

A  
JULY 1

Another month - I think I should have gone through the "Labbit 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 Darryl, 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 \$9.10 for which I've sweated, cursed, 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 fcs and gos 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 is 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. God, it'll be wonderful when the war is over - if we've won.

Surprising event occurred when the phone rang and it was Nell 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 Nancy Midge and Floppy Pellegrini. Nancy is definitely joining the Spurs and seems very enthusiastic about it. Midge is working at the Psychological Corporation with Beth and wrote about Gard - 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 rained 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 the 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 cocktail I chewed was delicious!

I got an invitation to Carolyn Sorley's shower for Connie Korn, and a letter from Lurchy and Bell Boyd. Kneachy's job with the Air Corps sounds perfect.

Bell's letter was flaky indeed—such a nice boy!



JULY 8

Work was uneventful. Mary, Jean and I began on the quarterly payrolls.

It'll be lust 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 Dibs 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, Marge and Pat. I got a peculiar carbonated 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 Friday that aren't paydays! After the day was over, I was to meet Mother and Dad at the Hotel St. George and nervily 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 Gold, Frieda Hersch 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 Bayl. 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 when 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 Seven girls to be together again - missed lunchy though. We went for a fifth avenue bike ride 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 staid around and sang and reminisced and looked toward the future. The trip home was fun as we stopped for a good dinner.



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 real sense of humor. All in all, he's a terrifically nice fellow. We walked down to his house and then over to Yoman's. They haven't heard from Dave in seven weeks - he's probably en route to Russia with the Merchant Marines. Mrs. Yoman 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 - only for a day.



JULY 12

What a day! It began when I arrived at the office to find it locked with some 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 tick of various bees 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 trickled down to the Marver 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 is contemplating taking my job. It would be lovely if it would work out. -yikes - then I could actually be promoted. Dad was out tonight - deep discussions and a jaunt to the Marvin house! Letter from Pat Hawley (Pete popped up) and Reggie, who seems to be having a super time on her vacation at Wintham.



JULY 14

Bastille day, with eyes on the French as  
Lecaud 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 Monnier's speech 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 0r frat pin. Aud and  
Genevieve talked about marriage. Jeanette  
and I talked about their future hopes;  
Joanie talked about her airmail letters  
from Africa, and so on. My, our  
gang has really grown up - soon  
we'll be at the grand mama stage -  
or will we ??? Everyone certainly  
seems happy though.



JULY 15

Work was still uneventful, even though I'm still rolling up experience in a variety! After a day of diffidence 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 Gumbel'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 — \$3.26 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 deferral 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 JPKRS last week! Mrs. Brennan heard from Bill — no August leave — Dick still in bed. Hooley!



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 bye to Lynn and then went to Tupperette'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

It was 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 Russic and Audrey and then they came here for a walk to Thailand's. We sipped sodas, smoked, and talked and talked. I love them both dearly. It's funny how we've all changed, in spite 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. It's 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 Schiaffli's. It was the first I'd seen her in two years - she looks and acts just the same as always! She is 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! Full it was a reunion!

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

I got the screwiest rock-perfy letter from Jimmy - such a crazy, but nice boy! I also heard from Colby with a note written by him - 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 tramped down to the Hughes apartment - talked to C.B. 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

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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 - fiddled 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 superb 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, 'cept' - damn the war!

The U.S.C. fellow (Harold Kinsey) returned from Washington to spend this week in N.Y. - should be a right and honest!



JULY 22

Am still peering anxiously 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 quarterly payroll 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 newy letter from Bill Boyd - similar to Tommy's rock 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 Delway'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 Bannister's 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 ratty mood but had an encouraging chat with Mr. Ferris.

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



JULY 24

I slept late as usual in the Saturday morning and then lay in bed finishing "Spella Ho" and just feeling mellow.

At eleven Mother, Bessie and I went to the Valencia and saw "Satan" starring Robert Taylor. It was powerful and the high passionate side of my nature revealed itself as I sobbed and sobbed and big old 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 Dodgins being defeated by the Attlebury Pirates. I wrote Jimmy Pat Denny, Colby and Nedgie and then spent my usual Saturday night listening to the Hot Tackle and the Voice that is Thrilling Melissis - Frank Sinatra. Audrey went - did I hear her deal?



4  
JULY 25

- Lazy Sunday! I slept late until time for Audrey and me to go to church. I 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 Hillsburg. 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 reminding 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 - Eric and I had lunch at Soloway's and then ripped to Lake as I bought leg for and for, since I'd run desperately low on the old.

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

A pecky letter from Floyd. He doesn't expect a funeral.



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 Nally Horton (she wants us to get together!), Ted Othusch (a private in Georgia and engaged!), Seth, Becky, Dossie and a faintly perished 8-page job from Bill Beckman.



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 at the "Shall I wait till the war's over to marry him?" is floated in my right ear and out my left. Myrtle is confused by not having heard from George Logan in the north 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 Helen's fixing us all up with Merchant Marine for a party some Saturday night - would 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 thought with the idea of quitting it was tonight, but that's 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 dropped home on the late train and was cheered by seeing Maxler 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 navy 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-laxer check tenderly. The \$36.40 looked good anyhow. 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 Hamie 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 Loxy with Mother to see "Stormy Weather" with an all-Negro 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 in spite of her partial paralysis.

This afternoon was spent packing in the backyard pen again. I wrote Floyd and Passie and finished "Mr. Chestnut's Daughters".

News of Italy & the war is conflicting and confused.



AUGUST 1

A pleasant, comparatively peaceful, but nevertheless typically Hiroch Sunday. I relaxed around the house all morning, unearthing a superbly interesting novel about the Russian side of the first World War "Testament". It's terrifically good and I hate to put it down. In between times I wrote letters to Nolly, both Bells and Eldie. I like writing to the Bells 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 despoised 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 - nānāna! Er and I dashed around during our lunchhour dissatisfactorily munching on a sandwich in the Pennsylvania Hotel Drug Store - over up 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 coverings 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

Mariana came and wrapping herself about us in a la apron fashion. Ed and I dug into the stockroom - the "jug" 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.

Bugie and I went bowling tonight at the Jamaica Recreation Club. It was my first experience with the large balls and could scarce get the darn things. I yearned for the simpler Duckpin variety of my W. N. girls but finally installed the art somewhat and have it good. Bugie scored 75 as an average and I trailed weakly behind with a 61. We stopped for a soda & gazed.



AUGUST 4

Another filthy session in the lobby.  
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 upstairs  
to meet mother and Grace &  
Taffinette for a Slendello 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 Jean Fontaine  
with Alexis Smith. It was a poignant,  
escapist sort of thing and good.

Carmen Cavallaro was in person as  
were Connie Harris Perry Com.

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

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



AUGUST 5

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

I went up to 42<sup>nd</sup> Street again to meet Beth and Nidge - 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 pecky 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 & Littleburg are going to 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 'Thyllis' 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 Bugie, 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 liebe.' 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. Haan" was really pleasant). We talked and he said he'll come up tomorrow. Nice boy!

After phoning twice today, Floyd called for us 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 (live orchestra too) in a place decorated to resemble an Arabian tent. Wonderful dancing and an enjoyable evening. Floyd didn't get too exuberant & even kept him from getting drunk.



AUGUST 8

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

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 Stan 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 cursed 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 Darryl. She's truly busy being a Spar, but likes it. I also got a peckish 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 slippers 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) does being a Spar. I called Bessie, Janie and Pat Brennan.

I cleared 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 clear 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 and victrola,  
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 Bugzie's. Not too much  
dirt was rolled up. Irene wrote  
a nice letter to Ray (marina in  
Guadalcanal) and she doesn't know  
whom she likes best now. Audrey  
raved on about Jack and  
hopes he'll be sent to Ule. —  
no one knows what the Army  
will do though.

I got a long, beautifully written  
letter from Coby - Bud's up the  
Army - and one from Pat Harvey.



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 shoes 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 air raid. It was terrific - during real hours 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 Dassel and a packed one from Floyd arrived safely.



AUGUST 13

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

It was truly Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> - I don't know: maybe I don't live clean! I went upstairs 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 pen, washcloths and a spice set. Such a practical birthday as we're speaking 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 on the shelves of the library. They look real pretty and I discovered books I'd forgotten about.

This evening I dressed and went down to Aunt Beil Thompson for dinner and to entertain Merwin Davies of the RAF and George Currie of the Canadian Medical Corp - only they entertained me. They're loads of fun (especially Merwin) and very intelligently interesting. Eye witness accounts of air raids, 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 various 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. Bezzie came up soon after and we all had fun. We danced Canadian and British style and they both kissed us Goodbye. (I like Mervin — he leaves Tuesday morning. George likes Bezzie cause he asked her for a date Wednesday — surprise! Cary and her Mother came out too.

Such presents! Dad gave me a darling of a watch (now I needed one!) and a \$20 defense bond and Mother gave me a dreamy red & blue peccol suit. Bezzie gave me button speakers for my hopscotch and guest towels too. Bezzie gave me her picture and a friendship ring (!) and Cary an album of Andre Kostelanetz records (also!) We mail special from South Dakota come lovely gold earrings from Bel Byrd — dreamy!



AUGUST 16

In 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. Jean left an engraved white bracelet at the office for me. Gee why!

I met Mother, Dad and Leg at the New Yorker for dinner - very impressive and good. I read my next cards (except one from Bill Benson!) And, Biggie and the Brennans came. Audrey brought me "God is my Copilot". Pat, a bracelet and her picture - and from Bill a pocket with his picture and a Xerox card. (I can't get over!) Floyd sent me 18 American Beauty roses with a periwinkle card. Bill Benson phoned. In so lucky!



AUGUST 17

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

During my luncheon 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. Ferris I'm definitely leaving the end of August and I felt like a heel. I truly am going to miss everybody here.

I came home kind of tired to find Mother and Lizzie completely tired from trying to work.

My last night in this house. So many wonderful memories as it looks 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 WSM 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 Keupura 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 Larry 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 zoned through vouchers till after five. Then the mail!

I came home to the dreamy new house at 90-11 175 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 flopped 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. Buzie 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 Red Oberndorf in . . . . Took a piece of Sicily we think . . . . to Danny, Aunt Fan, Aunt Bert, Aunt Clarice, 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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 naturally pleased me greatly. After a good dinner of ~~meat~~ beef, Joan's 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. German'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 dudgey. At lunchhour I went up to Child'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 Pelliane of Hollis and discussed me vaguely and particularly.

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



AUGUST 24

Tuesday and already - Goodbyes  
at Bell Bakery. 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  
are in Schreff's and she treated  
me to lunch and a daiquiri. Nice!

Glad riding in the form of a  
letter from school announcing that  
because of difficulties in obtaining  
equipment for enlarging the cafeteria,  
school will stay one week later  
than planned. We prayed for that  
to happen ever since I started  
grammar school and at last it has. Excellent!

I met Mother and Dad at the  
New Yorker and talked about Dad's  
~~operative~~ operation. Back home and  
over to Bugie's for a casual  
visit - the backdoor variety.  
It is 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 sleep 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 beaten piece of sheepskin - I hope!

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

Happy Guel's Club meeting at Joanne's. Not much dirt! Betty Tall is married and Jacqueline is seriously contemplating it. And brought Frank Terenti resplendent with gold bars, for a few minutes.



AUGUST 26

An emotional day! Once more  
not too much work accomplished -  
Mrs. Wood on Miss Nelson Ed and I ate  
at a table in the Penn Arcade.  
Was a dive of a sort, but the food  
is delish.

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

Official postcard came from  
Postmaster San Francisco to the  
effect that Boyd is on his way  
over seas. It came as a shock since  
he was inducted just January 1<sup>st</sup>.  
I'm hypocrite enough to be very  
sorry now for the rude nasty way  
I treated him but I would be  
naïver 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 November



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 here.

Dad went to the hospital for tests and no operation is a necessity. He has a tumor. Oh God what news? I pray it'll all turn out all right.

It was an early 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 June" 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 Co-Pilot". It is really good and you realize the power of the Great Flying Boas 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. Amay my!

A letter from Floyd postmarked Ga. He got my birthday present & I'm glad. It is 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 ~~and~~ 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 Buggie, 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 bit for the lilies. The Nazis 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 Kenneric set from Colby; 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 talked and then wrote letters together. I nearly dropped my eye teeth.

This evening, Eugie, Camille, Irene and I double-dog'd going to the halls to see "Labor in the Sky" (again!) and mysterious doctor. We went for a soda afterward and generally had a crazy time!



AUGUST 31

I moseyed around the house all morning - finished John Galwood's "Beyond" and began Dorothy Canfield'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 Woodberry September 18<sup>th</sup> and hear as we watch her and the she 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 none or less drooped in each other's faces. Eugene stopped by and drooped with us. We went to bed fairly late and then talked on and on about "What Once College?", KQ, reading, 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 K.S. 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. Louie 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 Darryl saying she and Fred have made up. I'm so very glad!  
Nera 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-blatting. Reading them over I can ignore the intervals between and throw off the carburetor ones as unimportant. Such nice boys!

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

Dad called - gave me a message from Bill that he's rooting for me to go to Hamilton the 4th. Gee I'd love it but mother and Dad are very incooperative. 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 thorough in two hours - it looks fairly all right considering.....

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

This evening I went into the city up to Victor Chemical's office to be shown around by Buggie. We met Mr. Cotton, he ~~was~~ and he gave us bourbon to sip. Then we walked downtown to Toffenetti's where we met Ev for a crazy dinner. Such fun. Then a walk up town to Radio City. We saw Cary Grant (Mmm!) in "The 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 dropped in bed once more till just before 12:00 for Daddy to come out. He brought cake as usual. The rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to the Dodgers. Grant'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 - God when I was a senior at St. Mary's I really laid in on luck. Such gushing! I really ought to turn over a new leaf. I called Reggie, Joanie and Pat Brennan.



SEPTEMBER 5

I roused myself from my lethargy to be ready when God 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 Eugie 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 Tideman's for gooey caloric-filled sandwiches. Our consciences 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 4 out of every ten girls will be old maids. Cheerful prospect! The things are bad enough without thinking of that.



SEPTEMBER 6

Happy Labor Day! and it was quite happy too considering ----- This morning we reviewed the matter of this next weekend which had been sort of lying dormant till other and Mom and Dad said I definitely couldn't go up alone. There was little I could say and I sponed I really see their point but I do want to go to Hamilton so very badly. We hit upon the idea of Bugie'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 altar 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!

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SEPTEMBER 7

I slept late again, getting dressed in time to meet Mrs. Brennan and Pat. 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 in good spite of everything.

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



SEPTEMBER 8

A nice day! I met Lou at  
Croswell Avenue just before twelve  
and then on to New York to meet  
around Lord & Taylor's trying to  
get decorative ideas for improving  
the K's house but things were too  
extreme for our collegiate ways!  
Then we went to the Lippin - La Room  
for lunch and to have our forenoon  
sold - very interesting! After that  
we went to the Ambassador Theater  
and saw "Blazon Time" - music  
costumes and acting were swell -  
good show about Schubert's life and  
music. I met Mother and Dad at  
Demprey's for dinner and sat at the  
table next to Jack and his two children.  
After that - back to the H.C. meeting at  
Jeannette's for gab - nothing exciting.

Italy unconditionally surrendered to  
the Allies. Best news since the war began.  
Is victory nearer? In L's glad!

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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 'squeezed') 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 Bar and then went to Robert's where I had my hair shampooed and set (first time 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, so 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 get a room any more. God I'm so disappointed. He wanted to go so badly. We talked for quite awhile 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!

Mon 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 Tom Conche and Gene Tierney - very amusing and I liked it good. We went to Loko for a pair of popper pants - and then to Dr. Weiss' for the wood. 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 it talked - slept together in the double bed and were real restless.



SEPTEMBER 11

An active day! Family early, Bugie and I dressed in our riding togs, and after meeting Can, Aud and Irene we trekked to 155th St. and hopped on horses. At least the rest hopped but not having gone in over two years, I was nonetheless 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, Can, Edith and Jean all came in, and we howled hysterically over old diaries of Aud & Irene revealing their "supreme skills" of grammar and high school days. Jean's baby'll arrive the end of February supposedly. It doesn't seem possible. Anyhow, the evening was fun!



SEPTEMBER 12

hurping and nursing sore aching muscles, and and I practically dragged ourselves to St. Luke'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 restor. Mr. Judd has accepted an offer at Christ Church outside of Philadelphia, and will leave St. Luke's the end of this month. After church we stopped at George's for a few moments and then home. Mother had 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 quirk 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 narrowers and writing again at last. He is still waiting for his transfer orders to the Air Corps, and wrote a long peppy letter while waiting. Then - Floyd - still 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 spic-and-commander-in-Norway stuff) and Donald O'Connor in Mr. Big - a cute J. Steebug 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 weeks spent 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!



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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 29<sup>th</sup> Street and 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 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue bus to Jackson Heights

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Thon  
it  
ice!

Toughy, Mother & I went over to Thompson's to see Jack & Marge. They're going to Custer!



SEPTEMBER 16

I should have left for Hillsburg 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 Fannie'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 east  
to Brooklyn (riding in on the train with  
Mrs. Ingold) and met Dad for lunch.  
It was the first date we'd had in  
ages so we kind of talked as I  
munched on my shrimp currie. 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 Gloria's  
and peeked at the preparations for the  
shower she gave for Boris De Brodt Deane;  
and then Mother, Lizzy 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 plasterers 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 Jamaica to buy last minute powder puffs, toothbrushes and emery boards, and pick up a pair of moccasins and a pair of black non-ratoned shoes, which I treasure as a good bargain.

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



18  
SEPTEMBER 19

The last Sunday at home! Dad and I went to St. Luke'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 Belleburg with Maryjane Thompson since Jack needs the car at Custis. 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, Henry and Aunt came over and we lunched at Tiedeman's for sodas, rehearsing 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 wilds for a convention (W.S. T.A.) but stayed here instead. - I wrote Nancy Cuddy, Bill & Roll.



SEPTEMBER 20

A lovely mail, being as how I heard from Bill Boyd (enclosing a cute 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 nosed 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 Joanne for a wonderful ride in Cunningham Park. Peter Pan cantered like a streak of greased lightning and we flew along. It was really swell! Joanne treated me to a coke too and after awhile came over to the house to buy me a War Bond. (Oh crazy - I mean "sell" me a War Bond!) so I hooked the attach! Mother and I went to Robert's where I had my hair set for the final time, and then came home waiting for Nancy's arrival. Dad's still at the convention.

Surprise! Bill Brennan sent me 16 American Beauty roses with a really perfect 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 perky 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 Boys Hall; and then went to Jamaica and bought several pairs of pants and a pair of pajamas.

Dad came out early and told us of his troubles in the business world. He is 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.S.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, Margie (both of her), Cary and I sent ourselves down in the '41 Packard, crammed 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 Rex had made. Most all the way, Cary and I burst forth into song and the time passed quickly.

We reached Pittsburg at 5:00 and had dinner at the Lodge - then real excited - we came back to the hotel and saw everybody, Taz gone, I do love it so good! It's super being with all the gals - especially Beth and Punchy! So very much fun!  
a dependably jorky letter from Bill King



SEPTEMBER 24

We slept and talked in bed till after Alex 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 Margie for lunch and spent the evening with them too. I wrote postcards and read Life and the Saturday Evening Post. I met Chuck Londaak 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 tipped around not to wake the fair roommates as I dressed for my 8:30 appointment with advisor, Dr. Ward. 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. Sounds kind of stiff but after all, I've come to college, essentially to exercise my gray matter.

I spent the morning with Muggsy Platt 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.

Well! 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 stekked over to Chandler and packed up our little sisters to take them to Buxton - nice St. James' 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.

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



6  
SEPTEMBER 27

School bells chimed again and I am officially a Junior — it's so impressive being respected for a charge! I only had three classes. Dr. Forder 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 \$29 for beatup second hand 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.L.G. meeting tonight with the usual welcomes & news about a German Club dance for the A.S.T.U. boys. House meeting afterwards and then bull sessions about reading and sex



SEPTEMBER 28

light about now we're in a mad dash of  
enthusiasm - we're all out for studies, all  
out for extra-curricular stuff, and all out  
for improving the house, and K.D. in general.  
Such a busy little year as it's gonna be!

Money and Banking, Business Enterprise,  
Statistics and Accounting all involve  
loads of work and I groan under  
the weight of it. Oh, for just one snap  
course - it'd be so refreshing!

Mother, Holly, Mellen 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 nervily seek around  
town having people sign contracts,  
and pay money - I hope! We get  
commission too. Soberly meeting,  
though informal was inspiring in  
its plans. I hope the spirit lasts!  
Letters from Edith and Evie



SEPTEMBER 29

A busy day, with classes from nine till 4:30 P.M., with time out to see Mother off on the morning train. It seems odd not to have her around any more.

Classes were still interesting except for statistics lab. which really is a stinker. If it weren't required for my major, I'd gladly stay with the idea of dropping it, but you'll hear 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.T.U. boys out on the football field. It was impressive - a far cry from the football rallies of a year ago.

This evening, Nedje 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-housed. Life perked up though when Mr. Nugent 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 vegetable 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 my rubber boots even and we gave ourselves alcohol rubdowns instead.

A letter from Dossie and a card from Bill Rayl 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 makes you feel very foolish, but I suppose it's fun.

The afternoon was spent in the library doing my Statistics paper, reading Business Management and talking to A. S. T. U. boys.

Tonight the Chaplain's assistants gave a Tupper which was really sensational. The talent along the lines of singing and piano playing was amazing.

Council meetings this evening.



OCTOBER 2

Such an exciting day! After class I decided I'd best get my ads for the Flat Hat and checked around campus and town doing my bit. After lunch, Sixth, Punchy and I trudged out the Richmond Road about three miles to the Pleasant Walk Dairy (Groove name!) in vain - no manager and so no ad. but on the way out we met a soldier from Eddie's 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.T.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 is a good tackle, but he is awfully sweet in spite 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 Canterbury Club little sister. I gave up and Janet Hilton and I went to the sea at Buxton Parish by ourselves. It was boring - not many people there - just stood around and simpered.

Punchy Kay, some Alpha Chi and I had supper in the Wigwam - talked with quite a few A. S. J. H. boys - and then wrote letters home in between bull sessions.

I received a letter from Bill Boyd yesterday - he's stationed at Keester Field, Mississippi. It's nearer than South Dakota, anyhow.



OCTOBER 4

The day seemed 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 - Lay, Louise, Sue Gugley and I - another jaunt home in the afternoon and then I typed merrily away on a letter to Bill Brennan.

After supper, all the upper-classmen 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 peckish letter from Bill Brennan upset about the change in plans for Meteorology - and letters from Jimmy & Suey.



OCTOBER 5

Activities girls personified! I had classes, practically straight from 8-4:35, with not much lagging time in between. After that, House and I went ad hunting for the Flat Hat and then we all panned the porch door screens and some furniture. - I confess the others did more than I.

Supper in the living 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 staying around with the various adding machines. Moreover in a bout of dining hall food the Crazy Suez and I decided to go smooth and have dinner at the Lodge. The Rockfish was all we could afford, but the meal was delicious anyhow. Beth met Jim, her cousin, there and he walked home with us - asked her for a date for Saturday night.

Super event! The phone rang about a la long distance and it was Beth Boyd calling from Mississippi. We talked our fully allowed five minutes and it was wonderful. I wish I could see him. He is super fellow.



OCTOBER 7

A busy time was had by all. In between classes, I missed lunch & sid in the Registrar's office and address envelopes to all the parents, for the Flat Hat. It was interesting for I got a look as what everyone is mopping up and stuff, and though I gave myself writer's cramp I was all fun. Accounting was amazing in that I actually got my problems right - it is fascinating. afterwards, I tried doing my statistics, but soon gave up on it so long and awesome did it look.

All evening the whole society 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.

Margie Thompson called, asking me to go on a date - I'd have loved it, but couldn't; cause of painting. Letter from Pat, Irene & Sunny.



OCTOBER 8

Almost the end of another week!  
We crawled out of bed rather sleepily,  
munched our breakfast doughnuts and  
set out for classes. August 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 were 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 Haxton.  
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 Bowden!  
— 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 We'll Freshman Team play the A. S. T. U. boys. It was a pretty good game - the Freshman Team won - but made us homesick for the good old days of real football.

Dad went out with her margin tonight - we were unsmothered.  
A terrifically sticky letter from Dad Boyd.



OCTOBER 10

A completely lazy Sunday - we slept through church again - at least Beth went out with her essay again while PUNCHY and I slept. Our sins are catching up with us though!

Cary, Jim, PUNCHY and I went to the Greek's for brunch - was different but good as we ate our hot cakes and bacon.

This afternoon I actually settled down in the library and began sussing over my statistics assignment. It was really 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 played 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 went into dinner for the early shift again, and then after doing more Treasury stuff, we prepared for Second Degree blessing of Betty Triscoll, Betty Ann, Fletcher and Mabel Dunn. We went to the Wagon for Luncheon 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 Oberdorfer'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. Nequist assigned us two papers in one week and then two longer this semester. Such a fascinating man. (I fear he is becoming an obsession with us!)

After Accounting (I had my paper handed back to me again — I'll 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 TAM meeting for the making of all sorts of gala plans.

Jean Huber told me Lee Johnson stationed at Keele is looking up Bill Boyd. That's all I needed!  
I'm so tired!



OCTOBER 14

Quite a nice day in spite 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 class now!  
I surely need stimulation of  
some sort!!!

Today was my annual massaging  
as I had my picture taken for  
the Colonial Echo. I can't face  
paying \$3.75 to plague posterity —  
if only this setting would have  
turned out heavenly.

Margie Thompson took me  
for dinner at the Inn today.  
Twas fun! We went back to  
Merriman's and talked afterwards.  
Very nice!



4  
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 drifted around all afternoon till time to make ourselves smooth and go to the Chaplain's reception and dance. Galley 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 receiving chaplain 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 dived to records, drifting off into Memoryland. — Afterwards we awoke to reality and studied some more and then sweated through hell sessions.

Another real nice letter from Bill Boyd (!) — one from Eddie Tamm — and money and banking stuff from home — Dave Yonah has come home at last. Super!



OCTOBER 17

The end of another weekend - and a real nice one it was too. Our sins finally 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 Peirce 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 deer for the society - freshmen 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 Louie and the Loring Bunt. Exciting!

Meeting night! W.S.C.G.A. meeting, and then Sorority one with lectures and discussions about necking in the living room. Lily problem!



8  
OCTOBER 19

One of those nasty little days when a series of things went wrong and I lounged around stagnantly. More newspapers and desks 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 tonight.

Mail from home and Edith Keel. 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 Bessie Yloman, Enterprises has gone over.



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 Leber 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. T. Unit held a review for the students at Mc N. They've improved a great deal in their marching etc and it was real interesting. It set me to thinking that going to College in War Time is an experience to equal the pre College days!

We all went to Chapel - the Wesleyan (I bumped into John <sup>24</sup> 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 grade - 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 "recking" in the living room.

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 breaking  
fast) Cary, Sheila, Pat, Harvey  
and I went to see "Thank  
Your Lucky Stars" with  
lots of stars in a rather  
cozy arrangement.... Had  
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. Folter's  
for another stimulatingly  
cozy evening. He really  
promotes interrelation between  
students and professors. Nice!

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OCTOBER 23

Don't mention busy days! After an eight o'clock session with Nancy and Barbara, 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, bookcase, dressers and chairs (improving the assets of the State of Virginia) and also painted ourselves.

We went to the Wigwam for lunch and whipped up noodle soup and fried egg sandwiches for supper.

Founder's Day, with appropriate, whole-hearted & commemorative services.



OCTOBER 24

A busily busy Sunday. Once  
now did the Punch and I  
sleep through church (while  
Beth sweated out well for all  
day!) We dressed for dinner  
and then did homework  
till 3:30 when Punch, Cary  
and I went to the Canterbury  
Club tea. I was nominally  
in charge of refreshments and  
we had a gag some making  
cream and fixing sandwiches  
and cookies. Dr. Falden spoke  
interestingly on Israel.  
I was real nice.

We made soup and egg  
sandwiches again for supper  
and then dashed to the  
Candlelight Service at Beaton.  
It was lovely. Jack Carter  
sermonized - amazingly good!

OCTOBER

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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 Society meeting with dopey reports, and a great deal of general informality.

Mother called to say Bell Hughes had been in New York and at the house. Am so glad she could show me some Manhattan hospitality at last.



OCTOBER 26

A lovely day in spite of its  
being a rainy messy blue Tuesday!  
It began when my Chem. Request  
brought back my money and  
Banking exam and I found  
that on the Bejumed paper was  
proudly marked 96 - at I  
was really surprised, but I  
beam accordingly.

After classes nosing around  
downtown and dinner (dinner  
here food has been wonderful  
ludly - 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 Beerman was home last  
weekend with Kay! Towards like fun!

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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 Garden  
 square; Navy officials appeared  
 impressive and Station WRVA  
 broadcasted. The Chaplains Choir  
 sang and I beamed on them.  
 It was 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 any thing.

a birthday party for Flap  
 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 with a net loss instead of a surplus, but other people had the same results, so maybe I was wrong - don't know!

This evening Cary, Pat Truin and I went to a meeting of the Scarlet 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 Triscoll had a lead & was wonderful. The Art Exhibit - Life Magazine Golden Competition - was very good too!



A busyish day, with more "What else can happen?" attitudes! I cut gym to have me picture look 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 Ray - ended peckishly. A nice letter from Bill Hughes. I'm so glad he went to Halifax!



OCTOBER 30

I grudgingly tumbled out of bed for my eight o'clock to discover August hadn't considered coming so I grumbled but went to my nine o'clock and then after a stake down down we cleaned up the house (oh! for the maid!) once more unearthing piles of dirt and rum. Desquaring!

This afternoon we fooled around with Canterbury Club stuff and then came the Pond Pazaar. 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 war stamps were sold too.

Betty, Cary, several others and I went to the movies for a mass sex date to see Bud Hays in "Kid's Face It" with Betty Hutton.



OCTOBER 31

A messy Sunday. We'd planned on getting up to have our pictures took for the Canterbury 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 Dixy Greek's with Beth for breakfast I stuck close to home.

Colossal 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 candle-wick spreads and drapes and our room is now superb. I love it dearly!



NOVEMBER 1

Happy Ghost Day as I recovered from the Halloween party. Jay, Jan and Dittel gave last night as we bobbed for apples in the bath tub. 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 in spite 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, sand-  
wiched in between everything else.  
The main cherry spot was the  
discovery that I finally managed  
to pull down a B in accounting,  
after my series of getting my  
papers back... I did today  
too - I can't wait! If only  
these damned exams would be  
over.

Beth, PUNCHY, Lou and I  
became re-stagnant by playing  
ping pong after classes ---  
and then I was cheered by  
the arrival of a letter (V-  
mail) from Floyd. He is  
somewhere in the Southwest  
Pacific and says he is well  
and happy. I'm so glad!  
Letter from Jane to Dossie



NOVEMBER 3

Oh hell! I don't even care any more! The Marketing exam was a stinker, and to add insult to injury, Wequest 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 smelling grimly. In dramatically complaining, but as usual.

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, Lurchy, 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 relayed our heli-  
letters from Glory, Bill, Betty & Connie.



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," say I, and am making good on my threat.

I cut Psych. and slept blissfully till 7 am for Marketing when Mr. Haines gave us our marks back -- I actually scored 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 Pushing situation.

The rest of the day was such fun though. Right about 5:10 Ray the fellow Punchy met on the train, came, bringing Eddie Hagen (a Sergeant at Leeds) with him. Eddie's awfully sweet and passed his heart out to me. We went to the Lodge for a drink, 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 dined for dinner, still raving about the food and selection thereof in the new cafeteria; and then went to a lush tea at the Laverys'. 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! Wedge and 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 pinkish 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 Bs and Cs, but whassa matter? do I want eggs in my beer?

all afternoon before song practice, Wedge 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 her) 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 contemplated its going to the library all morning and did Business and marketing up through, next week came 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 Bellsburg 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 a 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 Joris Gonzales to see Sweet Rose O'Grady - a typical Betty Grable job but good.

We went to chapel this evening where Sr. Folsom spoke again - this time on searching for an individual foundation for the spirit of Christmas. Very good!

A cute (?) letter from Eddie Hrogen enclosing the words to "I Can't Get Started With You" - Bessie Berrigan's former vocalized lines in the barracks next to her. Today's letter from Bill Boyd was disappointingly carbonator - too bad! - I'd gotten started!



NOVEMBER 11

Happy Armistice Day! I once 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 things 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 the motions" type of thing. Such fun!



NOVEMBER 12

At last the day came and we bubbled over contentedly. 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 teacher at Peary - Regina 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 is real (Hamilton man!) and Midge is truly super and Washington is wonderful. I'm bubbly! We went to Kelly'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 in the shopping district as we moseyed around gazing in traffic and crowds - we bought loads of stuff for the kids at the KA house and stared in awe at the big stores, being proud of the way we didn't get lost on it-walk. Such fun!

George, Midge and I had a delish dinner at Donald'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, Nedje 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, Nedje and I had a wonderful dinner at the Garden Tea Shoppe and spent the rest of the evening in doing card tricks and selling forgeries. Quiet, but fun. Once more we got back to Holly's along about four - but were cheerfully held.



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 in spite 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 ship covers have arrived and the house is now in the sensational realm.

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 six<sup>th</sup> 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 bells 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 to the whole affair however was when Betty Lancer (KS National Chaplain) phased to say she is coming to visit us next weekend - in the midst of Preferential's Tell!

Classes ran unevenly with more work being piled on. Mail from home!



NOVEMBER 17

Rushin's going along in full swing now. and my smile is cracking a little, but still haven't slumped into that veritable mood. -- that'll come later. We talked to people from Honolulu to the Isle of Jamaica and heard 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 invitation.

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 through it all!



NOVEMBER 18

Were 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 heart  
feelings -- no "I'll disaffiliade..."  
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 anyhow, 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 Pushing---  
everything went smoothly and we  
sang and did "Top Hat" routine, "O.  
Your Cars 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  
Hodge Coffee Shoppe for sandwiches,  
milk shakes and cake. It tasted  
good and was a pleasant change  
after Scratch meeting then. She  
opened her present - the 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  
his sure that we really had  
fun all day in preparing for  
tomorrow's Candyland party. Beth  
and I didn't quite make it to our  
eight o'clocks, and slept real  
nice - it felt good.

Betty Lauer came just before  
noon and we greeted her with  
guests. She really is swell ---  
loves to be with all her body  
and soul. After a hasty  
lunch of the Fried Egg variety,  
we had a serious meeting and  
then began decorating & decorating  
midge. Betty Jean and I trekked  
into the woods looking like a  
camouflage as we hugged foliage  
back with us. All evening was  
a slapstick affair with the job  
being done by midnight.

Letter from Bill Boyd - 11-20-68.



NOVEMBER 21

All our well-laid plans were dropped 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 out our candy-stripe dresses, socks and moccasins and began pushing the conversation around again. It wasn't really bad -- almost fun.

Tonight we dismantled Candy Land and began 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 so smoothly but amazingly it all did. A lot of real swell girls whom we'd asked came; and all in all our rushing and look-<sup>ed</sup> as optimistic as we <sup>~</sup>thankfully murmured "What an improvement over last year."

On the spur of the moment, I decided to go home Wednesday for Frank's going -- just hop on a train and were from Washington. I imagine Mother & Dad 'd have a tizzy but I'm thrilled at the idea.

A V-mail from Floyd (nice boy!) and a letter from Bill Hughes -- in Wash DC for a day. He called me last night. I will



NOVEMBER 23

The final fling, with a resolute attitude not to let anything worry me. - filled the day. I lachadereally 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 might be together on Thanksgiving, Beth, Prueky and I went to the Lodge for dinner and really got acquainted again, after not having been able to engage in pleasant conversation for 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. Left 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 Reckie Goldberg most of the way and we gabbed and sang with some cut for a chicken sandwich in the dice. We met some gals from Mary Washington and compared notes on colleges.

The train sauced into Penn Station a little after 7:30 and I began a hunt for Mother and Dad whom I'd telegraphed from Richmond. They did have a fuzzy and the reaction was startling though all is calm now. It's good to be home.



NOVEMBER 25

Happy Thanksgiving! I slept till  
nine 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 dozed comfortably in one  
chair after another. The dinner  
(chicken not turkey) was delicious  
and I'm sure I gorged five pounds  
on the deal. Home-cooking is a  
wonderful institution.

After dinner Bill back from  
Pittsburg phoned; and we revelled  
in having a local conversation  
again. In a little while he ditched  
visiting aunts and uncles and  
came over. It's so joggone good to  
see him again - especially without  
knowing it'll be over in a few hours.  
He stayed till 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 awhile and then met Mother who hopped a subway with me for New York. The rest of the afternoon was spent in Dr. Weiss' 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 youth of the past and present). We had late supper at the China Clipper, where I glommed 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 Henry 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 gentlemen 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, huh -- 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 a W.O.L. What next?

Most of the day was a quiet, relaxing one till Joanne, Glory & Gene went to Friedman's to gorge ourselves with hot fudge sundae's 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. And was home when I got there. More talking and plans for Christmas.



NOVEMBER 29

Mother and Leg 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 am 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 for 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 Christmas week - what a side. 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 though I'd been away at all. I started gymnastics - it wasn't too very rambunctious and I didn't actually rebel.

I'm getting further in further ahead in my work and despair of ever catching up - but I hope 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-green-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 possibly ever 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. Phalen spoke and was most boring.

I whipped up a term paper on Frederick W. Taylor and did some accounting. Oh! To catch up!



DECEMBER 2

I'm in that nasty mood of  
so-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,  
though 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, Len, Sheila, Jean  
and I went to the movies to see  
Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in  
"Bill Crazy". The Gershwin music  
was super and I loved it.



DECEMBER 3

I'm still swamped in the muck of scrappapers and the hellish mess of statistics. With relaxation intervals of listening to the new records people have bought I poured out my heart and soul over the damned stuff. Beth helped me mostly, but still I think it's mostly wrong. I just don't have a mathematical mind and can't seem to understand the damned stuff at all. Ah phooey!

Word came from home that Bill Brennan is back at 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!

Lover 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 around in the pink and blue room before ducking 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 "Hill Crazy" again. It was a wonderful evening!

We gave a belated surprise birthday party for Beth in the ballroom pink & blue room - with food and caroling. mm!



DECEMBER 5

Lexh and I sleepily awoke in our ballooned and re-feasted 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 Nidge.

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 K.S. president) - my date was decidedly aesthetically if not overly feminine, but the roast beef dinner and dancing at the Lodge was good. So good dinner!



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 a sorority meeting I was elected and installed "Treasurer of Alpha Pi Chapter of Kappa Beta 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 usher get the sorority into debt & 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 head 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 earned 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 vari. — 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 how and I were going to the play. "The Patriots" but I turned greasy grand instead. Not only is it supposedly the best college play in ages, but Mackenzie King was in the audience — down in Bellingham for a rest. Wouldn't you know. It's exciting anyhow!

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 of me!

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 see all 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.

Long practice showed improved effort for the song contest next week



DECEMBER 11

My "emotional stability" went slowly and I further slumped 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 precelebrate with some Christmas spirit.

Tonight was fun as Beth, Purdy, Cary, Lou and I made fudge from boarder materials. It was rich and we gorged ourselves. Nice letters from both Bill again. Two in a week. Amazing!



DECEMBER 12

A more-or-less beautiful Sunday - slept late - indulged in deep bull sessions and cracked to occasional records besides stuffing ourselves with fudge left over from last night's domestic party.

In between times of course I studied a maximum 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 Stutor 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 grand. Today's 'Marketing' exam was typically Tories-ish and characteristically emphasized what I hadn't quite gotten around to learning. When I came back from the exam and slumped 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 Shelkin and had society meeting.

V-mailers from Floyd and Bob Sheradoff!



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 newspapers.

After class began anew our practices for the song contest. — a hasty supper — and then the real thing in Chi 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 Inferno way.



4  
DECEMBER 15

With one roommate down and Punchy and I staggering around in drowsy stupor, with chills and fevers and coughs and snuffles, 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 Christmas 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 is sick with the flu — what next?



DECEMBER 16

Another coughing and sneezing day without things going along on the scintillating level. I slept lusciously, cutting all my morning classes and not waking 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 dino.

I subsided in the library getting information on the fascinating subject of Marketing 'Abaco'!



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 KD Christmas party tonight with decorated tree and candlelit atmosphere - Cary cleverly gotten up as Santa Claus -- 1st gifts to be taken given to the crippled children of the Richmond hospital - cider and doughnuts. 'Twas indeed lovely!

Dad is still sick with the flu - what next I ask!  
I was cured from Florence tomorrow



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 whizzed away at my Marketing Newspaper and packed.

I got A on my Money & Banking Exam - and was pleased,



DECEMBER 19

Another invalidised 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 KAs who up and left. I wish I were one of them!

Purchy, Janet and I went to the cafeteria for dinner after which I finished my newspaper and then went to bed -- another soup and soft baked 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 is so lovely!!

The afternoon I officially stopped working and just drooped around reading magazines and relaxin'. Well a gang of us decided to go to the movies to see Tony Trujillo and Olivia De Havilland in "Government Girl." It was corny and full of choice tidbits of Roosevelt propoganda, but real cute anyhow.

No serenity meeting tonight and so we did last minute things and it was 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 Soldier". We then ambled back to the station to discover that the five 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 really were 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 quiddlecakes in the Savaria 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 pretty Christmas cards — reading magazines and sleeping.

This evening I felt smooth. Mother drove me down to D & H. where I went to their Christmas cocktail party and had a lovely time — drank well cups of Cuba Libre and munched on sandwiches — Most of the men danced with me and I felt smooth, as of the Be War Party days. Life can be beautiful!



2  
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  
skinned 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 - - -

In spite 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 Clifton and unable to get home either - etc. - things seem very different. I wish those "Dreamings 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 3:30 - we all had fun together doing little in particular.

Letter from Bill Boyd. Sounds lonesome



4  
DECEMBER 25

Merry Christmas - and a lovely one too in spite 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; stationery; compact; jewelry; wallet; leg makeup; stockings (prizes!); slippers; manicuring set; cologne and all sorts of wonderful (and rousing practical) gifts. Cary and C.B. came out for Turkey dinner - and in between times, Glory, Doris, Joanie, Audrey and Jack; Mrs. Brennan, Pat and Alan came. (Bill sent me Heaven Scent cologne and dusting powder! Spooled boat, say I; but I beam! If only the war were over... but - Hell!



DECEMBER 26

This was "Gria n' Bear It" day as I stalked up one nose 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 up on us.

Doc Hammit came by to pay for 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 relating - 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. Hextler to meet Gary 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 Johannes Strauss' "Die Fledermaus". It was real good and I enjoyed it a lot. Dorothy Tarnoff (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 especially 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've promised 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. Sammie 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 et. al.

Real nice letter from Bill Boyd - cards from Jim Mooney & Jim Tracy.



DECEMBER 30

Another day spent in the house. I was supposed to meet some of the KAs 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, Mary Audrey Cary, Jane Edith Gere, Camille Jean (both of her), Pat Brennan and Ed Smith were all here. Ed looks grand and brought some fruit from the Fort Pierce plant of Bell Bakeries. It was good to see her and reminisce over this summer's 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, Ann and I drove into Grand Central - had a cocktail at the Baltimore - 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 Tallis again!

The end of '43



BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

January

29<sup>th</sup> - Joan Hogan

February

14<sup>th</sup> - Marjorie Borchers

14<sup>th</sup> - Mrs. Hettler

March

20<sup>th</sup> - Glory Hettler

23<sup>rd</sup> - Ridge Mitchell



## BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

April

10<sup>th</sup> - Mrs. Brennan  
9<sup>th</sup> - Claire Lewis

May

3<sup>rd</sup> - Bill Brennan  
4<sup>th</sup> - Jase Boucher  
9<sup>th</sup> - Kay Johnson  
29<sup>th</sup> - Henny Frank

June

11<sup>th</sup> - Bill Boyd  
6<sup>th</sup> - Lamar Dutz



## BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

July

- 2<sup>nd</sup> - Elizabeth Fischer  
17<sup>th</sup> - Casey Hughes

August

- 16<sup>th</sup> - Bill Boley  
25<sup>th</sup> - Floyd Potts  
25<sup>th</sup> - Tom Borchers  
9<sup>th</sup> - Harry Colburn  
16<sup>th</sup> - Mother  
19<sup>th</sup> - Nana  
22<sup>nd</sup> - Nina Boone

September

- 4<sup>th</sup> - Edith Kest  
23<sup>rd</sup> - Jessie Enberg  
23<sup>rd</sup> - Carolyn Harley



BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

October

31<sup>st</sup> - Mr. Hettler  
19<sup>th</sup> - Pat Lavery

November

3<sup>rd</sup> - Baddy  
19<sup>th</sup> - Beth McLelland  
2<sup>nd</sup> - Mini Jaddis

December

13<sup>th</sup> - Doris Hostetter  
23<sup>rd</sup> - Aylene Davis  
25<sup>th</sup> - Audrey Zoeller  
31<sup>st</sup> - Pat Brennan



## SPECIAL EVENTS

- Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> - Davis and Heck awarded Army and Navy C. - Daddy accepts at St. George.
- Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> - 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 & shopping for K.D.
- May 15 & 16 - Glory came to Belleburg
- May 21-25 - Daddy came to Belleburg
- May 25-31 - Final exams and "Goodbye"
- 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 11<sup>th</sup> - Bill Brennan was home



### SPECIAL EVENTS

- August 7-9 - Floyd was home
- August 8 - Bill Brennan was home
- August 14 - RAF Gurnea & 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 was on his way overseas. - the first to go. "Next?"
- August 27 - My last day at Bell Bakeries. Sadly sentimental.
- Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> - Italy unconditionally surrendered to the allies!!!!
- Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> - I should have gone to Hamilton but "bravely" snuffed instead.
- Sept. 22 - Back to W.M.
- Nov. 12-15 - Nedje and I went to Washington for the weekend
- Nov. 16-22 - Society Rushing
- Nov. 24-29 - Home for Thanksgiving.



### SPECIAL EVENTS

- December 6 - I became Treasurer of Kappa Delta  
Bill Brennan and his  
appendicitis were home too.
- December 22 - Home for Christmas
- December 25 - A very different Christmas Day
- December 31 - New Year's Eve - Bill Brennan came home.



