

Wea.

JULY 1

Ther.

This long vacation hardly seems possible. It's too relaxing to last.

I sunned myself and wrote letters. They came after lunch and we discussed Jackie's definitely postponed marriage. It's such a shame!

Mother and I went to Jamaica to buy presents for Lizzie's birthday tomorrow. When we came home we found Bill Betty here. A really pleasant surprise.

Mother, Dad, Liz and I went to Howard Johnson's for a birthday dinner.

Mail from Elaine Beth & Dottie. Pat Lavery's Dad has died. Too bad!

Wed.

JULY 2

Ther.

A quiet day, spent at home as various people said they'd come out, but were held up for various reasons.

It's Giggle's birthday and we had a series of peaceful celebrations.

I read Pearl Buck's "China Sky" and began to read "Jalna". They're both very good.

Wea.

JULY 3

Ther.

I beam at being the proud possessor of a piskish bit of paper which allows me four months in which to learn to drive a car. I can already shift a mead gear and drive a full 20 feet by myself.

Mother, Liz and I went into the city to see a reissue of Disney's "Fantasia" and to have lunch at Rogers Corners.

This evening I went out to Mitchell Field to meet Bill. It was an impressive thrill to walk around and see the buildings and field (all those men too!) I sat in the cafeteria and see "Hail the Conquering Hero" in the Post Theater, after entering places plainly marked "No Admittance". It was an experience!

Wea.

JULY 4

Ther.

Happy firecrackers! A  
far cry from the Independence  
Days of old: no firecrackers  
and transportation being  
frowned on. But then ---  
this is war!

We stayed home all  
day again -- and I wrote  
nine letters finally catching  
up with my tardy cor-  
respondence.

We talked about Cousin  
Bernie getting a DFC and  
oak leaf clusters after  
30 missions over Europe.

He's been promoted to a  
1st lieut in the Air Corps.

Wea.

JULY 5

Ther.

Back to work - after a real vacation, hampered as it was by my cold.

We've started working on a special survey on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor. It's interesting and fun, as ever. Our lunch at the Eat Shoppe was another interlude.

Mail today from Colby, Bob and Bill. The last letter was really terrific. He can write a good letter when he wants to. I'm intrigued over the possibility that he's at O.C.S. Bill talks in veiled terms about it though. It would certainly be lovely.

Wea.

JULY 6

Ther.

Wea.

We worked moderately hard on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor again, with time out for lunch at Loft's.

I met Father Hory and Mrs. Dexter at Radio City to see Cary Grant in "Once Upon a Time". I was very disappointed in the picture. Even the stage show wasn't as good as usual. — We ate smorgasbord afterwards at the Stockholm.

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Wea.

JULY 7

Ther.

I was pleased when I cashed my checks for my first three weeks' salary and discovered that I had \$66.69 for 12 days work. Barn the withholding tax --- it could have been \$75.

Cary and her mother came out for supper tonight. We talked in lazy fashion.

Jacqueline was finally married today. She appears happier; but we all agree we'd much rather wait for something better.

A terrible circus fire in Hartford - over 150 killed, mostly children.

Wea.

JULY 8

Ther.

Wea.

Another lazy Saturday,  
brightened by an informal  
driving lesson: to spur me  
on to greater things!

This evening Irene  
Cam and I played bridge  
at Cudkey's . . . . Had a  
pleasantly interesting time  
and talked past midnight.

I'm still playing second  
fiddle to Bill Brennan's Ceece.  
— the call of the wild!

My  
of  
feel



Wea.

JULY 9

Ther.

A day best forgotten!  
My mood is unhappily not  
of the best variety, and I  
feel beat and lowdown.

Wea.

JULY 10

Ther.

The usual day at the office was changed by meeting Mother for lunch at the Dixie.

This evening I met Cary, Widge and Jan Felton for dinner at Stauffer's before going to see the Capital show: "Two Girls and a Sailor" and Tammy Kaye in person. It was very good and we had a terrifically good time.

Widge and Jan came home with me to spend the night. Such nice girls!

A letter from Florence Morrow

Wea.

JULY 11

Ther.

I'm tired after a short night of little sleep. - We all got back into N.Y. this morning and I worked fairly hard before meeting Glory for lunch.

This evening I went over to the Officer's Club at 28 E. 36 St. to see about going there once a week. It seems to be awfully nice and I'm going to start a week from Friday. It sounds like fun!

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at the New Yorker. It was nice.

Wed.

JULY 12

Thur.

Wed.

Things are looking upwards. Work continues the same, as a momentary session is released. - Lunch at the Dive with the Cassidy gang was pleasant!

Tonight's H. G. C. meeting was at Cam's. We talked and knit afghan squares.

Today's very nice letter from Bill confirmed the rumor that he's at O.C. at the famous infantry school. I'm so proud of him --- and hope to hear that he gets through without complications.

Wea.

JULY 13

Ther.

I met Cary and Beth for lunch at Stouffer's and caught up on various back news about everyone.

This evening was a quiet one, with some out for telephone chats with Bill Brennan, Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Dietz---  
Lou has gone to Alabama to be with Bill G. for a while or so!

Wea.

JULY 14

Ther.

Bastille Day! and Pay Day too! with some out for lunch at Toffenetti's.

I met Mother and Dad and came home with them stopping at Howard Johnson's for supper.

I went over to Alvey's for a while this evening

Wea.

JULY 15

Ther.

Another lazy Saturday of reading & writing; given some excitement by going to the Valencia with Gary, Cam, Irene and Stephanie at night to see "It Happened Tomorrow" and "Address Unknown", neither of which were too remarkable. —  
I'm still too restless at double features.

Wed.

JULY 16

Thur.

Wed.

Absolutely nothing new.  
Just another interlude! Sundays  
are an institution!

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Ther.

Wea.

JULY 17

Ther.

Sundays

A busy day as I sandwiched a walk over to Dr. Weiss' in between work at Crossley.

Being Cary's birthday she had an informal gettogether at her apartment. It was interesting to meet a lot of the people I'd heard so much about. She seemed well pleased over her entrance into the ranks of the 19 year olds.

Wea.

JULY 18

Ther.

Another day just forgotten as I withdrew into the recesses of an indigo blue funk. - brought to the crucial point by the fact that the officer's Club is looking for those more sophisticated than I, at present, and I won't be going there.

I met mother and Dad at the China Clipper after going to the Newseum Theater - excellent films on the Fall of Rome, Invasions, etc.

er.

Wea.

JULY 19

Ther.

I drooped along a bit more with spirits and "exuberance" still hitting a new low.

A spurt of optimism came with my first official diving lesson at the Long Island Diving School in Jamaica. I'm terribly enthused about the whole thing!

Woa.

JULY 20

Ther.

I met mother after work today to see "Bathing Beauty" at the Astor. It was quite good.

mail from Bill Floyd and Janet. Bill's letter was sweet as always while still keep my fingers crossed that he'll be a lieutenant at the end of his 15 more weeks. — It was good hearing from Floyd, after such a long silence. He's apparently in the thick of the fighting in the Southwest Pacific. — Janet wrote about going up to her farm in August with the rest of the R.D.s.

Ther.

Wea.

JULY 21

Ther.

Payday to reward us  
after giving us energies to  
the thankless task of work-  
ing or sustaining.

I went over to Brooklyn  
to meet Dad for supper  
at Schrafft's before coming  
home together.

Wea.

JULY 22

Ther.

An educational day as I took my second drawing lesson and improved enough to execute a mean U-turn or two.

To the amazement of family and myself, I took over sewing. Peggie has been doing for War Relief and whipped up a doted Swiss child's dress. A domestic twist!

her.

Wea.

JULY 23

Thor.

I concentrated on being  
lazy inbetween writing several  
letters and engaging in  
family bull sessions

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Wea.

JULY 24

Thor.

Wea.

And so another week begins with a day of work and meeting Audrey to see "Dragon Seed" at the Music Hall. It was an excellent portrayal of Pearl Buck's novel and I enjoyed it tremendously. - We ate at a Chinese restaurant afterwards, and then came home.

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Wea.

JULY 25

Ther.

A day of the usual work, ended by meeting Mather and Dad in Brooklyn, eating at the Candlelight Restaurant.

The war news is muchly improved, with signs of Germany's cracking after an attempted assassination of Hitler last week. It's inconceivable that the war may actually be over soon.

Bell Brennan called to ask me to go to a movie with him, while I was out.

Wea.

JULY 26

Ther.

A pleasant day, followed by a pleasant evening. My head drawing lesson showed a slight improvement over past ones and I'm spurred on to optimism.

Alroy, home from her vacation stopped by, and then Ann and Jay with their families, Paul and Rod, and Joe came out. We danced and had a lot of fun, talking and the like. Joe asked me to go out with him Saturday night.

her.

Wea.

JULY 27

Thor.

I dropped at work and then came home for a quiet evening.

The mail was extraordinarily good today; as I received two letters from Freddy, one from Floyd and one from Bill. They were all grand; and Bill's was set on the extremely peckalatorish side of it all.

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me  
Turkey

Wea.

JULY 28

Ther.

Friday again, as my savings accumulate.

This evening mother and I met Dad at the station and then came on home.

And, Camilla and Irene came over to play bridge and share the usual gabfest until after midnight. Audrey spent the night here and we talked some more. Reminded of old times at Lake George.

Another real good letter from Bill written before leaving for five day maneuvers. Such a nice guy!

Wea.

JULY 29

Ther.

This morning I had my fourth driving lesson before Mother and I took Aunt Aggie; and then I went to the P.O. and bought a \$50 war bond.

This evening was really grand! --- like one of the prewar days. Joe and I double-dated with Paul and Ann. We went out on the Island -- to the Boleros for drinks and then to the Valley Stream Park Inn to dance and talk. It was so good driving in a car, listening to the radio and being with a civilian (Joe was medically discharged from the army - works at Custom House - has tough hours). It was a lot of fun - made me homesick for the old days.

Wea.

JULY 30

Ther.

I woke up in a happy frame of mind today — life is steadily improving!

This morning Mother took me out driving. I got along with a second mishap. Then, after dinner, I drove over to Gloria's where she and Gene Carr and I played bridge. I was sadly defeated!

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JULY 31

Ther.

And so the weeks roll on!  
The day at Crossley was made noteworthy by the hiring of two girls, one of whom turned out to be Idris Clark, whom I hadn't seen since graduating from 35, seven years ago. A small world indeed!

This evening Mrs. Potts came out for dinner. It was the first night I had ever met her. She really seems to be a charming person — though extremely talkative.

Wed.

AUGUST 1

Ther.

It scarce seems possible that it's August already. This summer is the speediest of all summers!

I met Cuz Bill Bailey for lunch today, first going to his smooth private office and then eating in the Hotel Times Square with him. He's really a grand fellow — has come up much the hard way!

I met Mother and Dad at the Plymouth in Brooklyn for dinner and then came home.

I received a letter from Kerry — now stationed in New York. It'll be good seeing her again after this time.  
Bill Brennan called.



Wea.

AUGUST 2

Ther.

A pleasantly busy day, in spite of the way that the thermometer is soaking along record-breaking levels.

I had another driving lesson as I wove in and out of traffic along Zuccenboro Boulevard, advancing a bit in experience.

The Happy Girls' Club meeting was climaxed at my house tonight by the surprise entrance of Idrie and then by Bill's arrival. It was all rather unusual and fun.

Bill stayed awhile afterwards (He had asked me to go out with him) and we talked.

er.

Wea.

AUGUST 3

Ther.

We took an interval out of the hot working day for lunch at the Chinese restaurant off 42nd Street.

This evening I met Lou for dinner at Tappan's. We talked & talked as she beamed over her trip to Alabama. She is really happy! — Afterward, we went to see "Mr Skiffington" with Bette Davis and Claude Rains. It was morbid, but very good for all that!

Another wonderful letter from Bill, written on business now he feels as though he's not doing his part at DC and wants to go overseas instead. He's so super! I wonder about this new idea though!

Wea.

AUGUST 4

Ther.

So very hot that we took over two hours for lunch and sat around most of the day reading magazines and still roasted. Bill Brennan phoned me at the office and confirmed our date on Sunday.

I met Dad in Brooklyn for supper at Schrafft's again before coming home

Ther.

Wea.

AUGUST 5

Ther.

I slept real late and felt  
the better for it. and then  
sketched out in the backyard  
sun in my bathing suit.

This afternoon's diving lesson  
showed still more improvement.  
I'm so anxious to really master  
the art though.

This afternoon in impromptu  
fashion Gary, Irene and Cam  
decided to spend the evening  
here over a bridge game and  
deep discussion on Racial  
Problems and the like.

Wea.

AUGUST 6

Ther.

I took Mother and Dad driving today - was disappointed that I didn't do better, but they seemed pleased.

Bell and I had fun this afternoon and evening. We went into N.Y. to see the really good "Story of Dr. Wassell" and enjoyed it tremendously. After walking the pavements to find a place to eat, we discovered that Toffenette was finally open and had supper here. Bell came home with me for awhile and we talked deeply becoming more confused afterwards than we were before. It's changed or I have - or something.

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AUGUST 7

Ther.

After work, I met Mother and went down to the Hughes apartment with her. We all chatted and sipped a meat juice before going down to the Village and eating in the sidewalk cafe Brevaort. The food was delicious and it was an experience to stare at les artistes. —

We dropped in at a movie also to see the revised "Bringing Up Baby" — Cary Grant at his best.

A letter from Ethene and another real nice one from Bill.

Wea.

AUGUST 8

Ther.

Work once more went as usual, as the end draws near.

I met Mother at Grand Central to buy my tickets to Tower Plains - for this next weekend at James Helton's farm. Then we went to Brooklyn to meet Dad and have dinner at the Candlelight. More talk about Dad's operation! It's been pending for such a long time!

I was terribly shocked to hear of Jack Hannastrom's death in a subchaser this week. He was a grand guy, and I'm deeply sorry.

Wea.

AUGUST 9

Ther.

This evening was fun! I drove around to Brennan's so that neither Mrs. Brennan, Pat and I could go out.

We went to Howard Johnson's for a very good supper and then to the Queensboro Theater (featuring Bway plays at half price) to see "Will flower" - a delightful comedy with fast moving lines - good psychological background too!

Two letters from Floyd. He's apparently still in New Guinea.



Wea.

AUGUST 10

Ther.

A hectic day as I try to accomplish much. We worked quite hard with just enough time out for lunch at the Famous Kitchen.

After work I dashed to Macy's to buy Mother a hood of a rain coat for her birthday next week - and then met Mother and Dad for dinner at the New Yorker.

Home and a hundred last minute preparations for going away tomorrow.

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AUGUST 11

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The day at the office was one of expectancy for this evening's trip to Dover Plains.

I met Cary, Elaine, Beth, Midge and Janet at Grand Central for an uneventful trip along the river road. We chatted to catch up on back news till we reached our destination and were met by Mrs. Veltor and Maude (the foreman's wife) to be driven to the house in a farm truck. The farm is a honey - 1200 acres with 100 cows, etc. The weekend promises to be a wonderful one.

Wea.

AUGUST 12

Ther.

I awakened bright and early to the sound of mooing cows, at which first Cary, Kitty, Jan and I went for a beautifully refreshing swim in the river before eating a stupendous country style breakfast - we walked all over the farm through corn 15 feet high, and picked blackberries.

We went swimming again and again - saw cows milked electrically and the old fashioned way - had deep bull sessions - and finally settled down to playing bridge, after a ride in the hay wagon, causing us to climb the precarious hay loader. All the time, experienced!

Wea.

AUGUST 13

Ther.

City and I arose at seven to drive 15 miles into the Borden milk factory with Fred, the foreman, sitting on milk cans all the while. When we got back we went in swimming again and finally awaked the three girls at nine for breakfast.

We swam a lot more and generally enjoyed farm life — played bridge this afternoon in account of a sudden thunder storm.

We certainly hated to get on the homebound train. City life seems dull and hot. I'm greatly refreshed however. The weekend was perfect.

Wea.

AUGUST 14

Ther.

The city isn't half bad after all. Though it's somewhat hot the day in the office didn't go too awfully, and then this evening was really fun!

Joe, Ann, Paul, Jay and Rod came out for a bite to eat, and we danced and sat around in the garden the rest of the evening - quiet and very pleasant.

They're such grand down-  
earth people. Joe has an interesting attitude! I like

Bill's letter was cool and unjustifiably critical of my not writing him more often. He seems serious about leaving Dec for immediate courses duty. He seems so foolish.

Wea. Kotter 8 AUGUST 15 Kotter! Ther.

Mother's birthday - she seemed pleased with all too, which tends to be an important factor.

I met Beth for lunch in Stauffer's to discuss a Xed for the W.M. freshmen girls. - She gave me a lush pair of yellow string gloves for my birthday.

I met Mother and Dad for drinks at the Plymouth. Doc more in his operation being postponed.

Such nice birthday cards and a sensational present from Mother as she transferred the Cream Puff Dodge to me.

I can't believe it.

Bill is definitely leaving Dec. If he wants it that way -

Wea.

AUGUST 16 *Nice*! Ther.

A spoiled treat again - or yet!  
The birthday was a grand  
one as I reaped a gray  
flannel suit, red plaid  
skirt and white jacket, red  
housecoat, 47 in nickles  
set of dishes, perfume,  
silver records and more.  
It was all very successful.

I met Billy for lunch  
and was pleased when the  
gals in the office gave me  
an autographed Vay animal.

This evening most of  
the Happy Gals, and Bill  
and Don Steiner (respectable  
in a new energy's uniform)  
came around for a good  
time of idle chit chat.

I'm lucky!

Ther.

Wea.

AUGUST 17

Ther.

The heat wave is the worst thing yet and we droop in a shivering state of fatigue.

I met Glory and Irene this evening to cool off at the Astor Cocktail lounge over a Tom Collins. We went to the Capital to see "Since You Went Away". It was excessively sentimental but deserved its 4-Star rating.

We came home exhausted.

A letter from Bill Breakbears but no news of any kind from our last while friend, Mr. Boyd.



Wea.

AUGUST 18

Ther.

Wea.

Really tired. I slept a  
little later this morning, but  
feel all the better for it  
when I got into the office.

The day was one of idling  
around with lunch at a  
crummy Italian restaurant.

I met Dad in Brooklyn  
for supper at Schrafft's  
again.

I received a beautiful  
traveling kit from Aunt  
Bet and Aunt Tally.

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Wea.

AUGUST 19

Ther.

I really slept, but still feel groggy. At least it's turned cooler. The relief is welcome.

I've developed a severe case of writer's cramp after having written 22 letters: 12 to W&M freshmen - thanks you notes and regular correspondence.

I went over to Mary's this evening to play bridge with her, Irene and her Aunt Elsie. It was fun and instructive too.

Wea.

AUGUST 20

Ther.

Just another Sunday!

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Wea.

AUGUST 21

Ther.

Life is definitely on the upgrade again, as I had chance encounters with Myrtle, and with Jean Lynch and her baby, and learned that Bessie Davis had come over to see me, while I was at work.

The mail was also interesting with letters from Bill Hughes, Freddie, Floyd, Mrs. Syder, the new KS housemother, and Bill Boyd. They were all extremely sweet with the possible exception of the last. I wish Bill would straighten himself out.

Wea.

AUGUST 22

Ther.

Wea.

I was extremely surprised, but very thrilled, to learn today that I've received the \$100 Ethel Parmer scholarship for the 1944-1945 session at W.M. It's awarded so they say to the highest ranking member of the junior class taking an A.B. degree. It's especially thrilling since I didn't work for it, and actually had no idea I was in line for anything like that. The honor is quite wonderful. I must have a fairy godmother lurking in the shadows!

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at the New Yorker to celebrate it's

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AUGUST 23

Ther.

I more-or-less beamed over yesterday's news still, as I met Glory for lunch, and spent a pleasant day at the office.

The war news is so very optimistic, as German defeats become common rather than novel. Paris has been liberated and the Marseillaise is the Current No. 1 Hit. Rumania is leaving Germany and other satellite nations show signs of weakening also. And the battle in France is 'sweeping on'. God, I hope it's all over soon!

Wea.

AUGUST 24

Ther.

Wea.

We met Harriet, who'd quit last week, for lunch at McKinnis and planned for future reunions. I'm so pleased that we're making actual plans for seeing each other fairly often. They're all such grand gals. I've made some wonderful friends this summer.

I met Mother and Dad for supper at the St. George.

Word from Bill Brennan indicates that he won't be stationed at Mitchell as it originally seemed likely, but instead expects to break the Thanksgiving wish bone with a hula girl.

Wea.

AUGUST 25

Ther.

The last day of being a breadwinner this summer, as I left Crossley with appropriate sentimentality. It was really a wonderful job, and I loved it all.

Mail came from Floyd, Jimmy and two of my freshmen girls, beside a card from Joe, who's at Lake George for the week with Ann & Paul.



Wea.

AUGUST 26

Ther.

I cock a wary eyebrow to three weeks of a lazily capitalistic existence. The future looks good!

I layed around today, stirring enough to read King's "Row" and to write several letters.

I went over to Glory's to play bridge with her, Irene and her Aunt Elsie again. Once more it was fun. — Irene's in 7<sup>th</sup> Heaven at the prospect of Ray's coming home from the South Pacific soon.

Wea.

AUGUST 27

Ther.

Another Sunday of relaxation and well-intentioned resolutions going astray. My weary spirits collapsed and I really rested.

My working days officially ended with my giving Dad a hundred dollars and Mother, twenty, on general principles. I wish it could have been more.

Wea.

AUGUST 28

Ther.

A busy prelude to three weeks of vacation plans. - Mother and I went into N.Y. to Dr. Weiss! I had an injection and then we had lunch in the Commodore, before going to a News Reel show.

I went down to Cary's apartment to bid her farewell - she and her ma left for Kentucky tonight - and then met Beth and Lou. We lounged around the doctor and then went to McHinnis' for a supper, punctuated by a waiter breaking the bottle of sherry I was taking home to Mother from C.B.

Beth, Lou and I discussed plans for a welcoming gettogether for WM freshmen at my house Sept. 10. It threatens to be a stupendous undertaking!

Wea.

AUGUST 29

Ther.

I stayed home and feverishly wrote letters to Freshmen, and upperclassmen concerning the Tea (my writer's cramp is an actuality); while Mother went house hunting. Prospects for a home are not at all optimistic; it's well nigh impossible to rent a house these days. Everyone is taking advantage of the war for a bit of profiteering, or else realize future houses will so surpass present ones, that it is wiser to sell them now.

Mother and I met Dad for dinner at the St. George. Elizabeth's friend, Hilda, was here when we returned.

A letter from Bill Breadhears and one from Bill Boyd. The latter restored any sense of security I had lost - along with the usual confusion

Wea.

AUGUST 30

Ther.

And still the R.S.V.P. acceptances to the Sea pour in. The regrets are so scattered that I begin to despair.

I met the gals from Crossley for lunch at Rogers Corner and then went to a News Reel Theater with Elgie.

Nana came for supper - and then I went to Glory's for a H. G. C. meeting. - More of the usual pleasant chatter! On the way over, I bumped into Hilda Worrall. I hadn't seen her since grammar school days either. This summer has foisted many reunions.

I wrote Bill today and hope everything is straightened out until his promised furlough. Oh, for a normal existence!

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Wea.

AUGUST 31

Ther.

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Mother cooked tomatoes and tomato juice on a large scale while I helped in a slightly bewildered fashion. It was fun however.

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Bell Brennan came over this afternoon. He felt rotten after a couple dose of typhoid and cholera shots, and so we talked quietly with him out for a coke at Freedman's. He's a nice guy. Though he seems unsure of himself now. Aren't we all, however!

any  
hope  
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Flora, Irene, Cam, Lil, Ethel, Austrarson and I went to Jean Lynch's apartment for a gabfest and bridge. Jean seems so happy, and is greatly changed from the Gal I used to know. - Her baby is dear too. She testifies to a happy - in spite of - the war marriage.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 1

Ther.

Mother and I drove over to the Great Neck vicinity in a fruitless search for a house and then went on into the city to see Ray Milland and Barbara Britton in "Till We Meet Again."

We nosed around for an hour or so and then met Dad for a steak at the Twin Oaks.

Gloria Warkall came over this evening. I'm still impressed with meeting up with her again.

A letter from Floyd. It must be admitted that in spite of all, he has complained less, and accepted more, with a philosophical spirit than any of the other fellows.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 2

Ther.

The end of the summer is officially here as the Labor Day weekend hovers on the horizon.

The day passed uneventfully enough, and then this evening Gloria, Janie and I went to the Merricks to see "The Eve of St. Mark." It was a gripping story of the war, and good.



Wea.

SEPTEMBER 3

Ther.

Another Sunday which passed uneventfully but for the fact that when Mother and I went driving to give me practice, we had a blowout. Great in these days of gas stations being closed on Sundays - and no tires! We finally snared a passerby to change the tire for us.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 4

Ther.

Labor Day, as I guess to think that the summer is officially over and done with.

Talk about moving and our usual problems marked the day, along with dinner at Howard Johnson's.

The war is going very well, as the Allies advance with incredible speed. Today Brussels was the fourth capital to be liberated, following Rome, Paris and Bucharest and rumor hath it that fighting is being done on German soil for the first time.

ner.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 5

Ther.

Mother and I dashed around today in search of a house without having too much success, though it is admitted that we have a few leads. That air conditioned beach does threaten to become an actuality.

— We took time out to go to Dr. Weiss' for my second injection: more reaction, but no results.

I went into the city this evening to meet Gloria Warrall. We lashed over old times over supper at Schrafft's and "Wing and a Prayer," the documentary movie of life on an aircraft carrier. It was excellent.

New York is talking about last night's earthquake. I slept through it!

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 6

Ther.

Another day of moseying around the house, still feeling a little shot after yesterday's injection.

This evening some of the gals from Crossley: Elaine, Linnie, Dorothy and Idrie, came out for supper. They're such a completely grand bunch of girls - about the best I've known in a long time! - After dinner we went to the Queensboro Theater to see "Ladies in Retirement" with Fritz Schaff, Alexander Kirkland and Elaine Barrie. It was indeed scary, but good.

Today's letter from Bill was real good. He's just waiting around for orders now. I hope he gets that fuelouh soon.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 7

Ther.

An interlude of some accomplishment! Louise came over ~~late~~ this morning and we made out name tags and the like for the shindig Sunday, which looms heavy on the horizon.

I went down to Ozone Park to have my hair set and then this evening I helped Mother can peaches, until I developed a severe case of sore paw hands.

Another postext letter from Bill. Everything must be all right again for awhile.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 7

Ther.

An interlude of some accomplishment! Louise came over ~~late~~ this morning and we made out name tags and the like for the shindig Sunday, which looks heavy on the horizon.

I went down to Ozone Park to have my hair set and then this evening I helped Mother can peaches, until I developed a severe case of duck paw hands.

Another potest letter from Bill. Everything must be all right again for awhile.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 8

Ther.

Mother and I went into New York and after wandering in and out of a series of stores finally bought a smooth black afternoon dress in Busch's, and a black and flesh evening dress in Oppenheims. They're both real purty and I'm impressed with them.

We had lunch at the Campus and then drove out to Garden City. I was pleased at driving back all by myself.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 9

Ther.

A day of busy hubbub featuring a series of sandwich-making festivals for tomorrow's tea, as refreshments were the order of the day.

I took time out for a drawing lesson this morning, but plizzed the rest of the day.



Wea.

SEPTEMBER 10

Ther.

Home was never like this!  
At 2:30, with Jean Huber's  
entrance the avalanche began  
and lasted until well after  
6:30. Forty arrived in all  
and the house was filled &  
overflowing. The Group of  
Freshman all seemed  
very smooth; and were  
properly appreciative of  
our attempts. Mother  
and Dad were bricks  
with their door-to-door  
bus service, and fixing  
the table, et. al.

It was an undertaking  
indeed, but I'm terribly  
glad that we did it.  
Nice gesture and  
everything!

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 11

Ther.

A reactionary day with the search for a house being the most important of all. Things look quite desparately hopeless at this point but we haven't given up all optimistic spirits.

I went into Dr. Weiss' for another injection:  
Mail from Calby, Freshman, congratulatory note from Mrs. Marsh and a letter from Bill, in which he predicts I'll end up marrying Bill Brennan. He's so tender.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 12

Ther.

I relaxed around the house quite steadily. before examining the New Garden district for a future home. It's so discouraging and really doesn't give an optimistic outlook.

Mother and I met Dad at the Ted Yorker for dinner, before coming home in the rain. I went over to Henry's for a bridge party at which there were also Ginny, Frank, Jean Lynch, Ann Goley, Edith Audrey and Irene. It was pleasant fun.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 13

Ther.

Bill Brennan came over this morning before I was up and dressed, so I had to fly into clothes and books. We chatted merrily for quite awhile and had more fun than with any other conversations this summer.

This evening I went over to Edith's for dinner. Due to their electricity not functioning because of the storm we ate and sang in candlelit atmosphere, romantically wasted on mere girls. That too was pleasant fun however!

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 14

Ther.

I met Beth in N.Y. to begin a tour of stores in a furniture hunt in spite of the pouring rain. We wore ourselves out over the job without success in securing much quality for low prices. The situation is reversed these days. We finally succeeded in getting an Adirondack settle and table affair for the KD porch, cushions and material with which to cover them; mahogany bookcase and floor lamp and shade. I hope it looks O.K.

The threatened hurricane appeared tonight along the Eastern Coast with much damage of property. Long Island streets are impassable with trees sprawled across them.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 15

Ther.

Up bright and early to pack my trunk and send it off to Billsburg for the last time. Next year this time I'll probably be sorry about not going back but I'm just as glad that life at college is almost a thing of the past. I'd be content to be "Out in the World". A lot can happen in a year.

This afternoon, Mother and I went to the Music Hall to see Gary Cooper in "Casanova Brown".

It was dear!

The hurricane really ran havoc. Shop windows are blown in as if so much cellaphane and electric light and telephone wires are down by the thousands.

Bill came over to see our damage.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 16

Ther.

Saturday, and house hunting  
and the domestic furmail  
about it were once more  
the centers of attraction.

God, for a normal home  
life!

her.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 17

Ther.

And so the Sundays roll  
out. This weekend has been one  
of the much hell and high water.  
I wish I were wise enough  
to ease the situation instead  
of irritating it more as I  
seem to do.

Phone calls and a check  
to Fredeman's with Abby, Irene  
and Ann were stimulation.



Wea.

SEPTEMBER 18

Ther.

The morning was quiet but this afternoon began attractively with last minute shopping in New York with Mother - The shoes and blouses type of thing - before meeting Gloria at the Astor to chat over a Tom Collins or two. We had dinner at the Bucee and reminisced some more.

At eight I met Bill Brennan at the Astor and went to the Palace to see *Beide By Mistake* with him. It was real cute.

He came home with me and we said Goodbye. I wonder if I'll see him Christmastime.

A letter from Bill Boyd announced that he's back in Va. I want to see him.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 19

Ther.

More moseying around the house in the morning before going into N.Y. again with Mother. We bought me a laundry box and a rain hat - picked up my evening dress at O.C.'s and exchanged my lavender wool for a grey striped flannel dress: real smooth.

Mother, Lizzy and I had a Chinese supper and then went to the Greenstons to see Ethel Barrymore. Call in "Tonight or Never" a la subway circuit. It was very good - as she carries on the Barrymore tradition. We had a hamburger at the White Castle and then came home.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 20

Ther.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ---"

We did last minute packing this morning and then flew around to the post doctor's and to take my test for my driver's license before Mother and I went into N.Y. to see the newly-opened "Frenchman's Creek". It was good though overrated.

We met Dad for a seasonal dinner at Leone's - the farewell celebration type of thing.

I stopped at Beerman's and had phone conversations with Elaine, Janet, Laurie, Terry and Bill.

This summer has flown!!

Wea.

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Wea.

SEPTEMBER 21

Ther.

The last time! Elaine, Lou, Jan, Kay and I took the train back to Billsburg. Aside from the traditional spurts of heat and fidget. The ride passed pleasantly enough. We ate lunch picnic style - ample, but good!

When we reached Billsburg, we discovered we were really glad to be back. Eleanor Heger is to be Elaine's and my new roommate in the pink and blue room and we're very glad about the whole thing.

Mrs. Snyder, our new housemother, is a love and promises to be a real asset to KΔ.

It doesn't seem as though we've been away at all!

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 22

Ther.

A day of getting settled and rushing over to the dorm to meet the Freshmen and renew the old acquaintances.

Elaine, Cary and I went to the Greek's for supper as interlude after much hustling about.

A letter from Bill announced plans for a furlough some time real soon. I'm hopeful.

It is good to be back

Wea.

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SEPTEMBER 23

Ther.

Registration this morning with enthusiasm over Dr. Marsh, Gaines and Gists. My schedule sounds quite attractive: Corporation Finance MWF 8; Urban Sociology MWF 10; Child Psych. MWF 11; Contracts MWF 1. Introduction to Law TT 9; Modern Painting TT 2. The prospect of no Saturday classes is extremely pleasant.

There was a Big-Little Sister Party at the Movies to see the Bellamy march of Time before mobbing into Barrett for a cake. Boots Cunningham, my little sis is a junior transfer and very nice.

A gang of us went to see "Jodie". It was real cute. Our amused mood was appreciative of it.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 24

Ther.

Up in time to pick up  
Books and join the mass  
pilgrimage to Cruton Parish  
for the annual first Sunday  
service. It was properly impressive.

This afternoon there was  
an informal scrimmage in  
the Stadium between the Camp  
Peary Prades and the Washington  
Redskins. Some pretty football  
was played. The shining spot  
was the fact that half of the  
Stadium was one mess of white  
sailor's uniforms. It was  
wonderful! Elaine, Jan Jan and  
I waited afterwards to watch em  
all march out. They all Grinned  
and we had much fun! Skinning  
eight!

I called home. Dad goes to the  
hospital tomorrow.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 25

Ther.

I moused around in rather blue fashion worrying about Dad and his operation. Sweet letters from him and Mother increased my feeling. And then a letter from Bill made me completely cheerless when he once more said he has no hopes for a furlough. This time he means it - and will go overseas before coming home.

My first round of classes were very good and I'm terribly fond of them. Each class threatens to involve an impressive amount of work, however.

Mother phoned and said Dad is in terrible agony but will be all right. I'm so relieved.

Hodge Coffee Shoppe (8 ensigns),  
W.S.C. G.O. and sorority meetings.



Wea.

SEPTEMBER 26

Ther.

The end of the first complete round of classes with me being tremendously pleased with 'em all! The profs and all are swell and I'm completely satisfied.

This afternoon, Janet Potter and I visited in the dorms, and this evening there was a gala Flat Hat meeting. Mac Kaemmerle the new editor is most forceful - should prove to be a good one. - interesting anyhow.

Denise came over for a bridge game.

A letter from Jimmy.

Wea.

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Wea.

SEPTEMBER 27

Ther.

Just another day featuring the second round of classes and still being a bit befogged by contracts.

Elaine and I moseyed around downtown doing Flat Hat stuff and buying the rest of our books.

We went to chapel this evening (Beth was the student leader) and then played bridge and did a bit of studying.

Mother phoned to say Dad is much improved - he'd had 5 operations in one.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 28

Ther.

A big day, as all of the Seniors shared their caps and gowns. It's an official thing and I'm proud as punch of mine, as it still doesn't seem possible that I am really a Senior. It's wonderful!

After classes and hysterical Flat Hat work at the movies Elaine, Beth, Eleanor, Lou, Jay and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shop for supper - and then on to see the Freshman Tribunal. Much fun!

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 29

Ther.

A rainy day to complicate the Opening Convocation, but in spite of it we marched in cap and gown and were terribly thrilled with it all. In spite of our blasé attitude about being seniors, I fell big ole fat tears came in my eyes when we sang the Alma Mater.

This afternoon there was more than that stuff before a KΔ Reading-Invitation Workfest.

After supper we went to the Pep Rally, feeling depressed at the comparison of it with the rallies of the good ole days when we really had a team.

Letters from Freddie in France and Eddie in the Pacific. Eddie sent me a post card and calling card off a dead Jap in Saipan.  
We invaded Albania.

Wea.

SEPTEMBER 30

Ther.

A rainy day, and I blissfully made the most of my classless Saturday and loafed around in the house all day, being cheered with Beth and Elaine over soup for lunch. This evening, Lou, Dotter, Cary, Louise and I went to the Coffee Shoppe ~~for~~ supper and everything continues pleasantly.

A letter from Bill today was very sweet but announced that I won't hear from him for over three weeks and can't write to him either. I can't quite believe that he's actually on his way overseas. Somehow he seems to be so very near. I pray that he comes home safely and soon!

Wea.

OCTOBER 1

Ther.

A busy day as I really look forward to bed! Elaine and I went to 8 o'clock Communion in Wren Chapel (she worried me by threatening to faint) and then on to the Canterbury Club Breakfast in Cruxton Parish.

We came back and cleaned up the house in preparation for the onslaught of over three hundred freshman girls making a House of Sorority Court. It was slightly queuing, but could have been much worse!

Wea.

OCTOBER 2

Ther.

Just another day of straight classes visiting in the dorms, trekking downtown, taking the annual student government exam and seriously meeting with song practice squeezed in between. Mondays are such busy days!

A letter from Floyd today was hysterical. He's a good guy - still seems well and happy!

Wea.

OCTOBER 3

Ther.

A rainy day of not too much accomplishment. Classes went as usual with my getting expressed about both Introduction to Art and Modern Painting. They're 'focconadin' courses.

This was Eleanor's birthday, and she's gone around beaming over everything - seemed quite pleased with our lipstick and treat at the Lodge. She's a grand gal - so sweet and appreciative of everything.

We all gave her an informal party this evening. Haha. fur!

Mother and Dad phoned tonight from the Hospital. It was a thrill!



Wee.

OCTOBER 4

Ther.

Another rainy day of ducking  
inbetween classes and taking  
a fascinating scholastic seriousness  
test in Child Psych. I found I have  
a remarkably low rating!

This afternoon we gave Mrs.  
Snapper a tea and chatted cozily  
with various housemothers and  
society presidents. It was  
relatively pleasant. Big moment  
occurred when Dean Landrum  
appeared just before us after  
we'd begun to clean up. We carried  
off an awkward situation well.

This evening Jan and I walked  
around campus after popping in  
at a flat hat meeting to defog our  
minds.

I got a letter from Phi Beta saying  
they'll put a little about me in  
their magazine.

Wea.

OCTOBER 5

Ther.

Just a day! Introduction to Law  
and Modern Painting, were both  
fascinating again, but aside from  
that the day passed without moment,  
as I submerged into a mood of  
dubious nature!

Wea.

OCTOBER 6

Ther.

The end of another week with a full day of classes. Woodbridge pulled a pop quiz on us on Contracts and I got it all wrong. Every year I have one course to worry about, and this is it!

We made rushing invitations and then moseyed around the house this evening.

a letter from Bill Brennan - all is the same as usual.

Mother and Dad called from the hospital again.

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Wea.

OCTOBER 7

Ther.

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And so the days go by with nothing much at all happening. I layed around this morning and then did some Flat Hat work - was tremendously pleased when Janet and I worked on the K's Treasury to find that all the confusion of the summer balanced down to the last cent. It was a wonderful feeling.

I talked Elmo and Beth into seeing "Hail the Conquering Hero" this evening and haven't heard the end of it since. I must have enjoyed it more the first time on account of the Mitchell Field atmosphere.

Wea.

OCTOBER 8

Ther.

Elaine has a terrific cold and so we lay around all morning, cooking our own Sunday dinner.

This afternoon Beth, Elaine, Eleanor and I went to the football game between Camp Peary (38) and Ft. Lee (6). The white uniforms spelling out CAMP PEARY in the midst of the blue was impressive.

After the game we walked down to the Capitol and around town, bumping into people of all sorts --- and then had sandwiches at the Lodge before coming back to the house.

Much excitement about the 4 KDs who spent the weekend in Richmond, along with newly acquainted Air Corps lieutenants.

Wea.

OCTOBER 9

Ther.

Monday, as I settled down to a little studying in between the usual impressive string of classes. My ego was dealt a heavy blow when I received F (my first) on last Friday's pop quiz in Contracts. I'm really not legally inclined!

We had U.S. C. G. A. meeting, song practice and sorority meeting with much animated discussion.

Wea.

OCTOBER 10

Ther.

A busy day with several hours Flat Hat work sandwiched in between classes. This afternoon, I decided I had best hibernate in the Law Library and so I did. Contracts is so interesting but I certainly don't understand it.

We had our annual trunk brigade tonight giving with the moving men, hole as we scudged our trunks from the third and second floors to the front porch. I slammed my hand in between a trunk and the banister but otherwise all is well.

Eleanor, Cary, Jan, Peggy and I went to the late movie to see "Seven Cross" - Concentration Camp drama - good. Mother & Dad phoned.

Wea.

OCTOBER 11

Ther.

The usual string of classes, with more or less concentrated studying this afternoon.

The evening we went to an impressive chapel service and then I went to an accounting club meeting - we made plans for a picnic next week. I have to start buying refreshments for it tomorrow.

I was amazed to learn that Thessie Davis had been to see me today. He is on courses --- medical discharge --- and enrolled at W.M. again. I hope I see him soon.

2  
week  
Good..



Wea.

OCTOBER 12

Ther.

Columbus Day, and a busy one of classes -- with a pop quiz in Modern Painting, which caught us off guard -- much Phil Hat and Treasury work -- and some shopping for the Accounting Club picnic.

We had second degree pledging tonight and dressed in our whites. My lil sister, Ann Johnson is a lool.

We've had house meetings to and now it's time to wearily crawl into bed!

Wea.

OCTOBER 13

Ther.

Up at 6:30 this morning to see the football team off for the Penn game tomorrow. It was terribly early but we were moved by cheering them on.

I got A on the latest Contract quiz and beamed at the improvement - went to my other classes and did that hat work. - Bessie came over this afternoon and we chatted.

For invitation making I dressed Aunt Geneva style and blacked my face to illustrate a potential rushing idea.

This evening a gang of us went on the Presbyterian Supper Club's mask light Cruise and had a sensational time. We jammed on a truck, dangling our feet off the edge and drove to the James River Ferry, which rounded all the River. - we sang, squares danced and stared at the world. - enjoyed it from end to end.

Wea.

OCTOBER 14

Ther.

I took advantage of my sleepless Saturday and slept casual, before getting up to do Flat Hat work, and to mosey around downtown buying little presents for Bill's overseas Christmas package.

Lou, Cary, Sheila, Betty Ann and I went to the Lodge for a sandwich lunch. This afternoon I went to the Panel mixer to associate with little Freshmen and then went shopping for the Refreshment Committee of the Seabird Club for the reception tomorrow.

We went to supper and then Beth, Elaine and I walked up to the Lodge for cake - talked over deep thoughts - a letter from Bill Hughes - sweet - full of serious contemplations of post war life - now everyone considers

Wea.

OCTOBER 15

Ther.

Another frustratingly busy day. Eleanor got up and went to Bruxton --- which service became terribly long, and we reverently fidgeted. Then we met Lou and Betty Ann and four Freshmen girls from my tea for a delicious dinner at the lodge. It went very successfully.

Right after lunch we prepared refreshments for the Scarab Club reception and then I poured punch and tried to radiate charm, not too successfully.

From the reception we dashed on to the Supper Club for supper and religious discussions --- Very interesting talks about atheism and the like!

Mother and Dad phoned --- all goes well except Dad had gall bladder trouble now. Oh no!

Wea.

OCTOBER 16

Ther.

And so another week starts with the usual round of classes featuring another pop guy in Contracts. The fair folks are really giving with the pressure these days.

This afternoon Beth, Elaine, Eleanor and I went to see "The Impatient Years", a really good picture, starring Jean Arthur.

After the movie we gulped soup and they had an informal TD meeting. Later on I went to a concert in the Bete: Mpurue Eogon box, a madon vula celist. - very good, as those things go.

Wea.

OCTOBER 17

Ther.

I went through classes with spare time devoted to studying for tomorrow's Urban Sociology test and time out to shop for refreshments for tomorrow's Accounting Club picnic.

This evening I got a kick out of one of the girls of the Presbyterian Supper Club asking me if I'll help cook supper next Sunday night. I confusedly said "Yes" but am dubious about the whole thing. Here I've only gone to one meeting and I'm already cooking supper. How I do get roped into things -- and me an Episcopalian too! Ach de lieber.

The College is quite shocked at John Stewart Bryan dying last night.  
Letters from Doris Hoxter and Bill Brennan.

Wea.

OCTOBER 18

Ther.

No class and so is Soc. Exten-  
due to memorial services for  
former President Bryan.

This afternoon the Accounting  
Club had a wonderful picnic at  
Mr. and Mrs. Gibbi house. We  
roasted venison at an outdoor  
fire place and had a generally  
good time. The Gibbi are grand people!

Tonight's candlelight chapel  
service was very impressive. Dr.  
Falck's talk had almost hypnotic  
powers.

We had a RD talk with class  
about Rushing - I don't expect to  
have any free time and am  
slightly (?) resentful about it all.

Dad and Mother phoned - Dad  
is now home!

A hysterical letter from Jimmy -  
enclosing his picture.

Wea.

OCTOBER 19

Ther.

The usual classes, with great attention to budget our time to fill in rushing. pending exams and the usual activities. It's a hard job... but that's the usual swing of things.

Tonight we had our annual Housecleaning Committee - got into old clothes and scurried around painting, scrubbing windows and wood work --- we were soon weary and I was too tired to really concentrate on reviewing my Urban Sociology.

And another day goes! I received an amazing letter from Paul Jones. Literately perky! all the time experiences!



Wea.

OCTOBER 20

Ther.

It poured and an imitation hurricane came over way, so I cut my 8 o'clock class and studied Soc. to a small extent. I braved the elements and went to my exam-- and then back to the house to eat soup and the like.

This afternoon we rushed in the dorms - did Flax hat stuff and then made identifications.

The Ralfour man came with many cute and attractive items - we had in boxes presents for each other - highlighting china beer mugs with the RD seal, and our nicknames. I loved 'em good.

Another letter from Bill Brewer and one from Nini Jardine.  
We invade the Philippines

Wea.

OCTOBER 21

Ther.

I planned to accomplish much today, but got sidetracked with Flat Las and Treasury stuff, worrying over the Budget and the like.

Elaine, Sheila and I took two lil Freshmen (from my tea) to the Coffee Shoppe for lunch -- and then went to the game which W.M. won over Richmond Bri Base (39-0) It was quite a good game - and I got caught in the spirit of it all.

More budget -- and letter-writers this evening, and now into bed!

Letters from Colby, Mary and Louie.

The Peloponnesian Invasion is going quite well. MacArthur is back!

Wea.

OCTOBER 22

Ther.

This afternoon there was a BIG football game between Camp Cary and Bainbridge. It was really football at its best ... the stadium was jammed to overflowing and we were especially moved cause 3 ex-W.M. stars played for Bainbridge. Much like old times: it was a lot of fun.

I left the game before the final quarter to cook supper for the Presbyterian Chrt; and had a good time doing it.

Six beautiful enagers came to the house tonight and Cary, Elaine, Beth, Lewis, Pat and I chatted with em all evening. They were terribly smooth - but somehow we missed the boat - and are cursing ourselves to death.

I phoned home and it looks as though we're moving to the Van Sichter house in Hollis.

Wea.

OCTOBER 23

Ther.

Founder's Day as we marched  
around the campus in white dresses  
--- just as it turns fall too!

Classes went as usual, and then  
I studied for tomorrow's Fine Arts  
exam. Tonight we had song  
practice and society meetings -  
many hall sessions and more  
studying.

Letter from Mother - no other  
excitement

Wea.

OCTOBER 24

Ther.

I cut classes today and studied strenuously for my 2:00 Modern Painting exam, but didn't have studied at all -- so vague was the exam. Perhaps I'm just not an aesthete!

After my exam, I hibernated in the law library doing Contracts and they wrote a few letters.

I spent the night in the dorm at Barrett - swapping beds with Ann Johnson. - chatted with freshmen - and had a generally pleasant time.

A letter from Floyd in the Dutch East Indies - the same as ever.

Wea.

OCTOBER 25

Ther.

Classes and then an earnest devotion to studying Cooperation Finance for my Friday's exam. It tends to be most deep.

This evening. Lou, Janet and I went to the WM Theater production of "Quality Street". It was excellently done - really very clever. Eleanor had a two-line part and did real well. We silently cheered her on. mail from home and Elaine. - and a grand letter from Janny.

Wea.

OCTOBER 26

Ther.

In between classes I made a business of hibernating to study for my Corporation Finance exam-- otherwise I did nothing.

The truly sensational event of the day is the fact that Bill phoned from Welles-Barré. I don't know why or how, but the fact remains that instead of being on his way overseas, he's suddenly gotten a 13 day furlough - and is home! It's the most wonderful thing that's happened. After sixteen months we'll finally see each other. I phoned Mother and Dad - and am going home next Thursday. Bill will meet me there. I'm so tremendously lucky-- and happy!

Wea.

OCTOBER 27

Ther.

I still beam so much -- as a  
silly smirk lurks at the corners of  
my mouth over last night's news --  
that even the geni Corp. Finance  
exam and surprise Contracts quiz  
failed to make me lose the glow. I  
am so happy!



Wea.

OCTOBER 28

Ther.

No Saturday classes -- and so I stayed in bed all morning reading "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" for my Soc. course. It's a beautifully down-to-earth book and I loved it good: excellent portrayal of tenement life!

Tonight Elaine and I went out with two engines from Norfolk -- had beer at the Officer's Club -- and scrambled eggs and coffee at the Lodge Coffer Shoppe. It was very pleasant but three hours was enough. I kept wishing for it to be next week so that I could be with Bill.

Two letters from Freddie

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Wea.

OCTOBER 29

Ther.

Today was a wonderful day! This afternoon Claire and I drove out to Langley Field with six other college girls with the Red Cross as part of the rehabilitation program for wounded air Corps men recovering in the hospital there. We talked with all types of men - from Brooklyn, from Oregon - broken legs acquired in camps here - broken backs from crashing in the South Pacific. I was especially pleased when the woman in charge told me one of the men with whom I had spoken for quite awhile had really talked and smiled for the first time in over a month. I felt good all over as though I'd really accomplished something.

We drove back - had supper at the Lodge. Studied all evening.

Wea.

OCTOBER 30

Ther.

I got emotionally upset this morning when Umbeck announced an exam for next Monday, but I got excused from it by Dean Handman, and plans for the weekend got made all the time. A note from Bill was real sweet and I beam!

I studied some this afternoon and then Lou and I took Ann and Jan to the lodge to celebrate their initiation tomorrow night.

I only got C on my Corporation Finance exam: the traditional grade. That damn problem fouled me up.

I got A+ on Friday's Contracts quiz.

Secretary meeting was uneventful!

Wea.

OCTOBER 31

Ther.

Happy Halloween! In between classes, I tried to concentrate on studying for Child Psych. but didn't achieve too much.

This noon Sheila and I went to the Lodge with Mary Kearney and Linda Robinson -- both grand gals! -- and had a pleasant time.

We had initiation tonight -- all went well -- though it was extremely hot. Ann and Jo spent the night and we had a Halloweened Party with food Mother and Dad had sent down.

I received B on Modern Painting.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 1

Ther.

The start of a new month which  
threatens to be a mighty wonderful  
one, as I go on beaming!

I took my Child Psych exam and  
studied for tomorrow's Law fit ---  
had a hard time though to concentrate  
on anything so serious.

I'm looking forward to tomorrow  
with all my heart. It's like a second  
chance after Bill had been sent  
to his P.O.E. and I didn't expect  
to see him again for a long time.  
I hope that it all turns out beauti-  
fully, cause now that the time  
is drawing near I'm becoming a  
little scared about the whole thing.  
-- but so extremely happy!

Wea.

NOVEMBER 2

Ther.

I took my Law exam in a rather  
coherent day, and finally got on the  
train to come home. I rode all the  
way up with George Crozier, an  
evergreen friend of Sheila's, who made  
the trip very pleasant.

We got in Penn Station at eight  
and I met Mother, Mary - and  
Bill; and I'm happier than I'd even  
hoped to be. We came home and I saw  
Dad, who looks much better than I  
expected - and everything seems swell.  
Home can be purely wonderful!

Bill looks grand and is even  
nicer than I'd remembered - or perhaps  
it's just that we've both grown up  
considerably. We talked a great  
deal and became acquainted all over  
again. He's a wonderful person.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 3

✓

Ther.

It continues to be beautiful! Dad's birthday, with temporary storms smoothed over, looks up some of the morning -- Bill coming over to take me out driving in the family Chrysler over to the Yohagi to see them and his mother and sister -- look some more time.

This evening Bill and I went into the city to the Music Hall to see "Mrs. Parkington" and then went to the Commodore to eat, drink and dance to Vaughn Thoro's orchestra. It was all very smooth and reminiscent of former good times -- Bill came back to the house afterwards. We stayed up rather late talking deeply. He's really serious, in a wonderful way; and I'm not confused any more. I'm so happy!

Wea.

NOVEMBER 4

100

Ther.

I really can't believe this! Bill came over early this afternoon and after much discussion, Mother and Dad decided I could go home to Wilkes-Barre for the night -- since Bill was ordered to return to camp a day earlier.

At about 2, Bill, Gladys, Mrs. Boyd - Bill's grandmother and I started driving the 150+ miles to Wilkes-Barre. It was a grand luxury to take that long ride. Their home is just what I'd expected - and Bill is super in that atmosphere -- little things like watching him fix the furnace suddenly became important. -- We had a delicious seafood dinner in Elyria, and then Bill and I thumbed through his old snapshots albums etc. back at his home. I felt as though I'd been there always!

I wish the time would pass to test Bill's plans for the future. Things could get tremendously deep now. In a way, I wish we'd let them. Damn the war!



Wea.

NOVEMBER 5

..... Ther.

Bill took me up and I gulped breakfast before taking the 7:45 A.M. train back to Hollis. He bought my ticket and a chair on the Pullman. God, I hated to say Goodbye to Bill this time! He's definitely going overseas -- and I want to be with him so much now. I pray that future time comes soon. Oh how I want the war to be over! so that we could have a chance to live normally.

As soon as I got home Bill Brennan called and for the first time, I was home to talk to him. He came over and we drove around with Mother and Dad. Then this evening I went over to the Gussan's. (Breakfast with the Boyds -- Supper with the Gussan's; even the cold light of morning was cozy however.) Bill Brennan's real nice -- is getting involved in the complication -- and seems slightly bewildered -- or perhaps I am!

These past few days have been the best ever. I'm so secretly thankful for them, but wish they had not stopped.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 6

Ther.

I relaxed around the house today, writing a long letter to Bill and getting a big kick out of doing anything so simple as washing and ironing the handkerchief he gave me at the station. I have a terribly empty feeling without Bill, and want to be with him so badly.

We had a Chinese lunch - drove around with Dad - and then Gloria came over this evening.

This has been the most perfect vacation ever - I sure wish I could live through it all again.

Election Day!

Wea.

NOVEMBER 7

Ther.

I arrived back at the KD House safely -- and was taken back into the fold after much proper enthusiasm. My vacation still seems like a sensational dream and I loved it good.

My trip back was really pleasant -- I rode back with a soldier who poured out a tragic story of marital life, etc. and then 6 Airborne soldiers adopted me and I felt terribly smooth.

I got B+ on my law exam and the same on my Psych exam. I was real pleased.

There was a letter from Floyd 5:50 PM alumnae bulletin and a wonderful letter and post card from Bill. He's so super! and I love him Good!

Roosevelt appears to be winning the election by a landslide. Dewey would have made a good man too.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 8

Ther.

We dashed around all day - going to classes - fooling around downtown doing shopping. Flat bed and Treasury work - and completely remodeling the pink n' blue room, as we chopped off the heads and feet of our beds and hauled 35-lb cement blocks up to the third floor, on which to rest the beds. I'm developing muscles!

The extramural swimming meet took place this evening. It was quite exciting.

Hail Roosevelt - as we roll up the Fourth Term!

er.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 9

Ther.

We dashed around finishing our room today and it really looks smooth. We covered the desk and bookcase with blue material, and fixed our beds in true Roman couch style. We're real impressed with it - Comes with a new outlook on life - the pink and blue room now involves a new lease on things, and we beam.

Tonight there was a big Festival for Books for War Prisoners fund. It was fun and really stirring - made us realize how tremendously lucky we are to be able to snare an education - and makes us want to do more with it.

Annual Honor Convocation was today - I beamed at being one of the students honored and at sitting on the stage because of my scholarship. It was a thrill!

Wea.

NOVEMBER 10

Ther.

The storm has set in as we begin to do our rushing business in earnest - staying up day and night to do excavations and the like.

Grades came out today. Mine weren't too sharp: an A-3 Co. and 2 Co. The second C was in Modern Painting - can't understand it. I got B on my midremester. I'm sure I can bring 'em up though.

I received a really potent letter from Bill today - he's on his way to Camp Sweet, Texas - and I received a recording of his voice. It's tremendously sweet and thoughtful of him; and I miss him terribly!

a Week of an Amestice Day!

Wea.

NOVEMBER 11

Ther.

A classless Saturday, but we were hurried under the mass of invitation - making aside from the usual Flat Hat, KD stuff and hauling refreshments for the WAM town dance.

Mr. McCalland is down for the weekend and this evening Elaine and I went to the Lodge for dinner with her and Beth. Her brother came tonight too and the evening was a wonderful family affair. They're all really tops and I love 'em Good. Our weary outlook has been refreshed!

Woa.

NOVEMBER 12

Thor.

Our last day of quario peace  
and we took advantage of it to  
sleep real late today. From there  
on in we made invitations fell  
we dream of them and did last  
minute preparations for tomorrow  
as the deadline is here.

This evening Elaine, Eleanor and  
I broke away and went to the  
movies to see "Going My Way"  
again. It gave us a refreshing  
air look.

Already yet we're weary!



Wea.

NOVEMBER 13 Fatal Day (Ther.)

Rushing has started with a bang and ever now our smiles have begun to wear thin around the Gay Church edges. The thought that it'll all be over a week from now cheers us immensely though.

There was no rushing this evening and we went to the concert given in Phi Beta by Mona Paulie, the Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano. She was excellent and I enjoyed it tremendously.

I received a haul of a letter from Lee Shepherd, one of the Currier soldiers from Camp MacCall whom I met on the train back to Sellsburg last week.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 14

Ther.

And still the ever-increasing  
numbers of Freshmen roll in.  
They're all dears and I love 'em  
good, but I do wish I was seeing  
less of them.

I reaped in the mail today -  
from home, Jimmy (who has just  
bought a motorcycle), Eddie,  
and ~~three~~ letters from Bill in  
Texas (they're all peled up and  
just arrived today - his letters  
are all quite wonderful!)

Wea.

NOVEMBER 15

Ther

My outlook has changed and to my amazement I find that I'm almost enjoying Rushing this year. Today was our Ration Book day - and we dressed in Gray skirts and yellow sweaters, without shoes - very effective.

We dashed around all day - and then I stayed up until 5:30 doing invitations.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 16

Ther

Surprisingly I'm less tired today than I've been in a long time, in spite of getting little sleep last night.

Our Daisy Mae and her Abner party made a big hit and we beam at the enthusiastic way with which our endeavors are received. We lean toward the optimistic.

I received two more sensational letters from Bill. He wants to give me his school ring. I don't know.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 17

Ther.

The last day of regular house-keeping as we dressed up smartly in our black dresses and had a white rose ceremony - Now we devote ourselves to manual labor of decorating for our big parties Sunday and Monday; Tuesday the bids go out and Wednesday we settle down to a normal existence again.

Another wonderful letter from Bill. He's written every day since I've seen him, and is so tremendously sweet.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 18

Thor.

An interlude between house  
cleaning and the parties, as  
we worked quite hard putting  
up decorations for tomorrow's  
Candyland Party. - while the  
annual labor appeal begins.

Bill's letter was kind o' sad,  
as he plans to go overseas  
really soon; and then he wrote  
mother and Dad a rather potent  
letter. I want to be with him so  
badly.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 19

Ther.

We slept in' slept until time to get up for dinner today and then dashed around doing last minute things for the Candyland Party. The Party was a success and all went better than expected.

This evening we went through the frustration of tearing down Candyland invitations and putting up decorations for Hotel Party.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 20

Ther.

The last day of Formal Rushing as we leave a sigh of reactionary relief and prepare to wait for the bids to come out tomorrow night, and learn whom the sisters will be. This suspense is terrific!

Our Hotel Party was really smooth and we were pleased with it. I can almost turn sentimental now that my last year of formal rushing draws to a close.

A letter from Bill was rather hurried from overseas preparations but was very sweet. I hate to think of him actually going overseas. I want the war to be over so tremendously. - more than ever now.



Wea.

NOVEMBER 21

Ther.

A day of suspense, waiting to learn how many Freshmen are going KA. - as we bit off all our fingernails. Till we knew. Elaine, Beth, Eleanor and I went to the Lodge for supper and then went to see "Sweet and Lovely" the Beany Goodman movie and felt so much better about the whole thing.

We sat around excitedly the rest of the evening - and nearly died at word that KA snared 39 pledges - all wonderful girls too. The second largest group was 25, which means we're really tops. Oh God, we're so terribly thrilled and happy about this whole thing, and can't believe it.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 22

Thor.

Our team persevered though we're still not convinced that KD has truly acquired 39 new sensational pledges. It's so much more than we'd ever hoped for, that it still has a punch.

at noon today, Silence was broken, and we all swept over to the dorms to grab and take the new KDs to the Greeks for lunch. We swept the place and practically tore it down in our exuberance.

Then this evening we had a mass buffet supper for all. It was very nice.

Another wonderful letter from Bill, which gave me a rather convincing glow.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 23

Ther.

Back to an ersatz normality, as the realization hits us of how far behind we are in our work. It's an unattractive prospect, cause I'd much rather relax and bask in the glory of our pledges, instead of driving away with this study burden.

Big boxes from home - and Beth, Elaine, Eleanor and I celebrated our home Thanksgiving by munching on cold roast chicken and the like. It was wonderful!

Today's letter from Bill was another superbly sweet one. He's so very understanding - keeps telling me to shop around, so that I'll really be sure of what I feel.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 24

Ther.

A rainy, miserable day with still more work to be accomplished. It doesn't seem as though I can possibly get it done, but I've thought that before and somehow it usually does get done. I surely am hung for Christmas eve though at this point.

I did some Plat work and then became engaged in Child Psychology. It's interesting stuff but at times becomes boringly involved.

Bill's letter was wonderful again. I'm getting so spoiled from so many letters from him, but I love it.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 25

Ther.

I slept later this morning and then moseyed around downtown doing the errands I didn't had time for, during Rushing.

This afternoon we had an informal Rush party for Thoren Morse, Joyce Wilch, and Barbara Simons, three girls who were undecided when bids were handed out.

Tonight I was forced to do Chill Precht and was much annoyed at having to study of a Saturday evening, especially since I had to fight a wonderful beam after having called Bell. It was a poor connection, but his voice was quite clear and I heard him say a lot of wonderful things. I do so wish it were an around-the-corner call though.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 26

Ther.

A Sunday best forgotten, since it involved much studying for Child Psych.

House Committee gave us a call down for hair on our dresser scarf after we'd spent hours vacuuming and cleaning our room. We momentarily blew off, but otherwise our spirits remained unscuffed.

My little sisters are Margo Ross and Margie being both wonderful girls!

Wed.

NOVEMBER 27

Ther.

A nastily rainy day, with the Child Psych exam verging on the stinker variety - though I think I made a B out of it.

We had a Contracts quiz, and then the rest of the afternoon I vainly tried to study for tomorrow's Fine Arts exam. The steady pace still continues!

Mail from Maxine and Dad Floyd and Bill. - all very nice. Bill seems to be doing very well with the 96<sup>th</sup> Chemical Battalion and I'm pleased.

Song practice and society meeting (our first since before rushing)

Elsie's and my Christmas presents to each other arrived. - They're sensational beer mugs with KD seal and our nicknames.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 28

Ther.

This morning featured last minute studying for my Modern Painting exam, which wasn't as bad as expected.

This afternoon and evening involved reaction of having no immediate exams for which to study - and I even took time out to play bridge - the first in weeks.

News that Lib Taylor, our province president is coming Friday made us start to scurry around getting records, etc. up to date.

Reth and I have decided to go to Tappahannock to spend Thanksgiving with Floppy and Scarlett. It sounds like fun, and we're really looking forward to it.

Sweet letter from Bill!



Wea.

NOVEMBER 29 /1

Ther.

We dashed around this morning, doing last minute things and then at 2:30, Beth and I hopped the bus to Lee Hall. We had to change buses there and stood in the middle of the crossroads in the pouring rain, causing certain experiences. Beth and I always have fascinating fun when we set out on an adventure together.

At seven Floppy and Scarlet met us in Tappahannock and drove us out to their beautiful home where they live all by themselves. They cooked supper and then we went to a typically small town movie to see "There's Something about a Soldier". We had a soda and then bulled around the living room fire. Such a wonderful atmosphere.

Wea.

NOVEMBER 30

Thor.

Happy Virginia Thanksgiving!  
Beth and I slept late and  
then the four of us cooked  
a tremendous dinner: - shrimp  
cocktail, fried chicken, mashed  
potatoes, creamed onions, peas  
stuffed celery, biscuits, cranberry  
sauce and minced meat balls.  
We sipped sherry and had a  
lovely time. - having to leave  
and come back to Bellhaven.  
It was really an experience  
being completely on our own  
- and much fun to be that  
domestic.

Back into the usual mad  
hysteria at the 40 House!  
The 40<sup>th</sup> pledge: - Jeanne Owens.

Wea.

DECEMBER 1

Ther.

A day of much dashing around without a tremendous amount of accomplishment as we waited vainly for Let Taylor, our inspecting Province President to arrive.

It doesn't seem possible that it's December already - this year is really flying by!

Two letters from Bill today: - both really beautiful - showing that he has no doubts about coming back safely - cause he has something to fight for now.

I also heard from Floyd - he has a clerical job in Public Relations and seems pleased with it.

Wea.

DECEMBER 2

Ther.

We officially gave up hopes of Sister Let's arrival this weekend and made plans accordingly. This afternoon the KAs went to the movies en masse for the annual Big-kittle Sister party. Of course, I'd already seen Mrs. Beckington with Bill, but I enjoyed it the second time despite of almost painful reminiscences.

I vaguely tried to study this evening, and managed to write a few letters. We inaugurated our KA beer mugs with coke and the like.

Wea.

DECEMBER 3

Ther.

Sunday! We skipped church again, wishing that we'd gotten up in time to go. Helen Staples, Jean Corby, Margee Beers and I went to the lodge for dinner (my wallet can't stand much more of this Big Sister meat business) and I finally had my Thanksgiving Turkey. It was real good!

This afternoon I hibernated in the Law Library for awhile working on a note sheet for Tuesday's class, and then moseyed around the Pink and Blue Room the rest of the time.

This evening Cary, Elaine and I had blind dates -- sailors -- and went to Chawning's where we drank beer and sang loud and long. It was good, healthy fun and an experience.

Mother & Dad phoned from the new home. In anxious to see it!

Wea.

DECEMBER 4

Thor.

After classes I hibernated in the Law Library, doing last minute stuff for tomorrow's mock trial, and they was led astray into going to the movies with the K.A.s. The picture, "Laura" was lacking, and I enjoyed it tremendously.

We had W.S.C.G.A. meeting and then pledging for our 40 gals. It tended toward the mass production angle, but was real impressive anyhow.

A letter from Bill was real sweet.

Wea.

DECEMBER 5

Ther.

Inbetween and after classes, I settled down to studying a little Soc. for tomorrow's test, but was prevented from going very far by the constant influx of pledges into the pink and blue room.

Tonight we decessed and went to the Phi Beta anniversary celebration at which Carl Sandburg was the poet. He is a fascinating person and his poem and presentation held us spellbound. The seniors were invited to a reception afterwards and met Sandburg. I was severely impressed with him.

Bill's letter was short - he is still faintly optimistic about going overseas via N.Y. around Christmas time. It would be too good to be true.

Wea.

DECEMBER 6

Ther.

A busy day of classes, Soc. Inst and "telling up loose ends of Treasury stuff, etc. - Tonight's program by Lundberg was even better than yesterday's; I'm still enthralled by him!

Elaine and I are thrilled over Eleanor's psychologically surrealistic character paintings of us. There is a panic though very interesting!

I'm also thrilled at receiving A+ on my Child Psych. exam - very nice!

Beth and I took Margo and Evelyn to the Lodge for dinner!



# Pearl Harbor Day!

Woa.

DECEMBER 7

Ther.

Real live steak for lunch and Pearl Harbor celebration observing a minute's silence whereby Dr. Pomfret bought \$50,000 worth of War Bonds in the name of the College. The rest of the day I took a Modern Painting quiz and then hibernated in the library starting in on my Soc. Term paper on the slums of N.Y. I have so much to do — it really seems impossible. If I should live till Xmas —!

Wea.

DECEMBER 8

Thor.

Such a lovely day! I hibernated in the library, and made headway on my scrapbook. Let finally arrived and Eleanor and I took her to the lodge for dinner. She's a pleasant provence president.

Tonight we had a Christmas dance in the Great Hall in Wren with 50 Air Corps lieutenants. Four girls from each sorority were chosen to go and I was lucky enough to be one of them. It was furribly smooth and I had a sensational time. My lieutenant-- Ted... (unpronounceable) from Buffslo was a good guy and I had much fun.

Bill's letter - a 7-pager - went into details over an interesting incident in Austin. I'm so glad he's a right guy.

Wea.

DECEMBER 9

Ther.

A pleasant day - I dashed around accomplishing things this morning - having my conference with Lit - and then Janet Hilton and I cooked lunch for the Council and Lit.

(I'm really becoming domesticated!) This afternoon, we had meetings and then I went to the library to finally end research on my slum newspaper - now I just have to write and type it.

This evening we played hockey for two hours to see "When Dick Eyes are Smiling" - a waste of time!

A very sweet letter from Bill - he is so understanding!

Wea.

DECEMBER 10

Ther.

We slept until 10:30 and then I settled down in front of my Frustig typewriter to begin tapping away on my Soc term paper. I kept at it all day, even through dinner, with some out for a meeting with Let - and Keppers at Buxton with Elaine - and by the time I finally finished I felt that I'd been wallowing through the slush myself.

Wea.

DECEMBER 11

Ther.

Today was much the same as yesterday, with me dashing around trying to accomplish things, but meetings and the like kept me from getting very much done. Two weeks from today is Christmas:- I should live so long! but imagine that I will.

Mail from home was pleasant and interesting - a letter from Floyd, mentioning my weekend home last month was slightly interesting and confusing.

Wea.

DECEMBER 12

Ther.

My law report has been postponed and so I had a few extra hours today - I bought gifts and furries for a Xmas box for a soldier at a POE (Walt is buying several hundred of them) and then gathered wool and instructions to knit an army sleeveless sweater for the Red Cross - if I ever finish it, the G.I. morale will probably sink tremendously.

Today's letter from Dill was the best yet - & to top it off, he sent me a beautiful silver-filigreed butterfly pin. I'm so pleased with it and am really beaming.

Wea.

DECEMBER 13

Ther.

An interlude day of classes and studying for tomorrow's Modern Painting Exam with snatches of time spent in knitting - and going to chapel.

The way it looks now I'll be home a week from tonight -  
happy thought!

Today's letter from Bill was short but sweet.

Wea.

DECEMBER 14

Thor.

Today was devoted to studying. All morning I went through Modern Painting and then took the exam at 2:00. After a half-hour's interlude, I dove into Child Psych and began the process all over again. Will this week ever be over and done with!

This evening Janet, Sheila, Betty Ann and I snuck away to see the College Play, "Jesus and the Paycock". It was a difficult production and they did a real good job of it. Lois had a small part, but was excellent in her role.



Wea.

DECEMBER 15

Ther.

The Child Psych exam was grimmer than expected, but most of the mad concentration of exams and papers is done with and so I'm happy!

This afternoon, Beth and I moseyed around downtown - doing preliminary Christmas shopping and generally being luxurious enough to waste time.

Floppy and Scarlet came for the weekend, bringing two friends with them. A whole gang of us went to see "The Doughgirls" and thought it was really cozy - the stage show was so much better.

I went over to spend the night in Barnett with Ann - sang carols in Margie's room - knitted - and had bull sessions.

The letter from Bill was terrific; they got better all the time.

Wea.

DECEMBER 16

Ther.

Wo

I slept lateish at Dix's and then got up to look downtown --- did Treasury stuff and bought Christmas presents. Hillsburg doesn't have much to offer in the line of present material, but I'm exhausting its potentialities.

Tonight Elaine and I went to Brockton Parlor House to help clean up after their tea this afternoon and then trimmed the KD Xmas tree and decorated the house with pine and holly. Much fun --- I'm really in the spirit now!

Bell's letter was sweet as always.

Wea.

DECEMBER 17

Ther.

A lovely Sunday as I was awakened by a letter from Bill (Special Xmas delivery) which was really wonderful. I miss him so much and am hoping as much as possible that he'll go over via New York when I'm there next week; he still seems to think there's a chance of it.

The pledges gave a Tea this afternoon, which seemed to be a success. We ate leftover refreshments for supper and then Elaine, Beth and Jay and I went to Buxton to hear the Chavis sing Handel's "Messiah". It was very long - but lovely.

We had a surprise birthday party for Jean Peter this evening. - Her mother sent down a big box of food.

I called Mother and Dad!

Eleanor gave me a painting of Buxton, which she had done, for Xmas. It's so pleasant

Wea.

DECEMBER 18

Ther.

Christmas Tradition is here! We dashed around making last minute preparations for tonight's gala party and got carried away by the spirit of things.

We went to the impressive Candlelight Service in the Chapel and then our party started with Santa Claus Hughes giving out the presents. I was so lucky to receive :- 10 bracelets from Cary, 10 matches from Lou, Safari cologne from Margo, Rivlon lipstick and nail polish set from Margie, lipstick from Ann and perfume from Pat, besides a 10¢ gift to be returned for the Crippled Children's Hospital. I'm so pleased!

We attended the boys dorms with Carol and had such a lovely time!

Wed.

DECEMBER 19

Thur.

The last day of classes before vacation. I gave my report on the Hebrew Legal System in Introduction to Law, but the rest of the day passed without excitement.

This afternoon Cary, Sheila and I went to see Cary Grant and Ethel Barrymore in a deep drama "None But the Lonely Heart". It excelled in stark reality, and made us practically numb.

Tonight home, Kay and I went to Sally Muller's for an egg nog party and a cozy chat. Very nice!

Wea.

DECEMBER 20

Ther.

The trip home was uneventful, as Claire and I dozed most of the way --- with the Christmas rush and train wrecks causing us to reach New York two hours late. Naturally Mother, Dad, Lizzy and Glory --- there to meet me --- were taking part in a little family drama; but then my homecomings usually are eventful, so that was not so surprising.

The new home -- 8835 193 Street --- is a honey and I love it good. Mother and Lizzy rooked like dogs but it looks wonderful in a honey way. I'm very pleased with it.

A letter from Bill sent to Billaburg before I left was really terrific. I miss that guy!

Wea.

DECEMBER 21

Ther.

It was strange awakening in my new home but I soon got used to it and moved around, looking at it in daylight.

Mother and I went into the city and had lunch at Ruby Foo's to fortify us against pushing and being pushed by the throngs of other would be Christmas shoppers. Macy's was a mad house but I managed to get some shopping accomplished.

We stopped at Howard Johnson's to bring ice cream home for supper and I lived up to the ungrateful side of my nature by falling down and hitting my head.

Mr. Zaeller and Nana both come for a little while. Bill Brennan phoned several times - we had gay conversations.

Wea.

DECEMBER 22

Ther.

Mother and I made cookies this morning, and then went into Brooklyn to crush a few more ribs in the last minute Christmas rush. I finished buying my presents and then we picked up Dad and drove on home.

The evening was quiet with phone calls and my finishing the Red Cross sweater I began last week. I'll become so homesick!

The Christmas cards have been pouring in. It's nice to hear from people unheard from in a long time - though rather sad to receive them from the Southwest Pacific, New Belgium, etc. God, how I pray that the war will be over next Christmas!! The effective German counteroffensive makes it all the grimmer. How can it be merry!



Wea.

DECEMBER 23

Thor.

We wrapped packages and hummed the  
tune most of the day, vaguely getting into  
the spirit, but feeling rather low at the  
thought of those in the armed services  
who won't be home for Christmas, and  
of those who can't ever be home  
for another one. War is Hell - it's  
hard to fit into the "Peace on Earth to  
Men of Good Will" approach.

Tonight the Happy Girls went caroling  
- and Bill Brennan came to go  
with me. We stopped in at Almon's  
for cocoa and then ended up at  
Gloria's for coffee and cake. Bill  
came home with me later and we  
talked. It was a very pleasant  
evening! - He gave me a beauty of a  
compact for Christmas. I'm thrilled with  
it!

A very sweet note from Mrs. Boyd - she's  
a grand person!

Wea.

DECEMBER 24

Ther.

Christmas Eve - A day of much pleasantness, staying close to home as stray people dropped in. This afternoon I was surprised to receive a Corset and immense white stuffed dog with a card reading "Love From a Silent Admirer". My curiosity is aroused!

We celebrated Christmas tonight while listening to carols on the radio. As always, I played the role of the spoiled brat and received a lust black suit, blue blouse, pajamas, record, money, stationery, silver, towels, etc. I'm very lucky! - Shining moments come when I opened Bill's present to find a beautiful brown pocketbook and pair of brown gloves... in the change purse of the purse were two bright pennies and his High School Ring for good luck. I beam

Wed.

DECEMBER 25

Thur.

"Merry Christmas!" as we try to get into the Yuletide spirit but aren't very successful what with constant reminders of the hellish fighting all over the world, so the Americans are really meeting defeat from the Germans in Belgium. God, when will it end!!

I stopped at Hextler's and then Cary and C. B. came out for dinner, which was real good. Joanne, Mrs. Brennan and Pat's came later.

This evening we drove Dad back to the St. George and let off The Hughes there too.

This has been a really pleasant Christmas although I long for one which really exemplifies "Peace on Earth." I want that so badly!

Wea.

DECEMBER 26

Ther.

Up early, and into the city to meet some of the Crossley gang: - Elaine, Harriet, Dorothy, Henry and Jean - for a grand reunion. We had much fun seeing Judy Garland in "Meet Me in St. Louis" and having lunch at the Famous Kitchen and a pleasant time was had by all.

I noyed around the house this evening writing Thank You notes and the like - catching up on snuff long overdue.

Two letters from Bill - censored from Swift. The time is drawing near!

Wea.

DECEMBER 27<sup>th</sup>

Ther.

The day went quietly as I wrote more letters and generally relaxed till time to have my hair set at Jay's and Ann's. Mother and I met Dad for dinner at the St. George on the snow flurries, and after talking awhile in the lobby came on home.

Uggy had left a note saying "Big News - Ray Home", and before I'd let myself believe that it could mean Bill was in New York, the doorbell rang and there he was, as I know that there is a Santa Claus. He's stationed at Kilmor and expects to leave for overseas any day. He had a 12-hour pass and stayed here from 9:00 P.M. until 9:00 A.M. We trekked over to Yohy's to find them out, and then dried out, home... talked... drank coffee and ate chicken sandwiches -- still time for him to leave. I'm really lucky!

Wed.

DECEMBER 28

Thur.

With last night still assuming the role of a dream, Mother and I went into the lobby to see "Winged Victory" - the wonderful Air Corps show made into a good a movie as the stage production. - We had lunch in the China Clipper and then came on home.

This evening I decided to go to Audrey's much-talked-off 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday Cocktail Party, snuffing occasionally cause I would have preferred dressing to go out with Bill. The Party was festive and most nice: - Sensational Event, occurring when Audrey "let the cat out of the bag" and flashed a diamond from Jack on the appropriate finger. It hardly seems possible. Time marches on!

Wea.

DECEMBER 29 11

Ther.

I moseyed around the house in the morning and then Mother and I went into Brooklyn to see Irene Dunne & Charles Boyer in "Together Again" and "The Missing Jaxon". We had a late brunch of bacon and eggs and then picked up Dad at the office to bring him on home.

When we got here Lizzy said Bill had phoned. I whooped cause that meant I'd see him again. He soon called back - ate with the Yohney's and then came on over. Mother, Dad, Bill and I sat around talking and sipping a highball. It was awfully homey and I loved it good. Bill and I are really terribly lucky --- of all weeks - that I'd be home when he passed through New York. It's all quite wonderful. Bill is a super guy - how I want the end of the war to come!

Wea.

DECEMBER 30

Thor.

A hectic, but wonderful day! This afternoon I played around with Jackie Yohes, trying to give her an intelligence test for Child Psych. Many tense moments passed as she made coy remarks about Bill. (She's six but feels keenly competition which might mean she isn't Bill's best girl anymore). - Later this afternoon, Bill phoned again on a third 12-hour pass. He had 3 buddies with him; and so Gary, Bud and Joanne and I met the four of them and went to the Cafe lounge all evening, where Ken Brown was playing. It was much fun, and a good time was had by all. - as Bill and I danced around in movie of a glowing haze. Love can be mighty wonderful. - but I long for a natural existence.



Wea.

DECEMBER 31

Ther.

The climactic end to the year! Audrey and I went to St. Gabriel and were moved by the New Year service. Mark, Dad, Liz, and I went to the Fish House for dinner and then drove on home, when shortly afterwards Bill phoned to say he has another pass as I breathed a sigh of relief and happiness. He came out for a light supper (I whipped up biscuits) and because it would have been so hectic in the city we stayed home - wanted to go to a church, but none were open... dropped by at Yohey's and at Gloria's - then back home for talks with the family and each other. He wants to give me an engagement ring - if not now at graduation time, but we decided to wait until after the war. I guess I'm engaged to be engaged though. I'm so very happy!

