A Record of Events
from
Day to Day

BY Hettie Hesch

DATE 1943

“A PAGE A DAY”
A PAGE A DAY

PERPETUAL DIARY

SAMUEL WARD MFG CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

MADE IN U. S. A.
IDENTIFICATION

Name Margitta Thierch
Residence Address 90-11 195 St Phone 301-155-2218
Business Address Kappa Delta House Phone 165
My Weight is Height
Color of Hair Black Color of Eyes Brown

RECORDS

Automobile License No.
Car No. Motor No.
Valuable Papers are at
Other Records

SIZES TO REMEMBER

Gloves Hat
Shoes Hosiery
YOUR HOROSCOPE

Spring Signs

- Aries—The Ram
- Taurus—The Bull
- Gemini—The Twins

Summer Signs

- Cancer—The Crab
- Leo—The Lion
- Virgo—The Virgin

Autumn Signs

- Libra—The Balance
- Scorpio—The Scorpion
- Sagittarius—The Archer

Winter Signs

- Capricorn—The Goat
- Aquarius—Water Bearer
- Pisces—The Fishes

WHAT DID THE STARS FORETELL AT YOUR BIRTH?

Capricorn
December 23—January 21

Energetic, ambitious and self-centered, but very conservative. As business partner, unsympathetic, but reliable, not generous, but just; accurate to the last detail. Prefers to work alone. Domestic, and unable to make a lasting friendship. Writes and speaks eloquently, but without originality. Best companions—Taurus and Virgo.

Cusp of Capricorn
January 21—28

Complex personality. Conservative, yet more friendly and impersonal than his neighbor Capricorn.

Aquarius
January 21—February 20

An all around person, but specializing in nothing. Fond of imparting knowledge to others. An excellent teacher, a good surgeon and a poor mathematician. Kind, generous and courageous. Common sense stupendous, but too practical to be visionary. Never gives quick or drastic decisions; too restrained and thoughtful in judgment. Not a suitor who can be too supercilious. Good people when they get into love.

Honor is your word and prosperity will be yours next. When the sun enters your sign, expect the fortune.

Natural Characteristics
Adaptable, original, of a quick mind. Essentially original, with great knowledge of the world. Essential sense of salvation. Essential sense of mind. Must be heaven. Must be Scorpion.

Impressions
Great business qualities.

Energetic Man and Woman
Vast initiative, splendid energy and can be driven. Diplomats, capable of many changes. Excellent change rates.

—Leo and Mary
Cusp of Aquarius
February 21—28

Honorable in business and all other relations. Obliging and promising favors at the moment, forgetting them the next. When happily married, are the most joyous of people.

Pisces
February 20—March 22

Natural wanderers. Lack concentration and directness. Adaptability to circumstances, and environment may be their salvation. Careless with money. Genial and life of party. Essentially lazy; most domestic. Sub-conscious mind is better mind. Makes a good friend. Best companions—Cancer and Scorpio.

Cusp of Pisces
March 21—28

Impressionable, unselfish and domineering. Generous and great business ability.

Aries
March 22—April 21

Energetic, proud, aggressive, self-willed and impulsive. Vast initiative, but lack persistency. Good conversationalist, and can be depended upon always to provide entertainment. Diplomatic, honest and generous in money matters. More capable than others in public affairs. Can progress, but not change radically. Make excellent orators. Best companions—Leo and Sagittarius.
Cusp of Aries
April 19—27
Idealistic, practical. Not always physically robust, but have a wiry, tenacious nature. Very imaginative.

Taurus
April 21—May 22

Cusp of Taurus
May 20—27
Versatilely gifted. Great thinkers, orators and inventors. Busy and helpful when interested, but indolent when in poor spirits. Proud, preferring starvation to dependence. When understood are willingly helpful with their blending of spiritual and material qualities.

Gemini
May 22—June 22
A dual character, one trait contradicting the other. Lacking in stability and easily influenced by others. Alert, restless, robust. Develops but never creates. Apt to be scatter-brained. Adaptable to circumstance because of rapidly changing opinion. May be nervous but enduring. Has a good time during life. Careless in money matters. Often shallow and superficial. Good administrators in public affairs if things are going well. Best companions—Aquarius and Libra.

Self-willed and obstinate; both stubborn and inflexible. Both active and inactive.

...cannot be swayed by argument. Exaltation in poetry, romanti- cal, poetic, romantic. Writing teachers are usual. Characteristics: quick in development, quick in action. Well-read, quick to accept or reject, quick to act. When irritated, quick to lose temper. Deeply secretive, inconsistent, fickle. Feelings of least resistance, but no strong friends—Pisces.

Super-sensitive and obstinate.
Deep thinkers.

Cusp of Gemini
June 21—28

Self-willed and conceited. Mercurial. Magnetic personality; both brilliant and great talkers, sometimes ardent readers. Conservative, intellectual and affectionate.

Cancer
June 22—July 24

Both active and passive. Their determination of an idea cannot be balked, but if hurt they lose heart. Idealistic, poetic, romantic and imaginative, oftentimes lazy. Inspiring teachers or guides. Rarely strongly intellectual. Spiritually developed. Moody. Easily adaptable to environment. Writes fluently and pleasantly, but unoriginal. Easily swayed and should cultivate independence, generally taking the line of least resistance. Enjoy working with their hands. Best friends—Pisces and Scorpio.

Cusp of Cancer
July 21—28


Leo
July 24—August 24

Cusp of Leo
August 21—28

Dominant, analytical, intellectual. Excellent teachers, salesmen and physicians. Very tactful, and rarely offend or disturb.

Virgo
August 24—September 24

There is an orderly mind. Fine scholars and inspirational musicians. May be talented, but never a genius. Excellent critic. A purist and statistician. Not aggressive, and good company. Thrifty and constructive in financial matters. Domestic, preferring country to city. Make a good commercial lawyer, scientist or philosopher. Lacks enthusiasm and emotionalism. Enjoys intellectual friendships, but easily broken because of differing opinions. Make a good partner, trustworthy and diligent in all affairs. Best friends—Capricorn and Taurus.

Cusp of Virgo
September 21—28

Discriminating and intellectual. The reserve of Virgo is contradicted by the ease and enthusiasm of Libra making a fascinating character. Always making the best of any circumstance. They are ardent lovers and devoted companions.

Libra
September 24—October 24

Cusp of Libra
October 21—28

Artistic, self-interested and materialistic. The women are excellent cooks and housekeepers. Executive ability.

Scorpio
October 24—November 23


Cusp of Scorpio
November 21—28


Sagittarius
November 23—December 23


Cusp of Sagittarius
December 21—28

BIRTH STONES AND FLOWERS

January .................. Garnet                Carnation
February .................. Amethyst              Violet
March ..................... Bloodstone            Jonquil
April ..................... Diamond               Sweet Pea
May ....................... Emerald               Lily of the Valley
June ...................... Pearl                   Rose
July ...................... Ruby                   Larkspur
August ................... Sardonyx              Gladioli
September ............... Sapphire              Aster
October .................. Opal                   Calendula
November ............... Topaz                   Chrysanthemum
December .............. Turquoise              Narcissus

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

1 .................. Cotton
2 .................. Paper
3 .................. Leather
4 .................. Fruit and Flowers
5 .................. Wooden
6 .................. Sugar
7 .................. Woolen
8 .................. India Rubber
9 .................. Willow
10 .................. Tin
11 .................. Steel
12 .................. Silk and Fine Linen
13 .................. Lace
14 .................. Ivory
15 .................. Crystal
20 .................. China
25 .................. Silver
30 .................. Pearl
40 .................. Ruby
50 .................. Golden
75 .................. Diamond

LEGAL OBSERVANCES

Jan. 1—New Year (no legal obligations, except possesions).

Jan. 20—Inauguration Day—by President only; other states follow Col. only.

Feb. 12—Lincoln Birthday
Feb. 22—Washington Birthday

Good Friday (3rd Sun. in April)
Porto Rico, Territory; no legal obligations.


July 4—Independence Day (Legal holiday in Washington, D. C.)

Sept. 16—Independence Day (Legal holiday in Washington, D. C.)

Oct. 12— Columbus Day

Nov. 11—Armistice Day (legal holiday in Washington, D. C.)

Nov. 22—Presidents' Day (legal holiday in Washington, D. C.)
LEGAL OR PUBLIC HOLIDAYS IN THE UNITED STATES

The chief legal or public holidays are:

Jan. 1—New Year's Day (all the States, Territories and colonial possessions).

Jan. 20—Inauguration Day, beginning 1937 and every fourth year thereafter—by the 20th Amendment to the Constitution (in the Dist. of Col. only).


Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday (all the States, Territories and possessions.)

Good Friday (Conn., Del., Fla., La., Md., Minn., N. J., Pa., Philipinnes, Porto Rico, Tenn.). In Conn. Good Friday is usually proclaimed by the Governor as a day of fasting and prayer.

May 30—Decoration or Memorial Day (all States and possessions, except Ala., Ark., Fla., Ga., La., Miss., N. Car., and S. Car.).

July 4—Independence Day (all the States, Territories and possessions).

Sept. (1st Monday)—Labor Day (every State and Territory except the Philippines).


Nov.—General Election Day (first Tuesday after first Monday in November). Every State and Territory except, Alaska, Conn., Dist. of Col., Hawaii, Ill., Mass., Miss., Ohio, Philippines and Vt. In Illinois it is a legal holiday in Chicago, Springfield, East St. Louis, Galena, Danville, Cairo and Rockford. In Ohio it is a half holiday. In Maine it is a legal holiday only as to the courts, which also close on the State Election Day (biennially, second Monday in September).


Nov.—Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November) (every State, Territory and possession).

Dec. 25—Christmas Day (every State, Territory and possession).
THE CALENDAR

The Egyptians determined the true length of the year—365.242 days and divided it into 12 months of 30 days each. The 5 extra days (or 6 extra days in Leap Years) were devoted to festival holidays. The month was divided into three 10-day periods.

After the conquest of Egypt, Julius Caesar, in 46 B.C., adopted the Egyptian calendar for the Roman Empire, except, says George Eastman, that he did not continue the equal months of the Egyptians. He distributed the 5 extra days throughout the year by adding one day to every other month, January, March, May, July, September and November, and took one day off February.

In 28 B.C., Augustus Caesar, in order to have as many days in the month of his birth (August) as there were in the birth month of Julius Caesar (July) and also to be known in history as having altered the calendar, moved the 29th day of February to August.

Property owners who rented by the quarter objected to the unequal quarters caused by his change, as there would have been 90 days in the first quarter and 93 in the third. Augustus compromised by moving September 31st to October 31st. That caused two 31-day months to come together, and a further change was made by moving November 31st to December 31st.

The actual year is 365.242 days, therefore, .003 of a day was accumulated every year. By 1582, the accumulation, it is pointed out by Eastman, had amounted to 10 days, and Pope Gregory XIII in that year ordered the 10 days between October 5 and October 15 dropped from the calendar, and adopted the present rule for Leap Year.

The Gregorian calendar, including her colonies in the Americas, changed its rules by dropping 11 days. This occurred on Monday, October 4, 1582, in the Gregorian calendar, which was April 15 on the Julian calendar. The change occurred on Monday, October 5, 1582, in the Americas. The day that the change occurred is marked as the beginning of the first day of January 1, so there was a 10-day difference between January 1 and February 1 and a 10-day difference between January 1 and February 2.

The Mosaic 7-day week was originated by Constantine of Rome, the first Christian Emperor.

The Romans adopted the Julian calendar in 45 BCE. The eighth day of each month was legalized by Constantine as the Lord's Day.
The Gregorian Calendar was introduced into England and her colonies in 1752 at which time the Equinox had retrograded 11 days since the Council of Nice in A.D. 325, when the rule for Easter Day was established and the Equinox occurred on March 21; hence September 3, 1752, was called September 14, and at the same time the commencement of the legal year was changed from March 25 to January 1, so that the year 1751 lost the months of January and February and the first 24 days of March. The difference between Julian and Gregorian Calendars is 13 days.

The Mosaic 7-day week of the Hebrews was made legal by Constantine the Great in 321 A.D., when he adopted Christianity.

The Romans used an 8-day week prior to the Christian Era. The eighth day was Market Day. The 7-day week was legalized by Constantine. The Pagan Sun’s Day was made the Lord’s Day or Christian Sabbath.

### EASTER DAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Ash Wednesday</th>
<th>Easter Sunday</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Ash Wednesday</th>
<th>Easter Sunday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1937</td>
<td>Feb. 10</td>
<td>Mar. 28</td>
<td>1952</td>
<td>Feb. 27</td>
<td>April 13</td>
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<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>Mar. 2</td>
<td>April 17</td>
<td>1953</td>
<td>Feb. 18</td>
<td>April 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>Feb. 22</td>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>1954</td>
<td>Mar. 3</td>
<td>April 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>Feb. 7</td>
<td>Mar. 24</td>
<td>1955</td>
<td>Feb. 23</td>
<td>April 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>Feb. 26</td>
<td>April 13</td>
<td>1956</td>
<td>Feb. 15</td>
<td>April 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>Feb. 18</td>
<td>April 5</td>
<td>1957</td>
<td>Mar. 6</td>
<td>April 21</td>
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<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Mar. 10</td>
<td>April 25</td>
<td>1958</td>
<td>Feb. 19</td>
<td>April 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>1944</td>
<td>Feb. 23</td>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>1959</td>
<td>Feb. 11</td>
<td>Mar. 29</td>
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<td>1945</td>
<td>Feb. 14</td>
<td>April 1</td>
<td>1960</td>
<td>Mar. 2</td>
<td>April 17</td>
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<tr>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Mar. 6</td>
<td>April 21</td>
<td>1961</td>
<td>Feb. 15</td>
<td>April 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>1947</td>
<td>Feb. 19</td>
<td>April 6</td>
<td>1962</td>
<td>Mar. 7</td>
<td>April 22</td>
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<td>1948</td>
<td>Feb. 11</td>
<td>Mar. 28</td>
<td>1963</td>
<td>Feb. 27</td>
<td>April 14</td>
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<tr>
<td>1949</td>
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<td>April 17</td>
<td>1964</td>
<td>Feb. 12</td>
<td>Mar. 29</td>
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<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>Feb. 22</td>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>1965</td>
<td>Mar. 3</td>
<td>April 18</td>
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<td>1951</td>
<td>Feb. 7</td>
<td>Mar. 25</td>
<td>1966</td>
<td>Feb. 23</td>
<td>April 10</td>
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### POPULATION OF PRINCIPAL CITIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>1940 Estimated</th>
<th>1930 Gov't Census</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akron, Ohio</td>
<td>269,151</td>
<td>255,040</td>
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<tr>
<td>Albany, N. Y.</td>
<td>134,523</td>
<td>127,412</td>
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<tr>
<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
<td>317,477</td>
<td>270,366</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baltimore, Md.</td>
<td>838,985</td>
<td>804,874</td>
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<td>Birmingham, Ala.</td>
<td>316,789</td>
<td>259,678</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
<td>795,299</td>
<td>781,188</td>
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<td>Bridgeport, Conn.</td>
<td>147,827</td>
<td>146,716</td>
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<td>Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>2,890,512</td>
<td>2,560,401</td>
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<td>Buffalo, N. Y.</td>
<td>607,188</td>
<td>573,076</td>
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<td>Chattanooga, Tenn.</td>
<td>149,909</td>
<td>119,798</td>
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<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>3,776,549</td>
<td>3,376,438</td>
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<td>Cincinnati, Ohio</td>
<td>478,271</td>
<td>451,160</td>
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<td>Cleveland, Ohio</td>
<td>954,540</td>
<td>900,429</td>
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<td>Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>322,675</td>
<td>290,564</td>
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<td>Dallas, Texas</td>
<td>322,586</td>
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<td>Dayton, Ohio</td>
<td>225,093</td>
<td>200,982</td>
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<td>Des Moines, Iowa</td>
<td>150,709</td>
<td>142,559</td>
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<td>Detroit, Michigan</td>
<td>1,778,773</td>
<td>1,568,662</td>
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<td>Denver, Colorado</td>
<td>301,972</td>
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<td>Flint, Mich.</td>
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<td>156,492</td>
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<td>Fort Worth, Texas</td>
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<td>163,477</td>
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<td>Grand Rapids, Mich.</td>
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<td>168,592</td>
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<td>Hartford, Conn.</td>
<td>172,183</td>
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<td>Houston, Texas</td>
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<td>292,352</td>
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<td>Indianapolis, Ind.</td>
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<td>Jacksonville, Fla.</td>
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<td>129,549</td>
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<td>Jersey City, N. J.</td>
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<td>316,715</td>
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<td>Kansas City, Kansas</td>
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<td>121,847</td>
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<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
<td>465,857</td>
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<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
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<td>Milwaukee, Wisc.</td>
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<td>578,249</td>
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<tr>
<td>Minneapolis, Minn.</td>
<td>515,467</td>
<td>464,356</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CITY**

- Nashville, Tenn.
- Newark, N. J.
- New Haven, Conn.
- New Orleans, La.
- New York, N. Y.
- Norfolk, Va.
- Oakland, Cal.
- Oklahoma City.
- Omaha, Neb.
- Paterson, N. J.
- Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Portland, Oreg.
- Providence, R. I.
- Richmond, Va.
- Rochester, N. Y.
- Salt Lake City.
- San Antonio, Tex.
- San Diego, Calif.
- San Francisco, Calif.
- Scranton, P.
- Seattle, Wash.
- Springfield, Mass.
- St. Louis, Mo.
- St. Paul, Minn.
- Spokane, Wash.
- Syracuse, N. Y.
- Toledo, Ohio.
- Trenton, N. J.
- Tulsa, Okla.
- Washington, D.C.
- Youngstown, Ohio.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>1940 Estimated</th>
<th>1930 Gov't Census</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
<td>176,977</td>
<td>153,866</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newark, N. J.</td>
<td>455,448</td>
<td>442,337</td>
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<td>New Haven, Conn.</td>
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<td>162,655</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Orleans, La.</td>
<td>499,873</td>
<td>458,762</td>
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<td>New York, N. Y.</td>
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<td>6,930,446</td>
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<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
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<td>129,710</td>
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<td>Oakland, Cal.</td>
<td>326,174</td>
<td>284,063</td>
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<td>Oklahoma City, Okla.</td>
<td>233,400</td>
<td>185,389</td>
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<td>Omaha, Neb.</td>
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<td>214,006</td>
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<td>Paterson, N. J.</td>
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<td>Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
<td>2,001,072</td>
<td>1,950,961</td>
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<td>Pittsburgh, Pa.</td>
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<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
<td>325,926</td>
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<td>Providence, R. I.</td>
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<td>Richmond, Va.</td>
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<td>Rochester, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
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<td>140,267</td>
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<td>San Diego, Cal.</td>
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<td>147,995</td>
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<td>143,433</td>
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<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
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<td>Spokane, Wash.</td>
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<td>Trenton, N. J.</td>
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<td>123,356</td>
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<td>Tulsa, Okla.</td>
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<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
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<td>Youngstown, Ohio</td>
<td>182,113</td>
<td>170,002</td>
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</table>
THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

The Pyramids of Egypt and the Sphinx are situated close to the west bank of the Nile River nearly opposite Cairo, and were built between 4731 B.C. and 4454 B.C.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were near the Euphrates River in the palace of King Nebuchadnezzar, 60 miles south of the present city of Bagdad. They date from about 600 B.C.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was built in the Fifth Century, B.C. The building was of marble, 425 feet by 225 feet and the roof was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble. In 356 B.C., the temple was destroyed.

The Statue of Jupiter Olympus in the valley of Olympia, 12 miles inland from the west coast of the southern peninsula of Greece, was begun in 432 B.C. It was of marble encrusted with ivory and the draperies were of beaten gold.

The Tomb of Mausolus was in Asia Minor on the Eastern side of the Aegean Sea opposite Greece. It was built of marble about 352 B.C. by Queen Artemisia. It was destroyed by an earthquake.

The Pharos of Alexandria, a white marble lighthouse or watch tower on the island of Pharos, in the port of Alexandria, Egypt, was completed in 283 B.C. Fires were used as a beacon by night and were kindled in the upper part of the tower.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a brass statue of the Greek sun-god Apollo, about 109 feet high and was erected at the port of the City of Rhodes on the Island of Rhodes in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea north of Alexandria. It took 12 years to build, was completed about 280 B.C. and was thrown down 224 B.C. by an earthquake.
RULES FOR SPELLING

Words ending in a drop that letter before the termination able, as in move, movable, unless ending in ce or ge, when it is retained, as in change, changeable, etc.

Words of one syllable ending in a consonant, with a single vowel before it double that consonant in derivatives, as ship, shipping, etc. But if ending in a consonant with a double vowel before it, they do not double the consonant in derivatives: as troop, trooper, etc.

Words of more than one syllable ending in a consonant preceded by a single vowel, and accented on the last syllable, double that consonant in derivatives; as commit, committed; but except chagrin, chagrined.

Words ending in l, double that letter in the termination ly.

Participles ending in ing, from verbs ending in e lose the final e; as have, having, make, making, etc., but verbs ending in se retain both; see, seeing. Dye, to color, and singe, to scorch, however, must retain the e before ing.

All adverbs ending in ly and nouns ending in ment retain the e final of the primitives; as brave, bravely; refine, refinement; except words ending in ge; as judge, judgment.

Nouns ending in y, preceded by a vowel, form their plural by adding s; as money, moneys; but if y is preceded by a consonant it is changed to ies in the plural; as bounty, bounties.
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Avoirdupois Weight
27 11/32 grs.—1 dram
16 drams—1 ounce
16 ounces—1 pound
25 pounds—1 quarter
4 quarters—1 cwt.
2000 lb.—1 short ton
2240 lb.—1 long ton

Dry Measure
2 pints—1 quart
8 quarts—1 peck
4 pecks—1 bushel
36 bushels—1 chaldron

Liquid Measure
4 gills—1 pint
2 pints—1 quart
4 quarts—1 gallon
31 1/2 gallons—1 barrel
2 barrels—1 hogshead

Mariners’ Measure
6 feet—1 fathom
120 fathoms—1 cable
7 1/2 cable lengths—1 mile
5,280 ft.—1 stat. mile
6,085 ft.—1 naut. mile

Square Measure
144 sq. in.—1 sq. ft.
9 sq. ft.—1 sq. yd.
30 1/4 sq. yds.—1 sq. rod
640 acres—1 sq. mile
40 sq. rods—1 rood
4 rooods—1 acre

Cubic Measure
1,728 cu. in.—1 cu. ft.
27 cu. ft.—1 cu. yd.
2,150.42 cubic inches—1 standard bushel
231 cubic inches—1 standard gallon
1 cubic foot—about four-fifths of a bushel
12 inches—1 foot
3 feet—1 yard
5 1/2 yards—1 rod
120 rods—1 furlong
8 furlongs—1 stat. mile
3 miles—1 league
JANUARY 1

Happy New Year! It seems hardly possible that it is 1943 already — how time does fly (to be precise!)

The year began uneventfully enough: Mother and I picked up Eppy (recovery from her appendicitis removal) and went to Dr. Weiss — then on to Janssen's for lunch. We spent most of the late afternoon at the Hettles who were having open house. It was good to have egg nog and fruit cake mouses of all the rationing going on.

Daddy came out at 5:17. We all fooled around and then had a big dinner of Virginia Ham. Looking back on the day, it seems as though all we did was to eat.

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

Floyd was inducted in the army at 10:00. I wonder when he'll go and stuff!
January 2

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

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

On the subway coming home I bumped into Jackie Milford and Ginny Frank — talked and reminisced. Bill Brennan came up to say goodbye — he goes back to Cheyenne tomorrow. He's definitely coming down to Billings. Fun.

I got Bill Boyd's picture this morning. It's real good and I'm thrilled.
JANUARY 3

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

Then stopped at the cruise theater in Tidewater for drinks of roast chicken and came home where Daddy rehearsed his acceptance speech for the banquet (Army-Navy C award for Davis and Peter) Wednesday night. I feel as though I know it by heart.

Dixie gave us a taste of tea sandwiches and coffee on her china — it was real good.

We stopped at Brennan's to see Mr. Brennan and Pat and have some port wine on the way to the station with Daddy.
January 4

Whew! What a day! Mother and I got up early to go to the Paramount and saw "Star Spangled Rhythm" with all the Paramount stars. (It was a hit.) Benny Goodman and orchestra, and Frank Loesser were there in person.

We then dashed back to Robie's for a shampoo, eye, eyebrow, flock and manicure. I felt quite beautiful!

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

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

People phoned to say goodbye and stuff. Lordy, how this vacation flew!
JANUARY 5

Back to school! Gary, Lou, Kay and I came on a Pullman which was good cause it was terrifically crowded on the rest of the train. Nothing new—just same old business of sitting uncomfortably and waiting for hours to eat. Natchally we talked and talked and got caught up on all the news of various vacations. Of course, we kept bumping into the gang all the time. The trip was uneventful and we all wished so badly that the train would have been going in the opposite direction. When we got back to the house we all pulled for hours and hours.

There's some stupendous news about both Beth and Danny, but six sworn to secrecy.

Such a wonderful vacation as it was!
I felt crummy all day today — sort of an upset tummy and the like. So I just lounged around, with time set to go to the station and pick up my suitcases — I also avoided food continuously. Needless to say, I went to classes too since it would involve a five dollar cab otherwise.

I was kind of disappointed today. Ted Brennan was definitely coming down here and we both wanted it to last, but his order to go in the army have him changed and the only date he could be sure of being able to come are the dates of my return. Oh, boy! I wish something could be arranged! The special I got from him today told the bad news. I haven’t given up all hope yet.

I got a real nice letter from Bill Boyd. Everything seems swell on that score. People heard in all wrong.
JANUARY 7

All day we've felt silly and accomplished nothing. All we did was laugh, play records and read. Philosophy, economics and English lit. were a little grim in that serious talk about the coming years went on and made me realize (as it always does!) how little I know and how much I have to learn between now and then.

This afternoon Beth and I went to the library to do philosophy. It's gotten to be too much for me. Every year — every week — I swear to study it and every week I don't. Sunday, I'll reform, I hope.

We went over to meet Carlyle Hayley at Camouflage class and zoomed to the Virginia.

No excitement — no bohemia today — just fun. Hey! How little there is to write about when I hit Williamsburg!
Another uneventful day - I won't make any more apologies for uneventful days though cause they'll probably be reads of them before I'm through this winter.

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

I went over to Hasset this afternoon a-visitin' forنع تعمل. He was all thinking about studeing.

Beth and I went downtown to shop but couldn't find any of the things we wanted. I was up in the town from 12-1. I got busy tonight with an evening of personal improvement. I feel all lush and contented now.

I got a nice letter from Jimmy Tracy a Canadian soldier. I met him this summer and a note from Ben Brown.
January 9

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

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

Kay, how Dorse, Muffy and I went up to the Lodge coffee shop for supper. Then I came back and wrote letters and listened to the hit parade (there are such things - dreamy song) was first. All the kids in the house are so swell.

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

I got a letter from Mother.
A lovely quiet Sunday! We slept late - through breakfast and church - and stared until dinner time. We had beef which was tough but tasted unusually good anyhow.

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

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

I've been back almost a week and very much wish I were home. I love it here but...
JANUARY 11

Such a nice day! After lunch I went out to the dome and fooled around. Before going to the movies with Cary, Colleen, Jan, Gene, and Pat Raymond, we saw "Once Upon a Moonlight" starring Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers. It was darling!

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

I got my boxes from home with clothes, books, records, and the like so we had a celebration.
Today was another awfully nice day. After lunch I went over to the dorm, and visited around. I was supposed to speak the night there but am turning over a leaf of being a grumpy grand. Thought a gang of us went to the basketball game which we won over the University of Mich 40-27. It was quite an exciting game.

I got a letter from Bill Krenker in which he sounded awfully optimistic about coming down. Heck, I hope so! We'll be during exams through which explains why I must read now cause she got to get all my studying done before next week.

Mother wrote me several letters. She's been working hard at O.C.D. has a uniform.
JANUARY 13

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

We went to Chapel tonight and then to a Spanish Club meeting at which the Chorale sang. Oh, God! We laughed till our sides ached. It was truly an experience.

Beth bought me Benny Goodman's "Why Don't You Do Right" to cheer me out of my funk of studying. New St. Blocker gave us his final lecture of this semester - a deep, Tears job about war and all the fellows leaving and sacrifices. It's still! Dave Thomas went into the Merchant Marine today. Reports from home say:

Letters from Joanie and L. Brennan.
The last day of classes and now
study does begin in earnest. All
afternoon and evening I skimmed
over my 700 big pages of English,
Lit. with time out for deep bull
sessions, reminiscing about grammar
school days. I was silly but fun.
I got a letter from Maylie
Griggs who has been working at the
Beecher Publishing Company in the
art department. She seems truly
interested in it, and I am so glad
cause she hasn't had a real outside
interest in so long.
I also heard from Florence Morrow
and she wanted me to come down to
Atlanta after exams. Naturally, I
can't cause I haven't time to even
go home much less trek to Virginia's
southern past. Hooey. I really
would like to see Florence though
JANUARY 15

Had an economics review class with Dr. Hedgiefeld from 9-12 this morning with time out to go downtown for breakfast. Reading Pericles began and everyone has a combination of a studious mood with a "what the hell?" attitude.

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

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

Besides mail from Mother, Dad, and Uncle Floyd sent me a card from the Air Force in Miami, Amma!
From nine-thirty this morning till ten o'clock tonight with just an hour and a half and for lunch and a walk downtown and an hour of driving and fooling around. Danny and I slaved at Economics — and I do mean slaved. It's a blissful feeling though to know it is finished — e'ert fin. Course I have to review it all before the exam Wednesday but that's beside the point.

I got an awfully sweet letter from Bill Boyd. He's put in his paper for the Air Corps and good! I hope he makes it. He's wanted to be an aviator from the very beginning, and deserves to get it. He's expecting a three day leave soon and will come to Bullisburg then. So nice!
It is inconceivable! Last week it snowed and today it's been so hot that we resurrected summer dresses and sweaters in them. All the windows are open but when a breeze comes in! And it is January too! It's good for the fuel shortage anywhere.

Bill, Carolyn and I went to Boston. We felt we needed some religious stimulation to help us through the grueling experience of exams.

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

Both and I bought some food and cakes at the College Shop while we dropped at Maggie's and Jodi to cheer them during exams. They seemed thrilled and cheerful. We ate supper on the front porch!
I examined English but in my brain and sensed and coughed intermittently. Danny and I went downtown to buy blue books and pens and pens and later, or walked to the Lodge and back for recreation. Basically I studied all day as I have been doing for the past few days. I've decided away to get most of my work down by Wednesday when Bill Brenna would come. So what happened? Tonight the phone rang and it was Bill (long distance) from New York. We chatted and the general idea is that he can't seem to get transportation down here. I can't take much more of this changing of arrangements. Oh golly! I guess I'm kind of disappointed. Bill's still haven't given up all hope, Bill...
JANUARY 19

Liz studied so much Economics with Danny that gladly would I scream!

Tomorrow this time my exam will be over. The uncertainty of not having had an exam before this has been annoying. I like to get the fool thing over with. Golly, I ought to at least pass my exams with this display of studiousness. I've never before studied even half as hard.

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

Jeanie Liben's May an exude in the Navy, stopped by on his way to boarding his ship. He seems awfully swell and Jean loves him loads.

Letters from Mother & Dad.

For Grady & & from Cornell whose father teaches at Jamaica High, told me tales of Bill.
The Economics exam was such that I displayed a vast amount of imagination throughout it. I pulled beautifully but knew enough to be sure I passed.

My little sis K by very took me home with her for dinner and to spend the night. I had the best old time. We had genuine roast beef for dinner and the ladies made toll house cookies, sang and in short had a super lovely evening. Her family so wonderful and all sort of unofficially been taken in. We stayed up (I think I did) until 3:00 A.M. talking deep talks. It was gobs of fun.

I got a wonderful letter from Bill Bayly, also a special from Mother. Maybe Bill Brennan can come down next Tuesday or Wednesday. I give up though.
Pat and I were awakened at 11:00 P.M. by a combination of our dog named Mickey hopping on the bed and our brother, named Charles, blowing mock reveille in our left ear. We improvised a breakfast and then I came back to the house. It was such fun and I had a super time.

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

I studied Soc. and English and mostly laughed with the kids. Both Danny and Cary ganged upon my "whilfulness" - I was outnumbered.

Letters from Joanne, Betty, and Roman. Joan is recuperating from her chicken pox.
Another day which to all outward appearances was drab, but which really was jolly fun. Bill and I did philosophy, even digging into her suitcase to unearth a mess of notes which presently ensured us under. That still wasn't enough to quench our spirits—and Nancy tagged right along. Soon we had another day of exam preparation. Bill invited us down to see Louis. They both seem terribly happy! I hate to have to start this all over again—but I got an airmail special from Bill Brauner in which he said he'd make reservations on the train to come down here Tuesday and Thursday of next week if his notice doesn't come before. I'm definitely not counting on it this time, but I'm hoping again!
I developed a beautiful case of writer's cramp - if nothing else today. This morning from 9 to 12, I answered questions which made up a 10th exam. It wasn't too bad and I'm sure I did fairly all right on it.

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

Beth, Casey, Janie, Debby, Pat, Holly, Caroline & I rushed away from exams and saw "Reunion in France" starring John Crawford and Philip Donen. It was exceptionally good!

Dear letter from Bell Boyd & Henrietta.
Still another day devoted to philosophy—a day on which we developed some philosophies of our own. My head is still swimming with what Plato, Kant, and Aquinas felt about their very deep convictions of life, but some discussions by McClelland, Davenport, and Hersch have made a great impression. We got off on the subject of emotion and sentiment—both and Danny came to the conclusion that I have "passionate potentialities" (I could be very sentimental, affectionate, etc.). Danny is the other extreme and Bill is the happy medium of the 'Black Rose Girls.'

Connie's brother passed through on his way to leaving the country via Norfolk. He is an Ensign and awfully nice.
The philosophy exam wasn't so good — or rather, the exam was fair and my knowledge was there, but the questions on the exam never quite seemed to coincide with my knowledge. Oh! I'm kind of pessimistic about it. Hope I can keep my C!

I visited in the dorm this afternoon. Splendid news: Colby met a boy at Wash. on the way back to school at Christmas time. (He goes to Fork Union.) They've been writing each other daily and he came to see her last weekend. Lindy! They're going to get married in June. It's fantastic, but Lindy seems terrifically happy! I'm confused, but so long as she knows what she's doing!

Lots of mail from Mother, Dad, Mr. Girman and Floyd. Floyd still seems happy in Miami Beach. (Sure letter.)
JANUARY 26

The Spanish exams weren't as hard as I'd expected, but it wasn't good. I didn't do well on it.

I got two super-duper confession letters from Bill Boyd but two letters which were really wonderful. He's a nice fellow.

Wang got a wire from Richmond asking her to come take her Civil Service exam at 8:30 A.M.

Tomorrow's zoom zoom zoom! She and Ruth packed up to the storing little metropolis spending the night with tennis. I was overcome in my little pink and blue room all alone, but had my night off personal improvement for tomorrow the 26th day.

Bill Brennan sent me a wire - he ought to get in at 9:30 9:30. Brother I can hardly wait get an app counting on it entirely. I'm so lucky!
At 9:30 A.M. I met the train from Richmond to Bill! Minja Jordan came tracing down to the station to say he’d missed connection and hadn’t the chance. Finally he got in at 12:30— it was really good to see him. It was raining and as a matter of fact think all the time he was here. We had lunch at the Capitol and walked all around town and campus. We stopped at Garrett and saw some of the kids before going to the 6:30 show. Bell liked them all and vice versa. I hopped into my Galaxie after and we went to the lodge for awhile dinner and dancing. We went to the station to meet Beth and Sandy returning from Richmond— got swung over legs on a freight wagon till the train came. We went back to the lodge till 11:00 and then to hairy, where we talked and stuff till 3:00. I spent the night with Bob. Such fun!
Bill called for me at 10:00. I wasn't quite up but zoomed into my clothes when he came. We had breakfast at the Wye and then walked around in the rain some more. At noon we met Bussie andUBY for lunch at the Capitol again. Then we were walking with stops at Smith's where Bill was staying, and at the house. We zoomed to the station again and hopped on the train. We had terrific ice storms down here so Bill had to leave tonight and was afraid of not making connections. We went to Richmond together so he wouldn't have to say Goodbye so soon. Dinner at the hotel Murphy was wonderful. We walked back to the station and finally my train came in. It was best he saw me off rather than for me to say so long to him. I sniffed into his voluminous handkerchief and then all gone! I hope our "I'll be seeing you"s come true soon.
At first this morning I didn't feel too happy, as a matter of fact, I felt downright unhappy, but in a little while I returned to the 'Black Pearl' girl usual status — acting normal (?) again.

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

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

My Sociology and Spanish grades came (C in Soc. & B+ in Spanish).
Commencement Day and real and it was too. Going Humphries and Hilly Hicks graduated in a ceremony not nearly as impressive as the June ones. What with Dan moving to the practice house and Kibby becoming Mrs. Bivins in practice some wonderful girls are leaving this weekend.

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

We gave a shower for Kibby and she seemed supernaturally thrilled and happy. Fun!

I registered this morning. Besides Econ., English lit., Spanish, Philosophy as usual in taking Psychology of the Interview (Fauconnet), Phys. Ed. in Bowling and Folk Dancing.

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

Yolly Miller came back for the second semester 1!!
Today was a beautifully restful Sunday to end all beautifully restful Sundays. This morning Beth Cony, Kathy and I got religious inspiration at Christ Church, and then all afternoon we zoomed around in the living rooms playing bridge, listening to dreamy programs on the radio, talking and generally doing useless things. Two pleasant hours having to study or anything. In favor of it.

Lisby andolly leave next and Casey, Shelia, Pat and Charlie (Punch) are moved over. It seems so different!

Speaking of Lisby, she announced to us that she'll be a little Lisby or a junior in on its way. She'll arrive in June! Yes we all love that girl and will miss her terribly. This has been such a restful month, despite of exams and all that. A lot of swell things have happened!
Little Sister
at Work
1942-1943
FEBRUARY 1

"Rabbit rabbit" day. A new month and a new semester. So starting out with my new self again! I feel like I'm taking classes today. Much of the interview really does terrifically interesting things; a whole gang of us take it together and I know it'll be fun. Spanish was as usual, and bowling good stuff. I can't understand why she never bowled before.

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

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

I've developed a yen for a cold which involves losing my voice. Nuts!
I had my first philosophy, economics and English literature classes of the new semester. Economics sounds particularly interesting being all about the time and how was stuff. I love the course or maybe my grade helped influence me.

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

Cary, Jan Cobie, Ray, Lou, Holly and I saw "Comrades" at the Paramount with Paul Muni. It was quite good but had a lot of gory excitement and seemed slushy in spots.

Beth, Claire, Cary and I have organized the Arabian Knights and we're going full force. I love to be crazy like that.
FEBRUARY 3

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

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

That! Mary Ann Fellows has left school having admitted her marriage to Bob Daniel last June. She's gonna have a baby in May. all these secret marriages!!!
A truly miserable rainy day! Claire went up to Pat Hoagey's wedding in the rain and has come back wet. She said the ceremony was super but Tommy Hoagey (Mr. Sandlander) looked and acted crummily, giving autographs, etc. Beth and I slept most of the afternoon and felt better afterwards. Earl, Marty and I went to a Foreign Travel Club meeting which developed into being just a sort of casual meeting with plans being made for a bigger and better F.T.C.

I got a letter from Bill Brendan which though it was strictly carburetorish did have a decided pitch to it. I was impressed. After all the criticism of his coming down last week he still hasn't gotten his order to report. The KAs played basketball tonight and are stiff and beaked - Janie & Beth especially.
FEBRUARY 5

I hate to keep repeating myself but the weather gets wetter & wetter all the time. I "braved the elements" going to class and up in the tower. As always, they always seem to be out of luck.

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

Besides mail from Mommy and Daddy, I got a card from Bill Brann saying he's definitely been accepted for meteorology training. Good glad cause he wanted it so badly. I also got a censored letter from Jim Tracey with a sentence cut out.
The sun broke through at last and almost hurt our eyes with its unaccustomed glare. It does look and feel good though after all that doggone rain.

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

Holly Nelly phoned and came over to see me. She looks real good - I feel like a heel for not having seen her this week except while dashing around - not for a talk or meal.

I got my heavily box cookies and a crate of oranges from Mr. Fulcher's store. I heard from Merger and Buggs and received a bowl of a letter from Floyd.

It really was a gem!

Ed Lawery? man, Pete is home from Grad School. She's a happy little girl!

She cut another wisdom tooth or two of all its.
February 7

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

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

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

Also was it announced that WM is being used to train Naval - CHAPLINS! Can't Hell? No excuse! (air corps)
Convocation this afternoon to celebrate the 250th Anniversary of the granting of the charter to William and Mary (1693-1943)!
Incidentally too John Stewart Bryan was inaugurated Chancellor of the College and John Edwin Condict was inaugurated President. The President of Harvard made an address and all-in-all twas very impressive. We were all truly filled with the glory and importance of William and Mary.
There was a usually boring Women's Student Government meeting, and then we had Second Degree Pledging. All-in-all the day was very deep with celebration and ceremony galore.
Both feel real sick with viria trouble case throat inflamed and so on. She's gone to the infirmary.
I got mail from home but nothing else. I haven't heard from Bill Boyd in over a week. Am I confused again?
February 9

It was a real nice day! We slept through philosophy and cut English lit feeling truly wicked. This afternoon I did some philosophy and then Claire and I went to see "The Crystal Ball" with Kay Melland and Taulette Goddard. It was awfully cute and we laughed a lot. "It was funny!"

Official grades came out and I found out that although I still don't know who made a mistake for the A is official so I'm not complaining. Final grades are 3's, 1's, and 7's — I made Jean's list so I am real glad about it.

We'll be giving courses in meteorology if I'd been a good little girl — but things don't happen like that!
February 10

We gave a tea for Mrs. Shackleford this afternoon. Everything ran smoothly and people seemed to enjoy themselves as far as things like that go. We sent her in a orchid carriage since it was her first she was terrifically thrilled. This is so wonderful! All the sorority sorority presidents, Mrs. Comerford, Dean Kendall, Mrs. Hov et cetera. We had tea, sandwiches and cakes and my cake is just about frozen now.

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

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

Folk dancing! Fun, but oh a weary!
FEBRUARY 11

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

A bunch of us went to see "Shadow of a Doubt" with Theresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey—the seasoned cast old picture and good! We flirted around and studied a little philosophy.

Tonight Cary and I went to an aircraft spotter's meeting which turned out to be really interesting. Filmed showed the whole procedure of reporting plane. We're going to have to identify the 56 kinds of plane, which sounds involved. More cousins!

Maybe a little sailor came to see "Miri" Book tonight and she seems happy. I met an old friend and stuff.

I had a strictly carburotic letter from Bill Fishman—still no orders!
February 12

Happy Lincoln's Birthday! No observation of the holiday though! Psychology of the interview involved an essay on Falseness, which proved how one can't tell the truth sometimes no matter how hard one tries. Spanish was no lesser as well and the first philosophy quiz of the semester was typical.

I watched in the town for an hour. Gary and I got back blue and gold army air corps arm bands for over a hundred hours service of airplane spotting. They're an impressive moment! I visited in the dorm and saw Brian and Maggie, reminiscing the friends I'd lost when I hibernated because of my cold.

Mother, Dad and Maggie sent a stupendous box of chicken, cookies, candy, sand whiches, etc. We had a feast tonight and was delicious. Letters from Gwen, Franke, Ethel and home.
FEBRUARY 13

The weather has taken a decided turn on the Cold side, and it snowed in a blizzardy sort of fashion this Friday.

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

I got a percolator Valentine from Bill Brennan and cute ones from Daddy, Pat Brennan, Danny, Sugar, and Wade and Marty. Otherwise my sex appeal is nil!
Happy Valentine's Day! Excepting for a call from Mother there were no signs of the celebration of the day. My eye appeal hasn't improved! This morning Bunchy and I walked through the freezing morning to Boston Parish and walked back friendly. This afternoon I went over to the dorm and visited Nelly and Kevin.

Every Bunchy and I are in charge of Hell Week for the pledges and held a meeting with them tonight to tell them what they have to do. Somehow people realized that I was pledged late and escaped Hell Week last year and as a result tomorrow I have to wear my black wizard with the pink bow on it all over campus. Oh, humiliated me an act too!
FEBRUARY 15

Twas held to be showered by poverty section laughed at by friends and stared at by tourists as I wore my little skirt around today. Two boys and the man in retail's thought it was pretty, but those were the only compliments.

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

We had our society meeting early tonight in account of the basketball game. It was a confused jumble of unrelated notions with nothing much accomplished. The game was given 65 to 34. Norfolk Navy air corps training station was too tall for our men.
Another day! Student Religious Emphasis Week opened with a consecration. Mr. E. Frank Selman of the Philadelphia Holy Trinity Church spoke terrifically interestingly, and he inspired me religiously.

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

Both Claire Cary and I went to a Freshman basketball game which didn't quite materialize.

Twelve of the Army Reserve boys were called up today in addition to some Army Air Corps fellows. All this time more fellows leave. Had! Bill leaves for Philadelphia & Fort Meade, Maryland, tomorrow!
FEBRUARY 17

The day started with my usual eight o'clock and then I substituted for two hours in the tower; during which time we had a state-wide practice area with Dr. Harrison, the Chief Observer, relieved me however and so I missed most of the excitement. My bowling improved to 68 again. (I'm going to make at least 75 or bust) I did philosophy and tortured the pledges as they washed and worked our Venetian blinds etc. Our curtains look luscious too!

Beth and I went over for dinner at the Home Practice House with Danzay. She cooked it with her own hands and we were impressed. The fancy frozen meat loaf, peac, stew with red wine, coffee and strawberry fruit cup and cookies were all truly wonderful!

A bunch of us went to the Methodist Church where Dr. Salmon spoke again. He is super! Then on to Folk Dancing & the Virginia...
FEBRUARY 18

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

I had a humiliating experience in Economics class today. We're going to do special reports on committees of five - graduate work type of thing for experience. We chose committee leaders and the leaders chose people to be in their committees. Everyone was chosen, finally except Larry and me, and then Larry went and I stood defeated.

An impromptu discussion with Dr. Hedgesfield followed and finally Bill Hermann said, "I guess I chose Miss Thrash" - as though he had any choice in the matter. We've talked over my humiliating experience all day.

Still no news from St. Bragg. I'm crushed, also no news from Miami Beach which is a blow to my pride! My life is bleak!
February 19

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

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

I got letter from Joan & Margaret. Bill's orders were changed and he still hasn't left Hollis. I got C on philosophy.
Ian held - or reasonable facsimile thereof! Classes were boring and unexciting. This afternoon was a typical Saturday afternoon - we walked around downtown and then sat on the front porch, writing letter and stuff. - too so balmy!

This evening Ira, Calbie, Lou Ann, Kay's new roommate) and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shoppe for hamburger and chocolate layer cake. It was good! I hopped back and at 9:30 Nimi lawn. Floppy Pettigrew Bailey and I went down to the Methodist Church U.S.O. center and had lots of fun over things warmed up a bit! We threw darts, played checkers and dominoes and were kind of bored, but once the square dancing started it was swell. I was with Andrews - a sailor from the Navy who was awfully nice - most of the dancing, singing, reels, jigs, etc. were most fun! A carburetor letter from Kiel Bremer.
Sunday - our one morning to sleep - but both Sunday and I got up for 8 o'clock communion in the chapel. We met Ray and all went to Boston Parish for Canterbury Club breakfast, which was good and fun.

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

Mother phoned and we chatted.
February 22

Happy Washington’s Birthday! Such an
insultable old day as it was, though!
Travel hot and mucky, and we had
so much to do. I couldn’t scarcely
keep awake during classes and then
after bowling (a crummy score!)
I walked to the Public Library to
take some books back for Betty Smith.
The library was closed, so I have to go
back tomorrow. Damn!

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

Letters from Mom and Dad - none else!
FEBRUARY 23

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

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

Besides mail from Mother and Dad and a cute note from RV Broman -- I heard from Bill Boyd. He's in South Dakota -- couldn't I write because of pressure of his moves. Also!
February 24

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

We slept until this afternoon to try and do away with the pallor of our faces relieved only by the somber sombreros of2 ribbons under our eyes. We're so tired!

Tonight was the formal KD reception for initiates. Representatives from sororities and men came. There was a surprisingly large number of men here considering the scale of them leaving for camps north, south, east, and west of here. I was talking to Russie Dick Goodman, Steve Danzoff, and Ruth Fleming most of the evening. It was fun as things like that go.
FEBRUARY 25

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

Beth, Cary, Marty and I went to the movies and saw "The Hard Way" with Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan and John Ericson. It was terribly dramatic and real good, having a deep moral. Remembered Uncle running through it, well good!

I heard from Floyd at last too. He's stationed at Enory Field, near Denver, Colorado. Everyone is so far away these days!
FEBRUARY 26

went to my 8 o'clock and then hopped up in the tower till early for two hours, with airplanes soaring over one after the other past and future. I went to Spanish and took my philosophy quiz (C+ again last week). We studied this afternoon and plugged some. Then this evening, I think and I went to St. Peter's to help with the supper while the Canterbury club gave for people in town, who never eat home-cooking. It was lots of fun; over a hundred people came and we felt we'd done so much for them. I'm gonna join a waitresses' union though—my poor feet and aching muscles.

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

Easy went to the Phi-Tau formal! Smooth!
FEBRUARY 27

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

It was another typical Saturday afternoon. We walked around downtown to the Wigwam and back and around at the house, writing letters but mostly not accomplishing a desired thing. Dora came over and I helped her write a theme for English amidst talks and catching up on latest news.

Tonight I washed my hair, manicured my growing nails and generally felt a “typical Saturday night at William and Mary.”

Spring vacation has been changed to April 7-15th. I’m thinking of cutting and staying home longer. Hope I can!
Today was such a nice day! Beth, Punchy, Bonnie and I went to Britton where Rev. Buzz Junker delivered the sermon. He used to be an assistant minister at St. Gabriel’s in Hot Springs when I went to Sunday School there. He left for South Dakota to do work in the Indian missions and since then has become quite an important figure in Religious Youth Movements. He’s truly a magnetic personality.

After dinner we took walks and did some studying until four o’clock when Beth, Punchy, Mrs. Jack and I went to Britton United house for tea and forum (Conducted by Mr. Junker). I spoke to him for a few minutes and we reminisced about St. Gabriel. He’s neat and I like him so much.

We got back from the tea too late for supper and so had a sandwich and milk shake at the Wigwam.
No February 29th this year!
MEMORANDA

Glory Colburn

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

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

There was a W.T.C.G.A. meeting, aircraft spotters get together, formal pledging for Betty Durcal and sorority meeting. Elections for new KD officers took place with following results: Floppy Butterfuss, President; Reddy Krohler, Secretary, and Betty, Editor. Ann & I are Treasurers still.
Not a new thing happened. We radiated around the house and studied some legs for our test tomorrow at 6 o'clock. With time out for walks downtown and to the library, and a call meeting to discuss revised packing rules for next year, to make free association between sorority and freshman girls possible.

Bill and I shook hands and we had quite a nice talk. His wife arrives the middle of this month sometime. He's a swell person really. So anxious to meet Maggie too.

Came is going home Thursday and then to Lehigh for the weekend. Annie is going too. On a blind date. Lucky girl! New York and Lehigh in one fell swoop.

Beth, Louis, and Maggie have each been nominated for W.C.E.A. officers. Hoping to hear from home and edit.
March 3

Augh, that wasn't too bad this morning! Bowling was unusual in that I bowled 13 and 86, including a strike and several spares; and -- actually, I demonstrated timing. Impressively amazing! This afternoon after the usual Casey and I bought a carry basket for Mr. Fletcher's marketing and then voted for W.S.C.D.A. None of our girls were elected - too bad! After dinner we went to chapel at which Dr. Fother spoke. Then Becky, Minnie K. and I went to a library Science Club affair -- Dr. Clarke interviewed the best-seller, "Song of Bernadette", interestingly. We all had folk dancing, which a sailor from Camp Perry led. It was motley and fun! We went to Rituals for ladies and then back home. Mother phoned to say I can cut spring vacation till April 17th. I'm so glad!
MARCH 4

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

Colby came over, bringing Art to meet me. He really seems wonderful and I'm beginning to understand it all. After dinner I went to a German Club meeting and philosophy learned how to defend etc. for the Treasury from Dan who brought the books over for me, and lasted through a black out.

I got awfully cute letters from both Bills!
In between Psychology and Spanish which I really cut, I went up to the tower as is usual of a Friday morning. Then after dashing off receipts and deposit slips, I tucked down to the bank with the $4 Treasury pouch tucked underneath my arm. I trembled all the way cause I deposited — $334.98. It was an experience though and I began to mature.

After philosophy quiz (I knew almost nil) we all played around and I managed to write a few letters. Tonight after dinner, with Casey, Becky, Jake, Carolyn, and I went to see the College play "Back to Methuselah" and "Man of Destiny" by George Bernard Shaw. The acting and production were excellent but they were poor choice for college entertainment.
MARCH 6

It rained really hard most all the day with the sun peering through occasionally. Agyon our plans to garden and fool around in the springlike outdoors fell through. Instead, after lunch Beth, Edithly and I really dug down into the job of cleaning our room. We even went so far as to move the beds and roll up the rug to bring all dust and dirt to life. Some corners hadn’t been touched since we moved over here in September. We worked pretty hard dusting and vacuuming, emptying wastebaskets and in general looking and feeling like cleaning women. Betty Water Elliott came over for dinner and stayed awhile. She’s a cute thing. Since informal lunching of the non-mixing sort. Everyone does it. Bill Talmudson still phones and wants me to go out.
MARCH 7

Another busy day! Both Punchy and I went to Breton for regular church service confirmation and communion (double feature!) We felt deeply religious.

After dinner, Kay and Mrs. Johnson came over. Then we all talked and wrote letters. At 4:30 Punchy and I went to the Breton Parish tea and forum where Bishop Brown led. He is a lot of fun and seems to be awfully nice! I came out of Breton and went up to the Lodge with Barbara Gray, Alison Winn, Jerry, Timmy and Ann to meet Kay and her mother for a wonderful dinner. It was so sweet of them to ask us! Then I came back and took into the KD treasury report with Ann. I'm mentally fatigued from adding long columns of numbers and then subtracting and dividing...

It's a tiring job!
Had an interesting experiment in Psychology, testing an unknown substance which turned out to be plain old chlorinated Williamsburg water. Spanish was dull, and bowling only eventful in that I made two strikes. After bowling, Ridge, Cary, Hasty and I fooled around downtown, shopping and just looking. This afternoon I sewed up a Red Cross headress for the Canterbury Club and felt veritably home-cush. After dinner we went to a W.S.C.G.A. meeting for further nominations for office. There was an aircraft spotters meeting and then I came back to work on the books some more with Ann Kelly and — numbers to be added over and over. A sorority meeting was installation of new officers and many a lump in the throat! But I think it came too — she’s leaving Wednesday. I’m truly sad!
MARCH 9

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

This afternoon I went to see Holly and then Kay, Sue and Colbie. They're all such wonderful girls. Let's gone out to Milwaukee to meet and talk with the Colburns. They had a surprise for Elizabeth as I'd known she would—Bel English girls in the Air Corps March 26th.

Beth, Luckey, Gary Marty, Becky and a whole bunch of other kids and I just teared up the dance with Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. I liked it very much – the acting of every part was excellent.

Tonight was an intramural basketball game between KD and KAO. We lost!

Letters from Floyd and Kathy and Dad.
March 10

Wednesday and such a nice day! It was springlike and wonderful! Linds, Casey, Becky, Hilda, Janie and Nini and I went to 8:00 A.M. Communion at Butler to get in the spirit of Lent. Then back to classes and an afternoon of studying philosophy on the front porch. Linds and I went to chapel tonight and then we had our usual Wednesday night fun at Folk Dances with a trek to the Yegwa afterwards.

The big events of the day, though, were:

1. Connie tore become engaged (by letter) to Shea, who is a Captain in the Army stationed at Fort Sill and seems to be terrifically nice. We can't believe Connie's settled down to one man—seriously. She's walking on clouds.
2. Evan Pendleton was elected Chairman of Judicial Council—one of the big things in WSC.G.A. That means so much for KS.

And we're completely happy.

I got B+ on last week's French test.
March 11

We went through class without excitement or novelty, and as a matter of fact there isn't much of anything at all that happened to write about. After lunch Beth, Randy and I went over to the Red Cross Workroom and whipped up some surgical dressings. It was fun of a sort and gave the Black Love Girls a chance to catch up on latest news and intimate gossip. It also made me feel as though we were doing something worthwhile. The rest of the afternoon was spent dreamily on the front porch. We got spring fever again. Tonight Beth and I wanted to go to a Backdrop Club meeting, but the KD Council meeting for appointing new chairmen held us up and we never did get there. I studied at Philosophy didn't get much done however - evening called in a jam session.
MARCH 12

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

Both Cary, Bunchy, Pat and I went to the movie and saw Bob Hope's new film "They Got Me Covered." It was hopelessly slapstick but awfully funny. He laughed in laughed in laughed in laughed in laugh.

Flash! After dinner tonight, Bunchy and Cary taught me to ride a bike again. I hadn't ridden in ages and so it was loads of fun—just made this a kid. Better day! I am indebted to them indeed.

I walked red to Bell Hospital with Cary to see about a swollen gland behind his ears. It's nothing serious—nor mumps, though!
MARCH 13

I felt like little Hel - one weekend a
year the pledges and new initiates take
over the house while we who live here
go to the dorms. It was a miserable day
though and we didn't feel like being
depressed at all. At around 4:00 P.M.
Kay, Lee, Janet and I went to the lodge
for hamburgers and coffee. Downtown I bought
a pair of huaraches (non-rational shoes)
and feel happy about the whole thing.
We all reunited at the Wigwam and admitted
that we missed each other - all fifteen
of us. I trickled over to the practice
house to spend the night with Danny,
and chatted with Muriel Koch and
Flappy Pethegrew - even playing honeycomb
bridge. I slept in the attic, covered in
my trunks with a pair of roller skates
hanging over the bed.

I got a letter from Albin Fischerwenger and
a card from Jimmy Hooven - nice boys.
MARCH 14

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

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

Bill Samuelson phoned as did Prue. Mother phoned from N.Y. Everything seems fine!
MARCH 15

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

I visited in the dorm this afternoon
Nothing new happened in classes. Tommy is down to see Pay and after philosophy I officially met and chatted with him for awhile. After lunch bell I went to the infirmary to chat chat up the window at Cary. Then all afternoon I did philosophy and wrote letters. After that I went to work and tonight I did all by myself - made several mistakes but I guess I'll improve. By the way, I made application for Social Security - I'm a big (1) girl now. I've yearned for a Social Security Number for ages! Exciting mail arrived from Eugenie Audrey, Edith, Marjorie, Thelma, and Bill Brennan and Mother & Dad. Eugenie is definitely planning to come down in May. I'm so glad. And told me all about her going steady with Jack Winckler and Marjorie wrote a sweet thank you note. Bill Brennan's letter was written in a carburetor manner but it did have an occasional fish.
MARCH 17

Happy St. Patrick’s Day! Along with the wearing of the green came another real nice day. This afternoon, Midge and I went to our last bowling class and I bowled 77 and 79. Then we fooled around downtown. I bought a May Bag for Sue for Ginger’s birthday and did some shopping for Mr. Jack.

Mail included my daily form postcard from Daddy, a letter from Minnie Frank, and one from Mrs. Hughes enclosing a check for me to buy eggs, some apples and oranges. Marty and I bought them and took them over to the infirmary, and then voted. Then naturally I went to work. The stuff I love it more each day and am not at all anxious for the four hours to be over with. Now I’m looking forward to the day when I’m presented with my first paycheck!
March 18

Such fun! Went to classes and up in the tower for an hour cause I couldn’t get anyone to substitute. Then I signed up for 6pm. I have to make up lost salls and on Tuesdays and Thursday from 1-3 I take archery and 3:45 to 4:45 I take swimming. Can you no? I studied Spanish and Philosophy this afternoon, had dinner and went to work. I did it all on my own and helped other people. I did some mathematical rate work too, and had a lot of fun. I’m still so thrilled with the whole job. Punched got a job as operator tonight too, which makes it just about perfect.

Pat Keating’s man Pete wrote me a deep letter all about Pat. I’m confused and well have to write him a deep letter back. I get so involved in such different things.
March 19

I had my Spanish midsemester this morning after being up in the tower for an hour. It wasn’t all bad, but there was stuff I didn’t know. Philosophy quiz was as usual (C+ on last week’s). After that Beth and I fooled around buying tickets for tonight’s German Club dance and going to pay the Telephone Company for Rs. 1.00 (for paying the Telephone Company!) at 5:00. There was a Flat Hut business staff meeting.

Tonight was wonderful! What had started out as a joke when the EP’s and KD’s had a mass conversation over the phone last night materialized properly. Bill Howard and I got along swell—he’s neat. We went to the Greek’s with Harvey Johnson & Jean Werthe and had a battle of sparkling burgundy. The dance (formal) was fun though hot and I had such a perfect evening!
March 20

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

Margy Samuelson arrived tonight and Bill brought her to the house. She's neat and I like her very much.

I hit the Jack Pot with mail today from Mother and Dad. Bill, Bill and Floyd. Bill Brennan got his order and will probably be home when I'm there for spring vacation. Bliss! Bill Boyd sounds terribly depressed and I'm worried about him. He doesn't seem to care much about anything.
MARCH 21

It is the first day of spring, but you'd never know it! It is flurried so elate never before seen it in Vigaria, and to think that just yesterday we sweltered in cotton dresses. This weather confuses me!

The alarm didn't go off this morning so we slept through communion and went to breakfast instead, and then to church. This afternoon I studied for my French exam and then finished and I went to the forum which Dr. Folten led (to get an A in psychology for effort). The rest of the time we studied some more.

I wrote letters, knit on afghans for the Red Cross (Community jobs) and marveled at the snow.

I wrote deep letters to both Bill and hope maybe if she read I feel better up a little - I wanted to do badly,easy come in dreamily from a date with a K.
Today was one of those days, beginning one of those weeks – you know the way I see it now. Almost every second there is will be taken up with something or other. It seemed some more and after lunch we went out to take some pictures of the lush stuff on campus. Then I started to grind and study. I had to! With an Economics and an English class, even both tomorrow. Neither of which do I know too much about. I've been very hitting the books. It'll be so glad when these fool term papers and all are over with.

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

Mail from home and Regie!
Another one of those days — my Economics exam was real nice but when I swung over to English 111 next period it was another story. Away be!

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

Punchy and I worked from 6-10 and did some Information messenger and file computation work.

A card from Bill Brennan: Peggy Templeman is engaged. This flow of mail is amazing! God mee
MARCH 24

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

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

I went to a flat $50 business staff meeting and then finished my paper.

I got letters from Joanie, Henri, Mother, and cards from Daddy, Howard Clark & Bob Brennan - he's gotten orders to report today in Philadelphia - won't be home again for vacation. Damn stuff!
MARCH 25

Such a lovely day! Of course, it was my athletic afternoon, but between gym and practice, we went up on Barrett roof for a snack, to break up the typical afternoon routine.

Then tonight I worked and... join de strike! I retired at my first pay check which is simply beautiful. To make life much more wonderful, the pay check was for $8.80 instead of $8.00 as I'd expected. Oh, luxurious day!

Then too, I had $1 deducted for Social Security and I feel as though I may retire any day! Such capitalistic emotions. I'm so happy.

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

Mother phoned and we chatted. She said Bill was real sweet when he spoke to her.
MARCH 26

Another nice day. The big event was the arrival of my Social Security number. Now I'm officially a working girl with my 230-26-4038 staring me in the face. I'm thrilled!

Classes were exciting in that I made A's on my last Psych exam. I was muchly pleased. I had B's on my Experiments book.

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

Beth though had a lazy afternoon - on the roof and sleeping on the room.

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

Mail from home and packages of summer dresses and the like too, with cookies. Spring vacation is hovering near-in less than two weeks. Will be good to go home. It is fun here though.
A springy April shower day — only it's March, and not April. It was awfully warm, but awfully wet. This afternoon we cleaned up our room and I wrote some letters for the Flat Hat. We haven't had a maid in ages, so we've been doing our own housekeeping (so far as it goes!) We all went to the movies and saw 'Random Harvest' with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman. How wonderful! I had seen it in Radio City this Christmas time, and truly enjoyed seeing it the second time.

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

Cary's out with Beatty again — (5th anniversary week) They're really heating
Today was religious in nature. Punchy and I went to Bruton this morning and then after dinner, we went up on Barrett roof, but found it a little chillier than expected, so we went visiting instead. I had a deep talk with Penny at the Practice House. She's sending Fred's pen back to him. Tonight a gang of us got all dressed again and went to the impressive evening candlelight service at Bruton.

When called Beth - she's gotten his orders for April 12th, and she is muchly distracted cause (temporarily or least) that changes all her spring vacation plans. Damn this war! Hell, we have supper it'll all be when it's over. It's like a grain movie we're seeing - it is too awful to be true, and yet it is.
MARCH 29

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

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

Punchy and I worked and led more interestingly amusing anecdotes. So much fun.

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

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

Cary and I cut swimming because Henrie Tell (Extractoress) didn't show up on time. It felt good to miss part of my athletish afternoon, and to take a nap instead.

Working got a little thing tonight—no enough calls came through to keep us busy.
MARCH 31

Not a thing to do! After lunch I trod downtown in financial business depositing $200 and buying defense stamps for Kappa Delta—not for me! Would that I had $200 to deposit! The group picture of KD came and it is real good and something to keep. Natchally, the picture of me is traditionally climactic, but I'm getting immune to seeing horrible pictures of me!

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

Colbee has the weeds on top of everything else. She's just about definitely decided to leave school in a week or so to marry Art.
One of these days without a spare moment or three - classes from eight to twelve were usual - excitement coming in the form of a C- in English. I do happen about getting C- in that than getting B in anything else. Cause with what I studied it was a close call from a D. This afternoon was my athletic day and I'm a little physically weary. Punchy and I worked (last night this week) and got our paychecks. To date we've picked up a meager sum of $17.42. Impressive after we worked, at about 10:30 both Punchy and I started work on hallmarks and favors for the longeur and stayed up till about 7:30 P.M. doing them with a bit of philosophy quiz studying thrown in. We got hysterically tired but had such fun being creative.
April 2

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

We had a cup service this morning at 7:00 A.M. to celebrate the installation of a new chapter at American University. (Such a long night's sleep as we didn't have.) This afternoon, Cindy and I went to Burton Bank to arrange flowers, flower seating arrangements and so on. It took us most of the afternoon but the banquet was worth it. As we sat around the candlelit round tables in formal gowns truly realized what KD means to us. Cindy was a super mistress of ceremonies and all the speeches were real good—Dr. Savory gave an impressive one of the moment one and I teemed with pride. Everyone enjoyed it so much that I made our work truly worthwhile.
APRIL 3

We slept — a lovely activity — this morning until time for our ten o’clock classes. After lunch we packed tremendous boxes full of winter coats to send off to our respective unsuspecting parents. Then, from 3-5 we had Brych Lit. and did a fas-tetnan explanation of the detection through association of words. Lunch was one of theJuniorx pigs and me thinks she was the guilty one.

I’m still in such a blaming, appreciative mood — life is really so wonderful, despite of the times when everything seems all wrong somehow.

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

Bill Brennan sent me a card. He’s been terrifically busy doing KP during summer and on guard duty. Fine boy! I also got a real nice letter from Pete. I’m sure he and Ix are straightened out now.
A restful Sunday! We went to Boston and then this afternoon I typed my economics newspaper, did work on the Treasury and wrote a few letters also threw in a little Spanish and English but and felt as though I'd accomplished something for a change.

We had a call meeting for the plans for KDS dance April 16th (I won't be back for it—it's awfully short notice too) right afterwards Fluffy joined the ribbons on Betty and Fletcher and Mabel Dunn—two new sisters.

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

Dicky and Nellie came back radiant from the installation of the new A chapter.
APRIL 5

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

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

I spent the night in the dorm with gay. I got a sarcastically sweet letter from Bill Boyd and one from PFC Floyd.
Nothing to write about tonight! I did some last minute things and generally got enthused about going home tomorrow. I didn’t have any gym this afternoon which was a pleasant change – the weather (cold and windy) was in our favor. I went over to see Joanie and Maggie and signed out a Barrett with Miss Lowe. Cary and I fooled around downtown some too. Punchy and I worked for the last time in several weeks. We had an interesting Greek who kept calling in and threatening to kill me if his call to Detroit, Michigan didn’t come through. He was fascinating! Never a dull moment! I was kept too. We sucked along the shadowy streets expecting to be attacked at any minute.

Mushy’s and Carolyn’s pictures were in the Flat and digging in our Victory Garden.
At 3:30 P.M. began our trek home, which, in spite of unpleasant expectations, was really lots of fun. The train from Biloxi to Richmond was crowded, but we managed to sit on a suitcase or two, and didn’t stand the whole way. When we hit Richmond, Cary and I, wanting to luxuriously celebrate the beginnings of vacation, ate a super deluxe dinner at Chicken-in-the-Rough. It was wonderful to pick up the gigantic chicken in our hands and munch. After dinner we hopped in a taxi and to Shelby’s house. She is a friend of the Hughes and awfully nice. It was luck sipping bourbon and gingerale too. Then back to Broad St. Station and at 11:00 P.M. we started the actual trip home. It was jammed with soldiers and we sat down intermittently.
The train arrived in the land of the skyscrapers along about 7:00 A.M. and a little tired and awfully dirty we met Mum, Dad, Lizzie and Mrs Hughes and had breakfast in the Savarin trying to get caught up on all the news at once. It is good to be home.

We stayed around the house all day and I slept off and on. We had Chinese food for lunch which - since I hadn't eaten it in ages - was truly delicious and is still one of my favorite stuff.

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

It doesn't seem as though she's been away from home at all now; it's as natural to be here.
April 9

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

Bogie, Myrtle and Edith came up for dinner and it was swell seeing them again. They're really swell girls, and I love them good. After dinner and came in from a celebration at the office. Much talk about F.D.R.'s decree that wages and jobs be frozen - regimented lack - necessary for war.
April 10

I slept luxuriously this morning and began to read "The Portuguese Women" by Nancy Hale. It was the first book I've read in ages, and I like it.

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

This evening Sugar, Nyx and I and came up to play bridge. We got rather hysterical over it, and Mr. Culbertson would have been disappointed in techniques and the like.

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

Mother and Dad picked me up in their Packard (as wonderful to ride in a car!) and drove over to the Amber Lantern in Flushing for dinner. We had a leisurely dinner and came home. Jamie stopped up and we got caught up on all the latest dirt. She is an awfully cute gal. Too a shame her parents are trying to keep her from growing up. We took Daddy to the theatre and then stopped by at Hettie's. More gabbing with plans made for Regiment coming down to Williamsburg. Sounds like fun!
Looking back on it, it seems as though Cary and I spent most of the day underground. Via subway and Hudson Tube we went over to Maplewood to spend the day with Punchy. We woke her (and Dr. Engstrand and Betty Marie Elliott) and had a huge breakfast at 12:30. It was real much fun and they're all nice people. Mrs. Lewis is grand too. We made dreamy plans for the (Punchy's West Point man) to bring three friends for a super quadruple date weekend in New York. They'll probably never materialize though.

Cary came home to spend the night. Mother she and I met Daddy at Len Scorrier and then had dinner at the Triangle Restaurant. We all talked and talked around.
April 13

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

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

We had such fun tonight. On my first paycheck, I financed a lovely evening. Mother, Dad, and I ate a wonderful dinner in the Green Room of the Hotel Edison and listened to Tommy Tucker's music. Then we saw Tar and Carter with False Face and Bobby Clark. It was a high class burlesque show, but good.
Mother and I finally managed to get away from the house on our way to New York. We stopped at Mr. Slack's and tried on my new black Chesterfield. It's a beauty! I love it.

He shopped around in Arnold Lohbe's but didn't really buy anything. Something came in the form of seeing Mrs. Roosevelt there, being fitted for new clothes. Me and the president's wife! We met Cary and C.H. and had lunch at Kelly the Oyster Man's. Then we got to see something for the boys, driving Ethel Merman. It was darling and the songs by Cole Porter were good. I love musical comedies. I guess my soul wasn't cut out for the deeper things.

The usual meeting of Dad at Eincho with hamburgers following!

A nice long letter from Bill Shenman and long telephone chat with Car & Janie.
April 15

Such a busy day! Right after tea this morning I hopped on the subway and went into Macy’s to do some Easter shopping. En route I phoned cuz Bill Bolley whom I hadn’t seen for two years and renewed acquaintances. I met him at his office in the Buchanan Advertising Agency and then he took me out to lunch at a darling little spaghetti house. I’m so glad not last took steps to see him. More shopping and then I met Cary at the David Melvin Theatre to see Helen Hayes in ‘Harriet’, a play written about Harriet Beecher Stowe, the little woman who caused a big war. It was superbly done. I thought and Helen Hayes was excellent as always. A cocktail at Toffenetti’s and up to the WD&H office to meet Negrete. Her job there seems ideal. We went back to Toffenetti’s for dinner and then got lost in the subway in Brooklyn. Trying to see Edith’s life as a student nurse. It seems to be a nice life! A supper letter from Bell Boyd—well—good night!
Another busy little day, beginning with a dental appointment at 9:30 A.M. Nuna and I went into New York and shopped tirelessly. I bought six lush dresses for spring and summer and a hat and am in love with all of them—a black and yellow two-piece print, a gray and rose silk print, a luster-wear shortwaist, a white shantung with colored-embroidered pockets, a luggage-coat dress and a brown two-piece sport suit. They're all darling. After contentedly shopping, we had a yummy lunch at Rogers Corner eating in time to music by the Corn Cobblers, and then we met Cary in front of Madison Square Garden to see the Greatest Show on Earth—Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling Brothers Circus. We had a riot of a time and felt like 5-year-olds as we devoured pink fluff, hot dogs and peanuts and stared fascinatedly at the trapeze artists, lions, elephants, horses, clowns and the like. Then and I met Dad for a delicious dinner at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, and chatted awhile there. Nuna was like when we got home.
APRIL 17

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

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

At 11:00 P.M. Bill Brennan showed me from Atlantic City. I was so pleased—it was super hearing his voice again.
Happy Palm Sunday! Such a nice day too even though it was my last day at home. This morning I found a yellow linen suit and a yellow sweater and love both dearly. I got dressed in my Easter outfit (black and yellow print dress, black Chesterfield and big black hat) and then Mother and I went to church at St. Gabriel.

Mother, Daddy, Rizzi and I went into New York and picked up Cary and Car for dinner at Saffronito. It was a wonderful Italian dinner complete with Chianti wine, but I’m so stuffed I can scarcely breathe.

This afternoon was a typical thorough Sunday affair with confusion galore. And came down and Roger came when I was out.

I feel wishfully sad. ’33-’34 football season has been bought so we’re moving by June. My last night here such nice memories.
The long trip back to Williamsburg. Mother, Dad and Peggy took me to the station and then Cary and I began our journey, riding Pullman - afterwards we found that the train was practically empty and we wouldn't have needed the reservations. We played around with Punchy & Dot Longstreet some, had dinner in the diner, played bridge and so on, including spilling a box of cookies all over the lap of the man in the next seat. It was only slightly foggy.

The train got in on time and then we got back to the house - so glad to see everyone again. Mrs. Mich. have left though for an operation and we're all sad - we'll manage by ourselves for awhile till we get a new one (something An Easter card and letter from Bill).
April 20

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

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

Cary, Beth, Lunchy and I saw Cabin in the Sky with Rochester, Ethel Waters, Lena Horne and an all colored cast. The music was good—the picture was unusual—sexy too! Didn't work tonight—studied 6 hours instead.
APRIL 21

Classes, marketing, studying and work with a lot of fun thrown in. We'll so terrifically cultured about our marketing - it's fascinating to buy stuff for 18 people and fight over ration coupons - so many bargains were been getting though (considering the rise in prices and other troubles)

This morning we actually found some sausages going pointless because of the surplus at the RCP.

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

On top of everything else, the water has been shut off, which makes living difficult - no washing, no places or anything. Just one big old happy feeling! The family of KD house. It's such fun to have something new happening all the time.
Lord, I'm tired! This was Thursday and I dislike Thursdays with a purple passion. Classes from 8-12 with one hour out for marketing, which was unimpressive, as we dashed all over town trying to buy white potatoes (among other things) and were finally convinced that you can't get them anywhere. Such food problems!

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

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

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

I had an awfully cute letter from Bill Brennan - he is so swell!
April 23

Absolutely nothing new happened today—just one of those days of marketing, classes and work, with no eventful excitement connected with any of it. Being Good Friday this afternoon after philosophy quiz I got for last week’s I rushed Danny and I tried to track down a Service to attend. First we went to Bruton for we’d heard there was meditation from 8-9 but not a soul was there so we walked back to the Methodist church and were relieved to find a Service going on. We walked in, sat down and bowed our heads in prayer just as the Benediction was being said—and that was the last Service in town. Oh well, we tried to get a little religion anyway. I had a card from Alice—very happily married for a week having honeymooned in Grand Canyon. And leaves for the army May 1st!
We could have slept till ten this morning (our one morning) but good little housekeepers that we are we had to get up early to market and avoid the Saturday morning rush. I can't get over it—we had so much money left over and seem to have managed wonderfully especially considering we're so inexperienced.

This afternoon Beth and I went downtown and bought us some Miss Oui perfume to put us in the Easter mood (no flowers for us—no nothing. Sniff!) But then it really was Easter for I had lunch boxes from home with dresses black pocketbook, spoons from Lizzie, fruit knives and forks, Bambi stuffed animal, cuddly little duck and jelly bears and other Easter candy. I'm so very spoiled but really awfully happy. I had Easter cards from Lizzie & Dad and a letter from Reggie. Work was uneventful but busy.
APRIL 25

Happy Easter! It was a lovely day but I did miss being home and also (together with Cary, Beth and Punchy) sniffed over getting no flowers or other remembrances (from admirers).) Cary, Punchy and I got up for the 6:30 Sunrise Service in the Sunken Garden. It was beautiful. After awhile the others awakened. We had breakfast complete with colored Easter eggs and then dressed and went to church—then on to the lodge for champagne cocktails and a lunch dinner. Very unexpectedly! Late this afternoon we completely relaxed. We fixed supper for ourselves and then went to the graduation service of the chaplain which was so stirring that we sniffed a little sniff. They leave tomorrow for undisclosed ports and a new batch will arrive from. The ceremony really was wonderful.

I phoned Mother and Daddy.
Still more things keep happening! Floppy Ann and I had conferences with Miss Roberts and Mr. Mann about arrangements in case we have to eat in the cafeteria for the rest of the year. They claim that the marketing etc. is too much work for us—we pray we get a housemother. Hollee! Studied and played this afternoon—song practice and security meeting tonight.

Beth’s tooth broke and she’s leaving for home tomorrow. It hurts terrifically—poor kid—we shall miss her deeply.

Letters from Bill Boyd (peep: he isn’t going to date anyone but me and will go places stag. Life is getting complicated and rather involved!) Pat Brennan, and Jimmy Monroe (a riot—such a sense of humor!). Angus, the mail mail situation was lovely. We received package from Mother & Dad too.

Life is so busy and confused, but fun.
APRIL 27

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

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

Lunchy, Minnie Jardine and I went to a Backdrop Club meeting at which Jeanne Menche announced that there will be no Varsity show this year due to about ten reasons all caused by the war. It's a deep shame for Varsity shows are always such fun but it can't be helped. We all tried to study for our Psych exam but were stopped by a blackout.
April 28

Well! I'm tired from doing nothing much at all. Things are just piling up and I'm getting more worn out all the time. Today I marketed, went to classes (including my Psych exam which was very different from what we'd expected) wrote letters, and did my Philosophy. Punchy and I went downtown and did some shopping actually we we're each able to find a card of holiday pins (a treasure). We meandered around in the record shop and finally bought two oldies: Bettye LaVette's "Temptation" and "Star Dust" and Tommy Dorsey's "Yes Indeed" and "Will you still be mine? They're both lush!"

At work, Punchy and I had a long talk with Chuck Lourdak. We're going to have our picture taken for the East End and for East Coast newspapers since it's unusual for coeds to be done - what we do!
April 29

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

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

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

The rest of everything was uneventful.

Tonight was paycheck night—cheery thoughts. I realized suddenly Monday is still Brendan's birthday—what to give him?
Such a beautiful but such a busy day. Classes, marketing, airplane spotting (in the Library Tower now as we climb a steep ladder above the little law students — modest!), studying for and taking my philosophy quiz (Bo in last week's), walking to the Figwam and downtown with Punchy, Cary and Mary; badminton intramural; which Punchy and I played with the Bi Chis and lost; deep talks with Miss D. convincing her she'll be able to manage the housekeeping with our assistance (I'll still do the financial end,); and work. I washed my hair and am now really ready for bed.

Bell came back tonight and we're so glad. It's so nice for us all to be reunited again.

Exam schedules came out — we'll wait to see how good our exam exam schedule is as bad as another. I guess.
MAY 1

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

This afternoon Cary and I went downtown and to the Virginia. I wrote some letters, changed the bedding on my bed and generally wasted time—worked tonight.

I received a card from Bill Brennan—his 72 day training is almost up.
Such an unusual little day! We slept rather late and then both Munchy and I decided to go to church. As we came out of Bruton, Jay Allen fancied upon Munchy and me saying Cary had walked by with two ensigns and a lieutenant and wanted us to walk up to the lodge and meet them. Bewildered we looked at each other with a what-the-deck attitude and walked on up. Sure enough, there was Cary with three naval officers! We soon became acquainted and had loads of fun drinking champagne cocktails and eating dinner. After awhile we came back to the house and played the wii. It was really a terrifically blessed afternoon.

Cary, Munchy and I crowded through the windoos and I wrote to 15 or seven letters of application to see how the land lies.

I tried to phone Bill Brennan to wish him a happy birthday, but couldn't get the call through.
MAY 3

Things may seem awfully dismal at times but I'm really not very lucky and the bright spots of life are so nice. Tonight—being busy, that I am!—while down at work I placed a call through to Bill Brennan again. It wouldn't come, but the little operator kept trying (pull!) and finally just after I got back to the house the phone rang and a voice said, "Ray! This is wonderful!" Ya-kid. I was happy and good. I was happy talking to him.

It wasn't at all like a typical long-distance conversation—we just said dumb old things and kept things and you'd have thought we were both on Hall's rather than in Pittsburg and Atlantic City respectively. So nice! Of course I forgot to mention that I got a lovely letter from him too. I'm blushing expressively. I wish.......

My life has a mysterious element too. This evening while I was out two darling marines came to see me, one of whom was a very good friend of a girl from home. Yague, but I hope they come back!
I've still gloved all day from last night's phone call and even now nice things keep happening. At lunchtime the package man came bearing a gift for me: a lust London spoon with an awfully sweet note from Mom Brennan — I was so tickled with it and love her gift.

We rushed today informally — Betty Marie Elliott for lunch and two other girls for dinner with the usual accompanying extra-exorbitant feeling. Invitation for Jim Richardson, Ann Wilson and Eleanor Randall was last night and so we had a cup serve at seven o'clock this morning — then classes, marketing, fun and work.

I received real nice letters from Mother and Daddy and a fairly pesty one from Bill Boyd. He is trying to stall off his furlough until June when I'll be home. Dad, I hope it'll work. I'm so lucky! That mentioned Monday's & my badminton defeat.
This morning was the annual convocation for the tapping of the members of the junior class chosen to be mortarboard and O.B.K. It was very impressive and full of suspense, since supposedly no one knew who was to be selected. Jean Pendleton was one of the five girls to get mortarboard and we're all very thrilled about the whole thing. The other girls were Margaret Letty, Katie Rutherford, Marlin Ross, and Hilde Leag. Mary Wilson Carver is the new president.

Cunchy, Carolyn Harley and I went up on Barrett roof sunbathing and got faintly tanned. Then we went shopping for Mother's Day gifts and had our pictures taken at the telephone office. The usual when having our pictures taken. Cunchy retired and I had "my first look" on the camera, but we're not celebrities anyway.

Fred & Marty won badminton matches over Gamma Phi.
MAY 6

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

Yearbooks came out today and it's the best Colburn Echo in years. We spent considerable time in spring over laughing and smiling and joking.

Remember the marine I wrote about Monday night? Well, Warren Kiley came back this evening and is awfully nice. He known Mary Clare Willard from St. Mary's and she gave him my name - small world. He, a good Duke, Beach and I went to the movies (Truck Busters was terrible) and then to the Dodge Cottage Choppee.
MAY 7

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

Floyd wrote me from Hunter Field, Georgia.
MAY 8

The weekend has begun and I’ve resolved to purely have fun—and how it has started! This afternoon Beth and I went downtown to do our weekly shopping for odds and ends and then all hungry and I went scuba diving by the practice house with Barry and Eleanor Ramshell. We really had fun.

Warren came by with two other marines to tell me they were going to Richmond and he mightn’t be back right on time for our date tomorrow night. Seeing the other two marines I promised Beth a practice date for tonight—and I kept it. Every few minutes after we were all together I would say “Do you really want to do to Richmond?” and finally we talked them into staying for a bowl of an evening. We saw “Air Force” one of the best pictures I’ve ever seen and went to the Holy Ray and Dick kept wanting to be in Richmond and made all sorts of classic remarks. Such fun!
MAY 9

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

Mother phoned tonight — and then Harold from Camp phoned me. He sounds nice but you can't tell. He phoned the telephone co.
MAY 10

Nothing at all new again. Classes, marketing and quite a bit of studying this afternoon. I actually did some English lit and then typed away on an interview for Psychology. Letting my imagination run rampant with information. I really did get from Warren on the subject alcohol and such. This evening there was the last W.T.C. C.A. meeting of the year and then we went to an economics makeup disturbed by retreats being blown for the naval chaplains in our right lines. After that we had song practice and variety meeting made vivid by stirring remarks about the state of the Treasury and the consequences of not paying fines and the like.

We had a dreamy serenade by Charles Anderson and two other boys complete with guitar and crooked out the window at its romanticism.
MAY 11

I went to classes, and then as usual went downtown with Cary to do the marketing—was amazed that some boxes of puddings had arrived in town—it made our housekeeping have a bright spot for the day. Archery was nice in that I got off the 30 yd line in one try. I must have just been pinned by the 30 yd line—I have a new lease on life now though.

On the way back from archery, I stopped in to see Holly, Ray and Louise and talked with them for awhile before coming back to the house and getting ready to have my picture taken again for the transmitter, the telephone Co. periodical. Speaking of pictures, the Flat Hat came and copied with our creamery picture and the writeup. bunny and I are celebrities.

Mother phoned about Daddy maybe coming down and to say she has the measles—imagine! Harold also phoned me.
May 12

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

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

In the mail I got a big picture of Bill Brennan in uniform. He looks good and it is interesting to compare it to the other big picture I have of him. He is so real and how I’d like to see him! He enclosed a note as did his Mom.
MAY 13

Sad! I'm weary! Today was another one of those days when nothing noteworthy happened. But little thing after little thing kept piling up till I haven't got much energy left. Why do I bother to mention classes, marketing and my athletic afternoon? Stuck on the 50-yard line in Archery and in swimming after I emerged from the pool, I leaped into the air and fell completely flat on my back — in sore and my posterior hurts! At work everyone seemed irritable (probably just because I was) and things didn't seem to get done right. As being paycheck night was the one bright spot — by the way, with my remaining checks I've decided to pay for my 25 room reservation fee besides my ticket home. Then I'll feel I'm doing something worthwhile and useful with my earnings.
May 14

Life keeps getting better in better, excepting for some things, of course, the chiefest among which being a big meeting of two representatives from each society to which I went with Dr. Ford for Miss Mygale- Roberts, Charlie Birk and Vernon Mann all about eating in the dining hall next year and elections [illegible, involving all sorts of amusing involvements]. The fun was flying as we got in truly deep discussions. There'll be another even hotter meeting next Monday evening. All the things that keep happening.

Such a nice thing happened at work tonight! a Mr. Burges, who has been calling New York to his wife quite frequently from Camp Penny, asked me my number and when I came back from my relief, a bush box of candy was waiting for me with a card which read in appreciation of the service that I have received in my calls to New York City. It was one of the sweetest things anyone is like done for me. Reggies come tomorrow! Life can't get much nicer!
MAY 15

Such a beautiful day. Bregie was supposed to come this morning but got lost through convolutions and finally arrived at 3:00 P.M. on the bus. And! It was superb seeing her again! We came back to the house and then walked around campus—had a居委会 time at dinner and afterwards getting dressed for a mass blind date—eight couples. It was super with no walking to the lodge, Chowen’s Raffles #2 and going to the stance in Blow Room with eight Army Lieutenants. It was a crazy evening and loads of fun, and I hope Bregie had a heck out of it.

Other lovely events: a cute letter from Jimmy Mooney and a funky one from Hell Boyd signed “All my love” (sleepy, look—I’m so glad!) News that Hell Brennan is stationed at Hamilton College, N.Y. Oh, things can’t get better.
May 16

My poor feet! We crowded so much into this little day! First we went to Boston for a service made completely memorable by the presence of British Admiral Prided, General Marshall & others. It seems that General Marshall and the other important Allied military leaders have conferred in Williamsburg about future campaign tactics.

As we prayed in church (all of us) it made me realize how insignificant I am in the powerful plans being enacted now.

After church, George and I went to the Lodge for dinner and then went sightseeing at the Capitol and Governor's Palace, stopping at the Avery on the way. We went over to see Eunice and had supper with her in the dining hall. We had a typically lazy evening together in the house - Kay came over and we walked her home. What - so much done this weekend.
May 17

Tell everything keeps on happening! Bessie and I walked downtown and did some marketing before I saw her off on the morning train— it was so swell having her here. This afternoon I attempted to do some studying and ended up by writing letters and indulging in full sessions. Also became a bit dreamy over a card and six-page letter from Bill Brennan from Hamilton College announcing that things look awfully good so far as our seeing each other once or twice this summer is concerned (honest thought!)

This evening Bessy and I went to the sorority representative meeting for settling the real problem with the administration. They’ve made concessions but even with having an extra girl on the dining room our individual room & board will increase about $25 a month. Such a fascinating and sorority meeting of the year
Oohh! I'm tired! Lunchy and I slept through philosophy and I got up for the marketing sort of sleepiness. In economics, I hesitantly began to re-read my report on Agriculture (1940-1942) and Bob Seidingsfield said it was one of the best. Therefore I love him good.

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

Mother called tonight to tell me that Daddy's coming down this weekend - it'll be swell and I'm awfully glad, but I can't push off studying for exams much longer!
MAY 19

Today was the day when my conscience finally nudged me to the point of settling down to do some studying — English, too — and I really got quite a bit of work accomplished, considering all that I have to do. So much work all at the end of the year (I know: it's my own fault)!

At 3:30 p.m. Beth, Bunty, Carolyn and I took time out for a bath towards the Wigan for milkshakes and then we took a stroll through the park. Our outlooks on life have been brightened! Work tonight — I learned Kate and Kate and that's all the news there is about me.

Mimi Gardner became engaged last night to MacGregor (a Lieutenant in the Navy who seems swell). Yolelle — that's the third in one little week for the KA house. Carly, Shirley agreed to take George's miniature a little five hours off campus with her Saturday night and Marty and Tommy are finally all set too. Such romance!!
MAY 20

No more classes or anything except exams - I still can't believe it. Horrid! It's all over but the shouting and I've even made up my double gym. Archery with a tournament was terrifically hot and as it was super caled to try swimming even though we didn't have a regular class. Now I can go on towards being a junior (depending on my exams naturally!)

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

Mrs. Baldhead took over the marketing today and we're really excited about it. Three cheers!!!

I washed my hair tonight and am comparatively smooth. So much studying to do and so little time to do it in.
So many things have happened again today. I went downtown and then paid my $35 room reservation deposit out of my savings. At ten o'clock the train came in and Daddy got off after a hectic trip. She and I went to the lodge and found he is rooming with a Marine Major who is quite a character and has wild parties each night. I love him—so come here for a rest too! We had lunch in the dining room and then I read over some philosophy notes, just for the heck of it. More relaxing and then I rushed and I went to work for the last time. I'm glad it's over in a way cause it's getting sort of boring not to be doing anything new, but we're going to miss the neat gang down there.

A junior party back at the house with lush, lovely reminiscences singing, munching on candy bars, punch and lollipops. Such wonderful girls!
Day after day things pile up. I went up to the lodge and met Daddy for lunch then coming back to campus for an Economics Review class. Warren, Ripley and his mother (down to see him) came over to the house and then they went to the movies with Daddy and me to see "American Empire" one of the corniest Westerns she had ever seen. I thought horrible. Both and Punchy went up to the lodge to meet us and we had a hysterical evening including a yummy STEAK dinner, a ticket to the Magi's room (meeting her and some of his gang) and chatting with Chuck Randahl and other interesting people. We laughed and laughed together. Harry became officially engaged to Tommy with a lovely ring. Written aicky letter from Floyd.
Another day at the Lodge! Carolyn Harley and I walked up to Bronton to meet Sally for church. Reverend Wood, from Toronto, Canada, preached the sermon which was one of the best I'd ever heard (personification of the Cathedral in Coventry and St. Paul's in London—most unusual, but stirring!)

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

Harold called tonight!
All morning I grinded over English till I could scream. I'm so sick of the darned stuff! Daddy came up to the house to meet everyone and then we had a sandwich in the kitchen.

This afternoon we went back to the lodge and sat around talking. Oh, and yes, I studied some more English. I got a letter from my sister Heather came up for dinner and we reminisced some more. All the gals down here are so neat!

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

I received another cute letter from Bill Brennan and mail from mother.
May 25

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

This afternoon I stopped at Barrett with a birthday present for Holly, went to the Wegman and eventually settled down to studying Psychology of the Individual, rather half-heartedly. My brain can'tstand too much concentrated studying all at once.

She is living and breathing for a week; from now on it'll be all over. Such fun as it's been though.

A postcard from Harold.
Apologies, Diary, for the monotony of these entries but the fact remains that I’m a study bug and nothing else. My only communion with the outside world was a trip to Carnegie for shampoo with which to wash my hair, and after that I returned to philosophy and economics. Such a broadening intellectual viewpoint as I’m developing!

Much excitement over Joy Richardson. Supposedly she spent the night in town with Bill Sugar already married and in being shipped. Rumors are spreading fast and furiously. It’s a shame cause she really is a neat girl suspect of all the confusion in which she’s been involved.

Letters from Mother and Sugar, saying she has to have her wisdom teeth out and of her jaws. Love gal! Alsobackages & empty cartons from John Corresponds.
MAY 27

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

All morning and part of this afternoon I spent over at the Practice House reviewing Econ (see! I said I was in a rut!) with Danay. It helped to see the various emphasis placed on different things. Then this evening in between perpetual feasts (from bosses in La Halle) and a phone call from Mother, Keith, Bunch and I rambled over Psych.

I got a card from Bill Boyd—he's been on maneuvers and is going out again—it doesn't lead to a very satisfactory correspondence, but when the real thing comes...
My brain just keeps on getting wearier and wearier. This morning I had my Psych exams and this afternoon, Econ., both of which were entirely different from what I'd expected. Unless Dr. Heningfield is terrifically lenient — there goes my A! Good and amazing news though: I got B as my final grade in English Lit. Dr. Crane must not have counted all my missed spot passages very much. I love him dearly for it — for bringing my C up to a B when I hadn't expected a C definitely. Then too I learned I'd gotten B on my last Psych exam (taken weeks ago!). So, excepting for what I did in my exams today, scholastically life is looking up.

After supper Beth, Sherry, and I took a longish bike ride and it was such fun. First my first actual ride and neither long too.

A letter from Colbie and cards from pal.
MAY 29

All my stiff exams are now over. Those kuzahs! Philosophy this morning was completely fair and one of the nicest exams we've taken this period. Now there is only Spanish left.

This afternoon we were fed up with the utterly filthy of the room (I'm not kidding either) and so again moved beds, vacuumed, dusted, and rolled the rug in math balls. Then the trunks were moved in and the room looks like a confused mess of the nth degree. I thought I'd lost my keys of the trunk and called home. Then in sending down the duplicates and all is well that ends well.

We packed, sold our books in the Argusam (only collected $7.55 for three books though) and recreated the telephone company.
The last day of studying and working a la intelect until September I can scarcely believe it yet.

We didn’t go to church but promised to improve ourselves while I did Spanish and Beth and Tancy finished packing their trunks. Then Janie, Beth, Tancy, and I ran a final hasty comb through our hair and went to the lodge for claret and punch. It was smooth and we had a lovely reminiscent time, talking and chatting about people. Dad said Bob was going to miss the sugar seniors. I’m not at all anxious for the end of the year to come. It’s all been one continuous mellow feeling full of laughs and a few almost tears which have made Kappa Delta and all the Alpha gang in the house so near and dear to me!
Such a snap of a Spanish final with translations of sentences like "How are you?" would make them all have been like that! Perhaps it is over and I'm peacefully and blissfully free.

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

With frequent trips downtown to arrange for returning extra board money and doing last minute shopping, the afternoon sped by till time for Cary, Jane, Nemi Boone, and I to see "The More the Merrier," a hoot of a movie about the Washington Housing Problem starring Charlie Sheen, Jean Arthur, and Joel McCrea. Darkey Letters from Daddy, Audrey, and Bill Brown.
JUNE 1

The year is now officially almost over and we really have come to the parting of the ways. Beth and Bunny left on the morning train and I miss them lots. God, I'm going to hate it when I hop on the train Thursday morning and really say 'so long' to 'em all. This afternoon was spent in sprawling on one bed after another: complete relaxation after the exam period. Hodge, Jane and I basked in the sun by the Master House but that soon got too hot and we returned to our beds.

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

After supper, Hodge, Bunny and I went down to the station to see Tommy. You'd ought off and fooled around afterwards.

Strawberries for the first time this week. I love them, but...
The day for tying up all the loose little ends and then getting back to reality with far off glance that it has come. Carolyn Harley spent last night here and we continued to talk about dolls and other unusual things including the natural topics of her conversation. George.

This morning was taken up with frequent points downtown. I took our broken records back to the record shop and got 75 a piece on them. You have to give in a broken one for each record you buy now. After lunch, Nidge and I checked our suitcases through on our tickets and my trunk also. I said goodbye at the Telephone Co. and then at Barrett's came back and moderately cleaned up the room. Whoa! This house is a mess!

Raided on the icebox for lemonade (it's unbearably hot) and then Danny came to spend the night. She's now a Junior!
JUNE 3

Sadly and continentally, we left the KA house and Billingsburg, bound for the land of the skyscrapers and a summertime full of... who knows.

Pat, Ray and I stuck pretty much together for the hottest, messiest trip we've ever taken. Gosh, it was terrific!!! It was usual with trips into the dining cars and picking up by soldiers. I'll take no days to get rid of the grease ingrained in our skin.

Mother, Dad, Liz and Eugene met Pat and me at Penn Station and after informal introduction, all around we had hamburgers at the Savarin finished off with seed coffee and apple pie. The onion on the hamburger on top of the beef and other stuff made my tummy react violently.

It is good to be home... fun, too for Pat to be here with me.
June 4

A lazy morning - ideal as the first day at home. We looked around the house - and then out in the garden feeling at peace with the world. For lunch we made a beeline for a Chinese restaurant in Jamaica and devoured our chow mein. Just fun to be back in civilization!! We went to the Valencia and saw Judy Ireland and Van Heflin in *Peking* "Hinky Mens" and *Stalke Dube* in *Washington* with Basil Rathbone. It was a good show - but was amazed at the double feature I hadn't seen in so long!

After the movie we met Daddy at Kacheris and after waiting for him drove to the *Triangle Restaurant*. I had clam cocktail, soft shell crab, beer and raspberry sherbet.

Talked to Audrey, Mom Heflin and Mom Brennan on the phone.
JUNE 5

Up early and into the New York Paramount to see "Five Graves to Cairo" starring Frankfort Turn. It was all about the beginnings of Rommel's raid in North Africa and much better than old expected. Grace Barrie and orchestra were there in person as was Frank Scinta. The house was jammed with women who drooled over her. I've never heard such a bunch of frustrated females twice disgusting !!!!

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

My postcards for grades came today: A in Economics, B in Philosophy and B in Psychology plus my B in English Lit. I'm muchly pleased with them all.
Sunday, so we slept late and finally got up in time for Pat and me to go to mass at St. Gerard’s. It was unusual for me, but I enjoyed the novelty of it. After Church we bumped into Jean Morgan Lynch and Jack. It’s been ages since we were such close friends. God! the water that is flown under the bridge since then.

Today I perused the papers looking at want ads trying to find prospects for a job. It was fascinating, as I scanned the papers for chambermaid jobs and the like – don’t think I’m interested though in that.

Bugsie came up and she Pat and I walked down to Unlandt’s and then Pat played the piano and we sang – a quiet restful day.

Mrs. Pearson and Pat called to tell me about Bill.
JUNE 7

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

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

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

I received a letter from Floyd, Begue and Jeanie phoned - also tenni.
It was a discouraging morning in
that we went to三十's to have our
hair fixed and the results weren't too
good. Suggested we went into Kafi's for
sandwiches and sodas, which were likewise
covered—but the cashier made a mistake
and gave us too much change which made
up for it. (We were too disgusted to be balls.)
This afternoon we went over to Farden
City to see St. Mary's graduation. It was
the first time I'd been able to go back
and certainly enjoyed it immensely. I
sniffed a little stuff in the Cathedral
and reminisced about two years ago. The
teachers and Mrs. Nerel were grand—so
too to see them again. I went up in the
chapel and saw my Brasso plaque for
winning the gold cross.
Pat and I went down to Netter's—talked
and played bridge during a blackout.
My truck came—Evehe. I can change
my glasses.
JUNE 9

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

Pat and I went into town to meet Douglas Morgan, a bachelor friend who'd grown up with her mother. He's a Wall Street bachelor of the no-degree but nice. We had cocktails and lunch at Churchill's at 42nd and Park.

Then we (Pat & I) met mother to see The Rough Guys starring Carolan Nolan, Virginia Fields, and Arlene Francis. It was risque and daring—not duty.

We had a cocktail in the Astor Bar and bumped into Bereze There for a chat. Then we hopped on the subway and met Dad for a lush dinner in the Americana Terrace at the St. George. We ran around and listened to the music.

Letter from Margie Rotcher. Connie phoned with plans for tomorrow.
JUNE 10

An interesting day! I got up early as usual and went into New York for hunting. I went to the Crown Personnel Office which was awfully nice and sent me to Parents Magazine and WOR. The first job was filing stencils which didn't sound too inspirational and the other though paper required being a rapid typer with some experience. So I ended up at Bell's Bakers Inc. in the Equitable Life Insurance Co. building. It is the central office for a national chain of bakeries one of which are in New York. It's a small office and so the work would be varied. Ms. Farris had promised to interview another girl so she'll decide and I will too and I'll call him tomorrow.

I met Pat and took a trip for lunch at Rosoff's. After awhile we went to the Rosy and saw My Friend Flicka and The Merry Maids' Hartman's. Mitzi Murray, et al.

In person. Mama was here the evening.
JUNE 11

Right after nine I phoned Mr. Farris and we both decided for me to take the job. I’m awfully glad I’m and the apple strudel
now a whole string of complications arise cause I’m not eighteen yet and we have to take our
working papers. It’s a blow to my pride! I feel as though I’m violating the Child Labor
laws or something.

Fat and I took ourselves on the Brooklyn
subway, but ended up at the Hotel St. George
where we saw the view from the roof and
had lunch. Then we went through Davos
and Steck and saw people after which
we went to the Metropolitan and saw
Barbara Stanwyck in Lady of Burlesque
and a slapsticked comedy. It was a
pretty good show.

We met Daddy again and hopped on the
el for Woodhaven where Mother was.
He went to teacher’s and then we had a
sneaking but good dinner at the Triangle.
JUNE 12

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

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

Mom Mexican called for a long chat to read me a 14 page letter Bill had written her the early part of the week which she shared with me. It was real nice but I certainly would like to get one of my own. Myself appeal her demedicated again.

Joanie has gotten 4 V-mail letters and a cablegram from Tim in North Africa this week.
JUNE 13

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

After dinner I settled down to writing long, chatty letters to Bill Bill, Floyd, Nancy, Inky, Cobbe and Marie Tucker. I feel as though I’ve accomplished a month’s correspondence — well, almost did!

Pete came back from the Army and now has to leave Tuesday since her mother and Dad want her to go to summer school. We talked all evening and I prepared for going to work tomorrow.
JUNE 14

What a day! Up in time to be at the Board of Health at 8:15 for the snappiest and most incomplete of physical exams—then to 9:50 am and 9:50 pm to eventually get my working papers. Such a regemarole! I swear to be eighteen!!!

I got into Bell's by eleven and got generally acquainted with the myriad of things I have to do until lunch hour (11:45 to 12:45). I ate with Jean—and moped around afterwards. During the afternoon Evelyn Smith (she's seventeen, too) and I went to the Post Office and the Bank stopping for a grapeade on the way. It's such fun, not to just sit at a desk all day—we have more time off. Only thing in the mail doesn't always get in on time and tonight I didn't leave till 6:30. I love it good though!

Dined Matter and Pat for dinner at the New Yorker—watching the ice show. Awfully nice! So's weary!!!!
Such a lovely life! Work today got sort of tiresome. Today was my "two hours for lunch" day but afterward I got into the swing of things and managed to get stuff accomplished. Still it's kind of weary! I'm not well to this working girl proposition yet, but I like it good enough!

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

Bliss! Sall Boyd phoned from Wilkes Barre. He's home on a 14 day furlough. He's spending the first week home and is coming here next week.
things can't get much better. Today was another wearying visit day and my feet nearly killed me, but I enjoyed it. I made a ledger for the requisitions and the next day I had to do everything and on and on. Mr. Faerie called me in the office and said I had a chance for advancement soon as they get another girl to fill my clinical job. I'll be promoted to the accounting department. I'm really excited about it all, and hope I'll be able to be promoted soon. Heck, I'll be president by the end of the summer. Seriously though, I was and am thrilled and really like it all a lot.

I met mother and Dad for dinner at Riggs and was too tired to be sociable. I got a card from Jimmy Mooney from San Antonio, Texas. Dad.
June 17

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

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

I got a letter from Bill Boyd expecting it to be specific as to when he’ll arrive in New York, but although the perils were most satisfactory, its lack of definite information was obvious as once more I’ll wait on pins and needles until he actually arrives in New York and does call me. Sounds good though!
Today was paycheck day and after quite a bit of confusion with everyone wondering whether or not I would be actually paid this week, I scurried into Mr. Farris' office, emerging with a paycheck for $8.00. It was real fun and I hated to cash it, but cash it we must the morning we get it. Anyhow it felt good to have my wallet bulging with my very own earnings.

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

Mother met me at the Forest Hill station and then we met Daddy at Reachers before going to a dinner for Western sandwiches.

Nana was here when we got home.

This week has whizzed by so much more quickly than I thought. It seems so funny to be a steady working girl.
June 19

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

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

Daddy came out on the 3:30 train and after that we just sat around in the garden. I finished reading "Ann Vickers" and tore through "Careless Captive" which wasn't all as it's title implies. I got a letter from Bunny — she is seriously considering joining the WAVC5.
This was another completely relaxing day. I didn't even go to church again, but just slept and read. It was very unexciting!

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

We went to Court's this evening and Donnie Heines came in and sat down next to me, ready for a long talk. He was so doggone sweet - too amazing. He is really changed or so it seemed anyway. He goes to Dartmouth for naval training next week. We had steak for dinner!
JUNE 21

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

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

At this point I’m in a sulking mood and feel I have lost every trace of sex appeal. No sign of Bill Boyd — no mail from Bill Brennan since she been home — and no prospects of any. Mom Brennan has called for lengthy conversation with her away and all that!
June 22

More sitting around and waiting for Bill to show up. Daddy came out to see him and when I didn’t hear from him life wasn’t too pleasant. Finally at eight o’clock the phone rang and it was Bill. He came up at around nine and gradually we warmed up to a natural conversation. He confided me a lot — I can’t figure out if he’s changed or if he’s just trying a new technique on me. At least it’s effective in the sense that I don’t know where I stand with the boy. It’s awfully nice though and I like him good. God, I wish the war were over and everything could go on naturally. This way you get swept along emotionally and don’t really know what you or anyone else really feel. I ralied letter from Bell Brennan or maybe it is my mood.
JUNE 23

Today was a most dissatisfactory day. Through a misunderstanding, I thought Bill would call or something since he was to spend the evening with his Aunt Ruth. He didn’t call, and I felt kind of lousy, cause despite of my bravado or of everything’s fine this time down deep I realize that we have almost neglected each other again. I guess, he is so very small — why does everything have to be so confusing!

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

I got a nice letter from Lloyd which bolstered my ego enough to keep us from drooping on the ground completely. He expects a fairyly fine noon.

Nana came here this evening.
Such a superly wonderful day! I was still kind of curious about the outcome of this furlough, but it couldn't have been much better. After work I met Mother, Dad and Jill at the Hotel Pennsylvania. We had dinner in the Cafe Rouge. Wellbourne opened there and it was really a wonderful evening.

Then we came home and talked and stuff for awhile. It seems that uncomfortably he understands me pretty completely now, and is taking the policy of tormenting me up. She claims he tormented her. It was really swell and tonight will always be one of my extra special memories. He said those famous three little words and they sounded awfully good. There is something so sincerely nice about Bill that — I like him very much. I wish what we have between us could develop naturally. I wonder....
Today was kind of sad. All day as I
fished I thought about last night and
tried to get things straightened out in my
own mind, but can't honestly decide how
much is the war and how much is
in genuine pulse palpitation. I stress my
Trouble though is that I try to analyze
things too much and try to store away
memories for future reference when really
they've got to be lived for themselves. (My
such a philosophical turn of mind?)
met Dick at Penn Station and saw him
off. It was much harder this time than
ever before for it seems as though we
really just now got and understood each
other last night and now he is gone.
He probably won't have another furlough
deverywhere to go overseas. It's very sad.
I hate to see fellows off to war,
especially when it is a super fellow.

Letter from Frank and an announcement
of a baby boy born to Ruby & Charlie Jewett.
I cleaned around the house all morning and finally realized it was late enough to whip into some clothes and meet Fanny at the information booth at Penn Station. We met on time and after checking her suitcase we had lunch at the Hearthstone and then went to Radio City Music Hall to see The Youngest Profession starring Virginia Weiler and Edward Arnold. It was darling--the type you had to laugh right out loud throughout. The show was excellent as always. The Fox chorus singers were there in person and really made the audience appreciate Russian music.

Fanny came home with me to spend the night. We had a quiet evening. Bregis came up and we all had fun laughing. Fanny's an awfully neat girl and I like her lots.
June 27

The heat was not all day. I'm sure you could have roasted a chicken on my pillow last night. The heat and humidity are raging a battle to see which can break the most records.

This morning Danny and I thumbed through old yearbooks and old snapshots and I really enjoyed reminiscing. I found pictures of both Bill and Dave taken at Bill Boyd's home in Wilkes Barre. They were in hunting gear and were aiming with guns. That was less than two years ago and now they're aiming the real thing differently. It hard to believe all the we just bunched around, talking a lot and reading a little. Danny went in on the train with Sadie. It was fun having her here. I still miss Bill a lot and wish it were just week until it ahead of me.
Back to work - realistically this time without the confused glimmer of last week to look forward to. It was kind of hard today. Jean is on a week's vacation and while she's gone in addition to the other stuff I'm helping with her job which is the payroll situation. I do so love working there for the experience is really varied. It was fun learning the mechanics of an adding machine today and initiating the payrolls. I really enjoyed it and look forward to finishing my work as that I can do the other.

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

Daddy came out tonight instead of our meeting here later at Kichler's.
Ray Johnson wrote me and likes summer school (she was elected to Judicial Council). Lewis phoned & I called Cary.
The latest addition to my experience gained at work was to learn how to ink the mail meter. The little man came to fix it, and so I had a deep talk with him on the subject, and now I can ink a mailing machine along with the best of them.

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

And news! For the first time in months I heard from Bill Hughes. He wrote from Australia on May 10th and hadn't heard from me in ages. It was an awfully sweet letter—he's really seeing the world. A cute letter with crazy picks from Jimmy Howery. I like that boy!
Today was a bad day! From beginning till end everything seemed to go wrong. I faulld around rather successfully with the mimeograph machine but got sick all over me. Then I started hiking. From seventh avenue and 31st street I trudged to 4th avenue and 37th and then up to 45th and Lexington and back. My post office friend called and all the retrieved mail for yesterday was wrong—I hadn’t changed the date from yesterday and the day before. I dug a slab of brown wrapping paper into the palm of my hand and the tape in the adding machine went flubbery and so on and on.

I came home tonight and whipped into my pajamas. No stuff—I really am tired and this one time I’ll be willing to quit for a week or two.