had a kick out of it

Other lovely events: a cute letter from Jimmy Mooney and a perky one from Bill Boyd signed "All my love." (slurpy, huh -- I'm so glad!) News that Bill Brennan is stationed at Hamilton College, N.Y. Oh things can't get better

May 16

My poor feet! We crowded so much into this little day! First we went to Bruton for a service made completely memorable by the presence of British Admiral Pound, General Wavell & others. It seems that General Marshall and the other important allied military leaders have conferred in Williamsburg about future campaign tactics. As we prayed in church (all of us) it made me realize how insignificant I am in the powerful drama being enacted now. After church Bugsie and I went to the Lodge for dinner and then went sightseeing at the Capitol and Governor's Palace, stopping at Lavery's on the way. We went over to see Dossie and had supper with her in the dining hall. We had a typically crazy evening together in the house -- Kay came over and we walked her home. Whee -- so much done this weekend.

May 17

Still everything keeps on happening! Bugsie and I went downtown and did some marketing before I saw her off on the morning train -- it was so swell having her here! This afternoon I attempted to do some studying and ended up by writing letters and indulging in

bull sessions -- also became a bit dreamy over a card and six page letter from Bill Brennan from Hamilton College announcing that things look awfully good so far as our seeing each other once or twice this summer is concerned. (Lovely thought!)

This evening Becky and I went to the sorority representatives meeting for setting the rent problem with the administration. They've made concessions but even with having 2 extra girls in the dining room our individual room & board will increase about \$25 a semester. Oooh!

Touching last sorority meeting of the year.

May 18

Oooh! I'm tired! Punchy and I slept through Philosophy, and I got up for the marketing sort of sleepily. In Economics I hesitantly began to read my report on Agriculture (1940-1942) and Doc Heidingsfield said it was one the best: therefore I love him good.

This afternoon I graduated from the 50 yd line in archery and was happy to go in swimming on account of its being so very hot. At work tonight there were too many of us to record so I just sort of sat and was errand girl -- terrifically boring -- it'll be sort of good not to work anymore.

Mother called tonight to tell me that Daddy's coming down this weekend -- it'll be swell and I'm awfully glad, but I can't push off studying for exams much longer!

May 19

Today was the day when my conscience finally pushed me to the point of doing some studying -- English Lit. -- and I really got quite a bit of it accomplished, considering all that I have to do. So much work all at the end of the year (I know: it's my own fault!) at 3:30 P.M. Beth, Punchy Carolyn and I took time out for trek towards the Wigwam for milkshakes and tin roofs to brighten our dreary outlooks on life. At work tonight I learned Rate and Route and that's all the news there is about me.

Mimi Jardine became engaged to MacGregor (a lieutenant in the navy who seems swell). Gollee -- that's the third in one little week for the KA house. Carolyn Harley agreed to take George's miniature on her five hours off "campus" with him Saturday night, and Marty and Tommy are finally all set too. Such romance!!

May 20

No more classes or anything, ceptin' exams -- I still can't believe it -- Honest! 'Tis all over but the shouting and I've even made up my double gym. Archery, with a tournament,

was terrifically hot, and so it was super indeed to go swimming even though we didn't have a regular class. Now I can go on towards being a Junior (depending on my exams natchally!)

I got a letter from the New York office of the American Tel and Til Co. telling me to come in, in June to see about a job. At least it's something definite that I can look into to see what they have to offer instead of wandering around completely aimlessly.

Mrs. Dalthud took over the marketing today; and we're really elated about it. Three cheers!

I washed my hair tonight and am comparatively smooth! So much studying to do and so little time to do it in.

May 21

So many things have happened again today. I went downtown and then paid my \$25 room reservation deposit out of my savings. At ten o'clock the train came in and Daddy got off after a hectic trip. He, Cary and I went to the Lodge and found he's rooming with a Marine major who is quite a character and has wild parties each night. Poor dad -- he came here for a rest too! We had lunch in the dining room and then I read over some philosophy notes, just for the heck of it. More relaxing and then Punchy and I went to work for the last time. I'm glad it's over in a way cause it's getting sort of boring not to be doing anything new, but we're going to miss the neat gang down there.

A senior party back at the house with lush lovely reminiscences, singing, munching on candy bars, punch and lollypops. Such wonderful girls!!!

May 22

Day after day, things pile up! I went up to the Lodge and met Daddy for lunch, then coming back to campus for an Economics Review class. Warren Ripley and his mother (down to see him) came over to the house and then they went to the movies with Daddy and me to see "American Empire" one of the corniest Westerns I've ever seen. -- 'twas horrible. Beth and Punchy went up to the Lodge to meet us and we had a hysterical evening, including a yummy STEAK dinner, a trek to the major's room, (meeting him and some of his gang.) and chatting with Chuck Gondak and other interesting people. We laughed and laughed together and really enjoyed ourselves.

Marty became officially engaged to Tommy with a lovely ring. Mmmm!

Perky letter from Floyd.

May 23

Another day at the Lodge! Carolyn Harley and I walked up to Bruton to meet Daddy for church. Reverend Wood, from Toronto, Canada, preached the sermon which was one of

the best I'd ever heard (personification of the Cathedral in Coventry and St. Paul's in London -- most unusual but stirring!)

Kay, Lou Holly and Danny came up to the Lodge for dinner and more idle chitchat. Kay, Lou and Holly left soon after dinner to do some studying. but Danny stayed and the three of us relaxed in the sun. We had a bite (a bite, I say?) to eat in the coffee shoppe and then I came back to the house and dove into my English Lit. -- my mind's bleary as it always becomes at this stage of the game (and I haven't even started to study yet!)

Harold called tonight!

May 24

All morning I grinded over English Lit till I could scream -- I'm so sick of the darned stuff! Daddy came up to the house to meet everyone and then we had a sandwich in the Greek's. This afternoon we went back to the Lodge and sat around talking. Oh, and yes, I did some more English Lit. Dossie Hostetter came up for dinner and we reminisced some more. All the gals down here are so neat!

I said Goodbye to Dad till a week from Thursday, and then came back to the house to cram some more. Such monotony!

I received another cute letter from Bill Brennan and mail from mother.

May 25

Dad left this morning on the morning train but along that time I was hibernating in Wren with my English Lit. exam. Twas really a corker -- most of it was fair, but as always I met my Waterloo on the spot passages. At least the darned thing is over and I'll never have to think about English Lit. again. (one exam down and four to go: Eureka!!)

This afternoon I stopped at Barrett with a birthday present for Holly, went to the Wigwam and eventually settled down to studying Psychology of the interview, rather half-heartedly. My brain can't stand too much concentrated studying all at once. Gee, I'm living and breathing for a week from now when it'll be all over. Such fun as it's been though.

A postcard from Harold.

May 26

Apologies, Diary, for the monotony of these entries but the fact remains that I'm a study bug and nothing else. My only communion with the outside world was a trek to Casey's for shampoo with which to wash my hair; and after that I returned to Philosophy and Economics. Such a broadening intellectual viewpoint as I'm developing!

Much excitement over Jinx Richardson! Supposedly she spent the night in town with Bill Lugar already married and is being shipped. Rumors are spreading fast and furiously.

'Tis a shame cause she really is a neat girl inspite of all the confusion in which she's been involved.

Letters from Mother and Bugsie, saying she has to have her wisdom teeth dug out of her jaw. Poor gal! Also packages & empty cartons from Dad.

May 27

Another day of pure studying! I'd much rather have exams day after day, than sit and cram Psych., Econ. and Philosophy into my head at the same time and then wait to find out how much I don't remember. I can picture me writing Psychological answers on my Economics exam!

All morning and part of this afternoon I spent over at the Practice House reviewing Econ. (see! I said I was in a rut!) with Danny. It helped to see the various emphasis placed on things. Then this evening inbetween perpetual feasts (from boxes à la Hollis) and a phone call from Mother, Beth, Punchy and I rambled over Psych.

I got a card from Bill Boyd -- he's been on maneuvers and is going out again -- doesn't lead to a very satisfactory correspondence; but when the real time comes.....

May 28

My brain just keeps on getting wearier and wearier. This morning I had my Psych exams, and this afternoon Econ., both of which were entirely different from what I'd expected. Unless Doc Heidingsfield is terrifically lenient -- there goes my A! Good and amazing news though: I got a B as my final grade in English Lit. Dr. Crane mustn't have counted all my mistaken spot passages very much. I love him dearly for it. -- for bringing my C up to a B when I hadn't expected a C definitely. Then too, I learned I'd gotten B on my last Psych exam (taken weeks ago!) So, excepting for what I did on my exams today, scholastically life's looking up.

After supper, Beth, Punchy and I took a longish bike ride and it was such fun! Twas my first actual ride and rather long too.

A letter from Colbie and cards from Dad.

May 29

All my stiff exams are now over. Three huzzahs! Philosophy this morning was completely fair and one of the nicest exams I've taken this period. Now there's only Spanish left.

This afternoon we were fed up with the utter filth of the room (I'm not kidding either.) and so again moved beds, dusted, vacuumed, and rolled the rug in moth balls. Then the trunks were moved in and the room looks like a confused mess of the nth degree. I

thought I'd lost my keys of the trunk and called home; Mum is sending down the duplicated and "All's Well that Ends Well."

We packed, sold our books in the Wigwam (only collected \$2.55 for three books though!) and revisited the telephone company.

May 30

The last day of studying and working a la intellect until September -- I can scarce believe it yet!!

We didn't go to church but personally improved ourselves, while I did Spanish and Beth and Punchy finished packing their trunks. Then Janie Beth Punchy and I ran a final hasty comb through our hair and went to the Lodge for claret and dinner. It was smooth and we had a lovely reminiscent time, catting and chatting about people. Gad, how I'm going to miss the super Seniors. I'm not at all anxious for the end of the year to come. It's all been one continuously mellow feeling full of laughs and a few almost-tears which have made Kappa Delta and all the super gang in the house so near and dear to me!

May 31

Such a snap of a Spanish final with translations of sentences like "How are you?" -- would that they all had been like that! Anyhoo, it's over and I'm beautifully and blissfully free.

This afternoon I pulled open drawers; dumped things on my bed; and by a process of elimination, packed my trunk. I love to pack, and really enjoyed it.

With frequent trips to town for returning extra board money and doing last minute shopping, the afternoon sped by till time for Cary, Janie, Mimi Boone and I to see "The More the Merrier," a howl of a movie about the Washington housing problem, starring Charles Coburn, Jean Arthur and Joel McCray. Darling.

Letters from Daddy, Audrey and Bill Brennan.

June 1

The year is now officially almost over and we really have come to the parting of the ways. Beth and Punchy left on the morning train and I miss them lots. Gosh I'm going to hate it when I hop on the train Thursday morning and really say "So long!" to 'em all.

This afternoon was spent in sprawling on one bed after another: complete relaxation after the exam period. Midge, Jane and I basked in the sun by the Practice House but that soon got too hot and we returned to our beds.

I finished packing stuff, but the darned old railway Express man hasn't come here yet.

After supper, Louise, Danny and I went down to the station to see Tommy Lou Bronough off and fooled around afterwards.

Strawberries for the fifth time this week. I love them, but.....

June 2

The day for tying up all the loose little ends and then sitting back to realize with far off glance that it has come. Carolyn Harley spent last night here and as roommates we talked about dolls and other unusual things, including the natural topic of her conversation, George.

This morning was taken up with frequent jaunts downtown. I took our broken records back to the record shop and got 2¢ a piece on them. You have to give in a broken one for each record you buy now. After lunch Midge and I checked our suitcases through on our tickets and my trunk also. I said "Goodbye" at the telephone co. and then at Barrett; came back and moderately cleaned up the room. Whew! this house is a mess!

Raids on the icebox for lemonade (It's unbearably hot) and then Danny came to spend the night. I'm now a Junior!

June 3

Sadly and sentimentally we left the KΔ house and Billsburg, bound for the land of the skyscrapers and a summertime full of.....who knows!

Pat, Kay and I stuck pretty much together for the hottest, messiest trip we've ever taken. Gad, it was terrific!!! It was unusual with trips into the dining cars and "pick ups" by soldiers. It'll take us days to get rid of the grime ingrained in our skin.

Mother, Dad Liz and Bugsie met Pat and me at Penn Station and after informal introductions all around we had hamburgers at the Savarin finished off with iced coffee and apple pie. The onions on the hamburger, on top of the heat and other stuff, made my tummy react violently.

It is good to be home.--fun too for Pat to be here with me!

June 4

A long morning -- ideal as the first day at home. We loafed around the house and then out in the garden, feeling at peace with the world. For lunch we made a beeline for a Chinese restaurant in Jamaica and drooled over the chow mein. Such fun to be back in civilization!! We went to the Valencia and saw Judy Garland and Van Heflin in "Presenting Lily Mars" and "Sherlock Holmes in Washington" with Basil Rathbone. It was a good show -- Pat was amazed at the double feature (hadn't seen one in so long!)

After the movie we met Daddy at Rencher's and after waiting for him drove to the Triangle Restaurant. I had clam cocktail soft shell crabs, beer and raspberry sherbet.
Talked to Audrey, Mom Hettler and Mom Brennan on the phone.

June 5

Up early and into the New York Paramount to see "Five Graves to Cairo" starring Franchot Tone. It was all about the beginnings of Rommel's route in North Africa and much better than I'd expected. Grace Barrie and orchestra were there in person as was Frank Sinatra. The house was jammed with women who drooled over him. I've never heard such a bunch of frustrated females -- twas disgusting!!!!

This afternoon Bugsie and Audrey came up and we all just hung around in the garden making the most of the heat and getting caught up on all of the latest news.

My postcards for grades came today: A in Economics; B in Philosophy; and B in Psychology plus my B in English Lit. I'm muchly pleased with them all.

June 6

Sunday, so we slept late and finally got up in time for Pat and me to go to mass at St. Gerard's. It was unusual for me, but I enjoyed the novelty of it. After church we bumped into Jean Mouyios Lynch and Jack. It's been ages since we were such close friends: gad! the water that's flown under the bridge since then!

Today I pored through the papers looking at want ads trying to find prospects for a job. It was fascinating as I scanned the paper for "Chambermaid" jobs and the like -- don't think I'm interested though in that.

Bugsie came up and she Pat and I walked to Umlandt's and then Pat played the piano and we sang -- a quiet, restful day.

Mrs. Brennan and Pat called to tell me about Bill.

June 7

A rainy, sloppy day but mother Pat and I went into New York while I looked for a job. I answered an ad for the Sun and it looked terrifically attracted. I was tempted to lie but had to admit I only wanted a summer job. Phooey!! I went to American Tel and Tel too, but they no longer have any summer openings either, so as yet I'm not a breadwinner. Disappointing day!

Mother Pat and I had lunch at the Vanderbilt and then Pat and I walked around inbetween showers, buying records and sheet music and a leather initialed wallet for Bill Boyd's birthday. I tried to get a cigarette case but couldn't, so I hope he likes it.

Kind of tired we came home on the subway and rested around all evening talking some more and writing letters.

I received a letter from Bill Boyd. Bugsie and Joanie phoned -- also Louise.

June 8

It was a discouraging morning in that we went to Gertz's to have our hairs fixed and the results weren't too good. Disgusted, we went in to Loft's for sandwiches and sodas, which were likewise crummy. -- but the cashier made a mistake and gave us too much change which made up for it. (We were too disgusted to be honest)

This afternoon we went over to Garden City to see St. Mary's graduation. It was the first time I'd been able to go back and certainly enjoyed it immensely. I sniffed a little sniff in the Cathedral and reminisced about two years ago. The teachers and Mrs. March were grand -- so nice to see them again. I went up in the chapel and saw my bronze plaque for winning the gold cross.

Pat and I went down to Hettlers -- talked and played bridge during a blackout.
My trunk came -- Eureka, I can change my dresses!!!!

June 9

This was a smooth day after starting out on the wrong foot. I wanted to hunt a job but it rained and I couldn't; so my spoiled brat characteristics revealed themselves and my general attitude was hellish -- sorry!

Pat and I went into town to meet Douglas Morgan, a bachelor friend who'd grown up with her mother. He's a Wall Street bachelor of the nth degree but nice. We had cocktails and lunch at Churchill's at 42nd and Park. Then we (Pat & I) met mother to see "The Doughgirls" starring Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, Virginia Fields and Arlene Francis. It was risqué and darling -- not dirty.

We had a cocktail in the Astor Bar and bumped into Bussie there for a chat. Then we hopped on the subway and met Dad for a lush dinner in the Bermudians Terrace at the St. George. We sat around and listened to the music.

Letter from Margie Borchert; Louise phoned, with plans for tomorrow.

June 10

An interesting day! I got out early as usual and went into New York, job hunting. I went to the Corwin Personnel Office, which was awfully nice and sent me to Parents Magazine and WOR. The first job was filing stencils which didn't sound too inspirational and the other though super, required being a rapid typist with some experience; so I ended up at Bell's Bakeries, Inc. in the Equitable Life Insurance Co. building. It's the central office for a national chain of bakeries, none of which are in New York. It's a small office so the work would be varied. Mr. Farris had promised to interview another girl, so he'll decide and I will too, and I'll call him tomorrow.

I met Pat and Lou Dietz for lunch at Rosoff's. After awhile we went to the Roxy and saw "My Friend Flicka" and the Merry Macs, Hartmanns, Mitze Mayfair, etc. in person. Nana was here this evening.

June 11

Right after nine I phoned Mr. Farris and we both decided for me to take the job. -- I'm awfully glad: me and the apple strudles!!!!!! Now a whole string of complications arise cause I'm not eighteen yet and so have to take out working papers. It's a blow to my pride! I feel as though I'm violating the Child Labor Laws or something.

Pat and I lost ourselves on the Brooklyn subways but ended up at the Hotel St. George where we saw the view from the roof and had lunch. Then we went through Davis and Geck and saw people; after which we went to the metropolitan and saw Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque" and a slapstickish comedy. It was a pretty good show.

We met Daddy again and hopped on the "el" for Woodhaven where Mother met us. He went to Rencher's and then we had a grueling but good dinner at the triangle.

June 12

We didn't accomplish much today. This morning we deliciously just lay around and I read "Ann Vickers" inbetween getting dressed and taking the garden furniture outside. -- not very ambitious.

Joanie and Audrey came up today and we just played around and talked. Pat left to spend the weekend with her aunt in the Bronx and finally called to say she'd gotten there safely without getting lost.

Mom Brennan called for a long chat to read me a 14-page letter Bill had written her the early part of this week, which she "shared" with me. It was real nice but I certainly would like to get one of my own. My sex appeal has diminished again.

Joanie has gotten 4 Vmail letters and a cablegram from Tim in North Africa this week -- she's so happy!

June 13

I got all dressed and prepared to go to church with Audrey who was waiting for a long distance call from Jack Mendermann at Lowry Field Colorado. By the time he did call and I found out she wasn't going, it was too late for me to go either. Lengthy and weak excuse (I couldn't "face God" with it!) When Jack did call her he told her he's being sent to OCS in Florida, for which she's really happy and proud.

After dinner I settled down to writing long, chatty letters to Bill, Bill, Floyd, Danny, Punchy, Colbie and Margie Borchert. I feel as though I've accomplished a month's correspondence -- well, I almost did!

Pat came back from the Bronx and has to leave Tuesday since her Mother and Dad want her to go to summer school.

We talked all evening and I prepared for going to work tomorrow.

June 14

What a day! Up in time to be at the Board of Health at 8:15 for the snappiest and most incomplete of physical exams -- then to P.S. 50 and R.S. 56 to eventually get my working papers. Such a rigamarole! I yearn to be eighteen!!!!

I got into Bell's by eleven and got generally acquainted with the myriads of things I have to do until lunch hour (11:45 to 12:45) I ate with Jean -- and moseyed around afterwards. During the afternoon Evelyn Smith (she's seventeen too) and I went to the Post Office and the bank, stopping for a grapeade on the way. It's such fun not to just sit at a desk all day -- we have MORE time off. Only thing is the mail doesn't always get in on time and tonight I didn't leave till 6:00. I love it good though!

I met Mother and Pat for dinner at the New Yorker -- watching the ice show. Awfully nice!

I'm weary!!!!

June 15

Such a lovely life! Work today got sort of tiring. Today was my "Have two aspirins for lunch" day but afterwards I got into the swing of things and managed to get stuff accomplished. Still I'm kind of weary! I'm not used to this working girl proposition yet, but I like it good anyhow!

Tonight the Happy Girls Club met in full force up here. Bugs, Audrey, Joan, Jeanette, Myrtie, Camilla, Edith, and Jacqueline came and we had a wonderful gab session. They're such grand girls-- Camilla is really nice too. It's funny how people change, or rather how your conceptions of them change.

Bliss! Bill Boyd phoned from Wilkes Barre. He's home on a 14 day furlough -- is spending the first week home and is coming here next week. I'm so happy!

June 16

Things can't get much better. Today was another wearyingish day and my feet nearly killed me, but I enjoyed it. I made a ledger for the requisitions, did the mail, shaved dictaphones, and on and on. Mr. Farris called me in the office and said I had a chance for

advancement. As soon as they get another girl to fill my clerical job, I'll be promoted to the accounting department. I'm real excited about it all, and hope I'll be able to be promoted soon. Heck, I'll be president by the end of the summer! Seriously though, I was and am thrilled and really like it all a lot.

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at Riggs. -- was too tired to be sociable.

I got a card from Jimmy Mooney from San Antonio, Texas. Gad!

June 17

Today, just enough of the novelty of things wore off to make it drag a little. I got everything done too quickly and just sat around inbetween jobs. Mr. Jones the purchasing manager was late with getting his mail in too, so I didn't get home very early.

I was kind of tired and it felt good to "just" come home and lie around without having to push a conversation along. I was snugly tucked in bed by ten and went to sleep soon afterwards.

I got a letter from Bill Boyd expecting it to be specific as to when he'll arrive in New York, but although its perks were most satisfactory, its lack of definite information was obvious, so -- once more I'll wait on pins and needles until he actually arrives in New York and does call me. Sounds good though!

June 18

Today was paycheck day and after quite a bit of confusion with everyone wondering whether or not I would be actually paid this week, I pounced into Mr. Farris' office, emerging with a paycheck for \$18.01. It was real purty and I hated to cash it, but cash it we must, the morning we get it. Anyhow it felt good to have my wallet bulging with my very own earnings.

During lunch hour I walked up to 34th Street and bought me a real purty pair of white non-rationed shoes.

Mother met me at the Forest Hills station and then we met Daddy at Rencher's before going to a diner for Western sandwiches.

Nana was here when we got home.

Gosh, this week has whizzed by so much more quickly than I'd thought. It seems so funny to be a steady working girl.

June 19

Mmm! It felt so good to sleep until after ten and to be beautifully lazy all the rest of the day. 'S funny how you appreciate the quiet of nature after toiling in the city all week.

I went down to Robert's to have my hair shampooed and set and my eyebrows plucked so as I'll look all purty for the probable appearance of PFC Boyd next week. I still wish he'd been a bit more specific in telling me when he's coming -- I hate to be kept in suspense!

Daddy came out on the 2:30 train and after that we just sat around in the garden. I finished reading "Ann Vickers" and tore through "Careless Rapture" which wasn't at all sexy as its title implies.

I got a letter from Danny -- she's seriously considering joining the WAVES

June 20

This was another completely relaxing day. I didn't even go to church again, but just slept and read. It was very unexciting!

'Twas Father's Day and we gave Daddy completely practical presents such as mouthwash, tooth powder hair tonic, and shaving cream. It was unromantic but he seemed really pleased with it. All of us gave our Dads practical presents -- Bugsie gave her father fertilizer for his Victory Garden. My, the changes war has made in every respect!

We went to Cerut's this evening and Donnie Heines came in and sat down next to me, ready for a long talk. He was so doggone sweet -- twas amazing. He's really changed or so it seemed anyway. He goes to Dartmouth for naval training next week.

We had steak for dinner!

June 21

I rose early this morning and put lipstick on twice before it looked well enough. I tried to keep from getting dirty -- all in hopes of Bill's coming today, but today came and has gone by, without any traces of him. I'm getting really anxious to see him.

Work was unexciting. I started out to "help" Evelyn and ended up by filing most of the day. It was fun and I liked it for a change; but wouldn't especially like it for a steady position in life.

At this point I'm in a sizzling mood and feel I have lost every trace of sex appeal. No signs of Bill Boyd -- no mail from Bill Brennan since I've been home -- and no prospects of any. Mom Brennan has called for lengthy conversation -- Willy's busy and all that!

June 22

More sitting around and waiting for Bill to show up. Daddy came out to see him and when I didn't hear from him, life wasn't too pleasant! Finally at eight o'clock the phone rang and twas Bill. He came up at around nine and gradually we warmed up to a natural conversation. He confused me a lot -- I can't figure out if he's changed or if he's just trying a

new technique on me. At least it's effective in the sense that I don't know where I stand with the boy. He's awfully nice though and I like him good. Gosh I wish the war were over and everything could go on naturally. This way, you get swept along emotionally and don't really know what you or anyone else really feel.

A cold letter from Bill Brennan, or maybe it's my mood!!

June 23

Today was a most dissatisfactory day. Through a misunderstanding I'd thought Bill would call or something since he was to spend the evening with his Aunt Ruth. He didn't call and I felt kind o' low, cause inspite of my bravado air of "Everything's fine this time" down deep I realize that we have almost missed each other again. Oh gosh, he's so very swell -- why does everything have to be so confusing!

Work went by without my paying much attention to it! I did what I was supposed to, but was concentrating on my "emotional problems" too much to notice many business activities.

I got a nice letter from Floyd which bolstered my ego enough to keep it from drooping on the ground completely. He expects a furlough fairly soon.

Nana came here this evening.

June 24

Such a superly wonderful day! I was still kind of curious about the outcome of this furlough but it couldn't have been much better. After work I met Mother, Dad and Bill at the Hotel Pennsylvania. We had dinner in the Café Rouge. Will Osborne opened there and it was really a wonderful evening. Then we came home and talked and stuff for awhile. It seems that uncomfortably he understands me pretty completely now; and is taking the policy of tormenting me as he claims I've tormented him. It was really swell and tonight will always be one of my extra special memories. He said those famous three little words and they sounded awfully good. There's something so sincerely nice about Bill that -- that I like him very much. I wish what we "have between us" could develop naturally. I wonder.....

June 25

Today was kind of sad. All day as I filed I thought about last night and tried to get things straightened out in my own mind, but can't honestly decide how much is the war and how much is genuine "pulse palpitation." I spose my trouble though is that I try to analyze things too much and try to store away memories for future reference when really they've got to be lived for themselves. (My such a philosophical turn of mind!) I met Bill at

Penn Station and saw him off. It was so much harder this time than ever before for it seems as though we really just met and understood each other last night and now he's gone. He probably won't have another furlough -- he wants to go overseas so very badly. God, I hate to see fellows off to war. -- especially when it's a SUPER fellow.

Letter from Punchy and an announcement of a baby boy born to Libby & Charlie Beville.

June 26

I slumped around the house all morning and finally realized it was late enough to whip into some clothes and meet Danny at the information booth at Penn Station. We met on time and after checking her suitcase we had lunch at the Hearthstone and then went to Radio City Music Hall to see "The Youngest Profession" starring Virginia Weidler and Edward Arnold. It was darling -- the type you had to laugh right out loud throughout. The stage show was excellent as always. The Don Cossack singers were there in person and really made the audience appreciate Russian music.

Danny came home with me to spend the night. We had a quiet evening. -- Bugsie came up and we all had fun laughing. Danny's an awfully neat girl and I like her lots.

June 27

Yike but twas hot all day. I'm sure you could have roasted a chicken on my pillow last night. The heat and humidity are raging a battle to see which can break the most records.

This morning Danny and I thumbed through old yearbooks and old snapshots and I really enjoyed reminiscing. I found pictures of both Bills and Dave taken at Bill Boyd's home in Wilkes Barre. They were in hunting garb and were aiming with guns. That was less than two years ago and now they're aiming the real things differently. Oh Lord, tis terrific!

All day we just lounged around, talking a lot and reading a little. Danny went in on the train with Daddy. It was fun having her here.

I still miss Bill a lot; and wish it were last week with it ahead of me.

June 28

Back to work-- realistically this time without the confused glamour of last week to look forward to. It was kind of hard today. Jean is on a week's vacation and while she's gone in addition to the other stuff, I'm helping with her job, which is the payroll situation: I do so love working there, for the experience is really varied. It was fun learning the mechanisms of an adding machine today and initialing the payrolls. I really enjoyed it and look forward to finishing my work so that I can do the other.

It was terrifically hot today so they let us out at 4:30. With Mr. Jones' cooperation I was actually finished by a little after five -- amazing!

Daddy came out tonight instead of our meeting him later at Rencher's.

Kay Johnson wrote me and likes summer school (She was elected to Judicial Council). Louise phoned & I called Cary.

June 29

The latest addition to my experience gained at work was to learn how to ink the mail meter. The little man came to fix it and so I had a deep talk with him on the subject, and now I can ink a mailing machine along with the best of them.

After losing myself on the subways (and me a native New Yorker too!) I met Mother and we saw "Stage Door Canteen" crammed with Broadway and Hollywood stars. It was terrific and had a lot of the really best entertainment. The 48 stars and 6 bands all contributed towards making a super picture. (Phil Spitalne and his all girl orchestra were there (at the Capitol) in person)

Good news: for the first time in months I heard from Bill Hughes. He wrote from Australia on May 10th and hadn't heard from me in ages. It was an awfully sweet letter -- he's really seeing the world.

A cute letter with crazy perks from Jimmy Mooney. I like that boy!

June 30

Today was a bad day! From beginning to end everything seemed to go wrong. I fooled around rather successfully with the mimeograph machine but got ink all over me. Then I started hiking. From seventh avenue and 31st Street I trudged to 4th avenue and 27th and then up to 45th and Lexington and back. My post office friend called and all the metered mail for yesterday was wrong -- I hadn't changed the date from yesterday and the day before. I dug a slab of brown wrapping paper into the palm of my hand; and the tape in the adding machine went flukey and so on and on.

I came home tonight and whipped into my p.j. s. No stuff -- I really am tired and this one time I'd be willing to quit for a week or two.

July 1

Another month -- I think I should have gone through the "Rabbit Rabbit" routine. Life is grand, but I'm kind of weary and am still being dramatic about wishing it were last week. You can't have everything though!

During lunch hour I met two fellows from the University of Southern California who are touring the country for a year, expenses paid by a publishing concern to give them journalistic experience. It was fun and I got a coke out of the deal anyway.

Mother and I met Daddy at Roger's Corner. The dinner was good and the entertainment really swell in the Pan American room. Mother and Dad are an awful lot of fun and we enjoyed it a lot.

We got a note from Danny, but no other mail.

July 2

The end of the week -- I'm weary and am really looking forward to my three day's vacation. Today was pay day though, which was inspirational. It felt so good to hold on to the \$39.10 for which I've sweated, cussed, worn circles under my eyes and blisters on my feet. It means so much more that way!

Today was Lizzie's birthday, so we had a celebration. During lunch-hour I bought her a set of towels and washcloths and two little guest towels and Mother gave her glasses and cooked dinner. Lizzie's so completely swell and I love her good.

The U.S.C fellow I met yesterday called for a date, but I was too tired and didn't know him that well anyhow. He leaves tomorrow.

Letters from Beth and Margie Borchert.

July 3

The stupidest thing happened today. As I was putting leg foo and goo on my back suddenly felt numb and my right leg got kind of paralyzed. As everything went black, I stretched picturesquely on the bed and let it stay black for awhile. All day it's sort of hurt, but twill probably improve soon.

It was blissful to relax peacefully in the garden -- and to sleep late this morning too. (I appreciate the quiet of the country after toiling in the city all week.) We did have a Chinese luncheon at Choung's though!

I got a long letter from Pat Lavery, and -- one from Bill Boyd, which wasn't really perky. He sounds low because all his army training has been in vain -- the government is abandoning gliders as not practical and too dangerous.

I wrote Bill Brennan at last and Kay and Jimmy too.

July 4

The fourth of July and so different from any others -- no firecrackers and no gas to go pleasure driving, but war is war and hell and what can you do about it?

I stayed in bed till just before dinner today and felt beautifully luxurious all the while. Joanie came up this afternoon and stayed till evening. We talked and looked through old snapshots again. It's such fun to reminisce and to hopefully look forward to the future. Gad it'll be wonderful when the war is over -- if we've won.

Surprising event occurred when the phone rang and it was Bill Brennan calling long distance. He's coming home for a few hours next weekend. I'm awfully glad and my interest is perking up.

Louise called & I wrote Beth.

July 5

The last day of my lush three day vacation! I feel so capitalistic, not having worked since Friday. I slept late again and then roused myself when Cary called to say she was coming out for the day. It seems odd that she hadn't been out before this summer, but things are different when you're a working girl. We talked and played bridge and then drooped around looking at each other without animation; not having the energy to start stimulating conversations.

We've been dispossessed and all weekend discussions have been thick and heavy trying to decide where to move. That is an interesting question!

I wrote Bill Boyd a longie and a note to Bill Brennan about his coming home next weekend.

July 6

Back to work -- and oh! -- I didn't feel too well to begin with and didn't enjoy being faced with stacks and stacks of mail. Then, Mary, Evelyn and everybody seemed to have different ideas of things I should do-- and I only could do one thing at a time. I did file and account the quarterly payrolls. Such experience as I'm still getting all the time!

I got letters from Danny, Midge and Floppy Pettigrew. Danny is definitely joining the Spars and seems very enthusiastic about it. Midge is working at the Psychological Corporation with Beth and wrote about Ward -- she's an especially neat girl and I like her loads. Floppy is sweltering through summer school but seems to be having fun with the chaplains and stuff.

July 7

It teemed this morning, but in raincoat and boots I braved the elements and went in to work as usual. Nothing exciting happened -- excepting that (miracle of miracles!) I got out at 5:00 tonight. I felt like raising the flag and orating a speech on the beauty of people

who get their mail in early enough for me to finish early. It was the first, and probably the only time, that I ever walked out of 393 7 Ave at the right moment.

Daddy and Mother met me at the Forest Hills station and we had dinner at the Fish Grotto. The shrimp creole I chewed was delicious!

I got an invitation to Carolyn Harley's shower for Connie Korn, and a letter from Punchy and Bill Boyd. Punchy's job with the Air Corps sounds perfect. Bill's letter was perky indeed -- such a nice boy!

July 8

Work was uneventful. Mary, Jean and I began on the quarterly payrolls. It'll be lush when they're finished and the State and Federal reports are finally turned in. I never realized the rigamarole to getting a paycheck. It always seemed so simple!

At lunch hour I went into Macy's to buy guest towels for Connie's shower and bibs for Libby's baby. I felt completely maternal in the nursery shop, with all the gravid women.

This evening I rebelled at the long list of letters I had to write, but managed to scribble off notes to Danny, Margie and Pat. I got a peculiar carburetorish letter from Floyd -- completely unstimulating! I'd love to settle down to just write a few people instead of the long string.

Nana was here!

July 9

Work went by unexcitedly again. I don't like Fridays that aren't paydays! After the day was over, I was to meet Mother and Dad at the Hotel St. George and merrily hopped on the seventh avenue subway. That was the beginning of an experience as a man of sloppy appearance and foreign accent descended upon me in a corner and began the wandering hand routine. It was rather an experience for Cold, Frigid Hirsch and I admit I was rather pale and weak-kneed as I met Mother and Dad finally. We had a good dinner and then chatted with a little old lady in the lounge. We came home and I washed my hair. -- I was too tired to do anything else, although I began a letter to Bill Boyd. Another week has zoomed by -- the weekend promises to be smooth though.

July 10

This was such a grand day! I lay around all morning trying to get straightened out the confusion of whom I was to meet, where. Finally, Cary, Beth and I met in front of Lord & Taylor's. It was so good for three of the Harem girls to be together again -- missed Punchy though. We went for a fifth avenue busride and then met Louise at the Astor. After the picturesque trek over the George Washington bridge we ended up at Carolyn's darling

house. It was truly super to see her, Connie, Midge, and Doris Miller again. Connie's sister was there too as were two girls from Fairlawn. We had a delicious buffet supper and then cutely began Connie's treasure hunt for her shower gifts. I love all those girls dearly and just realized how much I've missed them. We stood around and sang and reminisced and looked toward the future. The trip home was fun as we stopped for a good Humor.

July 11

Such a completely swell and completely natural day! Bill Brennan phoned locally and it seemed so good. As soon as he'd dressed he came up, looking super in his uniform. He's changed a lot -- grown up some and developed a riot of a sense of humor. All in all, he's a terrifically nice fellow. We walked down to his house and then over to Yeoman's. They haven't heard from Dave in seven weeks -- he's probably en route to Russia with the Merchant Marines. Mrs. Yeoman was so glad to see Bill and awfully cute about the whole situation. We went back for a wonderful dinner at Brennan's. The whole family is truly grand, and I felt completely at home. Bill was dashing around trying to get everything accomplished. Finally Mom Brennan, Pat and I went in to Grand Central to see him off. He kissed us goodbye and then went on his way. I'm so glad he was home though if only for a day.

July 12

What a day! It began when I arrived at the office to find it locked with noone there. Finally Mr. Jones came up with a key and the day began. Each time I'd start to do one thing, five others would seem to pop up! Then when the day finally ended I hopped on the wrong train and ended up in South Jamaica. You'd think I'd get wise to myself! Then began a trek of various buses till I eventually got home an hour late. Zowie!

The news at home wasn't too cheerful. Daddy may have to be operated on, which isn't a very elevating thought. Then -- still no house! We trekked down to the Marvin house which surely is a honey. How I'd love to live there, but talk is strong of moving into town. I wonder which end is up!

July 13

Today was a busy day and as a result I'm tired again. Then too -- I wish we'd decide that we won't be forced to spend the rest of our lives in Central Park! During my lunch hour I went up to 44th St. to the St. James theater to try and get tickets for Cary, Lynn and me to see "Oklahoma" Saturday, but no soap! Seats all are sold for weeks in advance. Tomorrow I'll try at other places and see what can be done!

Margie Borchert phoned at the office from Huntington. It seemed strange to talk to her again. She's contemplating taking my job. It would be lovely if it would work out. Yike -- then I could actually be promoted.

Dad was out tonight -- deep discussions -- and a jaunt to the Marvin house! Letters from Pat Lavery (Pete popped up) and Bugsie, who seems to be having a super time on her vacation at Windham.

July 14

Bastille day, with eyes on the French as Geraud lands in Washington. Eyes also on the allies' successful invasion and advance in Sicily!

After work, I came home; cleaned up; and went with Audrey to the Happy Girls Club meeting at Camilla's. Jean Mouyios Lynch was there, being completely the young married woman type. The difference between her and us was terrifically noticeable! I sat inconspicuously in a corner as Jacqueline displayed her ΘΓ frat pin; Aud and Irene talked about marriage. Jeannette and Lil sighed about their future hopes; Joanie talked about her airmail letters from Africa, and so on. My, our gang, has verily grown up -- soon we'll be at the proud mama stage -- or will we???? Everyone certainly seems happy though.

July 15

Work was still uneventful, even though I'm still rolling up experience à la variety! After a day of diffugulties in checking over yearly payrolls, I met Mother and Dad at the Hotel Pennsylvania for dinner. We talked as usual about our prospects of a chilly winter in Central Park. We stopped at Gembel's for candy and birthday cards for Cary.

With looking through things, we came across some poetry I'd written as an infant and letters the class at '35 had written when I was sick with the whooping cough. I laughed long and loud over them -- the formal little notes signed "Your classmate." I really enjoyed looking at them all and reminiscing over the complexities of the sixth grade.

July 16

Pay day! Such bliss even though the government is enjoying my salary -- \$3.20 was gently taken out as withholding tax. Even so though, the money feels good! Today's work was marked by a trip to the draft board (to get deferment blanks for the manager of our Quincy plant) and a door-to-door hunt for a locksmith to make keys as duplicates for Mr. Farris' desk. I was finally successful!

I met Mother at the Paramount to see "Dixie" with Bing Crosby and Mitchell Ayres and the Andrews Sisters in person. It was quite good though we didn't stay to see it all. We stopped for some Chow Mein on the way home.

Danny was sworn into the SPARS last week! Mrs. Brennan heard from Bill -- no August leave -- strict drill instead. Phooey!

July 17

Today was Cary's eighteenth birthday so we celebrated accordingly. (Now I really am the Last of the Mohicans!) I went down to the apartment to meet her and Lynn for lunch, complete with birthday cake. After a bit of discussion over the supposed filthiness of "Early to Bed," it was decided to go see it anyhow. I don't care what anyone says, I enjoyed it loads and it was as decent as most other New York musicals are. The music was terrifically good too. "There's a Man in My Life" especially appealed to me. (Is there one though?) Cary and I said Gbye to Lynn and then went to Toffenetti's to sip daiquiris as a birthday toast. It was fun, even though the day threatened not to be too stimulating.

No mail from South Dakota in awhile! I wish there would be some!

July 18

Twas beastly hot, so scantily garbed in shorts I basked in our backyard sun, writing Bill, Bill, Floyd and Punchy. I only owe three more letters which is truly amazing! I haven't gotten my correspondence down to that level in months!

I had longish telephone conversations with Bugsie and Audrey and then they came here for a walk to Umlandt's. We sipped sodas, smoked, and talked and talked. I love them both dearly. 'S funny how we've all changed, inspite of remaining basically the same underneath.

This evening we stopped and looked at the Maguire house. It's rather old fashioned, but could be fixed up nicely I imagine. I've just been spoiled by thoughts of the Marvin house. It certainly would be nice if we could move there! -- it certainly would be nice if we could move somewhere!

July 19

Such a busy Monday! In the midst of all the usual hurry scurry of extra mail and the like, I met Margie Borchert for lunch in Schrafft's. It was the first I'd seen her in two years -- she looks and acts just the same as always! She's interested in getting my clerical job. (Ah!) I spoke to Mr. Farris and he said he didn't think it wise to hire anyone new for a week or so; and that's the way it goes! Still it was a reunion!

Bugsie phoned me at the office to tell me she was taking care of one of Bell Bakeries' orders. Personally, I think it's such fun that Vector Chemical is one of our customers (vice versa rather!). To think that Bugsie and I are united in the business world even!!!

I got the screwiest mock-perky letter from Jimmy -- such a crazy, but nice boy! I also heard from Colbie with a note written by Art -- he leaves for the army!

July 20

Everything went wrong today! I kept making mistakes with the payrolls and had to do things about ten times before getting it straightened out, but 5 o'clock came and wearily the mail finally got out and the day was over.

With overnight bag in hand I trekked down to the Hughes' apartment -- talked to CB till Cary got home from her overtime at 7:30. We had a delicious dinner of chicken and rice and then went around the corner to the movies and saw "Action in the North Pacific" a drama in which Humphrey Bogart showed off the glories of the Merchant Marines. It truly was exciting and patriotism-inspiring. We got out of the show at midnight -- back to the apartment for ice cream and a cigarette -- and long talks deep into the night. It was all lots of fun!

July 21

I slept till 8:00 A.M. (gloriously late for a working morning!) and then hopped the subway for work. Today was another one of THOSE days! I walked over to the draft board again and had to wait for it to open -- fooled around on fourth avenue till then. Finally I went to the bank, leaving the book there and having to walk all the way back to it.

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at the Savarin and heard the stupendous news: we're going to move into the Marvin house! Never in my wildest moments did I hope for anything so wonderful. It's a dream of a house and I love it dearly. I just hope we'll have as much fun and less trouble as in this home. It's a new leaf and promises to be good, 'ceptin' - - damn the war!

The U.S.C. fellow (Harold Kinsly) returned from Washington to spend this week in N.Y. -- phoned last night and tonight!

July 22

I'm still beaming obnoxiously over the prospect of moving into the Marvin house. It's so exactly the kind of house I've dreamed of living in some day (aside from the little white cottage with green shutters!) -- I'll even have a fireplace in my bedroom. It's heavenly!

It rained terrifically hard all day, but I managed to float to work and back again. We've finished computing the yearly payrolls at last! Now, just to catch up on the back work[!]

Harold phoned at 7:00 this morning (ooh!). He'd planned coming out this evening but was being sent to Trenton instead.

I got a long newsy letter from Bill Boyd -- similar to Jimmy's mock perky one but more so. Next month he moves to Alliance, Nebraska.

July 23

Evelyn and I decided to go out to lunch together from now on, so began officially by eating at Soloway's on seventh Avenue. The salmon salad was good and we had a lot of fun - she's also crazy!

This afternoon I went up to Bannisters office and then over to the Post office so didn't accomplish much office work. Soon after came the deluge however -- or rather -- to be more specific the deluge didn't come. Mr. Jones showed his worst nature yet and I didn't leave the office till a far off bell chimed six o'clock. I was in a completely nasty mood, but had an encouraging chat with Mr. Farris.

Daddy was here when I finally got home for a late dinner. Bugsy phoned as did Cary and Louise. Bugsy's going to the movies with us tomorrow -- plans to go to the Stadium concert.

July 24

I slept late as usual à la Saturday morning and then lay in bed finishing "Spella Ho" and just feeling mellow. At eleven, Mother, Bugsie and I went to the Valencia and saw "Bataan" starring Robert Taylor. It was powerful and the high passionate side of my nature revealed itself as I sobbed and sobbed and big ole fat tears wiped the powder off my nose. The other picture, "Stranger in Town," with Frank Morgan was real good!

This afternoon we listened to the Dodgers being defeated by the Pittsburg Pirates. I wrote Jimmy, Pat, Danny, Colbie and Midge and then spent my usual Saturday night listening to the Hit Parade and the Voice that is Thrilling Millions -- Frank Sinatra. Audrey went -- did I hear her drool?

July 25

Lazy Sunday! I slept late until time for Audrey and me to go to church. It was too hot to concentrate on the sermon but it was pretty good -- all about freedom (popular subject!). When I returned home a beautiful steak dinner was awaiting me -- it was bliss: the second time we'd had beef since I came home from Billsburg. Remember the days when a steak was just a casual, instead of a sometime, thing! Such is war!

I wrote a note to Margie and a longie to Bill Boyd getting even with his mock-perky joking letter. I'll be anxious to get his reaction! Afterwards I read my old letters again --

especially those from Bill Boyd really reminiscing over our misunderstandings and our other moments.

Mussolini has resigned as Premier of Italy after 21 years! Will that mean Italy's surrender? Sicily is almost conquered!!

July 26

The day at the office went as usual -- Evie and I had lunch at Soloway's and then ripped to Sak's as I bought leg foo and goo, since I'd run desperately low on the old.

After work I met Mother and Bugsie for a restful dinner in the air conditioned Savarin (It's turned hot again!). We killed time and then hopped a subway to **[Lewiston]** Stadium where we met Cary her mother and a friend of theirs. The concert was superb. Andre Kostelanetz was the Guest Conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic and Lily Pons was the soloist. Carl Sandburg narrated another Lincoln epic. It was so peaceful listening to the beautiful music underneath the stars as the flags gently billowed forth and an occasional airplane blinked its way across the horizon. I loved it good!

A perky letter from Floyd. He doesn't expect a furlough.

July 27

Everything went wrong today! I walked all over town walking blisters on my left foot and generally wearing myself out. I was also in a nasty and teary mood; the reason for which revealed itself later on in the evening. I did some of the new work & I made out pretty well with the checks. It's interesting and quiet restful stuff.

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at the St George. My disposition was nasty (see above!) and the evening didn't run too smoothly. Oh, I wish Daddy felt better. He just goes from doctor to doctor without much help being given any way.

The mail piled in! I heard from Molly Horton (she wants us to get together!), Fred Ottusch (a private in Georgia and -- engaged!) Beth, Becky, Dossie and a faintly perkish 8-page job from Bill Brennan.

July 28

Today wasn't too awful a day at work -- this week has been a lulu though. I yearn for two things now: pay day on Friday and a long sleep on Saturday -- then shall I be happy!

Happy Girls' Club meeting at Lillian's new home tonight. Again I sat in my corner as the "Shall I wait till the war's over to marry him?"s floated in my right ear and out my left. Myrtie is confused by not having heard from George Hogan in the month since he's been in the Navy (is he getting his divorce?). Camilla sighs over a lieutenant j.g. named Ted who is

waiting till he can “take care of her” and on and on. We discussed Irene’s fixing us all up with Merchant Marines for a party some Saturday night -- twould be fun!

A letter from Libby raving about Chick!

July 29

This week really has been a lulu. Everything seemed to go wrong for everyone and we’re all yearning for those same two things. If I ever toyed with the idea of quitting it was tonight, but thats just because of a sneaking headache and cause I’m tired. I certainly wouldn’t quit when things get tiresome. That’s part of the experience I need!

I drooped home on the late train and was cheered by seeing Mother at the station with a letter from Bill Boyd and one from Eddie Damm. Bill says he’s a “one woman man” now -- think so? Eddie is waiting to be made a Corporal in the marines and also is engaged. (Both Freddie and Eddie now!) He seems real happy and writes a cute letter. Bill’s was an awfully nice note, though!

Chinese chow mein for dinner -- Nana was here!

July 30

Payday, and I fondled my somewhat government-eaten check tenderly. The \$36.40 looked good anyhoo. Along about lunch hour I hiked uptown to meet Beth and Midge for lunch. I love those girls! We munched on sandwiches at the Milk Barn and talked a blue streak. We decided to meet every week, so much fun did we have. We went over to Arnold Constable’s to see Louise being very efficient as a salesgirl. Beth and Midge saw me off with waving handkerchiefs as I hopped on the 5th Avenue bus back to work.

At six o’clock I met Mother and Dad at the Hotel New Yorker for a wonderful dinner and long chat at the Coffee Shoppe. Dad feels crummy, having picked up a cold on top of his arthritis and other trouble. Such is life!

July 31

It’s beautiful! Today was the day I could awake slowly; stare coldly and aloofly with a disdainful air at the clock and roll back to a state of blissful contemplation. It’s Saturday! It’s also the day I could lead a capitalistic life and go to the Roxy with Mother to see “Stormy Weather” with an all-Sepian cast starring Lena Horne and Bill Robinson. Lena Horne’s torchy singing of the title song was terrific; and I enjoyed it a lot. Russ Morgan and Orchestra were there in person as was Connee Boswell. It’s remarkable the power that girl has inspite of her partial paralysis.

This afternoon was spent basking in the backyard sun again. I wrote Floyd and Dossie and finished “Mr. Chilvester’s Daughters.”

News of Italy & the war is conflicting and confused.

August 1

A pleasant, comparatively peaceful, but nevertheless typically Hirsch Sunday. I relaxed around the house all morning; unearthing a superly interesting novel about the Russian side of the first World War "Testament." It's terrifically good and I hate to put it down. Inbetween times I wrote letters to Molly, both Bills and Eddie. I like writing to the Bills especially since I sort of feel as though I'm talking to them. I became tender and meant to put a drop or two of perfume on each only I spilt the bottle till it smells to high heaven. I'll probably be dispossessed by them.

All evening was spent in trying to decide where we'll meet each other this week and when. Such confusion always!

War news is much about the same -- looks better but not too much so.

August 2

The start of another week! At work, I did vouchering and made out more checks -- we stared in dismay at the messy stockroom and resolved to do something about it -- mañana! Ev and I dashed around during our lunchhour, dissatisfactorily munching on a sandwich in the Pennsylvania Hotel Drug Store -- then off to Macy's trying to buy unrationed shoes. We couldn't seem to get the right size, style and color all in the same pair of shoes so I gave up, and bought a pair of earrings instead.

I met Mother and Dad in front of the New Yorker and then went to Caruso's for a spaghetti dinner -- the first I'd had in literally ages. We were rushed madly about but finally managed to talk for awhile without too much interruption.

August 3

Mañana came and wrapping cheesecloth about us à la apron fashion Ev and I dug into the stockroom -- the "dug" was meant in the true sense of the word. It hadn't been cleaned since 1941 so as we crawled under cases and shelves lonely cockroaches crawled out to welcome us halfway. I don't especially like that sort of thing and consequently feel completely dirty and messy.

Bugsie and I went bowling tonight at the Jamaica Recreation Hall. It was my first experience with the large balls and could scarce lift the darn things. I yearned for the simpler Duckpin variety of my W&M girls but finally mastered the art somewhat and love it good. Bugsie scored 75 as an average and I trailed weakly behind with a 61. We stopped for a soda & gossiped.

August 4

Another filthy session in the stockroom! I scrubbed myself from head to toe three times and still have that tattletale gray look about me. I probably smell too.

After work I hopped uptown to meet Mother and Joanie at Toffenettis for a Slenderella Salad. Then I finally paid up my debt of a bet by treating Joan to the movies -- We went to the Strand and saw "The Constant Nymph" starring Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine with Alexis Smith. It was a poignant, escapist sort of thing and good. Carmen Cavallari was in person as were Connie Haines Perry Como.

The lease finally came -- truly a house to live in!

A riot of a letter from Jimmy again. I love his letters -- they're so cute

August 5

The stockroom is finished -- and I am too! Such a life -- but such a lovely day!

I went up to 42nd Street again to meet Beth and Midge -- another cream cheese sandwich at the Milk Barn and a talk gabfest sitting at the foot of a statue by the library steps.

Once again after work I met Mother and Dad at the New Yorker Coffee Shoppe for dinner and the presentation of some truly good news. To begin with there was a long, completely perky letter from Bill Boyd. He is now a Corporal! Those mysterious plans of his were to join the Air Corps, but now he doesn't know whether to try it again or keep on with his new very interesting work. It's a problem. Then -- Mother brought the news that Bill Brennan is coming home again this weekend. His family from Oakdale & Pittsburg are gonna be there so I won't see much of him, but still!

August 6

Another busy day -- fun, and not much work accomplished! To begin with, it was payday, so Ev and I practically took the morning off to get our checks cashed getting a Grape Cooler on the way back. For lunch we all celebrated by going to the campus and having fried soft shell crabs -- and a Tom Collins. When we returned to work a little late it was remembered that tomorrow is Phyllis' birthday, so a party was planned and a goodly portion of the afternoon was taken up by munching on a Schrafft's cake and guzzling cokes. That's my ideal of a working day!

Afterwards we met Bugsie, ate a chicken sandwich at Schrafft's and went to the St. George swimming. It was all wonderful, and we had a super evening.

Floyd phoned me at the office! He's in town for this weekend too. Ach de liebre! What happens now?

August 7

All day I relaxed around the house and loved it dearly. I washed my hair and let it dry luxuriously in the sun. So beautiful to truly rest from morning till evening. I wrote Bill Boyd, Jimmy and Eddie (got a letter from Eddie today.)

At nine thirty this evening Bill Brennan phoned – he'd just gotten home a while before -- (His "Private Brennan reporting Maam" was really pleasant). We talked and he said he'll come up tomorrow. Nice boy!

After phoning twice today, Floyd called for at a little after ten. He's changed so much – for the better and I like him a lot. In a series of subways and taxis we ended up at the Casbah on Central Park South. It's a smooth place -- music played continuously (cute orchestra too.) in a place decorated to resemble an Arabian tent. Wonderful dancing and an enjoyable evening. Floyd didn't get too exuberant & I even kept him from getting serious.

August 8

I'm so lucky! I stretched luxuriously this morning thinking about the genuinely good time I had last night -- honest!!

At about eleven-thirty, a scratching on the door announced Bill Brennan's arrival. He looks nicer each time I see him -- such a "sweet" boy! We talked awhile and then walked down to his house (where his relatives are camping en masse) and over to the Yeoman's, who told us the news that Dave was in the invasion of Sicily As we walked back past his house, his uncle Han whistled at us and drove us home here. It was just a short time, but every minute was fun. I like Bill a lot -- I do!

Floyd had planned coming up tonight but got stuck with some friends of the family.

August 9

Today was another one of those days when I'd have been tempted to quit had I the chance. Everything took twice as long to accomplish as usual and I got stuck late too. The end of the period has arrived and everyone stayed late tonight so the mail crept along too. I cussed under my breath!

During my lunch hour I went over to Penn Station to see Floyd off. I met his Dad and an Army Air Corps friend of his and said my little speech. I was sorry to see him go -- somehow I have a feeling down deep that I'll never see him again. It's nothing dramatic or emotional -- just a feeling. I hope I'm wrong!

I got a letter from Danny. She's truly busy being a Spar, but likes it. I also got a perkish birthday card from Bill Boyd.

August 10

It poured today and I did a terrifically stupid thing -- wearing moccasins without stockings or socks. My feet felt sort of numb all afternoon and all of a sudden my insteps hurt a lot -- I have beautiful blisters half an inch high on both my feet and I limp along grotesquely. I'll be in a bad way for days. Oh damn!

I came home feeling completely sorry for myself and collapsed gently -- found a letter from Danny, who (as written yesterday) loves being a Spar. I called Bugsie, Joanie and Pat Brennan.

I cleaned out my desk drawers and found all sorts of interesting reminiscences -- which made me sit back and remember. I love to go over souvenirs It's clean now too!

August 11

My feet still hurt and I was flaunting my nasty disposition most of the day. Ev and I had roast beef sandwiches, which was a bright spot in the day.

When I came home there began an elaborate soaking and bandaging of my feet and finally put on ski socks (in this weather!) and went down to a Happy Girls' Club meeting at Bugsie's. Not too much dirt was rolled up. Irene wrote a nice letter to Ray (marine in Guadalcanal) and she doesn't know whom she likes best now. Audrey raved on about Jack and hopes he'll be sent to Yale. -- noone knows what the Army will do though.

I got a long beautifully written letter from Colby -- Art's in the Army -- and one from Pat Lavery.

August 12

Today was a busy day at the office During lunch hour, as during other lunch hours this week I went shopping for Mother's birthday, but without too much success. It gets harder to shop each week.

I was supposed to meet Beth and Midge for lunch but my blisters wouldn't allow it. I spoke to them on the phone -- and to Cary too. All is fine

Just as I was getting ready to meet Mother and Dad at the Hotel Pennsylvania we had a practice airraid. It was terrific -- during rush hour but we needed it. Although it was annoying it lasted only a half hour and I met Mother and Dad for a good dinner without mishap.

A letter from Dassie and a perkish one from Floyd -- arrived safely.

August 13

Birthday celebration began already when Ev, Mary, Jean and I had lunch (and daiquiris) in Schrafft's. Ev treated me cause she won't be here Monday and I beamed. I'm going to miss the crowd at the office -- I am.

It was truly Friday the 13th -- I don't know: maybe I don't live clean! I went uptown before lunch and got absolutely drenched in the downpour -- slid outside the office and fell coming back -- filed checks till the door opened and they flew hither and yon and so on and on. The American legion kept having parades up and down in front of the building so not much work was accomplished.

I went to Macy's and bought Mother a lush gold pin, washcloths and a spice set. Such a practical birthday as we're sprinkling about this year.

August 14

I got up -- grudgingly -- to wash my hair; and then we went down to the new house (full of painters, plumbers and their problems) and fixed the books in the shelves of the library. They look real purty and I discovered books I'd forgotten about.

This evening I dressed and went down to Aunt Bert Thompson for dinner and to entertain Mervin Davies, of the RAF and George Currie of the Canadian Medical Corps -- only they entertained me. They're loads of fun (especially Mervin) and very intelligently interesting Eye witness accounts of airraids, the aftermath of Dunkirk and the "people's opinion" of Churchill (They worship him), King and Queen (best solution for government -- keeps empire together too) and Canadian governmental problems were fascinating.

August 15

Mother's birthday and she seemed pleased with everything -- such a wonderful Mother and Father -- such a spoiled brat as I am.

Mervin and George came up for dinner and to spend the day. Bugsie came up soon after and we all had fun. We danced Canadian and British style and they even kissed us "Goodbye." (I like Mervin -- he leaves Tuesday morning. George likes Bugsie cause he asked her for a date Wednesday -- super! Cary and her Mother came out too.

Such presents! Dad gave me a darling of a watch (how I needed one!) and a \$5.00 defense bond and Mother gave me a dreamy red three piece suit. Lizzie gave me butter spreaders for my hopechest and guest towels too. Bugsie gave me her picture and a friendship ring (!) and Cary an album of Andre Kostelanetz records (also!) our mail special from South Dakota came lovely gold earrings from Bill Boyd -- dreamy!

August 16

I'm eighteen and a woman -- I can scarce believe it. At last!

The day at the office wasn't too bad considering I had to do both Evelyn's and my work. They were all swell to me and Mary and Jean sent me cards. I met Beth, Midge and Lou for lunch at Child's. A lot of talking!! Beth gave me a pearl bracelet and Lou black pants. Joan left an engraved ankle bracelet at the office for me. Gee whiz!

I met Mother, Dad and Liz at the New Yorker for dinner -- very impressive and good. I read my neat cards (super one from Bill Brennan!) Aud, Bugsie and the Brennans came. Audrey brought me "God is my CoPilot"; Pat a bracelet and her picture -- and from Bill a locket with his picture and a tenderish card. (I can't get over **[it!]**) Floyd sent me 18 American Beauty roses with a perkish card. Bill Brennan phoned. I'm so lucky!

August 17

The aftermath of my birthday and still I'm effervescing in a worn out sort of way. Everyone properly enthused over my luscious gifts. I've so happy about them all that I'm weak and can't exclaim properly.

During my lunchhour I went uptown and bought tickets for "The Merry Widow" for tomorrow night.

The day at the office went quietly -- I snuck in a letter to Bill Brennan. I told Mr. Farris I'm definitely leaving the end of August and I felt like a heel. I truly am going to miss everybody there.

I came home kind of tired to find mother and Lizzie completely tired from trying to move.

My last night in this house. So many wonderful memories as it holds. I wonder what the next chapter will be.

August 18

I still glow and radiate. Rumor may have it that I'm a spoiled brat and in that case 'twould be right, cause each day I realize more how very lucky I am.

After work, I went to Cary's apartment for dinner. (shrimp creole) and lengthy talks about rushing. I was presented with my list of whom to write about the glories of W&M for Kappa Delta. We hopped on a subway then, in time to see "The Merry Widow." The music, costumes and dancing were truly lovely and I enjoyed it a lot. Marta Eggerth and Jan Keeupuru were excellent. I'm so glad they're renewing so many of the old musicals.

Back to Cary's to spend the night.

August 19

I lazily stretched till CB finally got Cary and me out of our respective beds. A hurried breakfast and then off to work. -- a lulu of a day! I shouldn't have bragged about how easily

it was all going for me cause my past sins caught up with me and I zoomed through vouchers till after five. Then the mail!

I came home to the dreamy new house at 90-11 195 St. We're still sharing it with the plumbers and the painters and I expect to die with the smell of paint strong in my nostrils. Mother and Lizzie have worn themselves out, doing a beautiful job on it though.

Mother Dad and I had dinner at the Periwinkle -- then back to clean up a bit more.

August 20

Today was verily a lulu of a day -- more so than yesterday. Everything was plopped on my desk and I had the granddaddy of all headaches to top it off. My mood was completely nasty.

I came home still glowing at the prospect of our home and cleaned more drawers and placed pictures and miniatures around my room. It's terrifically lovely. Bugsie came over and told me all about her date with George -- smooth! She's such a neat girl -- deep bull sessions!

Wonderful! A card and a letter from Bill Boyd. He's still on maneuvers but had an evening in town and wrote. He's been accepted by the Air Corps and sounds happy. I'm thrilled for him.

August 21

All morning, I did homey things such as washing my hair and further cleaning up my room and closet hanging pictures and putting other finishing touches to things. That beam is still there.

This afternoon after Daddy came home, I began writing letters -- to Bob Oberndorf in . . . North Africa or Sicily, we think . . . to Danny, Aunt Fan, Aunt Bert, Aunt Clarise, Dossie and Margie and Bill Boyd. My left hand seems paralyzed and I'm more-or-less mentally weary. I love to receive letters, but writing a tremendous string of them is a different matter.

The Dodgers lost still another game -- to the Cubs -- 13 to 1 -- they're in the 4th place now. Too bad!

August 22

Another bright and cheery day! I got up in time to go to church with Audrey (good sermon -- "Sin and Forgiveness"). When I came home, Rumor told me that Bill Brennan was in town, which natchally pleased me greatly. After a good dinner of roast beef, Joanie came over and then -- Bill! He looks purtier each time. I showed him the house and we talked and talked -- then per routine we walked over to Mrs. Yeoman's (who said we made a wonderful

couple -- yes??) Walking back he suggested I go up to Hamilton for a weekend. I don't know! I sure would love it though. Time alone will tell how things progress so that I can go. We always have so much trouble in achieving anything of the sort. I hope....

August 23

Back to work! Evie was back too and things slopped by without much drudgery. At lunchhour I went up to Childe's to meet Beth, Midge, Lou and Carolyn Harley (who has an interesting job with an advertising agency!). We talked and laughed as the waitress glared; and talked tentatively of getting together next week.

I came home and saw another dopey letter from Jimmy -- he met Bob Pellisane of Hollis and discussed me vaguely and particularly.

I wrote Mac Kaemmerle a note about my little sister and then a letter to Pat Lavery. I owe so many letters, but haven't the energy to scribble many of them off.

August 24

Tuesday and already -- "Goodbyes" at Bell Bakeries. George is home on leave and so Mary is taking a week's vacation to be with him. Since it'll be So "long" for awhile she, Ev, Jean and I ate in Schrafft's and she treated me to lunch and a daiquiri. Nice!

Glad tidings in the form of a letter from school announcing that because of diffigulties in obtaining equipment for enlarging the cafeteria, school will start one week later than planned. I've prayed for that to happen ever since I started grammar school, and at last it has. Eureka!

I met Mother and Dad at the New Yorker and talked about Dad's tentative operation. Back home -- and over to Bugsie's for a casual visit -- the backdoor variety. It's fun to live so near her.

August 25

It gets harder 'n' harder to get up in the mornings and I yearn for the days I can sneer at my alarm but I am gonna miss my job. The people are grand and fun and I've dug up plenty of experience for my job of Career Woman come two years and a beatup piece of sheepskin -- I hope!

I didn't do much work, but got stuff done and fooled around some -- ate at Solaway's with Ev for a good, but hastily served lunch. We went to Sak's and I bought me a light blue a dark green and a London tan sweater.

Happy Girl's Club Meeting at Joanie's. Not much dirt! Betty Dahl is married and Jacqueline is seriously contemplating it. Aud brought Frank [**Trivoli**] resplendent with gold bar, for a few minutes.

August 26

An emotional day! Once more not too much work accomplished -- Mrs. Morton Miss Nelson, Ev and I ate at a diner in the 'Penn Arcade. It's a dive of a sort but the food is delish.

I met Mother and Dad at the New Yorker again. It's gotten to be part of our regular routine.

Official postcard came from Post master San Francisco to the effect that Floyd is on his way overseas. It came as a shock since he was inducted just January 1st. I'm hypocrite enough to be very sorry now for the rude, nasty way I treated him but it would be nastier in the long run if I hadn't. Best wishes for him!

A nice letter from Bill Boyd who got one of 4 citations given in his Co. on maneuvers.

August 27

My last day at Bell Bakeries. Goodbyes were profuse as were complimentary remarks on me and my work. I love them all good and am so very glad I worked there.

Dad went to the hospital for tests and an operation is a necessity. He has a tumor. Oh God, what next? I pray it'll all turn out all right.

It was a nasty rainy day -- so we flew to a Chinese restaurant on 33rd St. for lunch. I wore boots and no coat home.

Danny sent me a darling pair of pink earrings from Palm Beach -- Freddie wrote me a birthday note and I got a Canterbury Club little sister -- answers to my "Dear Susie" letters written last Sunday.

August 28

This was the first of my lazy days of leisure. I was unofficially in the Dog House for slopping around my room so long -- should have seen Cary off for Kentucky but circumstances kept me from it. Once I did get up I dove into "God is My CoPilot." It's really good and you realize the powers of the Great Flying Boss in the sky. Inbetween I began my weekly routine of scribbling letters hither and yon -- to Bill Hughes possibly still in Australia; to Floyd, I know not where; Freddie at Camp Stewart Georgia; Eddie at Camp Pendleton California; Mrs. Shack in Virginia; Mervin in Canada; and Bill Boyd, in South Dakota. Amazing!

A letter from Floyd, postmarked Ga. He got my birthday present & I'm glad. It's something.

August 29

You'd have thought it was the fourth of July, the way fireworks flashed in the Department of the Interior at 90-11 195 St. today. All in all, it was rather unsuccessful. I dressed for church, but Aud didn't stop by and when I saw she wasn't coming 'twas too late for me to go. Then I expected to mosey around town with Bugsie, but she stayed at her aunt's. Ah! Such is life!

I felt real big cause I gave Dad 75 towards room and board at school. It was wonderful for me to have given him something for a change -- every little bit of money helps too.

King Boris of Bulgaria died after having been shot. Another hit for the Allies. The Danes scuttled their small navy- Germany has imposed severe martial law.

August 30

An interesting day! Mail was nice: V-mail letter from Herbert Morrow; news and Lentheric set from Colbie; notification of my little sister; and letter from Bill Brennan, who asked me to come up to Hamilton this next weekend -- I can't cause it's Labor Day! Oh heck! Here we go again!

I fixed the miniatures in the living room and made lunch, cutting my finger on a can. Camilla came over this afternoon -- amazement! -- and we sat and gabbed and then wrote letters together. I nearly dropped my eye teeth.

This evening, Bugsie, Camilla Irene and I "doubledated," going to the Hollis to see "Cabin in the Sky" (again!) and Mysterious Doctor. We went for a soda afterwards and generally had a crazy time!

August 31

I moseyed around the house all morning -- finished John Galsworthy's "Beyond" and began working on Dorothy Caufield's "The Brimming Cup" -- both good! In the mail came Connie's wedding invitation. Though I'd known it all along, still it came as a pleasant shock -- we're all planning to go to Woodbury, September 18th and beam as we watch her and the Shea say "I do."

This evening I went into the City to meet Beth, Kay and Louise and bring them home with me for dinner and to spend the night. We were all so lackadaisical and unexuberant that we more or less drooped in each other's faces. Bugsie stopped by and drooped with us. We went to bed fairly late and then talked on and on about "What Price College?," KΔ, rushing etc., etc.,

September 1

Mother roused us early since Beth and Kay had to go to work -- Lou and I trailed sleepily after them. "Goodbyes" were said and Lou and I with Mother, talked and talked about how to improve KΔ. It was much the same stuff, but with new ideas. We finally managed to dress for a late lunch at the Chinese restaurant in Jamaica and seemed to stuff ourselves. Louise hopped a subway and Mother and I met Herbert (a date -- hey! Even if he is just 13) and saw "Hers to Hold" with Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotton (Ah! Such a man!) and "Crime Doctor" with Warner Baxter at the Valencia.

Letter from Danny saying she and Fred have made up. I'm so very glad! Nana came this evening.

September 2

So lazy! I drooped in bed reading and dreaming till it was well nigh noon and my guilty conscience forced me into a more active life. Once I was up I drooped some more and got out my "old faithful letters" to pore over again. They're all so "cute" and ego-bolstering. Reading them over I can ignore the intervals between, and toss off the carburetor ones as unimportant. Such nice boys!

Dad came out, still feeling rotten -- and contemplating the date of his operation.

Pat called -- gave me a message from Bell that he's rooting for me to go to Hamilton the 11th. Gee, I'd love it, but Mother and Dad are very uncooperative. I spose they're right.

We invaded Italy's mainland!!

September 3

I'm beautified -- or rather -- attempts were made. At 9:00 a.m. Mother and I were down at Robert's and my hair was going through the mechanisms necessary for a permanent. I was amazingly through in two hours -- it looks fairly all right considering.....

Mother stopped at O.C.D. and then we had lunch at the Fish Grotto, And on home.

This evening I went into the city up to Victor Chemical's office to be shown around by Bugsie. We met Mr. Cotton, her boss and he gave us bourbon to sip. Stirred, we walked crosstown to Toffenetti's where we met Ev for a crazy dinner. Such fun. Then a walk uptown to Radio City. We saw Cary Grant (Mmm!) in "Mr Lucky." The stage show had no continuity but the Corps de Ballet act was super.

September 4

The beginning of the Labor Day weekend. It doesn't seem possible -- my, how the summer has flown by!!

Today was completely uneventful and unexciting. I drooped in bed once more till just before time for Daddy to come out. He brought cake as usual. The rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to the Dodgers-Giant's game which the Dodgers won in the seventeenth inning. I pored through old diaries and really laughed at them. Admittedly I'm still rather dramatic and I do exaggerate -- but -- Gad when I was a Senior at St. Mary's I really laid in on thick. Such gushing! I really ought to turn over a new leaf.

I called Bugsie, Joanie and Pat Brennan.

September 5

I roused myself from my lethargy to be ready when Aud called for me to go to church and communion. The sermon was quite good: cooperation in order to have World Peace. I came home feeling real holy for a change.

This afternoon Bugsie came by to laugh over old diaries with me and talk about things in general. Then she and I walked back to pick up Irene -- and so a trek to Tildemann's for gooey calorie-filled sundaes. Our conscience bothered us but we enjoyed them anyhow and sat smoking and listening to the juke box discussing the Reader's Digest statistical conclusion that after the war 7 out of every ten girls will be old maids. Cheerful prospect! Gee things are bad enough without thinking of that.

September 6

Happy Labor Day! and it was quite happy too, considering -- this morning we revived the matter of this next weekend, which had been sort of lying dormant till then and Mom and Dad said I definitely couldn't go up alone. There was little I could say and I spose I really see their point but I do want to go to Hamilton so very badly. We sit upon the idea of Bugsie's going with me so I sent a special delivery to Bill and am keeping my fingers crossed till I hear.

This evening after Dad left on the spur of the moment Mother & I hopped a bus and went to the Alden to see revivals of Clark Gable & Claudette Colbert's Academy Award Winner "It Happened One Night" and Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon." I wonder what my Shangri-La is.

September 7

I slept late again, getting dressed time to meet Mrs. Brennan and Pats. We went into N.Y. to see "This is the Army" the Technicolor movie version of the army show. It really was terrifically good -- the music, acting, vague plot to connect the two wars and color were all grand and I enjoyed it as much as, if not more, than any other picture in a long time.

After the movie we went into Dempsey's and sipped cocktails, and then they came home with us for dinner and to talk and reminisce and plan for awhile. They're real nice people -- I like 'em good inspite of everything.

I heard from Dossie and Eddie Damm -- also a sweet letter from Freddie enclosing a picture of the girl to whom he's engaged for me too see!

September 8

A nice day! I met Lou at Roosevelt Avenue just before twelve and then on to New York to mosey around Lord & Taylor's trying to get decorative ideas for improving the KΔ house but things were too extreme for our collegiate ways! Then we went to the Gypsy Tea Room for lunch and to have our fortunes told -- very interesting! After that we went to the Ambassador theater and saw "Blossom Time" -- music costumes and acting were swell -- good show about Schubert's life and music. I met Mother and Dad at Dempsey's for dinner and sat at the table next Jack and his two children. After that -- back to the H.G.C. meeting at Jeannettes for gab -- nothing exciting.

Italy unconditionally surrendered to the Allies. Best news since the war began! Is victory nearer? I'm so glad!!

September 9

Today started off pretty well. Mother and I went into New York and bought me my beauty of a red three-piece suit (The pockets on the other had been cockeyed!) and a cute black hat too; so I glowed with it all. We skirted the big Parade (opening 3rd War Bond Drive!), had a sandwich at the Milk Barn and then went to Robert's where I had my hair shampooed and set (first since after the permanent!) We came home and Nana was here.

Very bad news! Bill had tried to call me last night but I was out, as tonight he called again, and the result wasn't too cheery. It seems there's a convention in Clinton over the weekend and cause I hadn't let him know sooner he couldn't yet a room anyware. God I'm so disappointed. I'd wanted to go so badly. We talked for quite while and he seemed as disappointed as I. We haven't really talked in so long, and it'd have been wonderful. Oh hell!

September 10

I turned completely tragically dramatic and sobbed all last night so that this morning my eyes are just slits. I hadn't really cried in ages and splurged forth all I'd saved up. Silly, but I really cleaned out my nasal passages!

Mom decided to pacify me with a program of activity so we went into New York for a Chinese Lunch at the China Clipper and then went to the Roxy to see "Heaven Can Wait" with Don Ameche and Gene Tierney -- very amusing and I liked it good. We went to Saks for

a pair of jodphur pants -- and then to Dr. Weiss for the usual. We met Dad at the Boar's Head on Lexington Avenue and our mouths watered over good soft shell crabs.

Glory came over late in the evening, and spent the night. We talked n' talked -- slept together in the double bed and were real restless.

September 11

An active day! Fairly early, Bugsie and I dressed in our riding togs, and after meeting Cam, Aud and Irene we trekked to 188th St. and hopped on horses. At least the rest hopped but not having gone in over two years, I was more or less shoved on by an innocently obliging bystander. Once we started posting and cantering through Cunningham Park however it was wonderful and the ride a beautiful one. Irene fell off to lend excitement.

We went back to Glory's for lunch and chatted awhile; then, this evening rather unexpectedly, Glory, Aud, Irene, Cam, Edith and Jean all came in, and we howled hysterically over old diaries of Aud & Irene revealing their "supreme thrills" of grammar and high school days. Jean's baby'll arrive the end of February supposedly -- it doesn't seem possible. Anyhoo, the evening was fun!

September 12

Limping and nursing sore aching muscles, Aud and I practically dragged ourselves to St. Gabe's this morning and squirmed on the comparatively hard wooden seats. Mr. Condit is back for his first service of the new year and is really a marvelous rector. Mr. Judd has accepted an offer at Christ Church outside of Philadelphia, and will leave St. Gabe's the end of this month. After church we stopped at Glory's for a few moments and then home. Mother, Dad and I to celebrate the lifting of the pleasure driving ban, drove to the Triangle restaurant for a good dinner -- and then home again!

The Germans have occupied Rome and Italy and Germany are now fighting -- the quirks of alliances of warfare. Our forces are fighting too and Italy's surrender isn't as optimistic as first thought.

September 13

Yesterday morning's muscle weariness was eased by a lovely mail today. I heard from Bill Boyd -- back from maneuvers and writing again at last. He's still waiting for his transfer orders to the Air Corps, and wrote a long perkish letter while waiting. Then -- Floyd -- till in San Francisco -- wrote a wonderfully philosophic gem expressing his emotions on going overseas. It was really good!

This afternoon Mother and I went to the Valencia to see Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in First Comes Courage (the usual spies-and-commandos-in-Norway stuff) and Donald O'Connor in Mr. Big -- a cute jitterbug job.

Tonight, Glory, Aud and I went bowling and had a stupid old time again. I bowled 78 -- an improvement over last time -- but not too good! I blame it on my muscles.

September 14

This morning was dedicated to a series of "friendly discussions" before I went into the city to meet Cary, back from her two week's jaunt in Kentucky, Annapolis, Washington, etc. We talked a blue streak to catch up on what had passed in the meantime. Two friends of hers were there from Annapolis. We had a sandwich next door; they left and we spent the afternoon trying to pick up Cary's bags at Penn Station.

I met Mother and Dad at the China Clipper for dinner and talking and so on home.

Confusion! I got a special from Bill Brennan enclosing another letter he'd sent me -- addressed correctly -- but which had been returned to me. If I'd gotten that letter in time, the room situation could have been cleared up and I might have gone to Hamilton. Damn the post office!

September 15

An emotional day! It was cloudy, so we couldn't go on our boat trip as planned. Instead Mother, Louise and I went to the music Hall to see "So Proudly We Hail," the epic of the bravery of the army nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. It was powerful! The stage show Minstrel Days was quite good too, though different from the usual Radio City ones.

Louise and I met Cary on 29th Street at 4:30 went to the Little Church Around the Corner to see Marty and Tommy, married. We stood and beamed and felt quite parental as we shook our heads, saying it doesn't seem possible! though we knew they'd really been planning it for ages. They're both swell. Lou and I came home on the 5th Avenue bus to Jackson Heights.

Tonight Mother & I went over to Thompsons to see Jack & Margie. They're going to Eustis!

September 16

I should have left for Billsburg today but am extremely grateful for the extra week at home. Excitement came this morning when the radiator leaking from my john made the downstairs hall look as though it had been blitzed. What a mess!

This afternoon mother and I went over to Jersey, stopping at Aunt Bert's and then at Aunt Fan's. I saw Ruth's two-year old baby Gail and loved her immediately. She's a darling! The afternoon was pleasant -- tending towards the crazy.

We then went over to Brooklyn and met Dad for dinner at the St. George, and so home in the downpour. Nana was here. After awhile I went to bed and dove into the new Good Housekeeping.

September 17

Once again we'd planned on going 'round Manhattan Island in a boat, but once again it kept raining instead. So I went into Brooklyn (riding on the train with Mrs. Ingold) and met Dad for lunch. It was the first "date" we'd had in ages so we kind o' talked as I munched on my shrimp curry. We hopped a subway and went back to the office for awhile, stopping to buy stockings on the way, and I generally messed up his business day. It was fun and executivish though!

This evening I went over to Glory's and peeked at the preparations for the shower she gave for Doris De Brodt Deane; and then Mother, Lizzie and I went to see "The Student Prince" starring Everett Marshall. It was very good -- another of the epidemic of operetta revivals!

September 18

"London bridges falling down.....

Falling down.....!"

Where we had Niagara Falls in the downstairs hall, the plasters are today pulling the whole darned business down, till the ceiling lies in chunks on the floor and dust from it floats throughout the house choking us off as we try to breathe. Ah! for the well-ordered peace of a boiler factory!

This morning Mother and I went to Jamacia to buy last minute powder puffs, toothbrushes and emory boards, and pick up a pair of moccassins and a pair of black non rationed shoes, which I treasure as a good bargain.

We were s'posed to go to Connie Korn's wedding today, but being the last weekend home and all, we didn't, so I thought hard about her instead. And so have two KAs bit the dust in the same week!

September 19

The last Sunday at home! Aud and I went to St. Gabe's where Rev. Condit preached with a voice which kept failing him on account of a cold -- the service was usual

We had roast lamb for dinner and then discussed the pros and cons of driving down to Billsburg with Marjorie Thompson since Jack needs the car at Eustis. It would be exciting to take a long auto trip legally in gas ration days but it might be complicated too. I think we'll do it though!

Afterwards, Glory and Aud came over and we trekked to Tiedeman's for sodas; rehashing the problem of "So Little Time -- and so much to do -- and so many friends to want to be with."

Dad should have gone into the Waldorf for a convention (W.S.J.A.) but stayed here instead. -- I wrote Danny, Colby, Bill & Bill.

September 20

A lovely mail, being as how I heard from Bill Boyd (enclosing a cut cartoon from Yank, the army newspaper) whose transfer orders have come through, but who doesn't know where he'll be sent yet! Then too, I got another real nice letter from Bill Hughes -- still in Australia!

This morning, I went to the dentist for a checkup and for the first time in really ages, I have no cavities. My teeth have passed the adolescent stage! Then I moseyed around Jamaica, after which I came home and baked cookies (sending most of the better ones to Bill Brennan)

Cary came out this afternoon and to spend the night -- Glory and Aud came for dinner too (steak -- how dreamy!) We hysterically played bridge, being interrupted by a blackout and then all walked Audrey home.

September 21

Such a beautiful day! I woke early to keep my 9:00 a.m. dentist appointment and had my teeth cleaned till they sparkle. I hopped into riding clothes -- saw Cary on her bus -- and met Joanie for a wonderful ride in Cunningham Park. Peter Pan cantered like a streak of greased lightning and we flew along. It was really swell! Joanie treated me to a coke too and after awhile came over to the house to buy me a War Bond. (I'm crazy -- I mean "sell" me a War Bond!) so I backed the attack! Mother and I went to Robert's where I had my hair set for the final time, and then came home waiting for Nana's arrival. Dad's still at the convention.

Surprise! Bill Brennan sent me 16 American Beauty roses with a really perky card enclosed. Gosh I'm so very thrilled!

September 22

Being my last day at home, it was a busy-beaverish one. When I awoke, I wrote Bill Hughes and a perkish thank you note to Bill Brennan -- also answered the letter which came from Corporal Eddie Damm. After that we packed suitcases and then drove over to take my ticket to Louise, stopping for a lengthy chat. We ate a Chinese lunch at a restaurant by the Queens Bors Hall, and then went to Jamacia and bought several pairs of pants and a pair of pajamas.

Dad came out early and told us of his troubles a la business world. He's really doing the job of three or four men plus the Post War Planning and National Bond, etc committee stuff he has to do.

I went to a H.G.C. meeting and said "Goodbye" to all the girls.

September 23

The official end to the summer and a real wonderful one it was too. Mother, Marjorie (both of her), Cary and I sent ourselves down in the '41 Packard snuggled in with suitcases, boxes and the like. It was blissful to ride in a car after the years of gas rationing. We stopped on the road and ate a picnic lunch, which Aunt Bert had made. Most all the way, Cary and I burst forth into song and the time passed quickly.

We reached Billsburg at 8:00 and had dinner at the Lodge -- then, real excited -- we came back to the house and saw everybody. Doggone, I do love it so good! It's super being with all the gals -- specially Beth and Punchy! So very much fun!

A stupendously perky letter from Bill Boyd

September 24

We slept and talked in bed still after ten really catching up on the news of each other's summers. This morning Beth, Punchy and I went downtown to buy grapefruit juice for improvised breakfasts of the future and to look into the bank account and cafeteria book situation!

I met Mother and Marjorie for lunch and spent the evening with them too. I wrote postcards and read Life and the Saturday Evening Post. I met Chuck Gondak and talked familiarly with him for quite awhile. He wants Punchy and me to work for the telephone co again this year at the U.S.O. It'd have been fun but we've got too much else to do.

Fun tonight in the room!

September 25

A busyish day! This morning I tiptoed around not to wake the fair roommates as I dressed for my 8:20 appointment with advisor, Dr. Marsh. Surprisingly I had no conflicts and am now officially taking Money & Banking, Statistics, Accounting, Marketing Principles

& Problems, Introduction to Business Enterprise and General Psychology plus gym of course. It sounds kind o' stiff but after all, I've come to college, essentially to exercise my gray matter.

I spent the morning with Muggy Pratt and trying in vain to locate my trunk -- I still have no shoes -- and ate with Beth & Punchy at the dining hall -- this evening I went to the Lodge with Mother and had dinner.

Hell! Wouldn't you know! Bill Hughes wrote me from Boston -- he wanted to come see me in New York this weekend. Two days too late!!

September 26

Sunday, and a busy one too! This morning we trekked over to Chandler and picked up our little sisters to take them to Bruton -- mine, Gin Tunstall, is darling! After the service, we went to the dining hall for the traditional southern fried chicken and ice cream -- and then back to the house to prepare for the influx of freshman girls making a tour of the sorority house. The same things were said over and over again -- with slight variations of course, and our jaws aching from smiling sweetly as we said them and as we listened. It was fun, in a boring sort of way.

Beth, Punchy and I went to the Lodge to meet Mother for dinner. We laughed a lot and were most unsophisticated.

September 27

School bells chimed again and I am officially a Junior -- it's so impressive being respected for a change! I only had three classes. Dr. Foltin stood us up for Psych and after standing around in the hall for awhile we left for the Wigwam to buy books. I became nasty when I discovered I had to pay \$24 for beatup secondhand books too. Marketing sounds fascinating -- full of merchandising and advertising, the sort of stuff I want. Rhythms only lasted five minutes, which was a lovely sort of gym class.

Mother came to the house this afternoon and offered ideas on redecorating our room. It sounds dreamy! May they materialize!

There was a W.S.C.G.A meeting tonight with the usual welcomes & news about a German Club dance for the A.S.J.U. boys. House meeting afterwards and then bull sessions about rushing and sex

September 28

Right about now we're in a mad dash of enthusiasm -- we're all out for studies, all out for extracurricular stuff, and all out for improving the house, and KΔ in general. Such a busy little year as it's gonna be!

Money and Banking, Business Enterprise, Statistics and Accounting all involve scads of work and I groan under the weight of it. Oh, for just one snap course -- it'd be so refreshing!

Mother, Holly Miller and I had dinner together at the Lodge and then I went to the Flat Hat Business Staff meeting. We were assigned ads to get so I will merrily trek around town having people sign contracts and pay money -- I hope! We get commissions too. Sorority meeting, though informal, was inspiring in its plans. I hope the spirit lasts!

Letter from Edith and Evie

September 29

A busy day, with classes from nine till 4:30P.M. with time out to see Mother off on the morning train. It seems odd not to have her around anymore. Classes were still interesting except for Statistics lab which really is a stinker. If it weren't required for my major, I'd gladly toy with the idea of dropping it, but grin 'n' bear it, say I.

At 5:00 Beth, Punchy, Lou and I went to a Social Committee meeting for the War Work at college, where plans were made for various affairs to be given for the chaplains, their assistants, etc. After a cone at the Wigwam we watched the review of the A.S.J.U boys out on the football field. It was impressive -- a far cry from the football rallies of a year ago.

This evening, Midge and I went to chapel at which Dr. Foltin spoke and then I came home, washed my hair, did homework and went to a house meeting.

September 30

Such a rainy day -- I've never been so wet -- honest! Life perked up though when Mr. Nuguist decided to make our introductory approach to statistics more simple and when I discovered that I like accounting a lot.

We walked in the pouring rain to dinner across campus and were drenched to the skin. After our good vegetablisth dinner we waded through the flooded paths with the wind blowing the rain in streams upon us to the Colonial Echo meeting -- and got ourselves on the Editorial Staff. We were supposed to go to a Big-little sister party in Barrett but by then water was seeping through our rubber boots even and we gave ourselves alcohol rubdowns instead.

A letter from Dossie and a card from Bill Boyd from Kansas City "en route to Mississippi"

October 1

A new month! After Psych. we all went to the opening convocation in Phi Beta and realized that come one year we'll probably be marching along in our caps and gowns.

This was gym suit day and after bundling up to go to lunch, Lou, Janet Helton and I leaped like gazelles through our Rhythm class. It's the sort of thing which make you feel very foolish, but I spose it's fun.

The afternoon was spent in the library doing my Statistics paper, reading Business Management and talking to A.S.J.U. boys.

Tonight the Chaplain's assistants gave a Smoker which was really sensational. The talent along the lines of singing and piano playing was amazing.

Council meeting this evening.

October 2

Such an exciting day! After class I decided I'd best get my ads for the Flat Hat and trekked around campus and town doing my bit. After lunch, Beth, Punchy and I trudged out the Richmond Road about three miles to the Pleasant Walk Dairy (Ironic name!) in vain -- no manager and so no ad; but on the way out we met a soldier from Eustis who walked with us and bought cokes, generally making the pilgrimage more pleasant. We took the ads to Jean Kellogg and then to the office to see them put in next week's issue of the paper.

Tonight was the German club-A.S.J.U formal. My date was Hank Caruso -- no relation to the singer or the spaghetti people. He plays football for Company A and I can see why he's a good tackle, but he's awfully sweet inspite of it. The dance was crowded but quite a lot of fun -- the band was good too

October 3

We slept through church and discovered it was 12:30 by the time we finally stretched ourselves drowsily awake. We dressed and walked across campus to dinner -- chicken and ice cream as always. This afternoon I went back and forth between the library and the dorm where I tried in vain to find my Canturbury Club little sister. I gave up and Janet Hilton and I went to the tea at Bruton Parish by ourselves. It was boring -- not many people there -- just stood around and simpered.

Punchy, Kay, some Alpha Chis and I had supper in the Wigwam -- talked with quite a few A.S.J.U. boys—and then wrote letters home inbetween bull sessions.

I received a letter from Bill Boyd yesterday -- he's stationed at Keesler Field, Mississippi. It's nearer than South Dakota anyhow!

October 4

The day tended to be lovely though comparatively uneventful. As always, classes -- Rhythms in the afternoon -- lasted all day and afterwards we jaunted to the Wigwam for

lunch -- Kay, Louise, Sue Quigley and I -- another jaunt there in the afternoon and then I typed merrily away on a letter to Bill Brennan.

After supper, all the upperclassmen went to Washington to take our Student Government exam, which was the traditional sort thing -- I imagine I passed it.

Sorority meeting operated under difficult conditions -- we really need a chapter room -- and were herded together in the living room.

A perkish letter from Bill Brennan -- upset about the change in plans for Meteorology -- and letters from Jimmy & Bugsy.

October 5

Activities girls personified! I had classes, practically straight from 8-4:25, with not much lazying time in between. After that, Louise and I went ad hunting for the Flat Hat and then we all painted the porch door screens and some furniture. -- I confess the others did more than I.

Supper in the dining hall as usual and then a mad tearing about: -- first to the Backdrop Club meeting where we signed up to do Stage Crew Work -- then to the Colonial Echo Editorial Staff meeting -- and on to a Flat Hat Business Staff meeting, where we signed up for more work. It's all fun though. Punchy and I also stopped by at some sort of vaudeville entertainment in Phi Beta.

We signed up for the WAMS (War Activities Members) and feel patriotically inclined.

October 6

Indeed a lovely day! Classes straight through again, weren't too cheery a prospect, but they were all more-or-less interesting. We got out of Statistics Lab early after toying around with the various adding machines. Moreorless in a rut of dining hall food, the Crazy Bunx and I decided to go smooth and have dinner at the Lodge. The Rockfish was all we could afford, but the meal was delicious anyhoo. Beth met Jim, her ensign, there and he walked home with us -- asked her for a date Saturday night.

Super event! The phone tingalined a la long distance and twas Bill Boyd calling from Mississippi. We talked our fully allowed five minutes and it was wonderful. I wish I could see him. He's a super fellow.

October 7

A busy time was had by all. In between classes, I missed lunch to sit in the Registrar's Office and address envelopes to all the parents, for the Flat Hat. It was

interesting for I got a look at what everyone's majoring in and stuff, and though I gave myself writer's cramp 'twas all fun. Accounting was amazing in that I actually got my problems right -- it's fascinating. Afterwards, I tried doing my statistics, but soon gave up on it so long and tiresome did it look.

All evening the whole sorority painted, varnished, scrubbed and stood back to admire the improvements as we devoted our energies to making the house look smooth. It's a tough fight but we're winning.

Marjorie Thompson called, asking me to go on a date -- I'd have loved it, but couldn't; cause of painting. Letters from Pat, Joanie & Danny.

October 8

Almost the end of another week! We crawled out of bed rather sleepily, munched our breakfast doughnuts and set out for classes. Nugust in Statistics is impossible! I feel sorry for him, but he certainly is a problem. -- the rest of the courses stay interesting however.

Beth and Punch tore back from Archery just in time for us to go to the movies (first time this year!) and see "Best Foot Forward" in technicolor with Lucille Ball and William Gaxton -- Harry James & Orchestra were good.

After dinner this evening we walked around and spent the night studying, taking baths and writing letters -- uneventful!

Mail from Dad and Margie Borchert! -- I'm still thinking about Bill's phone call.

October 9

Saturday! As usual we tumbled out of bed for our eight o' clocks, but were too tired to stay up, so went back to bed at ten and more-or-less slept till 12:00. We were finally awakened by cries of "Marty!" Mrs. Thomas Butts had come back to see us for the weekend and it doesn't seem as though she was away at all.

We moseyed around in the Wigwam this afternoon and then went to the Stadium to see the W&M Freshman team play the A.S.J.U. boys. It was a pretty good game -- the freshman team won -- but made us homesick for the good ole days of real football.

Beth went out with her ensign tonight -- we were unsmooth.

A terrifically perky letter from Bill Boyd.

October 10

A completely lazy Sunday -- we slept through church again -- at least Beth went out with her ensign again while Punchy and I slept. Our sins are catching up with us though!

Cary, Jan, Punchy and I went to the Greek's for brunch -- twas different but good as we ate our hot cakes and bacon. This afternoon I actually settled down in the library and began cussing over my Statistics assignment. It was truly complicated and I kept getting it wrong all the time.

We had a Fried Chicken dinner and spent the evening studying and glowing over Beth. Ann came over and we slaved at the Budget. It all looks so confusing!

October 11

An unexciting, but pleasant day! After a particularly grueling session of Rhythms, I took me to the Library to read a lot of fascinating Psych., coming back to the house in time for Song Practice. We snuck into dinner for the early shift again, and then after doing more Treasury stuff, we prepared for Second Degree Pledging of Betty Driscoll, Betty Ann Fletcher and Mabel Dunn. We went to the Wigwam for Sundaes and then sat around in the Lounge listening to the Juke Box -- mostly Earl Hines' "I Never Dreamed." and finally home, for a minimum of studying.

Mail from Mother and Dad plus an awfully sweet one from Bob Oberndorf -- he's still fighting in Europe somewhere -- probably Italy -- Dad sent some interesting Post War Planning leaflets.

October 12

Happy Columbus Day! The day swung off to a brilliant start by the eight o' clock Money and Banking class where Mr. Nugust assigned us two papers in one week and then two longies this semester. Such a faskinating man. (I fear he's becoming an obsession with us!)

After Accounting (I had my paper handed back to me again -- Ill never win in that course, but I do like it!) I went to the library and submerged myself once more.

We went to late supper and spent the evening restfully writing letters and indulging in bull sessions and poring through old annuals generally reminiscing.

October 13

Another day -- complete with Statistics lab and the assigning of two more stupendous term papers. How in the world, I wonder, can I whip up ten typewritten pages about Probability and The Normal Distribution Concept! I worry about things like that!

This evening we went out to the football field to see the Cadets review and then came back to the house for an impromptu jam session -- very hot -- and very high schoolish! After a restfully impressive chapel we all went to a WAM meeting for the making of all sorts of gala plans.

Jean Huber told me her Johnny stationed at Keesla is looking up Bill Boyd. That's all I needed!

I'm so tired!

October 14

Quite a nice day inspite of my continually wondering when I'll get the work done. This morning we went downtown and laid in stuff for breakfasts -- bread, marmalade and grapefruit juice. We've been getting so hungry by not eating till after 1:00 every day. Maybe we'll pep up in classes now! I surely need stimulation of some sort!!!

Today was my annual massacring as I had my pictures taken for the Colonial Echo. I can't face paying \$3.75 to plague posterity -- if only this sitting would have turned out humanly.

Marjorie Thompson took me for dinner at the Inn today. Twas fun! We went back to Merriman's and talked afterwards. Very nice!

October 15

I glow and am verily happy, cause today has been super. After the usual classes with the anticlimax of Rhythms (I beat myself up over that doggone course) we drooped around all afternoon till time to make ourselves smooth and go to the Chaplain's reception and dance. Gollee gee, I surely do love Naval Chaplains. They were all young, unmarried and completely smooth. I sort of got warmed up and think that by the end of the evening (8-10) I knew practically every chaplain there and had danced with everything from a Catholic priest to a Jewish Rabbi. Though I hadn't known any of them before, I had a sensational time -- one of the best ever. Most of the evening was spent with a Bill. I love 'em dearly.

October 16

A Bubbly day -- over the smaller things in life. It started when I bumped into the reviewing chaplains and all I'd met last night grinned real cutely and spoke to me. I felt so smooth! We had lunch in the Wigwam with a mob of people and then spent the afternoon (after buying more breakfast food) studying and writing letters. After supper we sank in corners of the living room and dreamily listened to records, drifting off into Memoryland. -- Afterwards we awoke to reality and studied some more and then swished through bull sessions.

Another real nice letter from Bill Boyd (!) -- one from Eddie Damm -- and Money and Banking stuff from home -- Dave Yeoman has come home at last. Super!

October 17

The end of another weekend -- and a real nice one it was too. Our sins truly caught up with us as we slept through church again -- even waking up too late for brunch at the Greek's. After fried chicken in the dining hall, we came back and I decided to change the bedding on my bed when Joy announced that Bill Petrey and his cousin were there to see me. They're both loads of fun and I had a good time with them -- sat in the living room and went to the Wigwam. I had to come back to dress for the sorority-freshman mixer in Barrett, which was characteristically boring.

The evening was cozy -- studied for Psych. test after making our supper.

October 18

A nice enough day! The Psych. test threatened to be a stinker, but on thinking it over it wasn't terrifically bad. Marketing was interesting, as always -- and I'm spurred on to pick a product for research and analysis for the semester.

After lunch, I couldn't convince myself to go to Rhythms and so did my Accounting and Statistics and wrote letters instead. I went downtown to buy some apples and when I went into the John to wash them off found myself locked in, for several minutes by Louise and the loving Bunx. Exciting!

Meeting night! W.S.C.G.A meeting, and then Sorority one with lectures and discussions about necking in the living room. Silly problem!

October 19

One of those nasty little days when a series of things went wrong, and I lounged around stagnantly. More termpapers and tests were assigned in Money and Banking and Business Organization; but Accounting wasn't too bad and begins to make sense.

After lunch PUNCHY and I addressed more envelopes to parents for the Flat Hat business staff -- also a Flat Hat meeting tonite.

Mail from home and Edith Kerl. Both Bill and Dave were home last week and apparently created a sensation. I wish I could see them together again cause I love 'em good. It doesn't yet seem possible that Brennan Yeoman, Enterprises has gone to war.

October 20

A nice day, though as usual Statistics set me to wondering if it's worth the struggle!

Lunch was sensational in that the Seabee band blazed forth into the finer elements of swing to accompany us as we ate our nondescript beef. Would that that could happen more often!

This evening the A.S.J. Unit held a review for the students at W&M. They've improved a great deal in their marching, etc and 'twas real interesting. -- set me to thinking that going to College in War Time is an experience to equal the Joe College days!

We all went to Chapel -- the Wigwam (I bumped into Johnny from Cape Charles) -- and a Backdrop Club meeting.

October 21

Today I began to seriously contemplate the difficulties involved in striving for a college degree and looked at the developing -- almost -- unattainable goal, sceptically. The whole picture is certainly confused and on the stiff side, and I'm genuinely worried about grades for once, though down deep I hope it won't be too bad.

After Statistics and Accounting Labs we went to the Wigwam for hot fudge sundaes; and then studied awhile before going to supper. This evening was devoted to Rushing plans and a Council Meeting about the "necking" in the living rooms.

Mail from home Joanie and Bill -- he's at State College, Miss. now. -- wish it were nearer.

October 22

A busy day! Classes till three and then -- much against my conscience -- (I should've stayed home and studied for my Money and Banking test) Cary, Sheila, Pat Lavery and I went to see "Thank Your Lucky Stars" with lots of stars in a rather corny arrangement.....too much Eddie Cantor... but with smooth songs "The Dreamer" "How Sweet You Are", etc.

This evening Beth, Lou and I (with seven others) went out to Dr. Foltins' for another stimulatingly cozy evening. He really promotes interrelation between students and professors. Nice.

October 23

Don't mention busy days! After an eight o'clock session with Money and Banking, I came back to the house to find Beth and the Fair Elaine, with glorious plans for painting the room. I grudgingly agreed and after gathering implements everything yielded to our mighty brush. We painted beds, bookcases, dressers and chairs (improving the assets of the State of Virginia) and also smeared ourselves.

We went to the Wigwam for lunch and whipped up noodle soup and fried egg sandwiches for supper.

Founder's Day, with appropriate white dresses & Commemorative services.

October 24

A busily lazy Sunday. Once more did the Punch and I sleep through church (while Beth swished out with Jim all day!) We dressed for dinner and then did homework till 3:30 when Punchy, Cary and I went to the Canturbury Club tea. I was nominally in charge of refreshments and we had a gay time making cocoa and fixing sandwiches and cookies. Dr Foltin spoke interestingly on Insanity. Twas real nice.

We made soup and egg sandwiches again for supper and then dashed to the Candlelight Service at Bruton. It was lovely. Jack Carter sermonized -- amazingly good!

October 25

Such a studious day! Between Psychology and Marketing in the pouring rain I went to the Library and did reference work for Marketing, -- found myself becoming absorbed in it. Lunch and then Rhythms with the callouses on my feet "killing" me -- and then I returned to pour over a paper for Money and Banking -- ended up by writing over eleven pages on the Bank of New York. My fingers are cramped from typing.

Seniors took over the Sorority meeting with dopey reports; and a great deal of general informality.

Mother called to say Bill Hughes had been in New York and at the house. I'm so glad she could show him some Manhattan hospitality at last

October 26

A lovely day inspite of its being a rainy, messy, blue Tuesday! It began when my chum, Nugust handed back my Money and Banking exam and I found that on the begrimed paper was proudly marked 96 -- A+. I was really surprised, but I beam accordingly.

After classes, moseying around downtown and dinner (dining hall food has been wonderful lately -- amazing!) we went to Colonial Echo and Flat Hat meetings. I did an hour's work on them afterwards, typing letters and writing notices.

Nice letter from Bill Boyd -- real happy in the Air Corps

Bill Brennan was home last weekend with Kay! Sounds like fun!

October 27

Happy Navy Day! At 2:00 this afternoon Williamsburg turned out with a big parade of marines and Seabees and impressive celebrations in front of Wren. Governor Darden spoke; Navy officials appeared impressive and Station WRVA broadcasted. The Chaplains Choir sang and I beamed on them; twas indeed wonderful -- patriotism -- inspiring! The Chaplains sang "The Lord's Prayer" beautifully.

Classes floated around -- I missed some of Statistics on account of the parade -- and we went to Chapel -- otherwise no excitement -- no mail or anything.

A birthday party for Flop with cake & ice cream.

October 28

More rain, though the blue sky did finally peek through, much to everyone's amazement!

In between classes I studied for my Accounting exam and finally took it at 2:35. It wasn't what I'd expected and my answer ended up with a net loss instead of a surplus; but other people had the same results, so maybe I wasn't wrong -- don't know!

This evening Cary, Pat Friem and I went to a meeting of the Scarab Club in the Fine Arts building; and then met some of the others to see the College Play -- "Papa is All" a comic tragedy about the Pennsylvania Dutch. Betty Driscoll had a lead & was wonderful. The Art Exhibit -- Life Magazine Soldier Competition -- was very good too!

October 29

A busyish day, with more "What Else can Happen?" attitudes! I cut gym to have me picture took with the Scarab Club; and then went to the Registrar's office and addressed envelopes for the Flat Hat for an hour.

Tonight we improvised our own supper again and then prepared for initiation made exciting by a blackout and three girls (including Punchy) fainting! After initiation (I get more impressed each time actually) Ann and I stayed up finally finishing the books till I tumbled into bed in the wee hours of the morning.

A real long letter from Bill Brennan -- all about Kay -- ended perkishly. A nice letter from Bill Hughes. I'm so glad he went to Hollis!

October 30

I grudgingly tumbled out of bed for my eight o'clock to discover Nugust hadn't considered coming, so I grumbled, but went to my nine o'clock and then after a trek down town, we cleaned up the house (oh! for the maid!), once more unearthing piles of dirt and scum. Disgusting!

This afternoon we fooled around with Canturbury Club stuff and then came the Bond Bazaar -- I worked at the Backdrop Club dart game booth with Cary -- in the Sunken Garden. It was like a country fair and much fun -- many warstamps were sold too.

Beth, Cary, several others and I went to the movies for a mass hen date to see Bob Hope in "Let's Face It" with Betty Hutton.

October 31

A messy Sunday. We'd planned on getting up to have our pictures took for the Canturbury Club but didn't quite make it.

I awoke with a headache and feeling hot and chilled and varyingly messy and so with the exception of a trek to the Dirty Greek's with Beth for breakfast I stuck close to home.

Colonial Echo pictures were taken at the house --- one of the officers and two candid shots. They seemed darling --- hope they turn out that way!

Sensational event! Mother sent down the white candlewick spreads and drapes and our room is now super. I love it dearly!

November 1

Happy Ghost Day, as I recovered from the Halloween party Joy, Jean and Dottie gave last night as we bobbed for apples in the bathtub. I'm weary!

The Psych. test was most disillusioning -- and I wanted to bring up my C+ too! Too bad!

The cafeteria opened today, and inspite of the inconvenience of standing on line I'm impressed with it. The choice of food is good and the records which play are super.

Lou, Beth and I played pingpong intramurals but lost unfortunately. Too bad!

Sorority meeting was uneventful saving for our planning to petition Beth for Vice-Pres. of Junior class.

November 2

Another day --- with Flat Hat and Colonial Echo meetings, sandwiched in between everything else. The main cheery spot was the discovery that I finally managed to pull down a B in accounting, after my times of getting my papers back -- I did today too. -- I can't win! If only these darned exams would be over.

Beth, Punchy, Lou and I unstagnant by playing ping pong after classes -- and then I was cheered by the arrival of a letter (V-Mail) from Floyd. He's somewhere is the Southwest Pacific and says he's well and happy. I'm so glad!

Letters from Joanie & Dossie

November 3

Oh hell! I don't even care anymore! The Marketing exam was a stinker; and to add insult to injury, Nuguist switched our Statistics test from Friday to tomorrow which means two tests and no time to study for them. I've gotten behind in my work and have definitely

reached the saturation point. This is truly the most terrific exam period I've ever breathed through.

After my Statistics lab, with time out for dinner, I studied pretty consistently alternating from one book to another, and smiling grimly. I'm dramatically complaining, but so tired.

A sensational letter from Bill Boyd -- I do want to see him so very badly!

November 4

They're over at last. My Business Organization was long and complicated, though fair; and the Statistics was traditionally grim, but they're over and that's all I care about right now. I did so want to get good marks, but I guess I just didn't go about it in the right way -- too bad.

After my Accounting, where I fell further behind, Beth, Punchy, Janet Helton and I went to the Wigwam and gorged ourselves with hot fudge sundaes. -- I needed to do something irregular to get out of my rut.

We went to a Wam and a Y.W.C.A. meeting and then relaxed awhile.

Letters from Glory, Bill Boley & Connie K.

November 5

A lovely day, as I resolve to do absolutely no more studying till Monday rears its ugly head, in spite of all the stuff I should "I need to relax," sez I, and am making good on my threat.

I cut Psych. and slept blissfully till time for Marketing when Mr. Haines gave us our marks back -- I actually earned the only A in the class and beamed accordingly. He must have marked on the curve with all I'd gotten wrong, I certainly didn't deserve that mark.

In the rain, a gang of us went to the Naval Specialists Smoker and loved it almost as dearly as the first one. The talent -- especially the piano playing -- is really sensational!

November 6

Another lovely day! It started spasmodically when I got a C in Statistics and a 90 in Business Organization. The afternoon was spent in dashing around downtown and doing Colonial Echo and Flat Hat work -- also straining a few stray nerves over the Rushing situation.

The rest of the day was such fun though. Right about 5:00 Ray, the fellow Punchy met on the train, came, bringing Eddie Stroger (a Sargeant at Eustis) with him. Eddie's awfully sweet and poured his heart out to me. We went to the Lodge for a delish dinner, danced to the juke box and went to the movies "Paris After Dark" So nice!

November 7

This weekend is more than enough to make up for our period of stagnancy and cramming. We slept blissfully again this morning, salving our consciences for not having gone to church by going to Vesper Service instead. We dressed for dinner, still raving about the food and the selection thereof in the new cafeteria; and then went to a lush tea at the Lavery's. They're such very nice people, and for once in my life I actually enjoyed juggling a cup of tea on my knees.

Sensational news! Midge Aud asked me to go to Washington with her next weekend; and I called Mother to learn I can go. Plans with George sound super!

November 8

Life continues along a perkish level. Contrary to expectation I got a B in Psych. and was real happy about the whole thing. If it weren't for the damn Statistics I'd have all B's and A's, but whassa matter? do I want egg in my beer?

All afternoon before song practice, Midge and I beamed over the Washington trip; and I fooled around with some accounting, but otherwise there was no excitement.

The Sorority meeting was informal, with heated discussion on Rushing; and something being accomplished.

Mail was lovely -- from Bill Hughes, Jimmy, Colby (in Ohio with Art) and Mother & Dad. I yearn for Washington. The change from nerve tension will be heavenly!

November 9

An unexciting day, when we all caught up on the work we'd let slide last week. I condescended to going to the library all morning and did Business and Marketing up through next week cause I'm certainly not going to worry about that sort of business while in Washington. I'm so tired of studying -- and yearn to dash away and stare at traffic. I love Billsburg dearly, but the change'll be nice too

This afternoon I grinded away on Accounting, in class and afterwards -- and then after a good dinner and whipping up Rushing invitation we went to the Flat Hat meeting, and then fooled around.

November 10

Classes, classes, classes but the day started out attractively when Beth, Lou and I got up and went to breakfast in the cafeteria. Amazing but good! We perked up the afternoon

by taking Doris Gong alas to see "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" -- a typical Betty Grable job but good.

We went to chapel this evening where Dr. Foltin spoke again -- this time on searching for an individual foundation for the spirit of Christmas. Very good!

A cute (?) letter from Eddie Stroger enclosing the words to "I Can't Get Started With You" -- Bunny Berrigan's former vocalist lives in the barracks next to him. Today's letter from Bill Boyd was disappointingly carburetor -- too bad! -- I'd gotten spoiled.

November 11

Happy Armistice Day! Ironic thought that it is! At times like this I get to wondering what it would be like to live in a peaceful world, where things could develop at least moderately normally!

Today was get-ready-to-pack Day, with a glowing eye aimed at Washington and the super plans thereof. Life can be beautiful! It seems that I went to class all day, taking time out to do Flat Hat bill-collecting, buy my bus ticket, sign out and do the million and one little thing incidental to going away. I'm real excited -- I've never gone to Washington just for fun -- it's always been the sightseeing or "Just going through thanks!" type of thing. Such fun!

November 12

At last the day came and we bubbled over continually. I managed to get through classes and the like till 4 o'clock finally came and Midge and I -- after some difficulty -- boarded the Washington bus and stood to Richmond, where we finally got seats. Somewhere in the shuffle I met Bud Kelly, a Seabee at Peary... Sigma Chi from Washington - - and sat with him singing most the way to the big city.

We reached Washington in one piece and found George waiting for us. He's neat (Hamilton man!) and Midge is truly super and Washington is wonderful. I'm bubbling! We went to Holly's an old beautiful home with millions of girls "Hotel for Women" affair. So nice!

November 13

Holly popped in right after ten after having had an unhappily sick night at an office party. Midge, Holly and the others and I talked on and on while huddled up in bed. It was so good seeing her and catching up on the news.

Midge and I finally roused ourselves and walked downtown to the shopping district as we moseyed around glorying in traffic and crowds -- we bought scads of stuff for the

Kids at the KΔ house and stared in awe at the big stores, being proud of the way we didn't get lost or 'j-walk'. Such fun!

George, Midge and I had a delish dinner at Bonat's and then went out to his house where they, Dale and I sat by the fire and danced.

November 14

After practically no sleep at all, Midge and I dressed for church service at the impressively beautiful Washington Cathedral. We changed clothes and then went out to the house for an improvised snack before dashing to the pro-Football game between the Washington Redskins and Detroit Lions. It was exciting, with some beautiful playing.

George, Dale, Dick, Midge and I had a wonderful dinner at the Garden Tea Shoppe and spent the rest of the evening in doing card tricks and telling fortunes. Quiet, but fun. Once more we got back to Holly's along about four -- but were blissfully tired.

November 15

We stumbled out of bed for a quick process of grabbing some breakfast and hopping on the Williamsburg-bound bus, happily beaming over the memories of the weekend. It was such fun -- we didn't do too much of the exciting nature, but inspite of that, it was a lovely experience.

The bus ride was uneventful -- a boring soldier helped carry my bag, etc. We stopped for a sandwich at Fredericksburg and stretched.

It was good to be back though -- mentally refreshed. The kids are all so swell. The new slip covers have arrived and the house is now in the sensational realms.

Mail from Margie, Edith, Bill Boyd (complicatedly explanatory) and Bill Brennan (wants me to come home Thanksgiving) So much to do!

November 16

At last, November sixteenth rolled around and at four o'clock formal Rushing began, with the stampeding masses of Freshmen pouring through the house. We all wore suits and heels and acted comparatively well in the role of Rushers. It wasn't bad -- there were some real cute freshmen and others who weren't too sharp. It was pretty much the same old thing, but at least our smiles haven't become fixed yet. The climax of the whole affair however was when Betty Lancer (KΔ National Chapterian) phoned to say she's coming to visit us next weekend -- in the midst of Preferentials Hell!

Classes ran uneventfully with more work being piled on. Mail from home!

November 17

Rushing's going along in full swing now; and my smile is cracking a little, but still haven't slumped into that irritable mood. -- that'll come later. We talked to people from Honolulu to the Isle of Jamaica and learned the interesting travelogue type of thing. Conversation is still stumbling along with occasional stimulating gems to perk things up as we go along. After our 4-6 and 7-9 sessions we had a Scratch meeting and then Ann and I worked on the books, with some slight time out for doing invitations.

I wrote Bill Brennan and told him I couldn't go home next weekend on account of too much work and the like. I'd surely love to though Oh Hell!

November 18

We're coming round the Bend and into the stretch with less than a week of Rushing to go. Things continue much the same though Scratch meetings are gathering slight force as they become more excited than the others. Still there's been no hurt feelings -- no "I'll disaffiliate..." and the whole attitude has so improved that I'm proud of us. I do so want us to get some nice gals -- I know we'll love 'em good anyhoo, but it'd be nice if they had something extra to start out with. So we'll find out Wednesday when the bids come out. -- and can't do much else about it.

Mail from Glory and home - no other news.

November 19

The last day of plain ole Rushing -- everything went smoothly and we sang and did "Top Hat" routine, "Do Your Ears Hang Low," etc. It became rather boring for us but ye Freshmen seemed to enjoy it. The Scratch meeting being technically our last one, was long with discussions and the like, but our list is finally ready.

Today is Beth's birthday, and to shake the cobwebs from our brain she, Punchy, Lou and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shoppe for sandwiches, milkshakes and cake. It tasted good and was a pleasant change. After Scratch meeting then, she opened her presents -- she Punch & I gave her a white wool scarf and we munched on apples and Bond cookies. It was lovely. She's 21 and glowing!

November 20

I hesitate to confess it but 'tis true that we really had fun all day in preparing for tomorrow's Candyland party. Beth and I didn't quite make it to our 8 o'clocks, and slept real late -- it felt good.

Betty Lancer came past before noon and we greeted her with gusto. She really is swell -- loves KΔ with all her body and soul. After a hasty lunch of the Fried Egg variety, we

had a sorority meeting and then began decorating n' decorating. Midge, Betty, Jean and I trekked into the woods, looking like a camouflage as we lugged foliage back with us. All evening was a slapstick affair with the job done by midnight.

Letter from Bill Boyd – so so.

November 21

All our well-laid plans were tossed aside when instead of sleeping late, we lazily stirred and did last minute things we'd forgotten about. I blew balloons till I have little breath left in me, but the decorations: Candy Box Room --- Land of Milk and Honey --- and the Gingerbread Castle -- were really darling, or at least so they seemed to our prejudiced eye.

Punchy and I with Betty and some others dashed to the cafeteria for a hasty dinner again and then whipped into our candystripe dresses, socks, and moccasins and began pushing the conversation around again. It wasn't really bad -- almost fun.

Tonight we dismantled Candy Land and started putting up the Hotel Party.

November 22

Classes till three and then a more-or-less leisurely series of finishing touches till we declared the Hotel Party's decorations finished and crawled into our evening dresses. We hadn't expected it to go too smoothly but amazingly it all did. A lot of real swell girls whom we'd asked came; and all in all our rushing outlook is optimistic as we thankfully murmur "What an improvement over last year!"

On the spur of the moment I decided to go home Wednesday for Thanksgiving -- just hop on a train and wire from Washington. I imagine Mother and Dad will have a tizzy but I'm thrilled at the idea.

A V-mail from Floyd (nice boy!) and a letter from Bill Hughes -- in Norfolk for a day. He called me last night. Swell!

November 23

The final fling, with a resolute attitude not to let anything worry me -- filled the day. I lackadaisically went to classes, still wondering if I'll really go home tomorrow since there are nasty rumors that it costs \$25 to cut. I've got my fingers crossed and am wishing hard.

On the impulse that we mayn't be together on Thanksgiving, Beth, Punchy and I went to the Lodge for dinner and really got acquainted again, after not having been able to engage in pleasant conversation for the past weeks. While walking back to the house we suddenly bobbed in the movie without thinking of Things to Be Done. The picture was "Flesh and Fantasy," a weird affair, but good. Life is once more lovely and I beam!

November 24

This morning, I dashed over to Dean Landrum's office; nabbed my ration books -- and then, finally decided, went down to the station and hopped on the Yankee-bound 10:07. The trip home was uneventful -- surprisingly comfortable with seats for all. I sat with Rickie Goldberg most of the way and we gabbed and sang with time out for a chicken sandwich in the diner. We met some girls from Mary Washington and compared notes on colleges.

The train snuck into Penn Station a little after 7:30 and I began to hunt for Mother and Dad whom I'd telegraphed from Richmond. They did have a tizzy and the reaction startling though all is calm now. It's good to be home.

November 25

Happy Thanksgiving! I slept until noon and then luxuriously had breakfast in bed before going to the station to meet Daddy. The day was a quiet one as I dove into magazines and drooped comfortably in one chair after another. The dinner (chicken not turkey) was delicious and I'm sure I gained five pounds on the deal. Home-cooking is a wonderful institution.

After dinner Bill, back from Pittsburg, phoned; and we reveled in having a local conversation again. In a little while he ditched visiting aunts and uncle and came over. It is so doggone good to see him again -- especially without knowing it'll be over in a few hours. He stayed until late this evening and we talked and stuff. He's swell.

November 26

I slept late again and moseyed around the house till time to go to Brooklyn and meet Dad for lunch at the St. George. We talked for a while and then met Mother who hopped a subway with me for New York. The rest of the afternoon was spent in Dr. Weiss's office waiting to see him -- finally had an "audience" and zoomed out, walking along Fifth Avenue.

We met Glory at five in front of Radio City to see a super show. The picture "Claudia" was grand -- much like the play -- and the stage show was good too (dedication to American girl of the past and present). We had late supper at the China Clipper, where I gloried in the food. Fun!

November 27

Sometimes I wonder if people would believe my diary; and not think the whole affair was a figment of my imagination. Today I spent most of the time in Jamaica with

Glory buying Christmas cards, and glowing over plans to see "A Connecticut Yankee" and go somewhere afterwards with Bill tonight. It's been so long since we've had a real date together and I looked forward to being with him smoothly -- but the gremlins who keep saying "Let's Not Have Them Together" stepped in again and gave him an appendicitis attack combined with a severe case of intestinal flu. I'm so doggone sorry that he feels rotten.

Instead Dave, looking super in his Merchant Marine's uniform, called for me & took me to Brennan's where I chatted with Bill -- then Pat & I left for the show. It was good, but -- hell!

November 28

I drooped around the house worrying about Bill and his appendix. He's in trouble with the Army -- can't go back to Hamilton now and doesn't want to be AWOL. What next!

Most of the day was a quiet, relaxing one till Joanie, Glory, Irene went to Tiedman's to gorge ourselves with hot fudge sundaes and chew each other's ears off to catch up on back news.

Tonight Mom and I drove Dad to the station and then went to Brennan's. I went up and stayed with Bill. He feels rotten, but I hope I cheered him somewhat. He's a swell fellow and I'm awfully sorry about all this mess.

Aud was home when I got there. More talking and plans for Christmas.

November 29

Mother and Liz saw me off on the ten o'clock train -- I sat next to a "dear old lady" -- with all those soldiers around too; but it was peaceful. In spite of the confusion of the weekend home, I loved it and I'm glad I did it. It was fun indeed!

I came back to the KA house in time for pledging of the new sisters who certainly make up in quality what they lack in quantity. It's good to be back. I love it good as always.

The mail waiting for me was nice. Bill Boyd's letter was perky for a change -- nice boy say I. Howard Clark wrote me and will be home Christmastime -- wants a date. Good Lord, what now! Such fun!

November 30

The end of another month, will another one creeping around the corner. Today swung along as usual and it didn't seem as if I'd been away at all. I started gymnastics -- it wasn't too rambunctious and I didn't actively rebel.

I'm getting further n' further behind in my work and despair of ever catching up -- but I spose I will eventually.

There was a Flat Hat meeting tonight and I've got more stuff to do with changing addresses of W&M boys in the service when Flat Hats sent to them are returned.

We had fascinating bull sessions along the Psychology line, in between studying for tomorrow's test.

December 1

Today was "swear-under-my-breath-but-grin-like-a-lady-on-top" day. The Psych test, though fair, emphasized the things I hadn't quite gotten around to studying, so I don't expect to do too sharply on it. Statistics really riled me up: and I came nearer to wanting to drop a course than I've ever before done. We don't see how we can ever possibly understand the stuff. 'Tis sheer hell! We groaned hysterically all the while.

Tonight Punchy, Lou and I went to chapel in search of some spiritual uplift. (We needed something). Mr. Pholen spoke and was most boring.

I whipped out a term paper on Frederick W. Taylor and did some accounting. Oh! To catch up!

December 2

I'm in that nasty mood of some-much-to-do-and-no-urge-to do it with. Work is steadily mounting --especially statistics and I would so love to catch up with it all eventually. I've never wanted to drop a course the way I'd love to drop Statistics but it's required and I've got to stick with it. Although I don't understand it at all. I realize I have no kick coming for I've done little but relax for the last month -- but things could be more peaceful.

We threw up the fight after supper in the cafeteria and Beth, Punchy, Cary, Lou, Sheila, Jean and I went to the movies to see Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in "Girl Crazy". The Gershwin music was super and I loved it.

December 3

I'm still swamped in the midst of term papers and the hellish mess of statistics. With relaxation intervals of listening to the new records people have brought, I poured my heart and soul over the darned stuff. Beth helped me mostly but I still think it's mostly wrong. I just don't have a mathematical mind and can't seem to understand the darned stuff at all. Ah phooey!

Word came from home that Bill Brennan is back from Hamilton after conflicting orders from various doctors. He's gone through a heck of a lot of trouble.

Eddie Stroger called and asked me for a date for tomorrow night. He's real nice!

Loren called Becky from Panama. Thrill!

December 4

Today was my idea of ideal college life! After classes and a stimulating gym course of children's games, we all flopped in the pink and blue room before trekking to the Lodge Coffee Shoppe for their roast beef special -- beautiful! This afternoon was devoted to Statistics and accounting with time out for a bowl of soup in the Wigwam. Then -- came the general personal improvement and flurry of trying to get both Beth and me ready for our dates. Eddie and Bud Leo (blind date) are both swell! We went to the Lodge and sipped cokes -- then moseyed through the impressively candlelit Capital -- and on to the movies to see "Girl Crazy" again. It was a wonderful evening!

We gave a belated surprise birthday party for Beth in the ballooned pink and blue room -- with food and caroling. Mmm!

December 5

Beth and I sleepily awoke in our ballooned and befeasted room, feeling festively in a morning-after-the-night-before mood. Gradually we stirred and began washing glasses and plates and emptying gingerale bottles. We eventually trekked to the cafeteria for a "steak" dinner, talking to George who came down for the day to be with Midge.

This afternoon we beat our brains out over Statistics some more and then on the spur of the moment, Punchy and I went on blind dates with two sailors (friends of a former KΔ president) -- my date was decidedly aesthetic if not overly feminine, but the roast beef dinner and dancing at the Lodge was good. So gold diggerish!

December 6

Still in the throngs of nasty, unattractive -- and so on into infinity -- Statistics, we practiced and practiced till the mean, median and mode began to make some sense -- but even now I'm in a fog over the damned stuff!

Tonight was impressive in an undignified sort of way. In sorority meeting I was elected and installed "Treasurer of Alpha Pi Chapter of Kappa Delta Sorority" and am pleased as punch over the whole thing; though it's gonna be a lot of work, most of which I don't understand. -- and as Statistics proves I'm not mathematically inclined. It'll be experience though as I either get the sorority into debt or straighten things out. How dramatic! Life's wonderful!

December 7

Today was an uneventful little day. We had to grudgingly admit that the Statistics test was fair, but nevertheless it tended towards the stinker variety. Nevertheless I feel lightheaded now that it's over --

After lunch Beth, Lou, Punchy and I beautifully wasted time down town -- bought a shower gift for Ann Edwards (black lace pants) -- and Bill Boyd's Christmas present (a picture portfolio)

I went to Accounting and caught up a bit on back work -- then did Statistics till midnight -- Punchy had another blind date -- came in feeling happy -- so cute!

Pearl Harbor Day! Two years of war. God, when'll it be over!

December 8

A more-or-less lovely day! Classes were uneventful, but my Statistics is done for awhile and today wasn't gym suit day, so things could have been worse. In between time Scarlet and I went downtown to have my official signature put on the bank records as Treasurer -- and now it's legal.

Tonight Holly Miller gave a shower for Ann Edwards at the Secretary's house -- Lou and I and scads of other people went and had a real good time. Ann got some lovely things and seemed pleased with them all. In passing her ring around the circle I snared a knot which means I'll have a child if not a husband.

Sensational letter from Bill Boyd. I want to see him so very badly! Bill Brennan's letter was nice too -- he fears he won't be able to get home Xmas weekend. Too bad!

December 9

A whole day where I just "missed" a whole series of things. It began when I spent my two hours in Accounting Lab. trying to find a series of mistakes in vain. -- and slipped further behind in my work. Then I was sposed to go on a blind date but changed my mind -- just as good for it didn't materialize anyway. Finally Lou and I were going to the play, "The Patriots" but I turned greasy grind instead. Not only is it supposedly the best college play in ages, but Mackenzie King was in the audience -- down in Billsburg for a rest. Wouldn't you know. It's exciting anyhoo!

I worked away at the Treasury report -- gave away before it became too impossible. It gets confusing though.

December 10

If it isn't one thing, it's another. Now that I'm through with Statistics for just awhile I'm up to my ears in Accounting and can't get the damned stuff to balance. I've promised myself not to go to bed till it checks: a sleepless night looms ahead.

This afternoon, Lou and I went to the station to buy our tickets for Christmas (Boy -- I'm ready to go home too!) and then I did some shopping. It's so near to Christmas -- I die at the things I have to do. If I just had one day for addressing Christmas cards and the like ----- I certainly hate being a greasy grind.

Song practice showed improved effort for the song contest next week.

December 11

My "emotional stability" went flooey and I further blew around for no real reason, but I feel fine now. This afternoon we devoted our energies to buying and wrapping little ten cent gifts into a box for a soldier at Camp Patrick Henry -- wounded-- their families aren't notified where they are and consequently they won't get any other presents. I also addressed Christmas cards and managed to percolate with some Christmas spirit.

Tonight was fun as Beth, Punchy, Cary, Lou and I made fudge from hoarded materials. It was delish and we gorged ourselves.

Nice letters from both Bills again. Two in a week. Amazing!

December 12

A more-or-less beautiful Sunday -- slept late-- indulged in deep bull sessions and listened to occasional records with fudge left over from last night's domestic party.

Inbetween times of course I studied a minimum amount for tomorrow's Marketing exam and talked about doing other stuff -- oh! To get on the ball!

After supper, Punchy and I dressed and prepared to go to vesper service at Bruton to find it had been cancelled -- it's a pretty state when we can't even get religion into our battered souls!

December 13

Oh hell! I'm so weary of being a greasy grind. Today's Marketing exam was typically Haines-ish and characteristically emphasized what I hadn't quite gotten around to learning. When I came back from the exam and slapped my books down and picked up my Money and Banking material, ready, but not willing or able to try and drill some complicated stuff into my brain.

At 5:00 we had our usual practice for the song contest tomorrow night -- and then hoarsely went to supper at the Greek's and had sorority meeting.

V-mailers from Floyd and Bob Oberndorf!

December 14

Money and Banking exam was also unattractive but at least all my exams are over and I'm only faced with the prospect of tearing off my lengthy series of termpapers.

After class began anew our practices for the song contest. -- a hasty supper -- and then the real things in Phi Beta. We were amazed as people burst into spontaneous applause at our song. They seemed to think we were real cute for the judges didn't smile graciously upon us -- and as luck would have it, we didn't win or place. The singing of Christmas carols were lush & I'm getting into the spirit.

Beth's sporting the grippe and a 103° temperature in the Infirmary.

December 15

With one roommate down and Punchy and I staggering around in drowsy stupor, with chills and fevers and coughs and sniffles, but lacking the energy to give up and die quietly in the nearest corner -- we shake our heads doubtfully over the statement that Life Can be Beautiful!

Tonight was the annual candlelight service in the Chapel -- very impressive though Punch and I swayed throughout out and came home to crawl into bed.

A real nice letter from Bill Boyd telling me about the girl he's dating in Mississippi. He's so sweet however.

Dad's sick with the flu -- what next?

December 16

Another coughing and sniffing day without things going along on too scintillating a level. I slept lushishly, cutting all my morning classes and not working till 11:00 when I trekked downtown in the bitter cold to mail some Christmas presents and then went to the cafeteria for lunch and off to Accounting Lab where I'm finally almost finished and caught up.

Today we took frequent jaunts to the Infirmary where each time Beth and Midge sent out notes with more and more requests of what to do. Give us some time.

I hibernated in the Library getting information on the faskuatin' subject of Marketing Tobacco!

December 17

A lovely day began when I got A- on that old Psych exam which I took the day I returned after Thanksgiving -- and B- on last week's Statistics exam. I was truly amazed at both of them cause I hadn't expected to do so sharply on them. The Statistics, under the circumstances, is my brain-child.

We had our KΔ Christmas party tonight with decorated tree and candlelit atmosphere -- Cary cleverly gotten up as Santa Claus -- 10¢ gifts to be later given to the crippled children at the Richmond hospital -- cider and doughnuts. Twas indeed lovely!

Dad is still sick with the flu -- what next I ask!

X-mas card from Florence Morrow.

December 18

One week till Christmas and I'm just about managing to hold out until then -- I still just want to relax and die in a quiet corner. Beth came out of the Infirmary today -- but is still sick as a dog. She and several others who "can't hold out any longer" are leaving tomorrow. Cut! I didn't mean to sound so dramatic!

I spent the afternoon in the Library, in between fixing up soft boiled eggs, toast and soup for lunch and supper. It actually tasted good too -- tonight I whipped away at my Marketing termpaper and packed.

I got A on my Money & Banking Exam -- and was pleased.

December 19

Another invalidish day -- Beth and I slept about an hour's worth last night in between coughing and sneezing and the like. We all got up at 8:30 to get Beth ready to go home -- called a taxi and all piled in with our suitcases to check thru -- the house is empty without all the KΔ's who up and left. I wish I were one of them!

Punchy, Janet and I went to the cafeteria for dinner after which I finished my termpaper and then went to bed -- another soup and soft boiled egg meal and back to bed for the evening.

Exam schedules came out -- I have a nasty schedule.

December 20

Last day! We're practically home and it's practically Christmas and everything's so lovely!!

This afternoon I officially stopped working and just drooped around reading magazines and relaxin' till a gang of us decided to go to the movies to see Sonny Tufts and Olivia De Havilland in "Government Girl." It was corny and full of choice tidbits of Roosevelt propaganda, but real cute anyhow.

No sorority meeting tonight and so we did last minute things and twas bliss!

A Christmas card from Cuz Bob -- and a letter from Freddie -- he's in Richmond & is coming over!

December 21

After a day of classes and seeing off some more fortunate friends, Cary and I hopped on the train ourselves at 4:20 -- uncrowded -- plenty of seats -- we beamed smugly. In Richmond we ate dinner at Chicken-in-the-Rough and killed time at a News-Reel Theater seeing "There's Something about a Solider." We then ambled back to the station to discover that the 5 o'clock train hadn't left yet and then it was 10:20 -- realizing that the 11:20 we planned on taking would probably NEVER come in, we ambled on the 10:20 to find all those who had left school expecting to get home at midnight were on it too. Then we were really impressed with our cleverness for we weren't even tired. What a trip!

December 22

Home at last at 7:30 this morning -- Mother and Lizzie met us. After griddlecakes in the Savarin we picked up my bag, dropped off Cary and came on home, where I blissfully crawled into bed and took up a spoiled brat existence. -- with lunch in bed -- opening all my purty Christmas cards -- reading magazines and sleeping.

This evening I felt smooth. Mother drove me down to D&G where I went to their Christmas cocktail party and had a lovely time -- drank wee cups of Cuba Libre and munched on sandwiches -- Most of the men danced with me and I felt smooth, as of the PreWar Party days. Life can be beautiful!

December 23

I slept deliriously all day -- periodically waking up enough to read an occasional magazine story and to beam over cards -- Bill Brennan's is real cute. This afternoon I turned greasy grind and did Statistics -- even on my vacation! -- and characteristically griped about having to do it.

Nana was here for part of the evening, and then Glory came over, furiously finishing a pair of socks for a Christmas present. We chatted merrily to catch up on back news. ---

Inspite of my terrific resolutions -- after shaking Bill Boyd's present and trying to guess its contents -- I broke down and opened it to find 2 lovely bracelets -- one emerald and the other sapphires. Such a lucky girl!

December 24

Christmas Eve! And still few people seem to be getting completely into the spirit of things -- with Floyd in New Guinea -- Bill in Mississippi -- Bill in Clinton and unable to get home either -- etc. -- things seem very different. I wish those "Dreaming of a White Christmas" could come true --- and soon too!

We trimmed the tree today and decorated the house with candles and holly and evergreens -- placed cards at strategic places on radiator covers and the piano -- and generally dressed up the house.

Dad came out at 3:20 -- we all had fun together doing little in particular.

Letter from Bill Boyd. Sounds lonesome!

December 25

Merry Christmas -- and a lovely one too inspite of the lack of some familiar faces around the Yule log. Santa Claus came on schedule and gave me some sensational presents: Parker fountain pen; downy comforter; silver for my Hopeless Chest; War Bond; wallet; scarf; mittens; raincoat; wool dress; stationary; compact; jewelry; wallet; leg makeup; stockings (prizes!); slippers; manicuring set; cologne and all sorts of wonderful (and rousingly practical) gifts. Cary and CB came out for a turkey dinner -- and inbetweentimes, Glory, Doris, Joanie, Audrey and Jack; Mrs. Brennan, Pat and Stan came. (Bill sent me Heaven Scent cologne and dusting powder) Spoiled brat, say I, but I beam!

If only the war were over -- but -- Hell!

December 26

This was "Grin 'n' Bear It" day as I chalked up one more for staying in the house -- not even poking my nose outside of the door long enough to wonder what became of the White Christmas which never snuck upon us.

Doc Sammis came by to pay us a professional visit this morning -- examined me and announced that I was recovering from a severe case of the flu -- as though I hadn't known it all along.

Even on vacation I had to haul out my Statistics workbook and tackle some of the problems again -- I set Dad to work on it and that helped.

Why did the long arm of nose drops, cough medicine and thermometers have to reach out and snare me?

December 27

Another day of relaxing -- I ought to at least partially catch up on the rest I missed down at school! -- if nothing else. After deep discussions on "How do you really feel?" I finally ended up by going into New York with Mother and Mrs. Hettler to meet Glory and have dinner at the Edison where Blue Barron and his orchestra are playing. It was good and I felt vaguely smooth again. After gorging ourselves with chopped sirloin steak we went to see the operetta, Rosalinda, based on Johanne Strauss' "Die Fledermaus." It was real good

and I enjoyed it a lot. Dorothy Sarnoff (her father is a good friend of Dad's) was the star and very good though the girl who took the part of her personal maid stole the show.

December 28

A lovely day indeed! This afternoon I met Cary at the St. James Theater to see Oklahoma. It was truly sensational and I loved every minute of it -- people haven't raved about it enough. No wonder it's the hit show of Broadway! The music was 'specially grand; and I expect to be raving about it for ages!

After the show I met Mother and Dad at the Dixie (a year ago tonight I went there with Floyd) for dinner -- we stayed talking and watching the floor show.

When I came home Bill phoned me from Hamilton and said that he's definitely coming down next weekend. Happy thought! I'm s'posed to meet him at one minute to twelve New Year's Eve. A date in wartime!

December 29

I'm glowing -- my coughin' and sniffin' is better and Dr. Sammis even had to concede that I'm feeling better. This afternoon I went down on the avenue -- bought a gold wool dress at the Julie Ann Shoppe and did some other shopping.

Mother and I met Dad for dinner at the St. George -- Dad still feels rotten -- fears he's coming down with the flu again. On top of everything else a tooth on his bridge broke. Troubles!

I came back home and went over to Camilla's for a surprise baby shower for Jean Lynch. It was fun and she received some lovely things. It doesn't seem possible that Jean is married at all.

Real nice letter from Bill Boyd -- cards from Jim Mooney and Jim Tracey.

December 30

Another day spent in the house. I was supposed to meet some of the KΔ's in New York, but stayed around the house instead.

Along about 6:30 what started as an impromptu gathering gained force and people kept pouring in for a buffet supper and to talk. By the time the evening was over Glory, Audrey, Cary, Joanie, Edith, Irene, Camilla, Jean (both of her), Pat Brennan and Ev Smith were all here. Ev looks grand and brought some fruit from the Fort Pierce plant of Bell Bakeries. It was good to see her and reminisce over this summers' times.

Mail from Bill Boyd (another nice letter) and Floyd whose brother is stationed in New Guinea too.

December 31

The end of another year! And a nice enough New Year's Eve it was too! Dad came home right after ten to go to bed with the intestinal flu. Why not open a sanatorium? After lunch I went down to Robert's to have my hair cut and permanented and then zoomed home and relaxed awhile reading magazines and the like till it was time to get ready for my late date with Bill. Mrs. Brennan, Stan and I drove into Grand Central -- had a cocktail at the Biltmore -- and waited till the train came in late at about one. He looks good! We drove back to Brennan's -- had coffee and then Bill and I walked me home. It certainly is swell having him in Hollis again!

The end of '43

Birthdays and Anniversaries

January

29th - Joan Hogan

February

14th - Marjorie Borchert

14th - Mrs. Hettler

March

20th - Glory Hettler

23rd - Midge Mitchell

April

10th - Mrs. Brennan

9th - Elaine Lewis

May

3rd - Bill Brennan

4th - Jane Borchert

9th - Kay Johnson

29th - Ginny Frank

June

11th - Bill Boyd

6th - Louise Dirtz

July

2nd – Elizabeth Fischer
17th – Cary Hughes

August

16th – Bill Boley
25th – Floyd Potts
25th – Tom Borchert
9th – Ginny Colburn
16th – Mother
19th – Nana
22nd – Mimi Boone

September

4th – Edith Kerl
23rd – Janice Enberge
23rd – Carolyn Hasley

October

31st – Mr. Hettler
19th – Pat Lavery

November

3rd – Daddy
19th – Beth McClelland
2nd – Mimi Jardine

December

13th – Dorris Hostetter
23rd – Arlene Daniel
25th – Audrey Zoeller
31st – Pat Brennan

Special Events

Jan 6th -- Davis and Geck awarded Army and Navy "E: " -- Daddy accepts at St. George.
Jan. 11th -- I was elected Assistant-Treasurer of Kappa Delta
Jan. 27 & 28 – Bill Brennan visited me in Williamsburg
March 15 -- I was given a job at Telephone Company in Williamsburg.
April 7-19 -- Spring Vacation
April 20 -- Cary, Beth and I took over housekeeping and shopping for KΔ

May 15 & 16 -- Glory came to Billsburg
May 21-25 -- Daddy came to Billsburg
May 25-31 -- Final exams and "goodbyes"
June 3 -- Summer vacation begins
June 10 -- I was given a job at Bell Bakeries, Inc.
June 14 -- I began work!
June 22-25 -- Bill Boyd was home!!!!
July 11th -- Bill Brennan was home
August 7-9 -- Floyd was home
August 8 -- Bill Brennan was home
August 14 -- RAF Mervin & CMC George
August 16 -- Completely lucky and happy. I turned eighteen!
August 19 -- We moved to 90-11 195 St.!!
August 22 -- Bill Brennan was home.
August 26 -- Received postcard that Floyd is on his way overseas. -- the first to go. Next?
August 27 -- My last day at Bell Bakeries. Sadly sentimental.
Sept. 8th -- Italy unconditionally surrendered to the Allies!!!!
Sept. 11th -- I should have gone to Hamilton but "bravely" sniffed instead.
Sept. 22 -- Back to W&M.
Nov. 12-15 -- Midge and I went to Washington for the weekend
Nov. 16-22 -- Sorority Rushing
Nov. 24-29 -- Home for Thanksgiving -- Bill Brennan and his appendicitis were home too.
December 6 -- I became Treasurer of Kappa Delta
December 22 -- Home for Christmas
December 25 -- A very different Christmas Day
December 31 -- New Year's Eve -- Bill Brennan came home.

Academic Calendar for the Year of 1943

Excerpt copied from the Indian Handbook 1942-1943 and 1943-1944 Editions

Jan.

4 – End of Christmas Recess

14 – End of Classes

15-16 – Pre-examination Period

18-28 Mid-year Exams

Second Semester

Jan.

29-30 – Registration for Spring Classes

Feb.

1 – Classes Begin

8 – Charter Day

Ap.

3 – Spring Recess

12 – End of Spring Recess

May

20 – End of Classes

21-22 – Pre-examination Period

May 24-June 3 – Final Exams

June

4 – Class Day

5 – Alumni Day

6 – Baccalaureate Day

7 – Commencement

Sept.

14-16 – Orientation

17-18 – Registration for Fall Classes

20 – Classes Begin

24 – Convocation

Oct.
20 – Honors Convocation

Nov.
25 – Thanksgiving

Dec.
21 – Christmas Recess