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

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

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

We got a note from Daddy but no other mail.
The end of the week—I'm weary and am really looking forward to my three day's vacation. Today was pay day though, which was inspirational. It felt so good to hold on to the 39.10 for which Sue sweated, cursed worn circles under my eyes and blisters on my feet. It means so much more that way!

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

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

Letters from Beth and Margie Borchers.
JULY 3

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

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

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

I wrote Bill Brennan at last and Kay and Jimmy too.
The fourth of July was no different from any others—no fireworks and no gala to go pleasure driving, but war is war and hell and what can you do about it?

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

Surprising event occurred when the phone rang and it was Bill Brennan calling long distance. He's coming home for a few hours next weekend. I'm awfully glad and my interest is piquing up. blouse called & I wrote Beth.
The last day of my lush three day vacation!
I feel so capitalistic, not having worked
since Friday. I slept late again and
then raised myself when Cary called
to say she was coming out for the day.
It seems odd that she hadn't been out
before this summer but things are
different when you're a working girl.
We talked and played bridge and
then dropped around looking at each
other without animating, not having
the energy to start stimulating
conversations.

We've been dispossessed and all
weekend discussions have been
thick and heavy trying to decide when
to move. That is an interesting
question!
I wrote Bill Boyd a longie and a
note to Bill Brennan about his coming home
next weekend.
July 6

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

I got letters from Danny Hodge and Floppy Kellogg. Nancy is definitely joining the Glee and seems very enthusiastic about it. Hodge is working at the Psychological Corporation with Beth and wrote about Ward — she’s an especially neat girl and I like her loads. Floppy is sweetering through summer school and seems to be having fun with the Chaparica and stuff.
JULY 7

It seemed this morning but it was rain and
soon I braved the elements and went in to
work as usual. Nothing exciting happened
except the (mistletoe of miracles?) I got
out at 5:30 tonight. I felt like raising
the flag and making a speech on
the beauty of the people who get their
mail in early enough for me to finish
early. It was the first, and probably
the only time, that I ever walked
out of 393 Yale at the right moment.

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

I got an invitation to Carolyn Harley's
shower for Connie Horn and letter
from Buckley and Bell Boyd. Buckley's fit
with the Air Corps sounds perfect.
Bell's letter was flaky indeed—such
a nice boy!
JULY 8

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

At lunch hour I went into Macy's to buy guest towels for Connie's shower and duds for Hubby's baby. I fell completely neutral in the nursery shop, with all the grand women.

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

Jane was here.
JULY 9

Work went by unexpectedly again. I don't like Fridays that aren't paydays! After the day was over, I was to meet Mother and Dad at the Hotel St. George and nearly hopped on the seventh avenue subway. That was the beginning of an experience as a man of sloppy appearance and foreign accent descended upon me in a corner and began the wandering hand routine. It was rather an experience for old Friedl Zerch and I admit it was rather sad and weak-kneed as I met Mother and Dad finally. We had a good dinner and then chatted with a little old lady in the lounge. We came home and I washed my hair. I was too tired to do anything else, although I began a letter to Bill Boyd. Another week has zoomed by - the weekend promises to be smooth though.
July 10

This was such a grand day! I lay around all morning trying to get straightened out and the confusion of where I was to meet, where. Finally, Cary, Beth, and I met in front of Lord & Taylor's. It was so good for three of the three girls to be together again - missed hungrily though. We went for a Fifth Avenue larcenride and then met Bobbie at the Astor. After the picturesque trek over the George Washington Bridge we ended up at Carolyn's darling house. It was truly super to see her, Connie, Nidge, and Doris Miller again. Connie's sister was there too as were two girls from Fairlawn. We had a delicious buffet supper and then excitedly began Connie's treasure hunt for her flower gifts. I love all those girls dearly and girl realized how much she missed them. We had around and song and reminisced and looked toward the future. The trip home was fun as we stopped for a good dinner.
Such a completely swell and completely natural day! Bill Brennan phoned locally and it seemed so good. As soon as he'd dressed he came up, looking super in his uniform. He's changed a lot - grown up some and developed a rest of a sense of humor. All in all he's a terrifically nice fellow. We walked down to his house and then over to Yerman's. They haven't heard from Steve in seven weeks - he's probably in route to Russia with the Merchant Marines. Mrs. Yerman was so glad to see Bill and awfully cute about the whole situation. We went back for a wonderful dinner at Brennan's. The whole family is truly grand, and I felt completely at home. Bill was dashing around trying to get everything accomplished. Finally Mom Brennan & I and I went in to Grand Central to see him off. He kissed me goodbye and then went on his way. I'm so glad he was home though only for a day.
What a day! It began when I arrived at the office to find it locked with none there. Finally, Mr. Jones came up with a key and the day began. Each time I'd start to do one thing, five others would seem to pop up. Then when the day finally ended I hopped on the wrong train and ended up in South Jamaica. You'd think I'd get wise to myself. Then began a half of various buses till I eventually got home an hour late. Jowie!

The news at home wasn't too cheerful. Daddy may have to be operated on which isn't a very elevating thought. Then--still no house! We trickled down to the Haven house which surely is a haven. How I'd love to live there, but talk is strong of moving out of town. I wonder which end is up!
Today was a busy day and as a result I'm tired again. Then too - I wish we'd decide that we won't be forced to spend the rest of our lives in Central Park! During my lunch hour I went up to 44th St. to the 5th Avenue theater to try and get tickets for Cary Grant and me to see "Oklahoma" Saturday, but no soap! Seats are sold for weeks in advance. Tomorrow I'll try at other places and see what can be done!

Margie Morcher phoned at the office from Huntington. It seemed strange to talk to her again. She is contemplating taking my job. I would be lonely if it would work out.

Ske - then I could actually be promoted. Dad was out tonight - deep discussions and a found to the Haven House. Letters from Pat Keddy (Pete popped up) and Reggie, who seems to be having a super time on her vacation at Windham.
Bastille Day, with eyes on the French as Gertrude hands in Washington. Eyes also on the allies' successful invasion and advance in Sicily!

After work, I came home, cleaned up, and went with Audrey to the Happy Girls Club meeting at Camilla's. Jean Marguerite Lynch was there, being completely the young married woman type. The difference between her and she was terrifyingly noticeable! I sat inconspicuously in a corner as Jacqueline displayed her or flat pin. And she talked about marriage. Jeannette and she talked about their future hopes! Joanie talked about her usual letters from Africa, and so on. My, our gang has really grown up—soon we'll be at the grandmama stage—will we?? Everyone certainly seems happy though.
JULY 15

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

With looking through things we came across some poetry I’d written as an infant and letters the class at ’35 had written when I was sick with the whooping cough. I laughed long and loud over them — the formal little notes signed “Your classmate.” I really enjoyed looking at them all and reminiscing over the simplicities of the sixth grade.
JULY 16

Pay day! Such bliss even though the government is enjoying my salary—$3.26 was gently taken out as withholding tax. Even so, though, the money feels good! Today's work was marked by a trip to the draft board (to get deferment blanks for the manager of our family plant) and a door-to-door hunt for a locksmith to make keys as duplicate care for Mr. Farris' desk. I was finally successful.

I met Father at the Paramount to see Dixie with Bing Crosby and Mitchell Ayres and the Andrews Sisters in person. It was quite good, though we didn't stay to see it all. We stopped for some Chow Mein on the way home. Danny was sworn into the T&D's last week! Mrs. Brennan heard from Bill in August; Leave — never chill
in Idle. Shady!
Today was Cary's eighteenth birthday so we celebrated accordingly. Now I really am the last of the Mohicans! I went down to the apartment to meet her and Lynn for lunch complete with birthday cake. After a bit of discussion over the supposed filthiness of Early to bed, it was decided to go see Anything. I don't care what anyone says. I enjoyed it. Sude and it was as decent as most other New York musicals are. The music was tonically good too. "There's a Man in My Life" especially appealed to me. (Is there one through?) Cary and I said goodbye to Lynn and then went to Taffnerl's to eat daquiris as a birthday treat. It was fun, even though the day threatened not to be too stimulating.

To nail from South Dakota in awhile! I wish there would be some!
JULY 18

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

I had longest telephone conversations with August and Audrey and then they came here for a walk to Unkunda. We sipped sodas smoked and talked and talked. I love them both dearly. Is funny how we've all changed in spite of remaining basically the same underneath.

This evening we stopped and looked at the Magazine house. It's rather old fashioned, but could be fixed up nicely. I imagine it just been spoiled by thoughts of the Magazine house. It certainly would be nice if we could move there. Certainly it would be nice if we could move somewhere!
JULY 19

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

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

I got the screwed up most-perky letter from Jersey - such a crazy but nice day! I also heard from Colby with a note written by him - he leaves for the army!
July 20

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

With overnight bag in hand I walked down to the Hughes apartment—talked to CB till Lavy got home from her overtime at 7:30. We had a delicious dinner of chicken and rice and then went around the corner to the movies and saw "Reunion in the North Pacific," a drama in which Humphrey Bogart showed off the glories of the Merchant Marine. It truly was exciting and patriotism-inspiring. We got out of the show at midnight—back to the apartment for ice cream and a cigarette—and long talks deep into the night. It was all lots of fun!
I slept till 5:30 A.M. (gloriously late for a working morning!) and then hopped the subway for work. Today was another one of those days! I walked over to the draft board again and had to wait for it to open—foiled around on Fourth Avenue till then. Finally I went to the bank, leaving the book there and having to walk all the way back to it.

I met Hotten and had lunch at the Savarin and heard the Superiors' news: we're going to move into the Marvin house! Never in my wildest moments did I hope for anything so wonderful. It's a dream of a house and I like it dearly. I just hope we'll have as much fun and less trouble as in this home.

It is a new leaf and promises to be great. I accept—except the war.

The Y.W.C.A. fellow (Harold Young) returned from Washington to spend the week in N.Y. from Washington to spend the week in N.Y.
JULY 22

It still seemed atmospherically over the prospect of moving into the Harris house. It so exactly the kind of house she dreamed of living in some day (aside from the little white cottage with green shutters!)—We even have a fireplace in my bedroom. It’s heavenly.

It rained terrifically hard all day, but I managed to start to work and back again. We’re finished computing the yearly payroll at last. Now just to catch up on the back work.

Harold phoned at 7:05 this morning (oooh!). He’d planned coming out this evening but was being sent to Tisdale instead.

I got a long, heavy letter from Bill Boyt—similar to Jimmy’s mock jerky one but more so. Next month he moves to Alliance, Nebraska.
JULY 23

Evelyn and I decided to go out to lunch together from now on as we began officially by eating at Holoway's on Seventh Avenue. The salmon salad was good and we had a lot of fun — she is also crazy!

The afternoon I went up to Seamstress office and then over to the Post Office as didn't accomplish much office work. Soon after came the alligator however — or rather—to be more specific the alligator didn't come. Mr. Jones showed his worst nature yet and I didn't leave the office till a few off bell chimed eight o'clock. I was in a completely nasty mood but had an encouraging chat with Mr. Farris.

Friday was here when I finally got home for a late dinner. Peggy phoned to say Cary and Homer. Peggy's going to the movies with tomorrow plans to go to the stadium concert.
JULY 24

I slept late as usual and lay in bed finishing "Spell to Go" and just feeling mellow.
At eleven Mother, Bogue and I went to the Valencia and saw "Juno and the Paycock" starring Robert Taylor. It was powerful and the high passionate side of my nature revealed itself as I sobbed and nodded and wipe all the tears wiped the powder off my nose.
The other picture "Stranger in Town" with Frank McLean was real good.
This afternoon we listened to the baseball game defeated by the Athletics.
I wrote Jenny Pat, Nancy Colby and Midge and then spent my usual Saturday night listening to the 4-H club and the Voice that is thrilling Melissa - Frank, Murray, Audrey went - did I hear her splash?
JULY 25

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

I wrote a note to Margie and a long one to Bill Boyd getting even with his mock-perky jibing letter. I'll be anxious to get his reaction! Afterwards I read my old letters again - especially those from Bill Boyd really reminiscing over our misunderstandings and our other moments.

Muscolini has resigned as Premier of Italy after 31 years! Will that mean Italy surrendered Sicily to almost conquered!!
JULY 26

The day at the office went as usual - Eva and I had lunch at Soloway's and then we stopped to take in as I bought leg for and soon, since I'd run desperately slow on the all.

After work I met Mother and began for a restful dinner in the air-conditioned Savarin (It's turned off again!) We killed time and then hopped a subway to Pennsylvania Station, where we met Cathy for dinner and a friend of theirs. The concert was superb. Arthur Coeckle was the guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra and Lily Pons was the soloist. Earl Sondberg narrated another Lincoln epic. It was so peaceful listening to the beautiful music underneath the stars. As the flags gently billowed, and an occasional flare blanked its way across the horizon, I loved it! Good night.

A little letter from Floyd. He says he will write as much as possible.
JULY 27

Everything went wrong today. I walked all over town walking backwards on my left foot and generally wearing myself out. I was also in a nasty and tearful mood the reason for which revealed itself later or in the evening. I did some of the new work I made out pretty well with the checks. It's interesting and quiet restful stuff. I helped Mother and Dad get dinner at the St. George. My disposition was nasty (see above!) and the evening didn't run too smoothly. I heard Daddy felt better. He had gone from doctor to doctor without much help being given any way.

The mail piled in. I heard from Nelly Horton (she wants us to get together!), Ted Phelan (a private in Georgia and engaged!), Beth, Becky, Rosie and a hastily perused 8-page job from Bell & Eccles.
Today wasn't too awful a day at work - this week has been a little tough. I yearn for two things now: pay day or Friday and a long sleep on Saturday - then shall I be happy!

Happy Girls' Club meeting atEllen's new home tonight. Again I sat in my corner at the "Shall I wait till the war is over to marry him?" I floated in my right ear and out my left. Myrtle is confused by not having heard from George Logan in the month since he's been in the Navy (is he getting his divorce?). Camilla aghast over a lieutenant f.g. named Ted who is waiting till he can take care of her and an oil s. We discussed Joinie's letters to all up with Merchant Marines for a party some Saturday night - it would be fun!

Clyde letter from Tibby saying about a ball Chick!
JULY 29

This week really has been a blur. Everything seemed to go wrong for everyone and we're all yearning for those same two things: if I ever tried with the idea of quitting, it was tonight, but that's just because of a sneaking headache and need to rest. I certainly wouldn't quit when things get dire, no. That's part of the experience I need!

I dropped home on the late train and was cheered by seeing Neville at the station with a letter from Bill Boyd and one from Eddie Deben. Bill says he's a real woman now - think so? Eddie is wanting to be made a Corporal in the services and also is engaged. (Both Freddie and Eddie now!) He seems real happy and writes a cute letter. Well, was an awfully nice note, though.

Chose Chow mein for dinner - Lane was here!
Payday and I fondered my somewhat government-later check leiderly. The $36.40 looked good anyhow. Along about lunch hour I hiked uptown to meet Ben and Midge for lunch. I love those girls! We munch on sandwiches at the Milk Barn and talked a blue streak. We decided to meet every week. So much fun did we have. We went over to Arnold Constable's to see Louise being very efficient as a salesgirl. Ben and Midge saw me off with waving handkerchiefs as I hopped on the 5th Avenue bus back to work.

At six o'clock I met Mother and Dad at the Athletic New Yorker for a wonderful dinner and long chat at the Coffee Shoppe. Dad feels craggy, having picked up a cold on top of his arthritis and other trouble. Such is life!
JULY 31

It's beautiful! Today was the day I could awake slowly, stare coldly and aloofly with a disdainful air at the clock and roll back to a state of blissful contemplation. It's Saturday! It's also the day I could lead a capitalistic life and go to the play with Mother to see "Stormy Weather" with an all-African cast starring Lena Horne and Bill Robinson. Lena Horne's partner singing of the title song was terrific and I enjoyed it a lot. Lena Horne and orchestra were there in person as was Connee Boswell. It's remarkable the power that girl has in spite of her physical handicap.

This afternoon was spent baking in the backyard screen again. I wrote Floyd and Roscoe and finished Mr. Chilrester's Daughter. News of Italy & the war is conflicting and confusing.
AUGUST 1

A pleasant, comparatively peaceful but nevertheless typically Hersch Sunday. I relaxed around the house all morning, unearthing a superbly interesting novel about the Russian side of the First World War "Testament." It is terrifically good and I hate to put it down. In between times I wrote letters to Holly, both Bells, and Eddie. I like writing to the Bells especially since I sort of feel as though I'm talking to them. I become tender and mean to put a drop or two of perfume on each only I spill the bottle till it smells to high heaven. Let probably be disproven soon by them.

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

War news is much about the same - looks better but not too much so.
AUGUST 2

The start of another week! At work I did vouchering and made out more checks - we started in drizzly at the messy stockroom and resolved to do something about it - Namaka! Co and I dashed around during our lunch hour, disastrously munching on a sandwich in the Pennsylvania Hotel Drug Store - then off to Macy's trying to buy unsatisfactory shoes. The guards didn't seem to get the right size style and color all in the same pair of shoes so I gave up and bought a pair of driving mocs.

I met Mother and Dad in front of the New Yorker and then went to Caruso's for a spaghetti dinner - the first stl had in literally yrs. We were rushed madly about but finally managed to talk for awhile without too much interruption.
AUGUST 3

Marina came and wrapping the cloth about us in a manner fashion. Ev and I dug into the shack—she dug was meant in the true sense of the word. It hadn't been cleared since 1941 so we crawled under cases and find the lonely red broaches crawled out and to welcome us halfway. I didn't really like this sort of thing and frequently feel completely dirty and measly.

Susie and I went bowling tonight at the Jamaica Recreation Hall. It was my first experience with the large halls and could scarce left the pins standing. I scored for the simpler Buckskin variety. If my W.W.I. girls had finally mastered the art somewhat and have it good. Susie scored 75 as an average and I trailed weekly behind with a 61. We all fished for some 2nd prize.
Another filthy session in the Hollywood. I scrubbed myself from head to toe three times and still have that tattersall gray look about me. I probably smell too.

After work I hopped upstairs to met Valter and Frances at Taffetares for a Cinderella Salad. Then I finally paid up my deltofa by treating Jean to the movies. We went to The Strand and saw The Constant Nymph starring Charles Boyer and Jean Fontaine with Alida Smith. It was a grand escapist sort of thing and good. Carmen Cavallaro was in person as were Connie Haines, Bing Crosby.

The lice finally gone - truly a bless to live in

A rest of a letter from Jimmy again. I love his letters - they're so cute
AUGUST 5

The bathroom is finished — and I am too. Such a life — but such a lovely day!
I went up to 42nd Street again to meet Beth and Hodge — another cream cheese sandwich at the Milky Bar and a tall galapgas sitting at the foot of a statue by the library steps.
Once again after work I met Mother and Dad at the New Yorker Coffee Shoppe for dinner and the presentation of some truly good news. To begin with there was a long completely perky letter from Bill Boyd. He is now a Corporal! Those mysterious plans of his were to join the Air Corps, but now he doesn't know whether to try it again or keep on with his new very interesting work. Is a problem. Then — Mother brought the news that Bill Brennan is coming home again this weekend. His family from Oakland & Pittsburgh are going to be there so I won't see much of him, but still.
Another busy day—fun, and not much work accomplished! To begin with it was payday as Ed and I practically took the morning off to get our checks cashed and go to a movie. Cooler on the way back. For lunch we all celebrated by going to the campus and having fried soft-shell crabs— and a Tom Collins. When we returned to work a little late it was remembered that tomorrow is Rhylle's birthday, so a party was planned and a goodly portion of the afternoon was taken up by munching on a Schrafft's cake and sipping on cakes. That's my idea of a working day!

Afterwards we met Buggie, at a chicken sand which at Schrafft's and went to the St. George swimming. It was all wonderful, and we had a super evening. Floyd phoned me at the office. He's in town for the weekend too. And so— What happened now?
AUGUST 7

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

At nine thirty this evening Bill Brennan showed—he’d just gotten home a while before (His Private Brennan reporting them was really pleasant). We walked and he said he’d come up tomorrow. Nice boy.

After phoning twice today, Floyd called for a drink little after ten. He’s changed so much—for the better—and I like him a lot. In a series of subways and taxis we ended up at the Cartel on Central Park South. It’s a smooth place—music played continuously (cute orchestra too) in a place decorated to resemble a Arabic tent. Wonderful dancing and an enjoyable evening. Floyd didn’t want to smoke at all even after he had gotten a ruin
In so lucky! I stretched luxuriously this morning thinking about the genuinely good time I had last night - Ha, Ha! At about eleven-thirty, a scratching on the door announced Bill Green's arrival. He looks nicer each time I see him - such a sweet boy! We walked awhile and then walked back to his house (where his relatives are camping on base) and over to the Yeoman's, who told us the news that Dave was in the invasion of Sicily as we walked back past his house, his uncle even whistled at us and drove us home. He was just a short time but every minute was fun. I like Bill a lot - I do!

Floyd had planned coming up tonight but got stuck with some friends of the family.
AUGUST 9

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

During my lunch hour I went over to Ann's house to see Floyd off. I met his Dad and an Army buddy, friend of his and said my little speech. I was sorry to see him go - somehow I have a feeling down deep that I'll never see him again. It's nothing dramatic or emotional - just a feeling. I hope I'm wrong! I got a letter from Danny. She's truly busy being a Star, but likes it. I also got a special birthday card from Bill Boyd.
AUGUST 10

I poured today and I did a terribly stupid thing — wearing mocassins without stockings or socks. My feet felt out of sorts all afternoon and all of a sudden my wrists hurt a lot — I have beautiful blisters half an inch high on both my feet and I limp along quite elegantly! I'll be in a bad way for days. Oh, dear!

I came home feeling completely sorry for myself and collapsed gently — found a letter from Danny who (as written yesterday) does being a year. I called Beverly, Jane, and Pat Brennan. I cleaned out my desk drawers and found all sorts of interesting reminiscences — which made me set back and remember how to go over souvenirs. It's clear now too!
AUGUST 11

My feet still hurt and I was flultering
my nasty destination most of the day.
Dr. and I had roast beef and wine,
which was a bright spot in the day.

When I came home there began an
excruciating working and bandaging of
my feet and finally put on
ski socks (in this weather!) and
went down to a Happy Girls' Club
Meeting at Eugenia's. Not too much
dirt was kicked up. Irene wrote
a nice letter to Ray (marine in
Hawaii) and shedoesn't know
whom the letter best goes. Audrey
raved on about Jack and
hopes he'll be sent to Yale.

I got a long beautifully written
letter from Colby - let's get the
Army - and the from Pat Stanley.
AUGUST 12

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

I was supposed to meet Beth and Beverly for lunch and my husband wouldn't allow it. I spoke to them on the phone and they said, all is fine. Just as I was getting ready to meet them, and half of the hotel Pennsylvania, we had a practice carried out. It was very effective during egg hunts, and at the hotel.

Although it was annoying I lasted only a half hour and I met mother and dad for a good dinner without much of a letter from Dassel and a packed one from "High-Adventure Safety."
Birthday celebration began already when Ev, Mary Jean and I had lunch (and daiquiris) in Schrafft's. Ev treated me cause she won't be there Monday and I seemed. I'm going to miss the crowd at the office - I am. It was truly Friday the 13th - I don't know. Maybe I don't live clean! I went upstairs before lunch and got absolutely drenched in the downpour. Work outside, the office and fell coming back. Filed checks till the door opened and they flew higher and you and go on and on. The Allegheny region kept having parades up and down in front of the building so not much work was accomplished.

I went to Macy's and bought another a bunch gold fur stockings and a spice set. Such a practical birthday as we'respeculating about this year.
I got up - grudgingly - to wash my hair and then we went down to the new house (full of painters, plumbers and their problems) and fixed the books on the shelves of the library. They look real pretty and I discovered books I had forgotten about.

This evening I dressed and went down to meet Bert Thompson for dinner and to entertain Neven Davies of the CRF and George Currie of the Canadian Medical Corps - only they called me. They're loads of fun (especially Neven) and very unintelligently interesting. Eye-witness accounts of our aids the aftermath of Dunkirk and the people's opinion of Churchill. They're all very king and Queen (in the 
station for government - keeps Empire together too). Our Canadian governmental problems were fascinating.
AUGUST 15

Mother's birthday and she seemed pleased with everything — such a wonderful mother and father — such a spoiled brat as I am.

Herbin and George came up for dinner and to spend the day. Sugzle came up soon after and we all had fun. We danced Canadian and British style and they both looked so pleased. (I like music — he leaves Tuesday morning. George likes Sugzle cause he asked her for a date Wednesday — super! Cary and her mother came out too.

Such presents! Dad gave me a darling of a watch (how I needed one!) and a $20 defense bond and Mother gave me a creamy red three piece suit. Sugzle gave me butterfly speakers for my helicopter and guest towels too. Sugzle gave me her picture and a friendship ring (?) and Cary an album of Andre Kostandy records (also!). We still expect from Guido — what? Very lovely gold earrings from Seltzeg — dreamy?
AUGUST 16

In eighteen and a woman—I can scarce believe it. At least!

The day at the office wasn’t too bad considering I had to do both Evelyn’s and my work. They were all swell to me and Mary and Jean sent me cards. I met Bert Neige and Bill for lunch at Child’s. A lot of walking!! Bert gave me a pearl bracelet and how black fruits. He left an engraved watch bracelet at the office for me. Gee whiz!

I met Mother, Dad and Elly at the New Yorker for dinner—very impressive and good. I read my new cards (except one from Bill Brennan!) And, Audrey and the Bennetts came. Audrey brought me a God is my Pilot. I’m a bracelet and we recieved—and from Bill a book with his picture and a Venetian caraf. I can’t get over Floyd and me 18 American Rosary race with a first card. Bill Brennan Church. I’m so lucky.
AUGUST 17

The afternoon of my birthday and still in effervescing in a worn out sort of way. Everyone perfectly enthused over my various gifts. I am so happy about them all that I
wax and can’t claim properly.
During my luncheon I went uptown
and bought tickets for ‘The Merry
Widow’ for tomorrow night.
The day at the office went gloriously.
I snuck in a letter to Bill Greenan.
I told Mr. Ferris I’m definitely leaving
the end of August and I felt like a heel. I truly am going to miss everybody here.
I came home kind of tired to
find mother and Lizzie completely
tired from trying to move.
My last night in this house.
So many wonderful memories. As it melts
I wonder what the next chapter
will be.
AUGUST 18

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

After work, I went to Cary's apartment for dinner (shrimp creole) and lengthy talks about nothing. I was presented with my list of whom to write about. The glories of W & M for Harper's Bazaar. We hopped on a subway then in time to see The Merry Widow. The music, costumes and dancing were truly lovely and I enjoyed it. Tat. Martin Eggleth and Jan Kenneth were excellent. So glad they're returning so many of the old musicals.

Back to Cary's to spend the night.
AUGUST 19

I lazily stretched till CB finally got Larry and me out of our respective beds. A hurried breakfast and then off to work— a lulu of a day! I shouldn't have bragged about how easily it was all going for me cause my back was caught up with me and I zoomed through vouchers till after five. Then the mail!

I came home to the dreamy new house at 90-11 175 St. We're still sharing it with the plumbers and the painters and I expect to see with the smell of paint strongly in my nostrils. Mother and Leggie have worn themselves out doing a beautiful job on it though.

Mother, Dad and I last dinner at the Fernwinkle— then back to clean up a bit more.
Today was verily a lurk of a day more so than yesterday. Everything was plumped on my desk and I had the grand daddy of all headaches to try it off. My mood was completely nasty.

I came home still dwelling on the prospect of our home and cleaned more drawers and placed pictures and miniatures around my room. It's verily lovely. Febrie came over and told me all about her date with George—smooth! She's such a neat girl—dey bull sessions!

Wonderful! A card and a letter from Bill Grey. He's still on maneuvers, but had an evening in town and wrote. He's been accepted by the Air Corps and sounds happy. I'm thrilled for him.
ALL MORNING I DID HONEY THINGS SUCH AS WASHING MY HAIR AND FURTH CLEANING UP MY ROOM AND CLOSET, HANGING PICTURES AND putting other finishing touches to things. THAT TEAM IS STILL THERE.

THIS AFTERNOON AFTER DADDY CAME HOME I BEGAN WRITING LETT-ERS TO ROBERT HENDRICKS IN NORTH AFRICA OR TICL WEE THINK... TO NANNY, AUNT PAN, AUNT BERT, AUNT CLORIE, ROSSIE AND MARGIE AND BILL BOYD. MY LEFT HAND Seems PARALYZED AND I'M MORE OR LESS MENTALLY WEARY. I HAVE TO RECEIVE LETTERS THAT WRITING A TERRIBLE PAIN OF THEM IS A DIFFERENT MATTER.

THE BADGERS LOST STILL ANOTHER GAME TO THE CUBS - 13 TO 1 - THEY'RE ON 4TH PLACE NOW. TOO BAD!
Another bright and cheery day! I got up in time to go to church with Audrey (good sermon — "Sin and Forgiveness"). When I came home, rumor told me that Bill Brenan was in town, which rather pleased me greatly. After a good dinner I stayed. Joanie came over and then... sick! He looks thinner and sick. I showed him the house and we talked and talked — then for routine we walked over to Mrs. Yeomans (who said we made a wonderful couple — yes??) Walking back he suggested I go up to Hamilton for a weekend. I don’t know! I sure would love it though. Time alone will tell how things progress so that I can go. We always have so much trouble in achieving anything of the sort. Sigh...
AUGUST 23

Back to work! Evie was back too and things slowed by without much bickering. At lunchtime I went up to Child's to meet Ben, Midge, How and Carolyn Harley (who has an interesting job with an advertising agency). We talked and laughed as the waiters stared at us. I had a feeling we'd been together next week. I came home and saw another dopy letter from Jerry. He met Bob Belline of Billie and discussed me vaguely and particularly. I wrote Mac Henmonen a note about my little sister and when a letter to Pat Harvey I saw so many letters had arrived the energy to scribble many of them off.
Tuesday and already - Goodbyes as Bell Bakeries. George is home on leave and so Mary is taking a week's vacation to be with him. There it will be too long for awhile she to Jean and I at Schrafft's and she treated me to lunch and a chocolate. We had tidings in the form of a letter from school announcing that because of difficulties in obtaining equipment for enlarging the cafeteria school will stay one week later than planned. We rejoiced for that to happen over since I started grammar school and at last it has ended.

To new mother and Dad at the New Yorker and talked about Sadi's operation. Back home and ate to Yabu's for a casual visit - the backyard variety. Was fun to live so near her.
AUGUST 25

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

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

Happy Girl's Club Meeting at Joanie's. Not much dirt! Kelly Hall is married and Jacqueline is seriously contemplating it. And brought Frank Sinatra repledged with gold bar, for a few minutes.
In emotional day! Once more not too much work accomplished. Mrs. Bostin Nina Nelson & Ed and I ate at a drive in the Penney Arcade. Had a drive of a sort but the food was delicious.

I met Mother and Dad at the New Yorker again. She gotten to be part of our regular routine. Official provided came from Postmaster San Francisco to the effect that I was in on his way overseas. It came as a shock since he was inducted just January 1st. Too impossible enough to be very sorry now for the rude nasty way I treated him but I would be real glad in the long run if I hadn't. Best wishes for him!

A nice letter from Bill Boyd who got one of citations given in his Co. on November 25.
AUGUST 27

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

Dad went to the hospital for tests and an operation is a necessity. He has a tumor. Oh, God what next?

I pray still all turn out all right.

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

Daddy sent me a darling pair of pink earrings from Pete and Freddie wrote me a birthday note and I got a Canterbury Club letter while — answers to my Dear science letters written last Sunday.
AUGUST 28

This was the first of my lazy days of leisure. I was unofficially in the Dog House for slopping around my room so long — should have seen Cary off for Kentucky but circumstances kept me from it. Once I did get up I dove into "As I Lay Dying." It's really good and you realize the politics of the Great Flying Bugs in the Sky. In between I began my weekly routine of scribbling letters letter and you — to Bill Hughes possibly still in Australia. To Floyd, I know not where. Freddie at Camp Stewart. George, Eddie at Camp Pendleton. Clarence Gay. Jack in Virginia. Marvin in Canada; and Bill Boyd in South Dakota.

A letter from Floyd postmarked 6/4. He got my birthday present — I'm glad. He sent something.
AUGUST 29

You'd have thought it was the Fourth of July, the way fireworks flashed in the Department of the Interior at 9-11 1954 today. All in all, it was rather unsuccessful. I dressed for church, but Dad didn't stay by and when I saw she wasn't coming, two too late for me to go. Then I expected to move around town with Bugaie, but she stayed at her aunt's. Ah! Such in life!

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

King Boris of Bulgaria died after being shot. Another W for the Allies. The Nazis recalled their small navy. Germany has imposed severe martial law.
An interesting day! Mail was nice:
1. Mail letter from Herbert Morrow;
news and kinesthetic art from Calix;
nomination of my little sister; and
letter from Bill Brennan, who
asked me to come up to Hamilton
this next weekend — I can't cause it's
Labor Day! Oh heck! Here we go again.

I picked the miniatures in the
living room and made lunch cutting
my finger on a can. Camilla came
over this afternoon — amazement!

and we eat and gabbed and
then wrote letters together. I
nearly chopped my eye teeth.

This evening Eugene Camilla
Sears and I doubled out going
to the Falls to see Cabin in the
Sky (again!) and Mysterious
Doctor. We went for a soda
afterwards and generally had a crazy
time!
AUGUST 31

I nosed around the house all morning - finished John Rolleston's "Beyond" and began Dorothy Canfield's "The Dreaming Cup" - both good. In the mail came Conie's wedding invitation. Though I'd known it all along, still it came as a pleasant shock - we're all planning to go to Washberry September 15th and then as we watch her and she says "I do."

This evening I went into the city to meet Both Ray and Louise and bring them home with me for dinner and to spend the night. We were all so lackadaisical and unenergetic that we molder less drooped in each other's faces. Eugene stopped by and drooped with us. We went to bed fairly late and then talked on and on about "That Wise College" te, reading, etc., etc.
Mother roused us early since both
and Kay had to go to work - how
and I trailed sleepily after them.
“Breakfast” were said and then and
I with Mother talked and talked
about how to improve K.D. It was
much the same stuff but with new
ideas. We finally managed to dress
for a late lunch at the Chinese
restaurant in Jamaica and seemed
to stuff ourselves. Laurie hopped
a subway and Mother and I met
Herbert (a date I say! even if he is
just 13) and saw busy to find
with Deanna Durbin and Joseph
Cotten (Ah! Such a man.) and Crime
Doctor with Warner Baxter at the
Valencis.
Letter from Daddy saying he and
Fred have made up. I’m so very glad!
Vera came this evening.
SEPTEMBER 2

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

Sad came and still feeling rotten — and contemplating the date of his operation.

Dad called — gave me a message from Mom that he is cooking for me to go to Florida on the 4th. Lee is to live and mother and Dad are very incoherent. I hope they're right. He invaded Italy's mainland!!
SEPTEMBER 3

In beautiful - or rather - attempts were made. At 9 o'clock Mother and I were down at Robert's and my hair was going through the mechanism necessary for a permanent. I was amazingly through in two hours - it looks fairly all right considering......

Mother stopped at O.C.L. and then we had lunch at the Food Trust and on home.

This evening I went into the city up to Victor Chemical's office to be shown around by Eugene. We met Mr. Cotton there and he gave me a passport to sign. Then we walked downtown to Jefferson's where we met Ev for a crazy dinner. Such fun. Then a walk up town to Radio City. We saw Cary Grant (Mmm!) in 'The Lucky'. The stage show had no continuity but the Corpo de Ballet act was super.
The beginning of the Labor Day weekend. It doesn’t seem possible—my how the summer has flown by!! Today was completely uneventful and unexpected. I dropped in bed once more till just before time for Daddy to come out. He brought cake as usual. The rest of the afternoon was spent in listening to the Dodgers. Their game which the Dodgers won in the seventeenth inning. I porched through old diaries and really laughed at them. Admittedly I’ll still rather dramatic and to be extravagant—but—and when I was a senior at St. Mary’s I really laid in on which. Such gushing! I really ought to never give a new boy I called Augie, Josie and Fat Brennan.
SEPTEMBER 5

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

This afternoon Eugene came by to laugh over all stories with me and talk about things in general. Then she and I walked back to pick up Irene and go on a drive to Teledarnia's for goosey calculus. filled munder. Our conscience bothered us but we enjoyed them anyhow and had smoking and listening to the joke box, discussing the Reader's Digest Statistical Conclusion that after the war 4 out of every 10 girls will be old maids. Cheerful prospects! The things we had enough without thinking of that.
Happy Labor Day! and it was quite happy too, considering —— This morning we received the matter of this weekend which had been sort of lying dormant till then and Mom and Dad said I definitely couldn't go up alone. There was little I could say and I spoke I really see their point but I do want to go do Hamilton so very badly. We hit upon the idea of Bugie's going with me so I sent a special delivery to Bill and am keeping my fingers crossed till I hear.

This evening after Dad left on the spur of the moment Mother & I hopped in bus and went to the Allen to see the revivals of Clark Gable & Claudette Colbert in Academy award Winner "It Happened One Night" and Ronald Colman in "The Lie". I wonder what my hangri...
SEPTEMBER 7

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

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

I heard from Rose and Eddie Jam - also a sweet letter from Freddie enclosing a picture of the girl to whom he's engaged for me to see!
A nice day! I met you at Roosevelt Avenue just before twelve and then on to New York to money around Lord & Taylor's trying to get decorative ideas for improving Blackie's house but things were a little extreme for our collegiate ways. Then we went to the Empire Tea Room for lunch and to have our fortune told—very interesting! After that we went to the Ambassador Theatre and saw "Blonson Time"—music costumes and acting were swell—a good show about Schubert's life and music. I met Mother and Dad at Dempsey's for dinner and sat at the table next to Jack and his two children. After that—back to the A.T.C. meeting and Jeanette for gab—nothing exciting. Only unconditionally surrendered to the Allergy. Best news since the War began, the victory nearer! Sue & John!
SEPTEMBER 9

Today started off pretty well. Mother and I went into New York and bought me my beauty of a red three-piece suit (The jackets on the others had been chosen!) and a cute black hat too. So I gloated with it all. We skirted the big parade (opening 3rd War Bond Drive!) had a sandwich at the Milk Bar and then went to Roberti where I had my hair shampooed and set (first time after the permanent!) we came home and Nana was here.

Very bad news! Bell had tried to call me last night but I was not at home. He was called again and the result was too clever. It seems there's a convention in Clinton over the weekend and cause I hadn't let him know sooner he couldn't get a room anywhere. God is so disappointed. He wanted to go as badly. We talked for quite awhile and he seemed so disappointed as I. We haven't really talked in so long and it's been wonderful. Oh, hell no.
SEPTEMBER 10

I turned completely tragically dramatic and sobbed all last night so that this morning my eyes are just shot. I hadn't really cried in ages and splurged for all I saved up. Silly but I really cleared out my nasal passages.

Mom decided to pacify me with a program of activity so we went into New York for a Chinese lunch at the China Clipper and then went to the Roxy to see "Heaven Can Wait" with Don Ameche and Gene Tierney - very amusing and I liked it. We went to later for a pair of popcorn and then to the theater for the show. We met Dad at the Boar's Head on Arlington Avenue and our mouths watered over good soft shell crab. Glory came over late in the evening and spent the night. We talked and talked - slept together in the double bed and were real restless.
SEPTEMBER 11

An active day! Early, Bugie and I dressed in our riding stogs and after meeting Cam and Gene we traveled to 17th St. and hopped on horses. At least the rest hopped, but not having gone in over two years I was more less shoved in by an inexcusably obliging bystander. Once we started postling and centering through Cunningham Park, however, it was wonderful and the ride a beautiful one. Gene fell off to lend excitement.

We went back to Glory's for lunch and chatted awhile. Then this evening rather unexpectedly Bugie, Cam, Edith and Gene Cam, Edith and Gene all came in, and we howled hysterically over old stories of and 6 Gene revealing their supreme thrill of grammar and high school days. Jan's baby is arrive the end of February supposedly. I don't seem possible. Anyhow the evening was fun!
SEPTEMBER 12

After a long and tiring automobile trip and I practically dragged ourselves to St. Luke's this morning and squirmed on the uncomfortable hard wooden seats. Mr. Condit is back for his first service of the new year and is really a marvelous rector. Mr. Judk has accepted an offer at Christ Church outside of Philadelphia, and will leave St. Luke's the end of this month. After church, we stopped at Gloria's for a few moments and then home. Mother and I to celebrate the lifting of the pleasure driving ban drove to the Triangle restaurant for a good dinner and then home again.

The Germans have occupied Rome and Italy and Germany are now fighting - the quirks of alliances of warfare. Our forces are fighting in and Italy is surrendering said as optimistically as first thought.
September 13

Yesterday morning's muscle aching was eased by a lovely mail today. I heard from Bill Boyd - back from overseas and writing again at last. He is still waiting for his transfer orders to the Air Corps and wrote a long perky letter while waiting. Then Floyd - still in San Francisco - wrote a wonderfully philosophical one expressing his emotions of going overseas. It was really good!

This afternoon Mother and I went to the Valencia to see Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in First Comes Courage (the usual office work commanded in Norway stuff) and Donald O'Connor in The Big Cube.

Tonight, Glory Bowl and I went bowling and had a stupid old time again. I bowled 78 - an improvement over last time. But not too good! I blame it on my muscles.
This morning was dedicated to a series of "friendly discussions" before I went into the city to meet Cary back from her two weeks spent in Kentucky, Annapolis, Washington, etc. We talked a blue streak to catch up on what had passed in the meantime. Two friends of hers were there from Annapolis. We had a sandwich next door they left and we spent the afternoon trying to pick up Cary's bags at Penn Station.

I met Mother and Dad at the Union Clipper for dinner and walking and so on home.

Confusion! I got a telegram from Bill Murnan enclosing another letter he'd sent me - addressed correctly - but which had been returned to me. If I'd gotten that letter in time, the room situation could have been cleared up and I might have gone to Hamilton. Damn the post office!
SEPTEMBER 15

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

Louise and I met Cary on 29th Street and at 4.30 went to the Little Church around the corner to see Marty and Tommy married. We stood and teased and felt quite parental as we shook our heads, saying it doesn't seem possible! Though we knew they'd really been planning it for ages. They're both swell, now and I came home on the 5th Avenue bus to Jackson Heights.

Tonight, Mother & I went over to Thompson to see Jody & Margie. They're going to Cuba!
I should have left for Hillsburg today but am extremely grateful for the extra week at home. Accidents came this morning when the radiator leaking from my plane made the downstairs hall look as though it had been blitzed. What a mess!

This afternoon Mother and I went over to Jersey, stopping at Aunt Beatie and then at Aunt Fanny. I saw Ruth’s two-year-old baby Nell and loved her immediately. She’s a darling! The afternoon was pleasant, tending towards the Crazy.

We then went over to Brooklyn and met Dad for dinner at St. George, and so home in the downtown. Nana was here. After awhile I went to bed and dreamed of the new Food Housekeeping.
SEPTEMBER 17

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

This evening I went over to Gloria's and peeked at the preparations for the shower she gave for Doris DeKok's niece and then Mother, Ziggy and I went to see 'The Student Prince' starring Everett Marshall. It was very good — another of the epidemic of operetta revivals.
SEPTEMBER 18

"London Bridge is falling down"
"London Bridge is falling down!"

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

This morning Mother and I went to Jamaica to buy last minute powder tuff, toothbrushes and fancy bars of soap. We also picked up a pair of mezzotmssin and a pair of black nylon stockings which I treasure as a good bargain.

We were supposed to go to Conner Tara's wedding today, but being the last weekend home and all we didn't so I thought hard about her wedding. And I have two jobs left the Austin the same week!
SEPTEMBER 19

The last Sunday at home! And and I went to St. Habe's where Rev. Condor preached with a voice which kept failling him on account of a cold - the service was usual. We had roast lamb for dinner and then discussed the pros and cons of driving down to Blenderburg with Marjorie Thompson since Jack needs the car at Blender. It would be exciting to take a long auto trip legally in gas ration days, but it might be complicated too. I think we'll do it though.

Afterwards, Flory and Ann came over and we talked to Friederich's for today's rehearsing the problem of little June - and so much to do - and so many friends to want to be with.

And should have gone into the Weldorf for a convention (W.D. T.C.) but stayed here instead. - I wrote Nancy Cindy, Bill & Bill.
SEPTEMBER 20

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

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

Cary came out this afternoon and to spend the night — Glory and I and came for dinner too (steak - how dreamy!) We hysterically played bridge being interrupted by blockouts and then all walked Audrey home.
SEPTEMBER 21

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

Surprise! Bill Brennan sent me 16 American Beauty roses with a really pretty card enclosed. Talkin' N to very thrilled.
SEPTEMBER 22

Being my last day at home, it was a very bittersweet one. When I awoke, I wrote Bill Hughes and a perfect thank you note to Bill Brennan also answered the letter which came from Corporal Eddie Damm. After that we packed suitcases and then drove over to take my ticket to Ouse waiting for a lengthy chat. We ate a Chinese lunch at a restaurant by the Fireside Boys' Hall and then went to Jamaica and bought several pairs of pants and a pair of pajamas.

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

I went to a U.P. A. meeting and said "Goodbye" to all the girls.
SEPTEMBER 23

The official end of the summer and a real wonderful one it was too. Neither Margie (both of her), Cary and I sent ourselves down in the '4 Packard crammed in with suitcases and the like. It was blissful to ride in a car after the years of gas rationing. We stopped on the road and ate a picnic lunch which Aunt Bee had made. Most all the way Cary and I burst forth into song and the time passed quickly.

We reached Pittsburg at 5:00 and had dinner at the Lodge - then real excited - we came back to the hotel and saw everybody. Gagone, I do love it so good. So supper being met by all the gals - especially Beth and Ann why - so very much fun.

A stupendously funny letter from Bill.
SEPTEMBER 24

We slept and talked in bed still after she really catching up on the news of each other's summer. This morning Beth, Bunny and I went downtown to buy grapefruit juice for improvised breakfasts of the future and I looked into the bank account and cafeteria lunch situation.

I met Mother and Margie for lunch and spent the evening with them too. I wrote postcards and read Life and the Saturday Evening Post. I met Chuck Stillah and talked familiarly with him for quite awhile. He wants punchy and wants to work for the telephone company again this year at the U.D.O. It'd have been fun but we've got too much else to do. Fun tonight on the farm!
SEPTEMBER 25

A busyish day! This morning I typed around not to make the hall roommates as I dressed for my 8:30 appointment with adviser, Dr. Ward. Surprisingly I had no conflicts and was now officially taking Money & Banking, Statistics, Accounting, Marketing Principles & Problems, Introduction to Business Enterprise and General Psychology plus gym of course. Sounds like a stuff but after all, this is college to college, essentially to exercise my gray matter.

I spent the morning with Mr. Hunt and trying in vain to locate my trunk — I still have no shoes and ate with Beth & Punch at the dining hall — this evening I went to the Lodge with Mother and had dinner.

Hell! Wouldn’t you know! Bill Hughes wrote me from Boston — he wanted to come see me in New York this weekend. Two days too late!
Sunday, and a busy one too! This morning we stepped over to Chandler and picked up our little sisters to take them to Boston—meri che tumhain ki darling! After the service, we went to the dining hall for the traditional northern fried chicken and ice cream—and then back to the house to prepare for the influx of freshman girls making a tour of the sorority house. The same things were said over and over again—with slight variations of course, and our spines aching from smiling repeatedly as we said them and as we listened. It was fun in a boring sort of way.

Both Bunchy and I went to the lodge to meet Mother for dinner. We laughed a lot and were very unsophisticated.
SEPTEMBER 27

School bells chimed again and I am officially a Junior — it is so impressive being respected for a change! I only had three classes. Dr. Fullin stood us up for Psych and after standing around in the hall for awhile we left for the wigwam to buy books. I became nasty when I discovered I had to pay 25 for uptake second-hand books too. Marketing sounds fascinating — full of merchandising and advertising, the sort of stuff I want. They only lasted five minutes, which was a lovely sort of gym class.

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

There was a W.S.C.G.T.A. meeting tonight with the usual welcome & news about a German Club dance for the A.S.T.C.G. boys. House meeting afterwards and then butt sessions about reading and rep.
SEPTEMBER 28

Right about now we're in a real lack of enthusiasm - we're all out for studying all out for extra-curricular stuff and all out for improving the house and KS in general. Such a busy little year as it's gonna be!

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

Mother Holly Muller and I had dinner together at the Lodge and then I went to the Flat Hat Business Staff Meeting. We were assigned ads to get so I will merely mention from having people sign contracts and pay money - I hope! We get commissions too. Secretly meeting though informal was inspiring in its plans. I hope the spirit lasts.

Letters from Edith and Eve
A busy day with classes from 8 a.m. till 4:30 P.M. with time out to see Mother off on the morning train. It seems odd not to have her around anymore. Classes were still interesting except for the statistics lab which really is a stinker. If it weren’t required for my major, I’d gladly stay with the idea of dropping it but given near it, ey?

At 5:00 Beth, Punchy, Lou, and I went to a Social Committee meeting for the War Work at College where plans were made for various affairs to be given for the chaplain and his assistants, etc. After a ride at the Wigwam we watched the review of the A.T.F.U. boys and on the football field. It was impressive—a far cry from the football rallies of a year ago.

This evening, Nidge and I went to chapel at which Dr.ෆkin spoke and then I came home, washed my hair, did homework and went to a house meeting.
Such a rainy day—I’ve never been so wet—honest? Life perked up though when Mr. Hungerford decided to make our introductory approach to statistics more simple and when I discovered that I like accounting a lot.

We walked in the pouring rain to dinner across campus and were drenched to the skin. After our good vegetable dinner, we walked through the flooded paths with the wind blowing the rain in streams upon us as the Colonial Echo meeting and got ourselves in the Editorial staff. We were supposed to go to a big little sister party in Barrett but the other water was keeping through our rubber boots even and we queued ourselves at the bar—alcohol rundown instead.

A letter from Doris and a card from Bill Reig from Kansas City en route to Mexico.
A new month! After Psych. we all went to the opening Convocation in Phi Beta and realized that come one year we'll probably be marching along in our caps and gowns.

This was Gymnastic Day and after bundling up to go to lunch how Jane Helton and I leaped like gazelles through our rhythm class. It's the sort of thing which makes you feel very foolish, but I sure do fun.

The afternoon was spent in the library doing my Statistics paper, reading Business Management and talking to A. J. T. H. Boye.

Tonight the Chaplain's assistants gave a Speaker which was really sensational. The Talent along the lines of singing and piano playing was amazing. Council meeting this evening.
Such an exciting day! After class, I decided it'd be a good idea for the freshmen and科技园 around campus and tour during my free time. After lunch, Beth, Lucca, and I strolled out the Redmond Road about three miles to the Pleasant Valley Dairy (some name?) in vain—no manager and so on. But on the way out, we met a soldier from Castro who walked with us and bought coke, generally making the journey more pleasant. We took the ads to Jean Littlet and then to the office to see them put in next week's issue of the paper.

Tonight was the German Club—C5T9. formal. My date was Hank Carroll—no relation to the singer or the spaghetti people. He plays football for Company B and I can see why he is a good tackle, but he is awfully sweet despite of it. The dance was crowded but quite a lot of fun—the band was good too.
OCTOBER 3

We slept through church and discovered it was 12:30 by the time we finally stretched ourselves drowsily awake. We dressed and walked across campus to dinner—chicken and ice cream as always.

This afternoon I went back and forth between the library and the dorm, where I tried in vain to find my Canterbury Club little sister. I gave up and joined Hilton and I went to the tea at Brinton Parish by ourselves. It was boring—not many people there—just stood around and simpered.

Judy Kay some Alpha Chis and I had supper in the Wigwam—talked with quite a few L.J.T. boys—and then wrote letters home in between bell sessions.

I received a letter from Bill Boyd yesterday—he’s stationed at Keesler Field Mississippi. He’s nearer than South Dakota anywhit.
The day ended to be lovely though comparatively uneventful. As always classes - Rhythms in the afternoon - lasted all day and afterwards we proceeded to the Wigwam for lunch - 

After dinner all the upper classmen went to Washington to take our Student Government exam - which was the traditional sort thing - I imagine I passed it.

Favority meeting operated under different conditions - we really need a chapter room - and were headed together in the living room.

A special letter from Bill Brown asked about the change in plans for meteorology - and letters from Jimmy & Eugene.
OCTOBER 5

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

Supper in the dining hall as usual and then a mad scurrying about - first to the Backdrop Club meeting where we signed up to do Stage Crew Work - then to the Colonial Echo Editorial Staff meeting - and on to a Flat Hat Business Staff meeting where we signed up for more work. It's all fun though. Lunch and I also stopped by at some sort of vaudeville entertainment in the A&E.

We signed up for the WAMS (War Activist's Members) and feel patriotism inclined.
Indeed a lovely day! Classes straight through again, weren't too cheery a prospect, but they were all more or less interesting. We got out of statistics lab early after playing around with the various adding machines. Moreover, in a rush of dining hall foot the Crazy Daisy and I decided to go smooth and have dinner at the Lodge. The Rockefeller was all we could afford, but the meal was delicious anyhow. Beth met Jim, her cousin, there and he walked home with us—asked her for a date for Saturday night. Super event! The phone rang when a la long distance and was Bell Boyd calling from Mississippi. We talked, ourFully allowed five minutes and it was wonderful. I wish I could see him. He is such a fellow.
OCTOBER 7

A busy time was had by all. In between classes I missed lunch to sit in the registrar’s office and address envelopes to all the parents, for the Flat Fee. It was interesting for I got a look at what everyone is majoring in and stuff and though I gave myself wedgie cramp it was all fun. Accounting was amazing in that I actually got my problems right – it is fascinating.

Afterwards I tried doing my statistics but soon gave up on it so long and dreary did it look.

All evening the whole sorority painted varnished, scrubbed and stood back to admire the improvements as we devoted our energies to making the house look smart. It’s a tough fight but we’re winning.

Maryjane Thompson called asking me to go on a date — I’d have loved it but couldn’t cause of painting. Letter from Pad, Darce and Sandy.
Almost the end of another week!
We crawled out of bed rather sleepily
munched our breakfast doughnuts and
set out for classes. August in Idaho
is impossible! I feel sorry for
him, but he certainly is a jerk.
— the rest of the course story
interesting however.
Beth and Peach were back from
anchoring just in time for us to go
to the movies (first time this
year!) and see "Real Foot
Forward" in Technicolor with
Lucille Ball and William Hayden.
Harry James & Orchestra were good.
After dinner this evening we
walked around and spent the
night studying, taking baths and
writing letters — uneventful!
Mail from Dad and Margie Boshoff.
— still thinking about Bell’s phone call.
Saturday! As usual we trudged out of bed for our eight o’clock, but were too tired to stay up so went back to bed at ten and more or less slept till 12:00. We were finally awakened by cries of “Marty!” Mrs. Thomas Butts had come back to see us for the weekend and it doesn’t seem as though she was away at all.

We meandered around in the Wiggins this afternoon and then went to the stadium to see the W&N Freshman team play the A. T. Y. Boys. It was a pretty good game – the freshman team won – but made us homesick for the good old days of real football.

She went out with her design tonight – we were unsmother.

A terrifically sick letter from All Boy.
A completely lazy Sunday—we slept through church again—at least Bob went out with her endless again while Punchy and I slept. Our sins are catching up with us though!

Cary, Jan, Punchy and I went to the Greek's for brunch—was different but good as we ate our hot cakes and bacon. This afternoon I actually settled down in the library and began working over my Statistics assignment. It was fairly complex and I kept getting it wrong all the time.

We had a Fred Chicken dinner and spent the evening studying and glowering over Beth Ann came over and we played at the budget. It all looks so confusing!
October 11

An unexciting but pleasant day! After a particularly grueling session of Rhythm, I took me to the library to read a bit of fascinating Edgar. Coming back to the house in time for Tony's practice. We went into dinner for the early shift again, and then after doing more Treasury stuff, we prepared for Second Degree Nudging of Betty Beissel, Betty Ann Fletcher, and Made Dean.

We went to the Regency for sundae and then sat around in the lounge listening to the juke box—mostly Carl Hines' ‘I Never Dreamed’ and finally home, for a minimum of studying.

Mail from Mother and Dad plus an awfully sweet one from Bob. Thursday he's still fighting in Europe somewhere—probably Italy. Dad sent some interesting new war stamps yesterday.
OCTOBER 12

Happy Columbus Day! The day
sawing off to a brilliant start
by the eight o'clock money and
bookings class where Mr. Requist
assigned us two papers in one week
and then two longies this semester.
Such a fascinating man. (I fear
he is becoming an obsession with
us!)

After Accounting (I had my paper
handed back to me again — the
never win in that course, but I
do like it!) I went to the
library and submerged myself
once more.

We went to late supper
and spent the evening restfully
writing letters and indulging
in full recollection and poring
through old diaries generally
reminiscing.
OCTOBER 13

Another day—complete with statistics but not the assigning of two more stupendous term papers. How in the world I wonder can I whip up ten typewritten pages about probability and the Normal Distribution concept? I worry about things like that.

This evening we went out to the football field to see the Cadets review and then came back to the house for an impromptu jam session—very hot—and very high-spirited! After a restfully impressive chapel we all went to a WAM meeting for the making of all sorts of gala plans.

Jean Haber told me Lee Johnson stationed at Keckle is looking up Bill Boyd. That’s all I needed! I’m so tired!
OCTOBER 14

Quite a nice day despite of my continually wondering when I'll get the work done. This morning we went downtown and load up stuff for breakfast - fresh marmalade and grapefruit juice. We've been getting so hungry by not eating till after 1:00 every day. Maybe we'll get up in classic now. I surely need stimulation of some sort!!

Today was my annual maimery as I had my picture taken for the Colossal Echo. I can't face paying $3.75 to plague poetry. If only this setting would have turned out humanly.

Margorie Thompson took me for dinner at The Inn today. Two ten fun! We went back to Mercury's and talked afterwards. Very nice.
OCTOBER 15

I flew and am very happy, cause today has been super. After the usual classes with the antelminary of rhythms (I beat myself up over that doggone course) we drafted around all afternoon till time to make ourselves smooth and go to the Chaplain's reception and dance. There we got to love several Chaplains. They were all young, unmarried and completely smooth. I sort of got warned by and think that by the end of the evening (5-10) I knew practically every chaplain there and had danced with everything from a Catholic priest to a Jewish Rabbi. Though I had not known any of them before. I had a sensational time. Most of the evening was spent with a Bill. I was in clearly.
OCTOBER 16

A bumpy day — over the smaller things in life. It started when I bumped into the receiving chaplain and all. It wasn’t last night gummed real neatly and spoke to me. I fell as smooth! We had lunch in the regian with a riot of people and then spent the afternoon (after buying more breakfast food) studying and writing letters. After supper we sank in crowds of the living room and dreamily listened to records, drifting off into memoryland. Afterwards we awoke to reality and studied some more and then weathered through hall classes.

Another real nice letter from Bill Boyd (!) — one from Eddie Samm — and Money and Banking stuff from Home — Dave Rosen’s wife home at last. Yipee!
OCTOBER 17

The end of another weekend—and a real nice one it was too. Our cars finally caught up with us as we slept through church again—even waking up too late for brunch at the Greek's. After fried chicken in the dining hall we came back and I decided to change the bedding on my bed when Jay announced that Bill Bunting and his cousin were there to see me. They’re both loads of fun and I had a good time with them—sat in the living room and went to the Wigwam. I had to come back to dress for the sorority–freshman mixer in Barrett, which was characteristically springy.

The evening was cozy, subdued for Jay. Tea after making our supper.
A nice enough day! The Psych test threatened to be a stinker, but on thinking it over it wasn’t terribly bad. Marketing was interesting as always — and I’m spurred on to pick a product for research and analysis for the semester.

After lunch I couldn’t convince myself to go to Rhythms and so did my Accounting and Statistics and wrote letters instead. I went downtown to buy some apples and when I went into the store to wash them off, found myself locked in for several minutes by Louie and the swung door. Excruciating!

Meeting night! W.I.C.G.A. meeting, and then socially with lectures and discussions about working in the living room. Lil’s problem!
OCTOBER 19

One of those nasty little days when a series of things went wrong and I lounged around piggishly. More temperaments and deals were assigned to Money and Banking and Success Organization, but accounting wasn't too bad and began to make sense.

After lunch Dusken and I addressed more envelopes to parents for the Flat Hat Success staff — also a Flat Hat meeting tonite.

Mail from Home and Chill Keel. Both Bill and Dave were home last week and apparently created a sensation. I wish I could see them together again cause I love 'em so good.

I don't yet seem possible that Brennan, Yeoman Enterprises has found war.
OCTOBER 20

A nice day though as usual
Statistics set me to wondering if it's
worth the struggle!

Lunch was sensational in that
thefaculty band blazed forth into
the finer elements of swing to
accompany us as we ate our
non-descript beef. Would that that
could happen more often!

This evening the R. I. T. Club
held a review for the students
as their equipment. They've improved a
great deal in their marching step
and it was real interesting. Let
me do thinking that going to college
in the future is an experience to equal
the two college days!

We all went to Chapel
the Women (I bumped onto Johny
from Cape Charles) — and a
Backdrop Club meeting.
Today I began to seriously contemplate the difficulties involved in striving for a college degree and looked at the developing—almost—unattainable goal, realistically. The whole picture is certainly confused and on the stilt side, and I’m genuinely worried about grades for once. Though down deep I hope it won’t be too bad.

After Statistics and Accounting Labs we went to the Hegewan for hot fudge sundaes and then studied awhile before going to supper. This evening was devoted to Reading plans and a Council meeting about the making of the living rooms.

Mail from home: Joanie and Bill—she is at State College. Wish we were near.
OCTOBER 22

A busy day! Classes till three and then—much against my conscience—(I should've stayed home and studied for my Money and Banking Test) Cary, Sheila, Pat having and I went to see Thank "Your Lucky Stars" with lots of stars in a rather corny arrangement...not much Eddie Cantor...but with smooth songs "The Dreamer" "How Sweet You Are" etc.

This evening Beth, Luke and I (with seven others) went out to Dr. Follis's for another stimulatingly cozy evening. He really promotes interrelation between students and professors. We...
OCTOBER 23

Don't mention jury days! After an eight o'clock season with money and banking, I came back to the house to find Beth and the Fair Elaine with glorious plans for painting the room. I grudgingly agreed and after gathering implements everything submitted to our mighty brush. We painted beds, bookcase, dresser, and chairs (improving the assets of the State of Virginia) and also cleaned ourselves.

We went to the Wiguwan for lunch and whipped up noodle soup and fixed egg sandwiches for supper. Founders' Day, with appropriate whole dresser & commemorative service.
October 24

A truly lazy Sunday. Once more did theunch and I slept through church (while Beth swarmed but will join me day!) We dressed for dinner and then did homework till 5:00 when lunchy Cary and I went to the Canterbury Club tea. I was nominally in charge of refreshments and we had a gag time making ices and flying sandwiches and cookies. Dr. Foltz shot interestingly in Lazarus.

Two real nice.

We made egg and egg sandwiches again for supper and then headed to the Candlitight Service at Brenton. It was lovely. Jack Carter recognized me - amazingly good!
OCTOBER 25

Such a studious day! Between psychology and marketing in the pouring rain I went to the library and did reference work for marketing—found myself becoming absorbed in it. Lunch and then rhythms with the callouses on my feet killing me—and then I returned to pour over a stack for money and banking—ended up by writing over eleven pages on the Bank of New York. My fingers are cramped from typing.

Tensions took over the sorority meeting with slapy reports, and a great deal of general informality.

Mother called to say Bell Hugh had been in New York and at the house. She is glad she could show him some Manhattan hospitality at least.
OCTOBER 26

A lovely day despite it's
being a rainy, windy, cloudy day.
I began when my Chen, George
handed back my money and
banking exam and I found
that on the engrained paper was
practically marked 96 - 16. I
was really surprised but I
mean accordingly.

After classes, wandering around
downtown and dinner (dining
hall food has been wonderful
lately - amazing) we went to
Colonial Echoes and Flat Hat
meetings. I did an hour's
work on them afterwards,
typing letters and writing
notices.

Nice letter from Bill Boyt-
real happy in the Air Corps
Bill Reagan was home last
weekend with Kay. Seemed like just
another week.
OCTOBER 27

Happy Navy Day! At 2:00 this afternoon Williamsburg turned out with a big parade of marines and sailors and impressive celebrations in front of Wren. Governor Gardner spoke. Navy officials appeared impressive and Station WNOX broadcasted. The Chaplain's choir sang and I leaned on them. It was indeed wonderful—

The Chaplain sang The Lord's Prayer beautifully.

Classes floated around.

I never saw so much activity or so much of the parade—and we went to Chapel—afternoon no excitement—no mail or any thing.

A birthday party for Hitchcock with cake and ice cream.
More rain, though the blue sky did finally peek through, much to everyone's amazement.

In between classes I studied for my Accounting exam and finally took it at 2:35. It wasn't what I'd expected and my answer ended with a net loss instead of a surplus, but other people had the same results. So maybe I was wrong - don't know!

This evening Craig and I went to a meeting of the Student Club in the Fine Arts building. And then we met some of the others to see the College Play.

Papa is all a comic tragedy about the Pennsylvania Dutch. Betty Triscoll had a lead & was wonderful!

The Art Exhibit - Life Magazine cover competition was very good too!
OCTOBER 29

A busy day, with more "What else can happen?" attitudes! I cut class to have me picture taken with the Lantern Club, and then went to the Registrar's office and addressed envelopes for the Flat Hat for an hour.

Tonight we previewed our own supper again and then prepared for initiation made exciting by a blackout and three girls (including Brenda) fainting! After medication (I got more impressed each time actually) Ann and I stayed up finally finishing the books till I tumbled into bed in the wee hours of the morning.

A real long letter from Bill.

Brenda -- all about stay-ended jerkishly. A nice letter from Bill tonight. I'm so glad he went to States.
OCTOBER 30

I grudgingly stumbled out of bed for my eight o'clock to discover Maudie hadn't considered eating so I grumbled but went to my nine o'clock and then after a hike down town we cleaned up the house (oh! for the maid!) over more unearthly piles of dust and debris. Tiring! This afternoon we fooled around with Canterbury Club stuff and then came the Bond Bazaar -- I worked at the Backdrop Club dart game north with Cary -- in the Sunken Garden. It was like a country fair and much fun -- many over-stamps were sold too. With Cary, several others and I went to the movies for a mass can dance, later Bob Blake in 'Let's Face It' with Betty Grable.
OCTOBER 31

A messy Sunday. We’d planned on getting up to have our pictures taken for the Canterbury Club, but didn’t quite make it.

I awoke with a headache and feeling hot and chilled and vaguely messy, and so with the exception of a trip to the Dirty Creek’s with both for breakfast, I stuck close to home.

Colonial Club pictures were taken at the house— one of the officers and two candid shots. They seemed darling— hope they turn out that way! A sensational event! Mother sent down the white candlewick spreads and drapes and our room is now suiting.

I love it dearly!
Happy Ghost Day as I recovered from the Halloween party. My Jain and Betty gave last night as we tossed for apples in the bath tub. I'm weary! The Paget test was most disillusioning — and I wanted to bring up my C+ for it. Too bad!

The cafeteria opened today, and despite of the inconvenience of standing on line, I'm impressed with it. The choice of food is good and the results which play are super.

Lio, Beth and I played ping pong intramurals but lost unfortunately. Too bad!

Sorority meeting was uneventful waiting for our planning to interest Beth for Vice Pres. of Dance Class.
Another day -- with Flat Hat and Colonel Echo meeting, sandwiched in between everything else.
The main cheerful spot was the discovery that I finally managed to pull down a B in Accounting.
I'd been stressing over my grades and getting my packages back; I did today too - I can't win! If only
these stressed exams would be over.

Both punchy, Lou and I became enragant by playing

...and then I was cheered by

the arrival of a letter (via

mail) from Floyd. He's

somewhere in the Southwest

Pacific and says he's well

and happy. I'm so glad!

Letter from June 6, Dossie
Oh well! I don't even care anymore! The Marketing exam was a disaster, and to add insult to injury, we were switched to statistics class from Monday to tomorrow which means two tests and no time to study for them. I've gotten behind in my work and have definitely reached the saturation point. This is truly the most tiring exam period we've ever breathed through.

After my statistics lab, I walked out for dinner. I studied pretty consistently alternating from one task to another, and somehow managed to pull through. I'm enthusiastically complaining but as usual, a sensational letter from Bell Boyd - I do want to see him so very badly!
They're over at last. My business organization was long and complicated though fair, and the statistics was traditionally grim, but they're over and that, all I care about right now. I didn't want to get good marks but I guess I just didn't go about it in the right way -- too bad.

After my Accounting where I felt further behind, Beth, Sunday, Janet Heflin and I went to the Wigwam and forgot ourselves with hot fudge sundaes -- I needed to do something irregular to get out of my rut.

We went to a Wan and a Y.W.C.A. meeting and then relaxed with letters from Glory, Pitt, H.C. and Grant.
A lovely day, as I resolve to do absolutely no more studying till Monday rears its ugly head, in spite of all the stuff I should I need to relay. Yes, I am making good on my threat.

I cut class, and slept blissfully till time for Marketing when Mr. Barnes gave us our marks back. I actually earned the only A in the class and seemed accordingly. He must have marked on the curve with all LT gotten wrong. I certainly didn't deserve that mark.

In the rain, a gang of us went to the Naval Specials to smoke and loosed it almost as dearly as the first one. The talent — especially the band — playing is really sensational!
Another lovely day! It started spasmodically when I got a C in statistics and a 90 in Business Organization. The afternoon was spent in dashing around downtown and doing colonial Echo and that this work — also attending a few stray movies over the peeling situation.

The rest of the day was such fun though. Right about 5:30 P.M., the fellow named mix on the train came, bringing Eddie Hagen (in Sergeant at Law). With him, Eddie is awfully sweet and earnest. He seems our to me. We went to the lodge for a delish dinner, danced to the poke boy and went to the movies, “Paris After Dark.” So nice!
This weekend is more than enough to make up for our period of stagnancy and cramming. We slept blissfully again this morning, recalving our consciences for not having gone to church by going to Messer Service instead. We dressed for dinner, still raving about the food and selection thereof in the new cafeteria, and then went to a high tea at the Tavern. They are such very nice people, and for once in my life I actually enjoyed juggling a cup of tea on my knees.

Sensational news! Wedge just asked me to go to Washington with her next weekend, and I called ‘Mother’ to train. I can go. Plans with Brown are all phony.
Life continues along a perfunctory level. Contrary to expectation I got a B in physics and was real happy about the whole thing. If it weren’t for thedamn statistics, I’d have all As and As, but whence matter? do I want egg in my tea?

All afternoon before song practicing Wedge and I beamled over the Washington trip, and I fooled around with some accounting but otherwise there was no excitement. The sorority meeting was informal, with heated discussion on Rushing and something being accomplished.

Neil was lovely—-from Bill Hughes, Jonnie, Colby (in Ohio, with Amy) and Mother & Dad. I year for Washington. The change from nurse session will be heaven!
November 9

An uneventful day, when we all caught up on the work we’d let slide last week. I concentrated on going to the library all morning and did business and marketing up through next week. I certainly not going to worry about that sort of business while in Washington. I’m tired of studying — and yearn to dash away and stare at traffic. I love Hellaburg dearly, but the change’ll be nice too.

This afternoon I grilled away on Accounting, in class and afterwards — and then after a good dinner and whipping up rushing invitations we went to a Flat Flat meeting and then fooled around.
Classes, classes, classes, but the day started out attractively when Beth, Tom and I got up and went to breakfast in the cafeteria. Amazing but good! We picked up the afternoon by taking Josie Gonzales to see “Sweet Home Alabama” – a typical Betty Grable job but good.

We went to chapel this evening where Dr. Folden spoke again – this time on searching for an individual foundation for the spirit of Christmas. Very good.

A card (?) letter from Eddie Aragon enclosing the words to “I Can’t Keep Hidin’ With You.” Funny Bergman’s former vocalist lives in the barracks next to him. Today’s letter from Bill Boyd was disappointing, considering. Too bad; I’d gotten thrilled!
NOVEMBER 11

Happy Armistice Day! Someone thought that it is! At times like this I get to wondering what it would be like to live in a peaceful world, where things could develop at least moderately normally.

Today was get ready to pack day with a glowing eye aimed at Washington and the super plans thereof. Life can be beautiful.

It seems that I want to class all day taking time out to do Flat Tax bill collecting, buy my bus ticker, write out and do the million and one little thing incidental to going away. I'm real excited - I've never gone to Washington just for fun it's always been the sightseeing sort of thing. Such fun!
At last the day came and we buckled over continually. I managed to get through classes and the like till 4 o'clock, finally came and Midge and I -- after some difficulty -- boarded the Washington line and stood to Richmond, where we finally got seas. Somewhere in the shuffle, I met Red Kelly, a Lackey of Mary -- figured the from Washington -- and sat with him, singing now the way to the big city.

We reached Washington more peace and found George waiting for me. He is real (Hamlet man) and Midge is truly super and Washington is wonderful. In bubble! We went to Kelly's, an old beautiful home with millions of girls, "Hotel for Women," affair. So nice!
November 13

Holly dropped in right after ten after having had an unhappily sick night at an office party. I didn't really say to Holly and the others and I talked on and on while huddled up in bed. It was so good seeing her and catching up on the news.

Mudge and I finally roused ourselves and walked downtown to the shopping district as we wandered around glancing in traffic and crowds—we bought several items of stuff for the kids at the KS house and stared in awe at the big stores, being proud of the way we didn't get lost or fight. Such fun.

George, Mudge and I had a delish dinner at Donatu and then went out to his house where they made and I sat by the fire and danced.
After practically no sleep at all, Nudge and I dressed for church service at the impressively beautiful Washington Cathedral. We changed clothes and then went out to the house for an unprepared snack before dashing to the pro-football game between the Washington Redskins and Detroit Lions. It was exciting with some beautiful playing.

George, Dale, Nudge, and I had a wonderful dinner at the Garden Tea Room and spent the rest of the evening on doing empty tricks and telling stories. Quiet but fun. Once more we got back to College along about four - but were blissfully tired.
November 15

We stumbled out of bed for a quick process of grabbing some breakfast and hopping on the Williamsburg-bound bus. Happily basking over the memories of the weekend. It was such fun—we didn’t do too much of the exciting nature but inside of that it was a lovely experience.

The bus ride was uneventful—a strong soldier helped carry my bag, etc. We stopped for a sandwich at Fredericksburg and stretched.

It was good to be back though—mentally refreshed. We ate all as well. The new ship crew had arrived and the house was now in the sensational hands.

Mail from Blanche Edell, Bill Boyd (complacently explanatory) and Bill Brennan (want me to come home Thanksgiving... so much to do!
At last November rolled around and at five o'clock formal Rushing began, with the stampeding masses of freshmen pouring through the house. We all were mute and hale and acted comparatively well in the role of Rushers. It wasn't bad--there were some real cute freshmen and others who weren't too sharp. It was pretty much the same old thing but at least our smiles haven't become fixed yet.

The climax to the whole affair however was when Betty Lancer (AS National Chaplurian) phoned to say she is coming to visit over next weekend--in the midst of Preferences. Tell!

Classes ran uneventfully with more work being piled on. Mail from home...
Hushung’s going along in full swing now and my smile is cracking a little, but I still haven’t slumped into that stupid mood. That’ll come later. We talked to people from Honolulu to the isle of Jamaica and learned the interesting travelogue type of thing. Conversation is still stimulating along with occasional stimulating games to perk things up as we go along.

After our 4-6 and 7-9 sessions we had a scratch meeting and then Ann and I worked in the books with some slight time out for doing invitation. I wrote Bill Brennan and told him I couldn’t go home next weekend on account of too much work and the like. I’d surely love to though, it still!
We're coming round the Bend
and into the stretch with less
than a week of racing to go.
Things continue much the same
though scratch meetings are
gathering slight force as they
become more exciting than the
others. Still there's been no hurt
feelings -- no ill disaffection...
and the whole attitude has
so improved that we're proud
of us. I do so want us to get
some nice girls -- I know we'll
love 'em good anyhow, but it'd be
nice if they had something extra
to start and with. So we'll find
out Wednesday when the kids
come out... and can't do much
else about it.

Mail from Effie and home-
no other news.
The last day of plain ole Pushing—everything went smoothly and we sang and did "Top Hat" routine "Do Your Ears Hang Low" etc. It became rather boring for us but ye freshmen seemed to enjoy it. The Teradek meeting being technically our last one was long with discussions and the like, but our list is finally ready.

Today is Beth's birthday and to shake the cobwebs from our brains we bought lunch and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shoppe for sandwiches, milk shakes and cake. It tasted good and was a pleasant change after Teradek meeting then, she opened her present—the lunch & I gave her a white wool scarf and we munched on apples and cookies. It was lovely. She is 21 and glowing!
I hesitate to confess it, but it's true that we really had fun all day preparing for tomorrow's Candyland party. Beth and I didn't quite make it to our eight o'clock and slept really late - it felt good.

Betty Hane prime for high noon and we greeted her with guests. She really is well loved by all her body and soul. After a hearty lunch of the Fried Egg variety, we had a sorority meeting and then began decorating in decorating judging. Betty Jean and I drove into the west looking like a circus horse as we tugged away back with us. All evening was a slapstick affair with the job being done by midnight.

November 21

All our well-laid plans were tossed aside when instead of sleeping late we haphazardly stirred and did last minute things we'd forgotten about. I blew balloons till I have little breath left in me, but the decoration: Candy Box Room — Kind of Milk and Honey — and the Gingerbread Castle — were really darling, or at least so they seemed to our prejudiced eye.

Brunchy and I went steady and some others dashed to the cafeteria for a hearty dinner again and then whipped back to our candy-striped dresses, socks and moccasins and began pushing the conversation around again. It wasn't really bad — almost fun.

Tonight we dismantled Candy Land and began putting up the Hard Party.
Classes till three and then a more or less leisurely series of finishing touches till we declared the Hotel Kendys decorations finished and crawled into our evening dresses. We hadn't expected it to go too smoothly but amazingly all did. A lot of real swell girls whom we'd asked came and all in all our making outlook to optimism as we thankfully murmured "what an improvement over last year."

On the spur of the moment, I decided to go home Wednesday for Thanksgiving - just hop on a train and more from Washington. I imagine mother & Dad'll have a gay time but I'm thrilled at the idea. I'll mail from Floyd (nice guy) and a letter from Bill Hughes - in reply for a day. He called me last night.
The final fling, with a resolute attitude not to let anything worry me—filled the day. I lucked out and went to classes, still wondering if I'd really go home tomorrow since there are nasty rumors that it costs $25 to cut. We got my fingers crossed and am wishing hard.

On the impulse that we might be together on Thanksgiving, Bette, Betsy, and I went to the lodge for dinner and really got acquainted again, after not having been able to engage in pleasant conversation for past weeks. While walking back to the house we suddenly happened in the movie with my thinking of things to be done. The picture was fresh and fantasy, a weird affair, but good. Left in one more lovely and I dream.
This morning I dashed over to Dean Sandrum's office, nabbed my ration books - and then finally decided to go down to the station and hop on the Yankee Bound 10:07. The trip home was uneventful - surprisingly comfortable with seats for all. I sat with Rickie Redding most of the way and we gabbed and sang until time. We had a chicken sandwich at the diner. We met some girls from Mary Washington and compared notes on college. The train sauntered into New Haven a little after 7:30 and I began a hunt for weather and Ted whom I telegraphed from Richmond. They did leave a letter and the telegram was wandering through all is calm now. As good as to be home.
November 25

Happy Thanksgiving! I slept till nine and then luxuriously had breakfast in bed before going to the station to meet Daddy. The day was a quiet one as I dove into magazines and dozed comfortably in one chair after another. The dinner (chicken not turkey) was delicious and I'm sure I gained five pounds on the deal. Home-cooking is a wonderful institution.

After dinner, we took a trip from Pittsburgh, planned, and we reveled in having a local conversation again. In a little while he ditched visiting aunts and uncles and came over. It is so easy once good to see him again — especially without knowing it'll be over in a few hours. He stayed till late this evening and we talked and stuff. He is swell.
I slept late again and moseyed around the house till time to go to Brooklyn and meet Dad for lunch at the St. George. We talked for awhile and then met Mother who hopped a subway with me for New York. The rest of the afternoon was spent in Dr. Weiss' office waiting to see him — finally had an "audience" and gassed our walking along Fifth Avenue.

We met Glory at five in front of Radio City to see a supper show. The picture "Claudia" was grand — much like the play — and the stage show was good too (dedication to American girl of the past and present). We had late supper at the China Clipper, where I glanced in the food. Fun!
Sometimes I wonder if people would believe my diary, and not think the whole affair was a figment of my imagination. Today I spent most of the time in Jamaica with guy buying Christmas cards and glowing over plans to see "A Connecticut Yankee" and go somewhere afterwards with Bill tonight. It's been so long since we've had a real date together and I looked forward to being with him smoothly -- but the grandparents who keep saying "Let's Not Have Them Together" stepped in again and gave him an appendicitis attack combined with a severe case of malarial flu. He's so doggone sorry that he feels rotten. Instead Dave looking super in hi merchant marine uniform called for me & took me to Bernstein's where I chatted with Bill -- then Pat & I left for the show. It was good, but -- hell!
I dropped around the house worrying about Bill and his affray. He's in trouble with the Army can't go back to Hamilton now and doesn't want to be EWOL. What next?

Most of the day was a guilt-relieving one till Joanne,黎希, and I went to Thanksgiving to gorge ourselves with hot fudge sundaes and chew each other's ears off to catch up on back news.

Tonight, Mom and I drove Dad to the station and then went to Brennan's. I went up and stayed with Bill. He feels rotten, but I hope I cheered him somewhat. He is a swell fellow and I'm awfully sorry about all this now and was lonesome when I got there. More talking and plans for Christmas.
Mother and I saw me off on the New York train - I sat next to a dear old lady - with all those soldiers around too, but it was peaceful. Despite of the confusion of the weekend home, I loved it and am glad I did it. It was fun indeed!

I came back to the KD house in time for pledging of the new sisters who certainly make up in quality for what they lack in quantity. So glad to be back. I love it! Good as always.

The mail waiting for me was nice. Bill Spady's letter was perky for a change - nice boy says I. Howard Clark wrote me and will be home Christmas — wants a letter. Great time, what now? Such fun!
The end of another month, will another one breezing around the corner. Today swung along as usual and it didn’t seem as though I’d been away at all.

I started gymnastics—it wasn’t too very rambunctious and I didn’t actually rebel.

I’m getting further and further behind in my work and despair of ever catching up—-but I hope I will eventually.

There was a FAM NAV meeting tonight and we got more stuff to do with changing addresses of W&N boys in the service when FAM NAV sent to them are returned.

We had fascinating bull sessions along the Psychology line, in between studying for tomorrow’s test.
Today was flare-under-my-breath-butt-grew-like-ahot-dog-on-his-day. The prayer that though you emphasized the things I have been getting around to studying, so I don't expect to do too sharply on it. Statistics really riled me up and I came nearer to wanting to drop a course than I've ever before done. We don't see how we can possibly ever understand the stuff. 'The sheer hell!' We groaned hysterically all the while. Tonight Nancy, Lou and I went to chapel in search of some spiritual uplift. We needed something. Mr. Holm spoke and was most inspiring.

I whipped up a term paper on Frederick W. Taylor and did some accounting. Oh, 'To catch up!'
I'm in that nasty mood of too much to do and no urge to do it with. Work is steadily mounting—especially statistics and I would so love to catch up with it all eventually. I've never wanted to drop a course the way I'd love to drop statistics but it's required and I've got to stick with it. Though I don't understand what all I realize I have no kick coming for. I've done little but relax for the last month but things could be more peaceful. We threw up the fight after supper in the cafeteria and Beth, Brenda, Cary, Ann, Sheila, Jean and I went to the movies to see Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in 'Strike Crazy'. The overture music was supper and I loved it.
DECEMBER 3

I'm still swamped in the mire of memorizers and theettel mess of statistics. With relaxation intervals of listening to the new records people have bought I poured out my heart and soul over the darned stuff. Both helped me mostly, but still I think it's mostly wrong. I just don't have a mathematical mind and can't seem to understand the damned stuff at all. All flabby!

Word came from home that Bill Brennan is back at Hamilton after conflicting orders from various doctors. He's gone through a heap of a lot of trouble.

Eddie Haggan called and asked me for a date for tomorrow night. He's real nice!

Evelyn called Becky from Panama.
Today was my idea of ideal College life! After classes and a stimulating gym course of children’s games, we all flopped around in the pink and blue room before trekking to the lodge Coffee Shoppe for their roast beef special—beautiful! This afternoon was devoted to mathematics and accounting with time out for a bowl of soup in the Wigwam. Then—came the general personal improvement and flurry of trying to get both Rhea and me ready for our dates. Eddie and Burt & Cobble hell are both swell. We went to the lodge and sipped colas—then meandered through the impressively candlelit Capital—and on to the movies to see Hill Crazy again. It was a wonderful evening. We gave a belated surprise birthday party for Rhea in the ballroom each black room—with food and caroling.
December 5

Beth and I sleepily awoke in our ballroom and festooned room, feeling festively in a morning after the night before mood. Gradually we stirred and began washing glasses and plates and emptying general bottles. We eventually trudged to the cafeteria for a "steak" dinner, talking to George who came down for the day to be with Nedge.

This afternoon we beat our brains out over statistics some more and then on the skin of the moment Punchy and I went on blind dates with two sailors (friends of a former US president) — my date was decidedly aesthetic if not overly feminine, but the roast beef dinner and dancing at the lodge was good to hold different!
December 6

Still in the things of nasty, intractive — and so on into infinity — Statistics we practiced and practiced till the mean median and mode began to make some sense — but even now I'm in a fog over the damned stuff!

Tonight was impressive in an unadulterated sort of way. In sorority meeting I was elected and installed "Treasurer of Alpha Xi Chapter of Kappa Delta Sorority" and am pleased as punch over the whole thing though it is gonna be a lot of work, most of which I don't understand — and as Statistics prove I'm not mathematically inclined. Will be experience though as I rather get the sorority into debt or re Straighten things and. How dreary Life's wonderful!
December 7

Today was an uneventful little day. We had to grudgingly admit that the statistics test was fair, but nevertheless it tended towards the sticker variety. Nevertheless, I feel lightheaded now that it's over.

After lunch, Beth, Lou, Randy and I beautifully wasted time downtown—bought a shower gift for Ann Edwards (black lace pants)—and Bell Boyd's Christmas present (a picture portfolio).

I went to Accounting and caught up a bit on back work—then the statistics till midnight. Randy had another blind date—came in feeling happy—so cute!

Pearl Harbor Day! Two years of war. God, when'll it be over!
DECEMBER 8

A more or less lovely day! Classes were uneventful, but my statistics is done for awhile and today wasn't gym and day, so things could have been worse. In between time I talked and I went downtown to have my official signature put on the bank records as Treasurer... and now it is legal.

Tonight Holly Miller gave a shower for Ann Edwards at the Secretary's house - Lou and I and a few other people went and had a good time. We got some lovely things and seemed pleased with them all. In passing her around the circle I threw a knot which means I'll have a child if not a husband.

Sensational letter from Bill Boyd! I want to see him so very badly! Bill Brecken's letter was nice too - he says he won't be able to get home this weekend.
A whole day where I just missed a whole series of things. It began when I spent my two hours in accounting class trying to find a series of mistakes in vain—and slipped further behind in my work. Then I was supposed to go on a blind date but changed my mind—just as good for it didn’t materialize anyway. Finally Ann and I were going to the play. The Patrots—but I turned greedy and instead. Not only is it supposedly the best college play in ages, but Mackenzie King was in the audience—down in Beverley for a rest. Wouldn’t you know. No exciting anything. I worked away at the Treasury report—gave away before it became too impossible. It gets confusing though.
If I can't one thing it's another. Now that I'm through with Statistics for just awhile I'm up to my ears in Accounting and can't get the damned stuff to balance. I've promised myself not to go to bed till all checks a sleepless night looms ahead of me.

This afternoon Line and I went to the station to buy our tickets for Christmas. Boy, I'm ready to go home too! and then I did some shopping. It's so near to Christmas - I do all the things I have to do. If I just had one day for addressing Christmas cards and the like... I certainly hate being a greasy grind. Long practice showed improved effort for the song contest next week.
DECEMBER 11

My "emotional stability" went flaky and I further blew around for no real reason but I feel fine now. This afternoon we devoted our energies to buying and wrapping little ten cent gifts into a bag for a soldier at Camp Patrick Henry—wounded—then families aren't notified where they are and consequently they won't get any other presents. I also addressed Christmas cards and managed to percolate with some Christmas spirit.

Tonight was fun as Beth, Punchy, Lady, Fae, and I made judge from cardboard materials. It was tedious and we jugged ourselves. Three letters from South Bell again. Two in a week amazing!
A more or less beautiful Sunday—slept late—enjoyed an all-day dill session and indulged in occasional records—finished stuffing ourselves with judge left over from last night’s domestic party.

In between times of course I studied a maximum amount for tomorrow’s Marketing exam and talked about being other stuff—oh to get in the fall!

After supper, prayerly and I dressed and prepared to go to worship service at St. John’s. It had been cancelled—it is a pretty state when we can’t even get religion into our battered souls.
Oh hell! I'm so weary of being a greasy grand. Today's Marketing exam was typically Janes-rest and characteristically emphasized what I hadn't quite gotten around to learning. When I came back from the exam and slapped my books down and picked up my money and banking material ready but not willing or able to try and build some complicated stuff into my brain.

At 5:00 we had our usual practices for the song contest tomorrow night — and then lazily went to supper in the Greek and had sonrası meeting.

V-mailers from Floyd and Bob Bernard!
Money and marking exam was also unattractive but at least all my exams are over and I’m only faced with the prospect of writing off my lengthy series of term papers.

After class began anew our practices for the song contest — a lucky supper — and then the real thing in Chi Beta. We were amazed as people burst into spontaneous applause at our song. They seemed to think we were real cute for the judges didn’t smile graciously upon us — and as luck would have it, we didn’t win or place.

The singing of Christmas carols made me feel I was getting into the spirit.

Beth is sporting the Gruffie and a 103° temperature in the laboratory.
DECEMBER 15

With one roommate down and feisty and I staggering around
in drowsy stupor with chills
and fevers and coughs and
sniffler, but lacking the energy to
give up and die quietly in the
nearest corner — we shake
our heads doubtfully over the
statement that life can be
beautiful!

Tonight was the annual
Christmas candlelight service
in the Chapel — very impressive
though. Birch and I swayed
throughout and came
home to crawl into bed.

A real nice letter from
Bill Boyd telling me about the girl
he's dating in Mississippi. He's
so sweet, however.

That's sick with the flu — what
next?
Another coughing and snuffling day without things going along on the oscillating level. I slept luxuriously cutting all my morning classes and not waking till 11:00 when I stepped downtown in the bitter cold to mail some Christmas presents and then went to the cafeteria for lunch and off to Accounting that where I finally almost finished and caught up.

Today we took frequent short to the Infirmary where each time Beth and Hodge sent out notes with more and more requests of what to do. Give us some time.

I liberated in the library getting information on the Jackson subject of Marketing Tobacco.
DECEMBER 17

A lovely day began when I got A+ on that old Psych. exam which I took the day I returned after Thanksgiving — and B in last week's Statistics exam. I was truly amazed at both of them cause I hadn't expected to do as sharply on them. The Statistics, under the circumstances is my brain cell.

We had our KS Christmas party tonight with decorated tree and candlelight atmosphere — Cary cleverly gotten up as Santa Claus — 1st gifts to be later given to the Crippled Children at the Richmond Hospital. Cider and doughnuts. Twice indeed lovely!

She is still sick with the flu — what next I ask!
One week till Christmas and
I'm just about managing to hold
out until then-- I still just
want to relax and die in a
quiet corner. Beth came out
of the Infirmary today -- but
is still sick as a dog. She
and several others who "can't
hold out any longer" are
leaving tomorrow. Cut! I didn't
mean to sound so dramatic!

I spent the afternoon in
the library in between fixing
up soft boiled eggs, toast
and soup for lunch and
supper. I actually tasted
good too -- tonight I whipped
away at my Marketing salesman
and packed.

I got A on my Money &
Banking exam-- and was pleased.
Another invalid day -- Beth and I slept about an hour or more last night in between coughing and sneezing, and the like. We all got up at 8:30 to get Beth ready to go home -- called a taxi and all piled in with our suitcases to check them -- the house in empty without all the kids who ran up and left. I wish I were one of them!

Punchy, Janet and I went to the cafeteria for dinner after which I finished my newspaper and then went to bed -- another soup and soft-boiled egg meal and back to bed for the evening.

Exam schedules came out -- I have a nasty schedule.
December 20

Last day! We’re practically home and we’re practically Christmas and everything is so lovely!!

The afternoon I officially stopped working and just drooped around reading magazines and reading till a gang of us decided to go to the movies to see Johnny Tufts and Henre de Pauland in “Government Girl”. It was sorry and full of choice tidbits of Roosevelt propaganda, but real cute anyhow.

No maternity meeting tonight and so we did last minute things and I was blis.

A Christmas card from Cig Bar — and a letter from Freddie — is in Richmond & no coming over!
After a day of classes and seeing off some more fortunate friends, Cary and I hopped on the train ourselves at 4:20 — uncrowded — plenty of seats — we leaned snugly. In Richmond we ate dinner at Chicken-in-the-Rough and killed time at a News-Reel Theater seeing "There's Something about a Soldier." We then ambled back to the station to discover that the five o'clock train hadn't left yet and then it was 10:20 — realizing that the 11:20 we planned on taking would probably NEVER come in, we ambled on the 10:20 to find all those who had left school expecting to get home by midnight were in it too. Then we really were impressed with our cleverness. For we weren't even tired. What a trip!
December 22

Home at last at 7:30 this morning — Mother and Biggie met me. After griddlecakes in the Savannah we packed up my bag, dropped off Gary and came home, where I blissfully crawled into bed and took up a spoiled-sheet existence — with lunch in bed — opening all my parties Christmas cards — reading magazines and sleeping. This evening I felt smooth. Mother drove me down to DoH where I went to their Christmas cocktail party and had a lovely time — drank two cups of Cuba Libre and munched on sandwiches — most of the men danced with me and I felt smooth, as of the New Year Party days. Life can be beautiful!
DECEMBER 23

I slept deliciously all day—periodically waking up enough to read an occasional magazine story and to beam over cards—Bell Brennan's is real cute. This afternoon I turned greatly green and did Statistics—even on my vacation!—and characteristically griped about having to do it.

Vera was here for part of the evening and then Henry came over furiously finishing a pair of socks for a Christmas present. We chatted merrily to catch up on back news....

Despite of my terrific resolutions—after shaking Bell Boyd's present and trying to guess its contents—I broke down and opened it to find 2 lovely bracelets—one emerald and the other sapphire. Such a lucky girl!
Christmas Eve! And still few people seem to be getting completely into the spirit of things—well. Floyd in New Guinea—Bellini Mississippi—Bill in Clinton and unable to get home either etc. Things seem very different. I recall those Dreamings of a White Christmas could come true—and soon too!

We trimmed the tree today and decorated the house with candles and holly and evergreens—placed cards at strategic places on radiator covers and the stairs—And generally dressed up the house. Dad came out at 3:30—we all had fun together doing little in particular. Letter from Bill Boyd. Sounds lonesome.
DECEMBER 25

Merry Christmas — and a lovely one too, despite of the lack of some familiar faces around the Yule Log. Santa Claus came on schedule and gave me some sensational presents: Parker fountain pen, downy comforter, silver for my Hopeless Chest. War bond, wallet, scarf, matters, raincoat, wool dress, stationary, compact, jewelry, wallet, leg makeup, stockings ( precios!), slippery manicuring set. Cologne and all sorts of wonderful (and uselessly practical gifts. Carl and CB came out for turkey dinner — and indolent -entilings. Glory, Doris, Joanie, Audrey and Jack; Mrs. Brennan, Pat and Helen came. Bill sent me Heaven Sweet cologne and trimming powder. Thanked both veg I, but I seem! Only the war were over — but — Hell!
December 26

This was "Grey n' Pear A" day as I talked up one more for staying in the house - not even poking my nose outside of the door long enough to wonder what became of the White Christmas which never stuck up on us.

Doc Lennie came by to pay an professional visit this morning — examined me and announced that I was recovering from a severe case of the flu — though I hadn't known it all along.

Even on vacation I had to haul out my statistics workbook and tackle some of the problems again - I get Dad to work on it and that helped.

Why didn't the long arm of none stop cough medicine and thermometers have to break out and sense me?
DECEMBER 27

Another day of relaxing—I ought to at least partially catch up on the rest I missed down at school. Nothing else. After deep discussions on “How do you really feel?” I finally ended up by going into New York with Mother and Mrs. Kettler to meet Glory and have dinner at the Edison, where Blue Barron and his orchestra are playing. It was good and I felt vaguely smug again. After gorging ourselves with chopped sirloin steak we went to see The Operetta Rosalinda, based on Johannes Strauss’s The Fledermaus. It was real good and I enjoyed it a lot. Dorothy Tarnoff (her father is a good friend of Dad’s) was the star and very good though the girl who took the part of her personal maid stole the show.
A lovely day indeed! This afternoon I met Larry at the St. James Theater to see Oklahoma. It was truly sensational and I loved every minute of it—people haven’t raved about it enough. No wonder it is the hit show of Broadway! The music was especially grand and I expect to be hearing about it for ages.

After the show I met Mother and Dad at the tipie (a year ago tonight I went there with Theyl) for dinner—we stayed talking and watching the floor show.

When I came home Bill showed me from Hamilton and said that he is definitely coming down next weekend. Happy thoughts! I’m afraid to meet him at one minute to twelve New Year’s Eve. A date in wartime!
DECEMBER 29

I'm feeling my coughin' and snifflin' is better and Dr. Sampson even had to concede that I'm feeling better. This afternoon I went down on the Avenue—bought a gold wool dress at the Julie Ann Shoppe and did some other shopping.

Mother and I met Dad for dinner at the St. George—dad still feels rotten—feels he's coming down with the flu again. On top of everything else a tooth on his bridge broke. 'Troubles!'

I came back home and went over to Camilla's for a surprise baby shower for Jean Lynch. It was fun and she received some lovely things. It didn't seem possible that Jean is married so young.

Real nice letter from Bill Boyd—cards from Jim Mooney & Jim Kealy.
Another day spent in the house. I was supposed to meet some of the kids in New York but stayed around the house instead.

Along about 6:30 what started as an impromptu gathering gained force and people kept pouring in for a buffet supper and to talk. By the time the evening was over Mary Audrey, Cary, Jane, Edith, Irene, Camille, Jean (both of her), Pat Brennan, and Ev Smith were all here. Ev looks great and brought some fruit from the Fruit Pierce plant of Bell Bakeries. It was good to see her and reminisce over this summer’s times.

Mail from Bill Boyd (another nic letter) and Floyd whose brother is stationed in New Guinea too.
DECEMBER 31

The end of another year! And a nice enough New Year's Eve it was too! Dad came home right after ten to go to bed with the intestinal flu. Why not open a sanatorium? After lunch I went down to Robert's to have my hair cut and permanented and then zoomed home and relaxed awhile reading magazines and the like till it was time to get ready for my late date with Bill. Mrs. Brennan and I drove into Grand Central—had a cocktail at the Baltimore—and waited till the train came in late at about one. He looks good! We drove back to Brennan's—had coffee and then Bill and I walked me home. It certainly is swell having him up fellows again.

The end of '43
BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

January
29th - Jack Hager

February
14th - Marjorie Batch
14th - Mrs. Hettler

March
20th - Mary Hettler
23rd - Maggie Mitchell
BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

April
10th - Mrs. Brennan
9th - Claude Lewis

May
3rd - Bill Brennan
4th - Jack Boscher
9th - Kay Johnson
29th - Henry Frank

June
11th - Bill Boyd
6th - Louise Dietz
BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

July

2nd - Elizabeth Fischer
17th - Mary Hughes

August

16th - Bill Bolley
25th - Floyd Potts
25th - Tom Borcher
9th - Larry Colburn
16th - Mother
19th - Nana
22nd - Minnie Boone

September

4th - Edith Kirk
23rd - Jane Hargis
23rd - Carolyn Harley
BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

October
31st - M. Netter
19th - Pat Lawery

November
7th - Daddy
19th - Beth McClillard
2nd - Minie Joardin

December
13th - Doris Hostetler
22nd - Clem Burke
25th - Audrey Zielke
31st - Pat Brennan
SPECIAL EVENTS

Jan. 6th — Davis and Heck awarded Army and Navy C. — Daddy accepts at St. George.

Jan. 11th — I was elected Assistant Treasurer of Kappa Delta.

Jan. 27, 28 — Bill Brennan visited me in Williamsburg.

March 15 — I was given a job at Telephone Company in Williamsburg.

April 7-19 — Spring Vacation.

April 20 — Cary Beth and I took over housekeeping & shopping for 6.

May 15-16 — Harry came to Bellfburg.

May 27-28 — Daddy came to Bellfburg.

May 25-31 — Final exams and Goodbyes.

June 3 — Summer vacation begins.

June 10 — I was given a job at Bell Bakers Inc.

June 14 — I began work.

June 22-25 — Bill Boyd was home!!!

July 11th — Bill Brennan was home.
SPECIAL EVENTS

August 7-9 - Floyd was home
August 8 - Bill Brennan was home
August 14 - RAF Service & CMC George
August 16 - Completely lucky and happy, I turned eighteen!
August 19 - We moved to 90-11 195 St!!
August 22 - Bill Brennan was home.
August 26 - Received postcard that Floyd is on his way overseas. I'll probably never see him again.
August 27 - My last day as Bell Babie. Sadly sentimental.

Sept. 4th - Italy unconditionally surrenders to the Allies!!!
Sept. 11th - I should have gone to Panama, but bravely snuffed instead.
Sept. 22 - Back to W&H.

Nov. 12-15 - Wenge and I went to Washington for the weekend
Nov. 16-22 - Secretly Rushing
Nov. 24-29 - Home for Thanksgiving
SPECIAL EVENTS

Bill Brennan and his appendicitis were home two.

December 6 - I became treasurer of Kappa Delta.

December 22 - Home for Christmas.

December 25 - A very different Christmas Day.

December 31 - New Year's Eve - Bill Brennan came home.