A Record of Events from Day to Day

By Marguerite Hirsch

Date 1944

The Gift of

"A Page A Day"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
IDENTIFICATION

Name: Margretta Hirsch
Residence Address: 4011 195 St. X10 Phone: 465-2718
Business Address: KA House Phone: 155
My Weight is: ...
Height: 5'6"
Color of Hair: Brown
Color of Eyes: Brown-Black

In case of emergency please notify:

Lodges or Clubs: Kappa Delta

RECORDS

Automobile License No.:

Car No. ........................................ Motor No.

Valuable Papers are at:

Other Records:

SIZES TO REMEMBER

Gloves: ...
Hat: ...
Shoes: ...
Hosiery: ...
YOUR HOROSCOPE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Spring Signs</th>
<th>Summer Signs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>♈ Aries—The Ram</td>
<td>♋ Cancer—The Crab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♉ Taurus—The Bull</td>
<td>♌ Leo—The Lion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♊ Gemini—The Twins</td>
<td>♍ Virgo—The Virgin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Autumn Signs</td>
<td>Winter Signs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♈ Libra—The Balance</td>
<td>♏ Capricorn—The Goat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♏ Scorpio—The Scorpion</td>
<td>♐ Aquarius—Water Bearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♑ Sagittarius—The Archer</td>
<td>♒ Pisces—The Fishes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHAT DID THE STARS FORETELL AT YOUR BIRTH

* 

Capricorn
December 23—January 21

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

Cusp of Capricorn
January 21—28

Complex personality. Conservative, yet more friendly and impersonal than his neighbor Capricorn.
Aquarius
January 21—February 20

An all around person, but specializing in nothing. Fond of imparting knowledge to others. An excellent teacher, a good surgeon and a poor mathematician. Kind, generous and courageous. Common sense stupendous, but too practical to be visionary. Never gives quick or drastic decisions; too restrained and discreet. Writes fluently and pleasantly, but too superficial to be real good authors. Many bachelors. A good public citizen. Best companions—Gemini and Libra.

Cusp of Aquarius
February 21—28

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

Pisces
February 20—March 22

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

Cusp of Pisces
March 21—28

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

Aries
March 22—April 21

Energetic, proud, aggressive, self-willed and impulsive. Vast initiative, but lack persistency. Good conversation-
alist, and can be depended upon always to provide entertainment. Diplomatic, honest and generous in money matters. More capable than others in public affairs. Can progress, but not change radically. Make excellent orators. Best companions—Leo and Sagittarius.

Cusp of Aries
April 19—27
Idealistic, practical. Not always physically robust, but have a wiry, tenacious nature. Very imaginative.

Taurus
April 21—May 22

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

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

Cusp of Gemini
June 21—28

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

Cancer
June 22—July 24

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

Cusp of Cancer
July 21—28


Leo
July 24—August 24

Cusp of Leo
August 21—28

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

Virgo
August 24—September 24

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

Cusp of Virgo
September 21—28

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

Libra
September 24—October 24

Cusp of Libra
October 21—28
Artistic, self-interested and materialistic. The women are excellent cooks and housekeepers. Executive ability.

Scorpio
October 24—November 23

Cusp of Scorpio
November 21—28

Sagittarius
November 23—December 23

Cusp of Sagittarius
December 21—28
BIRTH STONES AND FLOWERS

January...........................................Garnet
February.........................................Amethyst
March.............................................Bloodstone
April................................................Diamond
May..................................................Emerald
June..................................................Pearl
July...................................................Ruby
August.............................................Sardonyx
September........................................Sapphire
October...........................................Opal
November.........................................Topaz
December.........................................Turquoise

Carnation
Violet
Jonquil
Sweet Pea
Lily of the Valley
Rose
Larkspur
Gladioli
Aster
Calendula
Chrysanthemum
Narcissus

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

1.....................................................Paper
2.....................................................Cotton
3.....................................................Leather
4.....................................................Fruit and Flowers
5.....................................................Wooden
6.....................................................Sugar
7.....................................................Woolen
8.....................................................India Rubber
9.....................................................Willow
10...................................................Tin
11...................................................Steel
12...................................................Silk and Fine Linen
13...................................................Lace
14...................................................Ivory
15...................................................Crystal
20...................................................China
25...................................................Silver
30...................................................Pearl
40...................................................Ruby
50...................................................Golden
75...................................................Diamond
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<td>1960</td>
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THE CALENDAR

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

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

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

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

The calendar of the two Caesars, Julius and Augustus, was based upon a 365.25 day year, with a Leap Year every fourth year. The actual year is 365.242 days, therefore, .008 of a day was accumulated every year. By 1582, the accumulation had amounted to 10 days, and Pope Gregory XIII in that year ordered the 10 days between October 5 and October 15 dropped.
dropped from the calendar, and adopted the present rule for Leap Year. It is said that Gregory's purpose was to keep the Equinox to the same day of the year.

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

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

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

The International Fixed Calendar provides a year of 13 months of 4 weeks each, the weeks consisting, as now, of 7 days.

The added month, to be called Sol, is inserted between June and July.

Inasmuch as 13 months of 28 days constitute only 364 days, Eastman suggests an extra day at the close of the year, to be known as Year-Day, dated December 29, as the eighth day in that week.

In Leap Years, in the International Fixed Calendar what is now called February 29, would be Leap-Day, and, as such, would become June 29.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
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<th>Estimated 1930</th>
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<td>Akron, Ohio</td>
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<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
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<td>Brooklyn, New York</td>
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<td>Camden, N. J.</td>
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<td>Charlotte, N. C.</td>
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Manchester, N. H.        
Memphis, Tenn.          
Milwaukee, Wis.        
Minneapolis, Minn.     
Nashville, Tenn.       
Newark, N. J.          
New Haven, Conn.       
New Orleans, La.       
New York, N. Y.        
Norfolk, Va.           
Oakland, Calif.        
Oklahoma City          
Omaha, Neb.            
Pasadena, Calif.       
Pawtucket, R. I.      
Pittsburgh, Pa.       
Portland, Me.          
Portland, Ore.         
Providence, R. I.      
Richmond, Va.          
Rochester, N. Y.       
Salt Lake City, Utah   
San Antonio, Tex.      
San Francisco, Calif.  
Scranton, Pa.          
Seattle, Wash.         
Shreveport, La.        
St. Louis, Mo.         
St. Paul, Minn.        
Spokane, Wash.         
Syracuse, N. Y.        
Tacoma, Wash.          
Tampa, Fla.            
Toledo, Ohio           
Trenton, N. J.         
Tulsa, Okla.           
Washington, D.C.       
Wilmington, Del.
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<tr>
<th>City</th>
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<td>106,597</td>
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THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

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

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

The Temple of Diana—at Ephesus in Asia Minor, an ancient but now vanished city, was built in the Fifth Century, B.C., by the Ionian cities as a joint monument. In 356 B.C., the temple was destroyed.

The Statue of Jupiter Olympus—in the valley of Olympia, 12 miles inland from the west coast of the southern peninsula of Greece, was begun in 432 B.C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Words of more than one syllable ending in I have only one I at close; as delightful, faithful; unless the accent falls on the last syllable; as in befall, etc.

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

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

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

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

## Troy Weight
- 24 grains = 1 pwt.
- 20 pwt. = 1 ounce

## Apothecaries' Weight
- 20 grains = 1 scruple
- 3 scruples = 1 dram

The ounce and pound in this are the same as in Troy weight.

## Avoirdupois Weight
- 27 11/32 grs. = 1 dram
- 16 drams = 1 ounce
- 16 ounces = 1 pound
- 25 pounds = 1 quarter

## Dry Measure
- 2 pints = 1 quart
- 8 quarts = 1 peck

## Liquid Measure
- 4 gills = 1 pint
- 2 pints = 1 quart
- 4 quarts = 1 gallon

## Mariners' Measure
- 6 feet = 1 fathom
- 120 fathoms = 1 cable
- 7 1/2 cable lengths = 1 mile

## Square Measure
- 144 sq. in. = 1 sq. ft.
- 9 sq. ft. = 1 sq. yd.
- 30 1/4 sq. yds. = 1 sq. rod

## Cubic Measure
- 1,728 cu. in. = 1 cu. ft.
- 27 cu. ft. = 1 cu. yd.
- 2,150.42 cubic inches = 1 standard bushel
- 231 cubic inches = 1 standard gallon
- 1 cubic foot = about four-fifths of a bushel

## Long Measure
- 12 inches = 1 foot
- 3 feet = 1 yard
- 5 1/2 yards = 1 rod

- 12 ounces = 1 pound
- 8 drams = 1 ounce
- 12 ounces = 1 pound

- 4 quarter = 1 cwt.
- 2000 lb. = 1 short ton
- 2240 lb. = 1 long ton

- 4 pecks = 1 bushel
- 36 bushels = 1 chaldron

- 31 1/2 gallons = 1 barrel
- 2 barrels = 1 hogshead

- 5,280 ft. = 1 stat. mile
- 6,085 ft. = 1 naut. mile length

- 40 sq. rods = 1 rood
- 4 roods = 1 acre
- 640 acres = 1 sq. mile

- 128 cu. ft. = 1 cord (wood)
- 46 cu. ft. = 1 ton (shpg.)

- 40 rods = 1 furlong
- 8 furlongs = 1 stat. mile
- 3 miles = 1 league
A lovely beginning to the new year. Bill Brennan came over at a little after three and after getting last minute instructions on what not to do because of our colds, we went over to Open House at tekstler's and beamed over fruit cake and punch, before going into New York to the capital to see "A Guy Named Joe"—a powerful Air Corps film. The stage show was good too. We hopped a taxi and went to the Belmond Plaza—the glass hat—for a good dinner and dancing to the smooth orchestra (Jack Edwards) and I bubbled some more. We came home at two from a wonderful time. Life can be beautiful.
Today was an anticlimax!
Bill felt he had to be with
his family somewhat today
and through confusion on
my part our goodbyes were
said over the phone rather
than in person. It was
swell seeing him again. Even
greatly scattered weekend
trades are better than
nothing but — how I want for
the war to be over and for
everyone to come home.

After spasmodic explosions
and mysteries on the home
front over my coming on "late"
last night we drove to the St.
George for a bite to eat.
Farewell phone calls —
Ghosts came over!
Back to Williamsburg! The trip down wasn’t too bad — though kind a’ hot — Beth Cary, Hidge and I all got acquainted again — relished a box lunch and literally tore through a quiche of a supper in the dining car between Ashland and Virginia. The train was an hour late leaving Richmond but otherwise the drastic threats of difficulties caused by the pending Railroad strike were unrealized and we even had seats all the way Southwards.

Vacation was quite wonderful — but it is not good to be back — though good to see people.
Beth and I became all hot up over resolutions to become smooth this year in appearance and personality — with emphasis on a "What-the-Hell" attitude as far as work is concerned. Perhaps it's the wrong spirit but our battered souls need some stimulation to face the yawning future.

We layed around in bed most of the morning and then went to the Lodge for lunch — this afternoon I slaved through Accounting — on to the Greeks for supper.

Punchy came back as did others — we're ready to start
A nice enough day despite of it's being a damp, drizzly affair. Classes weren't too encouraging — brought up a conflict of not wanting to work at all and realizing that I should work like a dog. Hell and damnation! Things could be so simple but never seem to end up that way.

After Statistics lab and a session with Nequist I went to the library to whip up my money and Banking newspaper on the Canadian Banks and tried to type it tonight but was carried away by various conversations from Eddie Howard, Tony Dave (late Times card), Ed Themler, etc.
Today was uneventful—after finishing my History and Banking newspaper I started writing complicated things on the Theory of Probability for Statistics—not having the vaguest idea about what I was writing. Time alone will tell!

I went to class all day and nothing new at all happened. Elaine had a date straggly (semi-blind) Beth and I were unexcelled—stayed home and bullied on the same old subject of the present and the future and wanting excitement.

Mail from Mother & Daddy.
I swung through classes uneventfully (my days don't seem very stimulating!) and spent the afternoon finishing my Statistics paper. Two down and one to go. I'm really dreading through them! In between times as usual of late we listened to the vie, wearing out the "Oklahoma" album—and talked on and on without much sense. We're purely enough to be very appreciative of any cry remarks and laugh it laugh over 'em. Bath, Elaine and I have even made ideabatic plans to go to Florida together sometime. Such fun as it would be. 

Post Card from Dad
Today everyone was weather-conscious as Billings turned northern and blizzarded. The snow really came drifting down in proper February and we were amazed. It's beautiful however!

This afternoon Beth, Bunchy and I went downtown to buy Bunchy's Christmas present - at long last - ended up with a darling cotton nightshirt.

Claire (she resolved to call her that instead of Bunchy) had a blind date again - with an Air Corps. Lieutenant Beth and I were still warmish - had a disappointing supper in the Greeks - spent a quiet evening at home.
A perfectly lovely Sunday! We awoke for an actually well-planned breakfast before smothering ourselves to dress for church at Bruton and having a roast lamb dinner at the Tudor. It was wonderful and made us feel more New Yorkish that like Sherry Joe College girls. This afternoon I cursed over the Treasury and worried about getting income tax equal disbursement and tonight Beth and I went to a sensational concert in Chicago to see Ozawa Marah and hear him. Powerfully play a program of Chopin. He was carried away - he is the foremost pianist of the day.
Today was partially disillusioning, in that I spent the afternoon in the library trying to find material for my Marketing term paper without any success. I worry about where and when I can find it.

We had a W.T.C.C. meeting and aucity meeting complete with drastic tales of the Treasurer's depleted condition. I was a flop in getting the points across, but at least established a system whereby I have to OK every expenditure. Still, still he might as well get the income to equal the disbursement.

A well-meant letter from Bill Brennan, enclosing a snapshot and a coyote from Floyd.
My last term paper is finally written though it was a tough struggle between a blackout which lasted most of the evening -- and the way I had to use my imagination instead of the material I couldn't find. Fin's done though! I got A- on my Money and Banking paper which makes me figure why worry? 'cause I certainly done that one off. Ah! Wuzzi! We went to a Colonels' club meeting. Sensational event of the day! Louise is wearing her engagement ring from Bill Huleck. He arrived Sunday, bearing with brand new wings and lieutenant bars, looking really smooth. He seems to be a grand guy and everyone happy.

Mississippi wherefore are thou?
A nice day. We celebrated the almost-end of classes when a gang of us went down to the Coffee Shoppe for supper, glorying in the good food. We sat in the lounge for awhile and came back to chapel. Later on this evening, Claude and I went to a lecture by Dr. C.C. Little on Race in the Postwar World. It was real interesting. Refreshments were also served.

Mississippi came through with a letter—making up for lost time in a dashingly nice way. He is quite wonderful! Really cleared himself up or quite a few situations. I wonder what the outcome will be.
The last day of classes—and I'm worried 'cause I'm not writing over what needs come twice now and everytime; and I should. Ah! To get on the beam. We got a series of papers back, on which I got marks ranging from 8, 9 to 10+ on notes taken for Dr. March. I chatted with him with big open eyes for awhile and then discussed elasticity of demand and supply with Mr. Harris. Very apple-pie.

This evening I took my final flying by washing my hair and the like and tipping for the Colonial Cafe.

Not one—not two—but three—letters from New Guinea. Floyd's become slightly involved! A card from Jim in Ten Xaros.
Reading period officially began but we haven't really gotten down to earth yet.
What say? We got up for home-cooked breakfast and then I more or less concentrated on money and Banking and managed to get through the book in slap-happy fashion once.

Beth, Gay, Janie and I broke away and saw the corniest of corny movies "True to Life" with Dick Powell, Mary Martin et al. We knocked ourselves out and were through.

Tonight we cooked supper home disastrously – time out for a feed which Marty sent.
Mother and Dad sent me two cans of shoe polish.
We managed to get somewhat more on the beam today and studied straight through till I got through my Marketing book and notes and am ready for a review tomorrow. So much to learn!!

We ate lunch in the cafeteria but cooked supper home again. We're really fluffing mean field eggs these days. What college has done for me!

This has been a comparatively painless term period--no worrying emotions at all. Under the eye. To all very casual...now if only the grades would work out fairly, we'll live!
Not a doggone thing is new today, excepting that it snowed again. Williamsburg is antedating itself. We were buried deep in our rooms with books trapped in front of our noses — with some but only for paintings in the cafeteria for chicken dinner and sausage supper.

Life is still painless!

Life became intrigued with Marketing. I'm really finding many of my courses this year (an admission to make at exam time!)

Excepting Statistics and Accounting possibly. At any rate, I'm still very glad about my major — practical and interesting.
Exams officially began with a three hour struggle with Marketing. The exam was characteristically hairy, emphasizing the points I hadn't managed to study too efficiently — pulling several charts and marking problems on my, which I hadn't expected. Still, my conscience doesn't bother me too much since I did study a fair amount of the darned stuff — back from the exam and Cary and I dug into Honey and Banking in slap-happy fashion — we kept receiving it — interweave bull sessions — and munching on grilled ham sandwiches & milk shakes.

A letter from Ed Benn — wanting to go overseas.
Tug down and fare to go.
The money and banking exam
wasn't quite sharp, but I didn't
seem to think it was as bad
as some of the others thought.
We shall see in the future.

After our exam, Beth
Elaine and I went to the coffee
shoppe for lunch – we needed
stimulation and got it when
Jeffrey Lynn, former movie star
now an Air Corps lieutenant
passed, stopped and asked
us how to get to the lodge on
our way back. Least moment
in our gray exam life though
our spirits still refuse to
be damped.

Mail from home – nothing
new!
A studious day as I alternated between Business Organization and Accounting. Sandwiched in between was lunch at the cafeteria — and then supper at the Coffee Shoppe.

A package arrived from Aunt Fan—delayed Christmas present—a cameo pin. Real purity—makes more of a special impression.

Great tidings in the way of news that the KD national inspector is coming for a thorough visit the middle of February. Wouldn't you know? Sensational: Tizzie, sponsored by Mother and Dad sent a box of pretzels — and a bottle of rye mixture — for medicinal purposes.
JANUARY 20

Came from nine to five with two hours out for lunch, but still I'm not emotionally stirred. Both of them were very fair, almost worked myself up nervously over accounting, but discovered it wasn't half bad in time not to really worry about it.

This evening I completely relaxed - wrote Freddie, Eddie, Jimmy, aunt Fany and mother in Dad. I even read a magazine story about Alice.

Sicki gave us a feast, with cakes in everything nice! A - in my Marketing, so amazed and pleased. Dear Me.
A most nearly relaxing day. I stayed in bed late, sleeping and reading magazines before fixing downtown for the bank and to market for the fridge and blue room. We munched delectable home-cooked bacon, cheese and tomatoes sandwiches for lunch and grilled over gas.

This afternoon my Baych books glanced me in the face and I casually looked through them before going to the Lodge for dinner with Beth and Elaine. When I came home I learned Ed Strogen had phoned, and wanted me to go out. He called back, but it was too late since I had to be back in by ten. He is being shipped soon too! Wouldn't you know Jaggone!
A new month, without much happening along exciting lines. Money and Banking was the same as always — though Mignick gave me 97 on the last final exam. Government and Business sounds really interesting — work, but worth it!

I left Accounting early to go to the movies with Bob, Caro, Jan, Becky et al. and see "Around the World" with Kay Kyser and his orchestra. It was terrifically boring and corny though the music was quite good.

We rebelled and cleaned the house thoroughly. We haven't had a maid in so long!

Lawry
already work is being fooled
on gently and persistently.
and so I studied somewhat
in the house and in the
library. I became slightly
irritable about the whole
thing.

Tonight we had pledging
for Helen Staples—a great
gal. The ceremony didn't
last very long, and we
all withdrew to the
wigwam for sundaes
and to appropriately
carol bitter and joy.

We've taken up exercises
and personal improvement
at night. How to be the
Smart Woman in War-Time!

A letter from Bill
February 3

A quietly lovely day! Classes went smoothly — even Accounting whizzed by without much erasing. — I finished the Treasury report and it balanced right away without having to juggle figures at all — now I just have to copy it over and I'll be ready for next month.

Grades came out and officially confirmed my 4.0s and 2.60s and a C in gym... I'm not the athletic type.

My laundry boy came with food and a smooth blue and black dress. Dad sent my check and extra money, and Bill wrote a wonderful note. So nice. Lucky girl.
This was an activities-plus day. After lunch we went over in a bus to make surgical dressings for the Red Cross for an hour. We came back to the house and typed efficient business letters for the Flat Hat before strolling around downtown and getting ads and having people sign contracts.

We even got in some culture by going to another plans concert in the Glee by Ozanne Marsh, the Specialist from the Chaplain's School. It's more good!

I slept through Psych... good start for the year.
Another lovely day! It began with a wonderful mail from Mother and Dad, and both bills. The Mississippi climate gave forth with another good letter—four in a week!!! Hamilton calder was characteristic. What can be expected?

The K3s took Henry Grahame and Lois Freedenberg to the movies. Destination Tokyo, starring Cary Grant. Was powerful—left us weak at the end—God, but you get to hate the Japs! More rushing back at the house, and now two more sets of pledge ribbons are being proudly displayed. The team. I am invited to join the Accounting Club—honor society sounds so businesslike!
Febr. 6

A lazy, rainy, but lovely Sunday. We stayed in bed late, relaying over the New York Times till 3:30 when I finally went out on a blind date (through Katie Tate) with Ray Ward, a Camp near 2:15. 'He is crazy and a lot of fun'--a rancher from Oregon with a line ten miles long. I kept me on my toes, but I liked it--somehow he kept reminding me of Bill Lloyd. Huh: funny! We danced off and on and had dinner at the hedge with champagne cocktails. -- and related in the lounge. I have another date with him Tuesday too!
Not much happened today. The lines at the cafeteria were terrific, but we finally managed to get in within eating distance of it. We had song practice, N.I.C.E.A. and sorority meetings. Ray called to say he is on duty tomorrow night — I can't go out Wednesday because of meetings — so the date's for Friday, but I discovered we have second degree pledging then — I haven't his address — and I'm all confused. Such fun however to be confused over a date in these days.

Mail from home and the usual pamphlets.
February 8

An uneventful day, most of which I wasted without even accomplishing in the line of interesting fun. It was Charlie Day (25th Anniversary of the College, most impressive) and commemorative Convocation was held in the Iowa. E. Lindsey Rogers from Columbia was the guest speaker. He was rather long-winded, but interesting now.

Dean Hake died over the weekend. Funeral services were held today and we had no afternoon classes out of respect.

Tonight I tried to help Jay with her Econ. and got lost - and nothing else.
We awoke to find it had snowed during the night—melted to slush—and become disagreeably wet outside. Neither Psych. nor Marketing were especially stimulating.

That afternoon I went to Dean Landrum’s office to register—officially—for Marshall, Wythe, and Seminary. We chatted pleasantly after awhile about my record.

The rest of the afternoon I sifted through the Library doing Business and Government.

The Accounting Club meeting was unexciting—The Constitution was read and the like. Afterwards most of us trekked across campus to a Spanish Club meeting, the usual.
I slept through Money and Banking, but don't expect I missed very much. The other classes were interesting though. Today was the first lecture for Marshall-Wythe Seminar: Post war Planning at the local level as exemplified by Williamsburg. It was quite interesting, though there weren't very many cold facts given, as to present and future plans. It's a fascinating subject however!

Tonight the Kaydees went to Chi Beta in a body to another speaker given by The Naval Specialists. It was as sensational as the others have been: the talent is really good stuff!

Mail from Pam and Hedin, and candy from Judy-Kay packed with.
Another doggone rainy day----
wouldn't you know! We trekked
across campus after classes
and a home-cooked lunch of
soup and baked beans. To
make surgical dressings for
an hour. I went to Barrett
to get a steady card and then
became a bit flustered going
to the Registrar's office for
approval for second degree
pledging. We had pledging-
crash--and then I dressed
for a brief date with Ray---
just an hour and a half
was left of the evening.
We went to the lodge--danced
and had a milk shake. He gave
me a naval insignia pin---
no thanks not sentimental
I'll complain no more. Things are indeed wonderful. This morning the florist dropped by with a dozen red roses for me from Bill Boyd. They're lovely and I'm as pleased.

Then too: Bill Brennan sent a teenage Valentine which restored my faith in him. I'm all for that patron saint of young romance and I lean accordingly while sniffing roses.

Donny Thompson came this afternoon — and so really a darling — not at all foreboding as a national inspector might be expected to be. We had a Council meeting in the house — and then a 2 hour session over the Treasury.
Our one morning to sleep and we had a formal sorority meeting at nine, followed by various discussions and conferences. It wasn't bad though and I was too happy to impress Beth and I took Honey to the Inn for a wonderful roast beef dinner — and then relaxed around the house writing letters and starting scrapbooks to send to Army Camps for laughing purposes. Some of the cartoons are darling.

Eureka! I got my call through to Mississippi! Bill sounded so good — nearly had a nervous that I'd naturally called him. He is so very swell. Found out as though he were around the corner.
Happy Valentine's Day! — and a happy one it was too! Dad sent beautiful boxes of candy and Mother sent lovely things, such as cupcakes, cookies, tennis balls, rooster and the like. We had a feast and stuffed ourselves.

I got letters from Freddie, Jimmy and Bill Hughes — who has been home in England for forty days. They're all grand fellers! — and the letters were nice too.

We had a Religious Emphasis Week Convocation at which Walter Van Kerck (Religion in the News) spoke. He is a very good speaker — made interesting points on the Six Pillars of Faith.
After gym Carl and I went downtown and did odds and ends— cashed checks, bought stamps and verified the condition of our vacation insurance. I also bought wool and needles to start knitting squares for afghans for the Red Cross—Donny's talk on not wasting time affected me! We are so very lucky and should make the most of our opportunities.

I'll decide to go home for several days—her mother and Dad are both sick and she thinks she can help.

Becky's letter is back in the States from Panama. Bean! Mail from Lynne and New Haven.
And so it goes! This afternoon I’d honestly planned on studying but didn’t quite get on the ball along those lines. I unsuccessfully walked around town trying to talk people into advertising for the Flat Hat (people who’d said “No” before) without getting any contracts.

Tonight we had a rushing party for Jean McRitchie and Jo Weakers. — played bridge and told fortunes and the like — Jean is spending the night. We’re hopeful... letters from Dad and Bill — and one from Bill’s roommate to Beth & Elaine. Elaine was elected sec. - SCA 4 of Psychology Club.
February 17

Not a doggone new thing has popped up—It's just rained in rained and we've slumped around cheerfully getting some studying done as the unofficial start to midsemesters looms on the horizon.

We cooked lunch in the house—meditating over creamed salmash fish again: our new specialty.

She knitted two squares becoming a friend and feeling self-satisfied.

Only a postcard from Dad!

He's still feeling rotten and expects to really have his operation sometime next month.
The sun actually shone, and it was a beautifully spring-like day. After lunch, we rolled bandages for an hour in the Red Cross room and then prepared to hibernate in the library. Our good spirits got the better of us, however, and we went to the movie instead to see "Jeanna Durbin in His Butler's Lilies." It was quite good; she's really grown up since her first pictures. Franchot Tone was good too, though embattled.

We were supposed to have pledging tonight, but Lois and Trance are both sick, and it was cancelled.
It's turned cold again and I froze as I walked to the Craft House this morning to see about an ad for the Flat Hat. But at eleven I warmed up when Cary and I sold war stamps in the Wigwam for an hour. This afternoon we studied and wasted time listening to old Tommy Dorsey records. We played badminton for an hour in the gym before supper, as usual, in the cafeteria.

Tonight on the spur of the moment we decided to make the best of our dullness condition and had a gala feast of cheese, caviar et al from both ends from home and ice cream. Elaine went to Alex andria for grandmother deet!
We had wonderful plans for an outdoorsy day, but it rained and we slept late and stuck close to home instead. We trudged across campus for a steak dinner (actually!) and then dressed in white for this afternoon's delayed pledging of Kris and Janie. We studied a little, and then tonight Beth, Gary, Vicki, and I snuck away to the movies: a corny thriller with Richard Derr, "The Ghost Ship." We're really slumbering to lowest depths of seeking entertainment - though we did laugh at the annoyance of the rest of the audience. Another feast and so to bed!
A big day and evening!!

Starting at 4:30 and lasting till seven we had a council meeting for nominations for the new officers, deciding upon Beth for President, Elaine for Vice-President and Sheila for Secretary. We had the usual election discussions in meeting tonight, but the nominees were all elected and I'm really glad about the whole thing. They'll all make wonderful officers. In sure.

For the fourth time I was elected Treasurer! — Today I revised the budget and found it came out better than expected. The pledges came in. I think we're home free on the activity fund!
Happy Washington's birthday! and as usual it rained!

I cut money and baking, but the other classes went calmly without excitement of any sort.

Claire came back this afternoon—which naturally brought about complete rehashing of all recent controversies and her surprise at becoming Vice-President of KD.

There was an intramural basketball game—the KDs lost to the Pi Phi's. — A KD alum, Helen French, and her husband were there, and we all went to the Wigwam afterwards for sundae to console ourselves.
An interlude: Ash Wednesday, and the beginning of Lent, though everything continues as before. We had a fish hat which was typically Feltish: unpredictable and with proper emphasis of minor points none would dare to think to learn. It was not any worse than his others.

This afternoon Beth and I went downtown to buy little birthday remembrances for Mrs. Shuck, and to splurge on a new bottle of Impromptu perfume to boost our morale.

Jean, Jean V. Elof, Sheila and I went to the movies: the limited show, "Higher and Higher." The music was good, and the rest not bad!
After classes and Marshall-Wythe Seminar, I decided to write my Marketing term paper, but did extra-curricular stuff instead. Beth, Midge and I rolled bandages for an hour and Marshall to instruct the stuff — real idea cause I can’t roll a real one myself but it looks interesting. We stopped at the South American Art Exhibit and then I stopped for the Colonel Echo for two hours.

I got a real good letter from Bill — he’s starting to fly (not solo yet of course) and seems terrifically glad about it.

Mail from home too!
I slept through Psych. -- and felt better for it. -- It's good I'm on Dean's list though -- cause I'm using up my cuts fast and furiously.

This afternoon Beth, Elaine, and I became emerged in the flat tax business staff work -- Kelly left for the weekend giving us full responsibility for getting ads, making them up, and firing up the copy. It's really interesting work and we didn't mind it at all. -- So far so what sort of thing goes.

Initiation was tonight: all ran smoothly with no gals fainting. -- Impressions as always.
Woke up after sleeping in a bed with new sheets and went to classes — spent the rest of the morning doing that stuff, making up more ads before finally turning it in. We have 26 more copy than last week, so we feel we've done our duty well.

We had a cup service this afternoon — and then a lengthy council meeting to revise the by-laws. That too was interesting though rather long and drawn out.

This evening I wanted to go down to the U.S.O. with Elaine, but stayed home and wrote a term paper instead. — So stick-in-themudded. Wrong attitude!
Another Sunday! We slept late again instead of going to church as we'd carefully planned. We fooled around over breakfast and reading the funnies and then Beth, Becky, Jane, Heldon, and I dressed to go to the lodge with Floppy who treated us to dinner. Topped off with claret via Becky. It was a wonderful treat and we felt most capitalistic for it.

This afternoon we studied some - wrote letters and listened to the radio.

Tonight we had a big ale discussion over the proposal to rotate roommates effective next week - but fortunately it was voted down. It was interesting tho.
I spent the afternoon in the library and in attempting to study for tomorrow's History and French exam (we have no book, and incoherent notes as if it's like studying out of the blue - with Francis, anything's possible!) - We had song practice - a rarity gettogether for war work (scrapbooks and knitting) and meeting with installation of new officer. It was properly impressive a 14-page letter from Bill Brennan - he seems to have been engaging himself lately up at IDs Forte etc. went home for weekend Kay was elected vice-pres. of Alpha Chi
Leap Year Day!

An uneventful day, starting off with the Money and Banking exam which was typically quiet, Ish and unpredictable. I hope he stays the same in his marking easily too.

The introductory case of spring fever has left its mark and it started to give with the snow flurries instead. Williamsburg weather is unpredictable.

This evening I worked on the Treasury report - putting up the house note records which haven't been kept in years.

Discovering a new source of revenue for C.P.

A big old Council meeting - first of the new regime.
March came in like the traditional lion and we woke up looking and acting like bulging tigers — and froze all day.

Classes were unpleasant — I was slightly befogged by marketing and hedging problems — and spent the afternoon roasting time and studying some before doing Colonial Echo work for an hour.

Tonight we went to chapel and then began an evening of Treasury and Accounting work. — between planning for Friday's tea. Ray wrote me and called is coming in tomorrow night.
Classes as usual, with the flood coming in — and we looking over our ads. Cary and I went downtown to buy refreshments for the initiate's tea — and I got the bank statement to finish the Treasury report.

Ned and I supervised at the Red Cross room for an hour tonight and then I dressed for a date with Ray — we danced at the Lodge as usual and had a soda in the Coffee Shoppe. He seemed awfully nice.

An air mail from Bill Boyd — in San Antonio, Texas. «Bingo! Why so far? He wants to be a bombardier I hope he gets his.

Mail from Colby and Candy from Dad.
This afternoon was the KD tea and so most of the day was spent in preparing for it. Janet and I juggled cups and saucers to the house from Barrett and then Wedge and I trekked to the lodge for two enormous sheet cakes which we handled with difficulty but finally managed to bring safely home. The tea went very nicely and the housemothers, varsity girls and mortals seemed properly pleased. Afterwards we all sat in the living room and had coffee and cake which we bought from the canteen. A gang of us went to see the college play "The Nuffie" — good and well acted — but a poor selection.
Classes as usual - and then I took the cake pan back to the lodge before finishing up the Treasuror's report and making up this month's statements.

This afternoon the T&D played the Theta's basketball and lost though it was a good game and well played.

Kay called for me to visit and rode with the T&D to the lodge for claret and chicken dinner before seeing Madame Curie in a magnificent movie with Helen Hayes and Walter Pidgeon. We had fun but he's very nice enough to thirty to make it better that I don't hate him much of any anymore.

Kisses from home!
We slept late — getting up to eat a facing breakfast of hickpered cerial, before giving the room the thorough cleaning it needed now that the system of House Committee inspection has started.

We ate our traditional chicken dinner in the cafeteria and then spent the afternoon writing letters and having an impromptu tea in the living room featuring canapés of caviar, ham spread and cheese. It was fun and gave us all a chance to be together.

Lore called Becky from Washington — she is coming down tomorrow. We're so happy.
A big day in the KD house — as Koren came — and we heard from Ward for the first time in several months.

This afternoon I tried to study for my Marketing exam but knit instead. Mom Brenner saw me wool life savers from Bill and a sweet note.

We had song practice and after supper a W.S.C.G.A. and sorority meeting.

Everything's gone wrong in hilarious fashion. The Chi Mus are giving a tea tomorrow but Beth went home.

KD was first to go 100% for the Red Cross.
Today was rather blah and unattractive — as it rained and blew with a big ole wind and as I studied for tomorrow's Marketing exam. — realizing theicky sort of thing which Staines delights in asking. A letter from Danny!
Weatherman was as expected—we all cussed a little and felt the better for it. Dr. Fallen gave us our say. We took back and forth Beth and I got on ours—really an improvement since we usually start off a term with a C under him.

Ed, who was down to see Mudge last week, wrote and planned a beautiful telegram for Mudge. Cary and me during spring vacation. My date 12/6/2—thanked MOST FRIENDLY in Class. He sounds nice. I believe it. It would be fun, though. We went to chapel.
MARCH 9

A lovely day—beginning with an A on my last exam and Banking exam—and a really potent letter from Bill Boyd. He is so very swell! and I beam. Then Bill Brennan wrote me the usual (he hopes to come home the weekend if I'm there for spring vacation), so life can be wonderful.

This afternoon I was given pay for an emotion experiment in Psych. Lab.—based on a written test we took several weeks ago—I wonder about my hypnotic suggestibility.

Tonight I did Accounting & supervised at Red Roses again, though there were only 2 others there.
MARCH 10

I was surprised, but pleased, when Frances gave me 94 on the other day's marketing exam — I can't get over it.

This afternoon we rolled bandages and studied some with time out for a council meeting.

Tonight on the edge of the moment Beth and I went to the movies and saw "Steel Song" — it was quite good!

Mother writes that Bill Brennan is coming home for Easter. It would be nice if their reports were true.

Ray called and wanted me to go out, but I couldn't.
A lovely day! At first I sort of loafed around, helplessly accomplishing things—filing my wash—buying blotter and a file for the KD receipts, etc.

This afternoon the KDs got another basketball game to the cli 'cros. It was well played though—I score kept.

Tonight Cary, Beth, Elaine, Ray and I bought coke and finally used the "medicinal purposes" mixture. We felt better—it tasted wonderful and we really enjoyed it—then Cary, Janet and I went down to the Methodist Church and wore ourselves out over the Virginia Reel and square dances. I met and talked with a lot of Grand people and had a good time.
March 12

A nice enough day. We surely shot our heads and decided to go to church after all—inspite of the drizzle. We arrived late and didn't manage to get any religion in our souls. It was an attempt anyhow.

After dinner I wrote a whole pile of letters and then the Council gave a War Week get-together. We finished two scrapbooks of cartoons to send war veterans in hospitals—sipped gingerale and chatted with two hushees.
Monday! Classes went as usual and then Lou, Kay and I ate in the cafeteria. Before noon and I sold stamps in the Wigwam for an hour. This afternoon the song practice was made noteworthy by the Council, garbed in plaid shirts and blue jeans and barefoot — who sang hillbilly songs.

W.T.C. J.H.A and sorority meeting.

Kenny, a real nice sailor, came at the Methodist Church called and wanted me to go and tonight — I have a date with him tomorrow night.

Eddie Down wrote a postcard from somewhere in the Pacific.
Wea. MARCH 14 Ther.

A hodgepodge of a day with studying for Psychology in between classes.

This evening, Tom — Kenny’s friend, whom I had also met Saturday called to say Kenny had a watch and couldn’t get in. After two more calls, he finally ditched his watch on someone else and came on in. To make a complicated story short — Kenny, Tom, Bill, Terry, Cary and I went down to Charming — had some beer (unaccounted for as I am) and sang around the table. It was fun and a very good time was had by all.

Mail from Jeanie and home a boy from Dad!
The usual outlook test — and then strolling around to compile a list of after-War products for marketing.

This afternoon Cary and I sat in the back yard and managed to get the season’s first few signs of spring. We’re off to Europe for a deeper one!

I studied for tomorrow’s Accounting test and then went to the Accounting Club meeting — Jack Hilton was elected Treasurer.

Tom called and wanted me to go out — I thought he was nice and went on chatting more or less though I was fairly par all the time.
It was announced that the A.O.T.P. are to leave tomorrow. Though we realized the program had been disturbed by the government, still we’d gotten so used to having them around that the campus won’t seem quite right without them.

I thought the Accounting Exam was a cinch, but later, I blamed I was mistaken. It always works that way! — Marshall Wythe Session with Barry Edith of Richmond Times Dispatch. Was fascinating.

Beth, Kay, Ray, Ray & I went to the Hodge Coffee Shoppe for lunch.

The A.S.T.P. gave a gala farewell variety show type thing. Cute — and nostalgic.
Such an emotional day! At 6 a.m. this morning the G.T.P.s in full military attire marched down to the station and boarded the train for points uncertain. We will miss them so! They're a grand bunch of fellows, and I will hate to see them go.

Tonight was the annual G.T.P. banquet—very formal and Jewish! We decked ourselves out in evening gowns and went to the private dining room in the Inn, where we sipped champagne cocktails and ate a most delicious dinner. It became mellow over patriotic songs and farewell speeches by the Seniors. It was wonderful!
We all went to early lunch and then decked ourselves out in shorts and went to the boathouse where we stretched out and became a deep red and ate our roses which were like the beacon light of friendship.

Along about three we went to the movies still smelling of vinegar (our come-hither smell). Preparation and now Time for Home with Claretta Calvert and Fred Mac Murray. It was real cute.

I saw Bessie (Pete, Davy) in the cafeteria, but not to speak to.

From a distance, he looked good.

Tom phoned when I was out, with a message from Kenny.
A lovely Sunday, though it’s still cold and sleety. Katy, house and I went to the Lodge for a wonderful dinner and to catch up on back news. This afternoon we had our War Work get-together making scrapbooks and drinking tea. Supper in the cafeteria was followed by a stimulatingly deep mass talk session about socialism, World Federation—problems of solving a lasting peace etc. It was wonderful!
I made the mistake of writing a poem in the sleepless hours of the morning and have been kicked ever since — as various deep poems were in turn dedicated to me.

I went to the library and did accounting before song practice, featuring Cary and Jan weirdly dressed as a Seabee and his wife.

We had sorority meeting early so that we could go to the 9 O’Clock Opera Company Presentation of the Merry Wives of Windsor. It was cleverly produced, though rather amateurish.

Mail from Dad and Albrecht and a box of food from Dad. Five years of Caesar this time. Excel capitulation!
So much happening! This afternoon a
gang of us went to see Orson Welles and
Jean Fontaine in "Jane Eyre". It was
wonderful - put us in a trance.

Tonight we had a big Kappa W.S.C.A.
meeting announcing the relaxing of
campus social rules. We have 11 o'clock
permission two nights a week - 12
o'clock on Saturday - can smoke on the
porches and can date on Monday.
We beam!

Ray called and wanted me to go
out, as did an anonymous "Paul
Jones" who claims to have met me
at the Lodge three weeks ago - he
thinks he's connected with Kappa.
I went to W.S.C. A. meeting
instead - but it's fun!
We have a new pledge -
Ann Johnson.
Wea.  MARCH 22  Ther.

An interlude! This afternoon Eary, Jan, Marcy and I went to the Red Cross Room and packed kits to be given soldiers at the embarkation points. They're grand things — wrapped in a khaki shaving apron are pad, pencil, envelopes, sewing kit, soap and soap dish, cigarettes, razor blades, deck of cards, shoe strings, books, shoe cloth, lifesavers.

We piled a hundred in a little over an hour.

We went to chapel at which Marion Ross spoke and then to a meeting of those who plan to work at the U. J. O.

I studied for tomorrow's Government and Business Test.

Paul Jones called.
Wea.  MARCH 23  Ther.

Wagner popped a Money and Banking quiz on us—prelude to our Government and Business— neither was bad. This was Nudge’s birthday and so a gang of us went to the movies to see "Song of Wagner" with Robert Taylor and Duse. Afterwards, we came back to a gala party with food and tea by the Mitchell’s. After a house meeting, a letter came from Bill Boyd at long last bringing the news that 75% of them were dead or dead since the army is disbursing its program of training Air Corps men. He seemed to feel quite badly about it—but is taking it grandly. I’m as very sorry he spoke at the wrong time. His letter was confusing but sweet.
MARCH 24

I'm really tired. After Paul Jones' persistence, I decided to go out with him and a friend of his from Camp Neary this afternoon. They're both nineteen and farm boys from Nebraska and South Dakota, respectively. We finished the day at the Restaurant (I know it by heart) and then had supper at the Coffee Shoppe, chatting along nondescript lines all the while. It was an experience!

Wedge and I went to the Red Cross room for an hour and then came back to dress in deductible for a Rushing party—trousers, marshmallow, and munched on apples and popcorn. After that I wrote a term paper on inflation for History and Banking.
As of today, my vacation has unofficially begun. I didn’t feel too sharp, but after lunch, Cary, Midge and I dug up the front lawn and planted grass seed. We cooled off a bit and then went to the movies to see a reissue of "The Rains Came" with Myrna Loy and Tyrone Power. It was quite good.

Another letter from Bill—more cheerful than the last. As I expected, he’s signing up for immediate overseas duty. — I hope he gets a furlough soon.

I got 98 on my Government and Business exam.
A beautifully springlike day and a lovely Sunday. We slept late and then Kay, Lou, Mudge, Dotty and I went to the Lodge for dinner. It was a delayed birthday celebration for Mudge — and real nice too.

We had our war work get-together this March came — and then went to the Chaplain's Graduation at which Captain McRae of the IRR was the speaker. She's very charming and spoke wonderfully. The ceremony was impressive.
Spring is really here! We wanted to avoid the heat, but did a nominal amount of studying instead. Before song practice tonight we had WSCA meeting with installation of officers and KD meeting followed by a Council gathering lasting until one. Paul plans to eat tomorrow as it is his last liberty. I have a ve seen him tomorrow night and one with Wayne Myers his friend. Tomorrow afternoon.

An 11.45 page came from Floyd. He seems happy - now are his horse: amazing! New Kentucky must be quite a place. Bill Brennan wrote a real nice letter too and Kay wrote a note saying he's going home on leave and wants to see me when he gets back.
Such a busy little day. After classes a bit more exciting than usual. I went to the movies with Wayne Meyers and 'Chuggers' to see ' Tender Comrade' which was rather sappy sentimentally. Paul met us as we came out of the movies and then the four of us had a 'great supper' in the 'Cheekie'. I had to be back at the house by 7 for pledging of Ann Johnson. She's a darling and I was pleased when she chose me for her big sister. I took her to the Wigwam for a 'feast' and then returned back to the house by 8 when Paul and Wayne returned. Jager Kelton went out with us. We had dinner at the 'Cheekie' and then went to the lodge and 'Chuggers'.
The rains came and it poured all day — but we got used and bore it. Wayne called and took me to the movies to see "9 Girls" a murder mystery. I came home for awhile and went to chapel — and then Wayne and I went to the lodge and talked, staring into the fire. He is a young real boy but awfully weak.

Excitement galore. Abe Henry fell in having an honorary degree bestowed upon him Monday by William and Mary and Marshall Arnold. Admiral King. etc. etc. will be here. The campus is buzzing!
Wea. MARCH 30 Ther.

The pains are still coming, but we swim bravely on. I had classes
from eight until 5:30. Dr. Mordecai Ezekiel spoke at
Marshall-Wythe Seminar — very

...ing.

Tonight we supervised
bandage calling and then a
gang of us went to hear
Helen Hove — a very clever
monologuist. He loved her!
I received a letter from
Graum. He’s washed out of
the art corps too. Zagone. He’s
so swell!

Wayne called and wanted me
to go out.
The route stopped — but it was too cool to sunbathe and so a gang of us went to see A Guy Named Joe. It was the second time I'd seen it but I loved it just as much — really one of the best pictures of the year with its optimistic philosophy.

Tonight we had bull sessions and wrote letters.
The fool's day — when at last we went sunbathing again, baking ourselves in the backyard. I became impatient after awhile and smeared myself with vinegar so that now my face is a cross between an auricula tomato and a gleaming beacon-light of friendship!

This evening Cary and I went to the playground in back of Matthew Whaley and swung on swings and seesawed. It was the first I'd done that in ages and felt about 12.
Palm Sunday and a very long day. We had a big ride. Jan and I went to Beacon to see the new church. Jan and I went to the inn for a delicious roast beef dinner.

We sunbathed on the garage roof for an hour—climbed up a telephone pole to get there—and I was stuck getting down. We worked on scrapbooks on the front porch and sipped iced tea.

I figured home!
What a day! At Convocation we bowed
and bowed down to Bill Marshall
Arnold and Leaky — with newpaper-
mens and microphones all around
the place. It was tremendously
impressive to see all that gold
braid and all those wonderful
leaders together on the stage at
Chi Reel. It was something
never to forget.

I got mail from home. Glory
and Bill — and then this
afternoon at 3:30 Bill phoned
long distance from San Antonio.
I was so surprised, so pleased.
He hadn’t heard from me since
he talked me he’d washed me — and I
was worried. He doesn’t expect a
furlough and I hope he’ll be set
overside before he gets me. Lucky!
On a five dollar cut day, I slept through money and banking unintentionally — and so tried to converse with Dean Laddua to have the cut excused. We outstared each other and she finally did excuse me which makes me happier about the whole thing.

Instead of archery we walked to the Capital for film. Cleared!

This evening we packed, washed hair and the lake with an age to tomorrow and vacation.
I was out of Marketing class and caught the twelve o'clock bus to Richmond with Ray and Louise — and started on the way home. We managed to have seats all the way, and then I took around in Richmond eating at White’s till time to take the 4:30 to New York. We were lucky to have seats again and enjoy a pleasant trip all the way — it was a pleasant change. The train was only about half an hour late. Mother, Dad, and I met me at Penn Station — we came on time. It’s good to be here!
I took up my spoiled bad existence again with a lazy day around the house. It was a wonderful change!

I spoke to people on the phone and then dressed to go into New York where Mother, Dad and I saw the Air Corps show, "Winged Victory". It was really sensational and I loved it! Now and I stopped at Baker's for a sandwich, cake and coffee and then back to Halli.

A really perky letter from Bill Boyd written after he'd flown me Tuesday — maybe he won't be sent overseas soon — all the same different plans!
A busy day! Mother and I went into the city and bought me a lush cocoa brown gabardine suit and hat to wear with my gold coat. After shopping a little we met Mary for a bite to eat at Longchamps and then went to Brooklyn to the College where we saw The Sullivans. It was quite good — another war melodrama! We met Dad for supper at the St. George after which we went to the Good Friday service at the Church. The Choir sang The Agnus Dei beautifully.

a letter — postcard — and card from Bill.
Except for a trip to Jamaica, I just moseyed around the house all day till time for mother and me to go into Cary and CB's apartment for supper.

At quarter to seven Cary and I hopped a subway for the Astor where we met Hodge, Ed, Lethl and Bill. After tasty introductions we took a taxi to the Waldorf where Davis & Heck was having a cocktail party prior to the Army Day banquet.

We were surrounded by good food, drinks and got a kick out of it.

We went to Howard Johnson's for hamburgers - saw Miracle of Morgan's Creek at the Mosque - went to the broadcast of Bob Hawke's 'Thanks to the Yankee' - had seen Cook at Topps - and so on home with Bill (last name?)
And a lovely Easter it was too! Besides my Easter outfit, I got two war bonds, clips, a set of glasses from Nan, glasses pocketbook, 40 in nickel, books, records, apron, and the usual baskets of candy and Easter eggs. A lucky gal!

Bill Brennan met them last night and I was supposed to go out with him but had made the other plans before and so saw him today instead. He took me over to his house — Dave was there along with Keith (a guy from Hamilton) and her whole family. We had a good time hanging around the piano and fooling. They're all nice people — and I like me food. Stan drove us into Grand Central where we saw Bill's Keith off. I don't expect to see Bill for a while.

This is quite a war.
I slept late and then read one of my new books, "Law Man on a Token Pole." It's a disaster! The rest of the day was a lousy one.

Mother and I met Nina for a meal at the Chinese restaurant in Jamaica, and then we went over to Keithie's for the evening. They're such wonderful people!

Ell Boyd sent me a telegram yesterday from Louisiana. Cause he couldn't send me flowers. He's so considerate!

Dad is back with Sam & Yick 35 years. His associates gave them a box of dognae wax wax and he is pleased to punch with it.
Up early and into the Paramount to see Ginger Rogers in "Lady in the Dark" - it was tremendously clever - and I loved it.

Mother and I met Dad for lunch at the Cafe Royale - rather smooth - and then stopped a subway for the 34th St. shopping district where we bought a white dress, blouse, brown pocketbook, and shoes and stockings for me. - and so on home to fix dinner for Glory, Cary and her Mom. We were stuffed and couldn't even maintain a decent game of bridge. We gave up and laid at each other.

I had a long talk with Mrs. Taff in the store - my first. She seems very charming.
Up at the crack of dawn to go to Radio City for the 8:15 a.m. show. Mother, Lizzy, Eray and I were amazed at ourselves. But we were afterwards pleased as we saw the line wound double around the block. The Easter show was as spectacular as ever – and the movie “Career Girl” was good. We went across the street and really opened up the haunch with American short. And enjoyed it!

We came home for breakfast and then Mother and I went back to the City to meet Dad at the Edison for lunch. My Kettle and Orchestra were there.
I dressed in my Easter outfit and pounded the pavements in search of a summer job. Every place I went — the prospects seemed optimistic, even along the lines of my Marketing Research and Advertising preferences — and I made several contacts for June fifteenth or thereabouts when I come home for the summer.

In between drinks I met Glory for lunch — and then came home to go to the beauty parlor and have my hair professionally shampooed and set.

Glory, Irene, and Myrtle came for dinner. We wasted hysterical over a bridge game.
This morning I did the unusual by combing my hair several times and taking special pains with my lipstick in order to have my picture taken out in town village. The people won't be ready for several weeks - I hope I don't have my usual sickening grin shining on my face.

I went downtown to Davis & Kiek this afternoon. - Chatted with people and asked a girl for it - a blessing since they cost at least 50 to grow, and this one is free! Dad and I met Mother and had a wonderful dinner at the Candlelight Restaurant.

A sweet letter from Self - he sent heart heard from me and fears I'm not writing complications.
Today was cold and rainy - but I dressed and went up to Buchanan's to meet Bill Boyle for lunch. Anyhow, he's a nice guy - has been promoted to quite a high executive office and seems real happy with that, his family and brand new home. We had a spaghetti lunch at the Famous Kitchen and then met Mother at the Chote. After chatting for a few minutes Mother and I went to the Wintergarden to see the Cole Porter show 'Mexican Hayride' starring Bobby Clark. It was good but not up to the usual standards. We looked around a little and then met Jack for dinner at the Hotel Pennsylvania.
The last day long and a rainy start to a lovely vacation. Dad came out at 10:30 and we stayed around the house all day. Joanne, Glory, and Mrs. Parks phoned and asked come over. I stopped at Glory's for a few minutes with and had drink. They're indeed good folks.

I'm not too fond of the idea of going back to W. M. Tomorrow, but she must as it is and can't put it off any more. As always, it'll be good to be back soon.
Back to Belegzung after another exciting trip. Most of the way down, I talked with two sailors—
we shared my lunch and their cigarettes.

I walked into the house in the middle of some odd meeting. Afterward, I saw everybody and caught up
on news and stray bits of information. It's good to see everyone. They're all so beautifully crazy!

Two letters were waiting for me, one from Bill in CampKenwood in NC. He's gotten one from me at last,
and he seems real happy. 

We're straightened out at last.

I also got a letter from Floyd—
and one from Doris.
Back in the groove— it doesn’t seem as though I’ve been away at all. This morning, I cut gym and had my roller field—and got the visa out of the ladies’ store. It finally worked and we glory in it. We had our sorority picture taken—and a man came to sell the sorority stationery.
I went to classes this morning and fooled around this afternoon — nothing new or exciting with either. But then tonight Cary and I double dated; mine blind and Dick Benbden, an energy from Peary. We went down to the officer’s club at the Inn and danced and drank rum cokes all evening. It was fun and a good time was had by all. Dick expects to ship out any day but it is fun while it lasts.
It was a beautiful day... and for archery class we took bow and arrow and leaped like gazelles through the woods, shouting as stray trees. It was so Robin Hood-ish—and quite an experience. I had retelling this afternoon and then wrote some letters and the lake till Beth and I went to the Coffee House for supper. Initiation was tonight. Beth did beautifully as Pussy—and all ran smoothly.

Wayne called and asked me to go out several times—but I said I couldn't. Ray called too, to say 29 days. His shipper just in a day or two.
One of these days! It turned cotton dress weather and we sat at open windows as breezes drifted in. This afternoon I did some Accounting and Psychology and was surprised to realize that Reading Period starts four weeks from today.

After cup service and supper, a gang of us went to the movies on the spur of the moment. Though Cary and I had already seen "Cover Girl," it was good enough to fit in with our receptively corny moods.

Mother wrote a letter to me—she disappointed me—my carelessess type thing.
An unexpected day! We'd planned to sunbathe, but as luck would have it, the day was cloudy and we didn't.

This afternoon we went to the swimming meet, and this evening there was an Accounting Club meeting at the Tri-Delt house. I was planning the entertainment for tomorrow's party.

I hit the Jack pot with packages today: my suit case, laundry bag, and A.D. package all arrived.

We dinner the rabbits on Joan Kelly tonight.
A busy day! We slept late and then went to the cafeteria for dinner. After awhile, we went out to Mr. Gibbs' house for the Accounting Club, and had a lovely though formalized time. At five I went to the Store and helped hostess at the Senior Club's reception in honor of Jose de Cresp, the famous sculptor. He is a fascinating person and his works are remarkable.
It's poured all day and we've ducked in between showers. This afternoon I wrote a fourteen-page typed paper on transportation.

I read the 855-page book yesterday and felt as though I'd accomplished a tremendous amount since I used to be a year course.

At five, Elaine and I sold you stamps for an hour and I knitted two Afghan squares. We had a sorority meeting tonight.

I got a pokey letter from Bill Boyd and quite a pleasant one from Bill Brennan. The future looks very bright.
An uneventful day with classes from eight to four-thirty. We didn’t walk—took another long walk through the woods instead.

This evening we all went to the Psych. open house. It was fascinated—like a thirteen-ring circus, with migrades of experiments and gadgets.
This afternoon, I rang doorbells for the Post-war Marketing Survey. I had some interesting encounters but grunted my teeth, flashed a big smile, and wore my points—It was no experience.

We went to a discussion in the Beta, led by a Reverend Black on Missionaries. It was practically ready to go into darkest Africa then and there. This is a fascinating person. Such adventure! We went to supper with Joe and then we went to chapel (Beth was the Student Leader). Janet and I went to see the play: Shaw’s Candida. It was very cleverly done and we thoroughly enjoyed it.
Classes from eight till five-thirty with Dr. Southworth speaking on Monetary Policy at Marshall-Wythe Seminar.

We had pledging tonight for Joan Kelly. It ended unfortunately. However, we studied fogch all evening and a good part of the night.

I got a real sweet letter from Beth.
The Psych. test wasn’t as bad as we’d expected, and the rest of the day passed well too, so we managed to accomplish some other things.

This evening, we had our formal reception for the remaining men on campus. We marveled at the fact that it seemed as if they all came. The house was really crowded, without there being an extra square inch of floor space. A good time was had by all too.
It was a beautifully spring-like day! — The kids played the Gamma Phi's baseball this afternoon and lost. It was a good game though — Afterwards we all had to take our cultural program test. That was discouraging on a Saturday too.

That evening a gang of us went to see Passage to Marseille. It was just another one of those pictures.

I got a telegram from Bill. His dad passed away suddenly Wednesday, and he went home yesterday. The funeral was today. He's had much tough break recently. I wish I could be with him.
April 30

It was a beautiful springlike day and we walked around town and sat on the porch most of the day. We sipped lemonade as we worked on scrapbooks.

I got out a form letter to send to all the KD parents with the monthly statement as a gesture before closing the books and did some more accounting.

Becky got an engagement ring from Loren and is glowing.
A typical Monday with song practice and sorority meeting — nothing terribly interesting.

I did more work on the marketing survey and sunbathed awhile this afternoon.

Bill Brennan sent me a card. He expects a furlough this month — not while I’m home though.

All charges for a commission are out for him.

I got a nice letter from Bill Hughes. He is in Scotland — just been made a Chief Party officer.
It's better than seven shades of hell. I left accounting early and went to the air-conditioned movie for a pleasant change. To see "See here Private Hargrove" was dear!
It keeps on being tremendously hot! This afternoon in between doing the Treasury we went to a softball game. Pi Phi beat the KDs.

This evening we went to Chapel and then went to a Spanish Club meeting where we got Betty Spencer and Ann Johnson elected as Secretary and Treasurer.

Elaine became Treasurer, manager of the Flax Hat and we're all real proud of her.

I received a terrifically sweet letter from Bill Breachars.

Happy Bill Brennan's birthday!
Thursdays are so long from eight until five-thirty. On the way to archery, I fell into a pool and have limped around all day. It's so disheartening.

St. Teresa, from Princeton, spoke at Seminary, and was very interesting.

The Seniors gave us a supper out on the porch. It was grand. Afterwards we played 'Farmer in the Dell' and all sorts of children's games. The unusual:

The Dance Club gave their recital. It was cleverly done.

I got a note from Bill. He doesn't expect another furlough (damn) - and a sweet letter from Joyce.
This afternoon, I went sunbathing in the backyard and then rang doorbells along Richmond Road for the Marketing Survey. Fascinating! Cary, Jan and I saw "Broadway Rhythm," a mediocre musical. This evening we went to Mortarboard Tipping and then I worked late in the dorm.

I got a real good letter from Bill. I sure would like to see him.

Mother called and said Bill Brennan expects to come down here during his furlough.
after classes the KD's went
down to the shelter for a picnic.
It was fun, and we had a
typically crazy time. At
about 2:30 we started the long
walk back to campus lugging a
heavily packed basket full of
empty coke bottles. In the
process Tiedad cut her arm
quite badly with some broken
glass, and is now the proud
owner of two stitches.

We donated in the Sunken
Garden in the form of the
Bonds Bazaar. Janet and
I supervised the Accounting
Club maypole for an hour.
The attraction was the
crowning of the Bond Queen, Jane
Rahn.
A quiet Sunday! We did little but play bridge and do some war work, in between all reasons and the like.

I'm happy over Bill's letter of yesterday. He wants mother and me to go down to Louisiana for a few days in June. I doubt if it could materialize but it's good day dreaming stuff!
A typical Monday with meeting and keeping score at a softball game. In between times I started a term paper on Postwar Monetary Planning and got tremendously bored, though it is a fascinating subject.
MAY 9

I feel greatly accomplished. At last I've finished all my accounting for the year and am greatly relieved. On top of that, I finished my Money and Banking term paper, too. A good day! As a celebration, I went to see 'This is the Army' at the 9 o'clock show. Really a wonderful movie!
I finally settled down to studying some for tomorrow's Ward Hale Wythe Seminary exam. All the postwar planning is fascinating stuff! The problems seem trivial!

We went to Chapel this evening and then to a Y.W.C.A. meeting.
We had our first exam today. Marshall-Wythe Term II. It was
real fair and not bad at all. We studied a moderate amount
Friday and it is good to have it over with.

Tonight the faculty put on a melodrama "For Her
Chevalier's Fate." It was
tremendously clever and we
loved it!
This afternoon I acquired another faint layer of varnish on the garage roof before going to the movies with both Cary and Vicki to see "Standing Room Only" with Paulette Goddard and Fred Mac Murray. It was really amusing!

This evening we had a KD meeting to decide where next year, and in the process, Claire and I got stuck in the pink and blue room again. Everything's going wrong this month. I'm going to start feeling really selfish! (Or maybe it's my mood.)

A note from Bell.
This morning, Cary and I crashed a special kiddie showing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." We were surrounded by six year olds who stared at us curiously. It was indeed an experience.

I regrettably gave up for the archery tournament, but was pleased to learn that it was called off because it was too windy. I struggled up the telephone pole again and got a littleanner.

This evening Beth, Sheila, Vicki, and I went to the lodge for dinner and felt smoother. I received a letter from Bell Brennan and a telephone call from Bell Boyd.
Happy Mother's Day! - Dad sent me an orchid corsage, and I wore it to the Lyric for dinner with Kay, Mom and Father - rather switch.

This afternoon we had a War Work get-together combined with Reichung. It went quite successfully, but I wrote 3 pages in the gripe notebook.

I floored home.
A typical Monday, with time set for refuge into an air-conditioned movie. The Uninvited was real scary, but good. We played bridge on the porch and then had a sorority and a council meeting. It's so doggone hot!
We've milked all day, as perspiration was the current feature. Tonight we had the liberty tournament. We did fairly well considering that our equipment wasn't of the best variety. It soon became dark howling and we found ourselves shouting into a dim and indecipherable nowhere. The final has been called off until tomorrow.
We finished the archery tournament this afternoon and then dressed to go to the play for dinner (Kay, you, Jim, and I). We had a hysterical time with various writers (freshmen) and the actor's attention in the way of extra desserts. Coffee ok. I was pleased to get in on an ancient psychology test. It's faintly encouraging.
The last round of classes!

This afternoon we went to see Penny Stace in "Up in Arms". He's so clever!

Most of the day I scurried around planning and preparing for tonight's surprise shower for Becky and Pappy. It was really a success and everyone seemed pleased. With the upturned umbrellas, table decorations, white loaf cake, punch and gifts.
Reading period began. We were buried in our books all day with nothing new.

News came through that Bill Brennan is to be drafted at Mitchell Field Long Island for twelve weeks. It's a strange world! I can scarce believe it.
We're officially assumed the role of the cynical, wooden souls and are buried in a transcendental fog of economic and psychological terms. Dad arrived at Hot Springs today and called me this evening — I wish I could go to the convention. It'd be such fun.
You'd never think this was a Sunday. We got up for early breakfast and then spent the rest of the day studying and strolling to the cafeteria.
Studied this morning and took my Math exam—more could have been expected, but it wasn’t too bad.

A card from Bill Brennan.

Sad thrilled again.
Money and Banking exam was typically Augustish—but now I no longer worry after a year of such.

He gave me A+ on my Postwar Monetary Planning paper. It's hellishly hot!
It cooled off, fortunately, and I managed to study somewhat for tomorrow's two exams. I'll be awfully glad when tomorrow finally comes.

Dad phoned again.
Tired in bed! The government and business exam this morning wasn't too bad, but the accounting was a stinker, and I await the results.

After my exams Cary and I took a long walk down to the Capitol and over to the lodge for a coke.

I packed my trunk and found all sorts of the unexpected.
A day of accomplishing little. I packed a big box to send home and then relaxed awhile.

This evening I took care of Nancy Marshall aged five - intelligent but rather spoiled. Cary and I had a hysterical time out of it, but needed 30 t a piece.

I helped with those taking tomorrow's Econ exam.
I got up fairly early to read some 'psych.' But soon became rather involved in it and went on to something new.

This afternoon we played bridge and then went to the movies to see 'Shane' or 'Harvest Moon.' Corny, but it suited our moods.

I wrote 8 letters this evening (those which had hung most heavily on my conscience). A few came back saying I'd gotten A's on Marketing, Money and Banking, and B+ on Marshall Wight's Seminar.
A relaxing Sunday! We slept late to make up for our series of eight o'clock mornings the last few weeks.

After dinner we sat on the porch chatting with two of Jack's friends. Then Jack and I went to see the reissue of "Mr. Lucky," and loved it.

Mr. Shack told us she isn't coming back next year— it is for the best—but we're acutely sorry.
I didn't quite get on the ball for studying Psych. Wednesday seems so remote.

This morning we had breakfast in the Greens and bought supplies for eating in. Our engraved tickets have reached a new minimum.

This afternoon I read some old magazines and generally wasted time. We had a Corn Flakes-Tuna fish salad supper of the homemade variety. A milkshake later on filled us up.

I finally heard from Bill. He is been doing with maneuvers.
Of a sudden I realized that I don't know as much Roach as I'd thought, and Beth and I decided to concentrate on it pretty much all afternoon and evening until well after 1:00 A.M.

Happy Decoration Day!
The psych exam was really grim — no beating around the bush. We didn’t know it was Puri sharply.

This was the day for doing last minute things and wishing there was more time for them. Elaine became ill, and we ran around gathering her and taking her suitcase to the station. It was nice but so weary.

Ward phoned Mudge from the Netherlands West Indies. Such a thrill for an overseas call to drift into the Ta House. Mudge thanks.
A day of last minute things indeed — both end seem left, but we remain.
I saw Mr. Jones who asked me to copy several pamphlets for him from the N.Y. Public Library. So threatening is it a lifetime job. In my week to relax too! Oh well!

in so hot and dusty
The letter from Bill cheered me only momentarily. It couldn't penetrate.
We started home on a better-than-usual trip. It was hot and we didn't have seats from Washington to New York. But we've suffered through worse. — Two British soldiers adopted us — and I even got a free meal out of one of them.

Dad, Mother, Nellie and CB met us at Yonkers and took us to dinner at the hotel. We stopped at Alfy's for gingerale — and then Bill Brennan came over (on a special pass). He's a great guy.

We came back to the hotel and we talked on. This is really going to be a neat summer.
JUNE 3

I relaxed in the backyard sun with Mother and Dad—being happy over a real nice letter from Bill Boyd which came this morning.

At 3:00 P.M. Bill Brennan and Allen Tischweager came over. It was such a wonderful feeling to have them here—a release from the war. Bill is a Flight Officer and seems as though the Air Corps has done well by him.

At about 5:00 Bill and I went into the city and had a seafood dinner at The Shrimp before going to the Paramount to hear Charlie Spivak and see Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald in High My Way. A beautiful picture.

We stopped for a soda and came home. Such a nice evening!
I stayed home today except for time out for a walk to Tredeman's with Glory, Irene and Camilla. We had sundaes and caught up on back news over a cigarette. They're good gals.

International excitement over Falmouth rumor that yesterday was D-Day with the arrival of the Invasion. Allied troops did enter Rome today though. Oh God! When will the be over?
I planned to pound the pavements in search of a job, but found to my surprise that actually people were practically begging anyone to work for them in the market research field. Mostly thanks to Dave Wallace of Time, I could have had jobs with Elma Roper Crossley, Air Features or Young's Lubric. Crossley seems like the best bet (5 day week except in June, 25 salary—excellent company—entertaining work). Wallace said he'll contact Mr. Bob of life. I'll wait till I hear from him to definitely make up my mind. —This is so different from what I expected!
It's the Real Thing at last.

D-Day as Allied Troops invaded France with 11,000 planes, 4,000 ships and a countless number of men — the most stupendous thing in History! Oh God I wonder where I will end!

I went into the city again this day. Glory took me to lunch at Schraff's and then I bicycled in the library to do work for Harris. It wasn't as bad as I'd expected.

I met Bob to go to the Newselle Theater and then met Mother for dinner at Two Oak's on Lexington Ave.
After years of procrastinating, mother and I went up the Hudson today. It was a lovely day for a boat ride and we relaxed completely, enjoying a really pleasant change. We took our lunch—pat reading and listening to the music as far as Poughkeepsie—then got off and walked around. The ship back was equally grand, with time out for a meal in the dining room.

I kept thinking of the men on invasion boats, though.

I got a letter from [illegible] asking me to go all about a job: I can't decide between [illegible] and [illegible].
I phoned "Life" and found the job would just last several weeks, and so I decided definitely to work forCrowley. "Life is a good contact for a permanent job after graduation though, and I've tremendously eattered about the whole thing!

I met Cary in town by radio city. We went to see "White Cliffs of Dover" and wept buckets loving it. The stage show was good too!

After the movie we shopped around some and then met Mother and Dad for dinner at the St. George.

I came home and went to bed with a terrific headache.
My annual hair beautification as I devoted the greater part of the day to a hair cut, shampoo, and permanent. I'm weary from sitting.

We had a Chinese supper and then I spent the evening catching up on back phone conversations.

Bill phoned from Mitchell Field and asked for a date tomorrow - if he isn't restricted.

This is too beautiful to last.
Mother and I met Dad at the St. George to take him to the hospital for further tests. I wish he'd feel all right.

Then Cary and I hopped a series of subways to see the WAVES parade at Hunter College but it was called off due to the rain, and we went home again.

I got mail from Evie Smith (wanting me to go down to Florida). Dad Hilton and Bill who said he definitely won't get a furlough for five months. It's such a shame.

Bill Brennan and I went to the Midway to see "Buffalobill" and then came back for cokes.
An in-between day! Dad still feels rotten and it's having telltale effects everywhere.

I muddled around reading and writing letters. They and I went to Tredeman's for excitement and talked deep thoughts over cigarettes.

The Invasion is going as well as can be expected. It is tremendous though and the loss of life and equipment can't be ignored.
My first day at Cimrley and I enthuse more about it as time goes by. The people are all grand and though we work quite hard to accomplish everything we have a lot of fun here. There are quite a few other college girls here, and we have a gay time. The work is interesting and everyone treats us grandly.

Happy Bill Boyd's birthday. I tried to call him tonight but had no success. He is 24 today.
JUNE 13

Work continues to be interesting as I discover the tastes, preferences and idiosyncrasies of the Great American Radio Public. Some of the findings are indeed funny.

Jean, Grace, Dorothy and I had lunch at Chefs to break up the day. I worked an hour and a half evening before meeting Mother and Dad at the St. George.
Work is piling up over at Crossley's, and we still find ourselves trying to get some of it done. I still enjoy it greatly though.

I was kind of tired tonight, but had fun at Audrey's at the Happy Girls Club. We had a picnic on the living room floor—due to change in the elements. It was pleasantly different.
I worked two hours over-time
and became really interested
in the work.
I met mother and only
for dinner at the dinner
was good... and made extra
nice by the music there.
The invasion is going
quite well. We attacked the
several centers of Japan
today too!
This was Pay Day ... which cheered me no end. It was great to receive $25.33 even after Social Security and Withholding Tax were deducted and I'm happy about the whole thing.

Mother met me for supper at the First Church — before going to Jay's and Ann's — where I met Ann's cousin, Joe, by the way.
Saturday, but I worked anyhow being as how Conley goes full blast Saturday mornings during June. I came home and relented peacefully in the garden in a pair of resurrected shorts and then dropped some more this evening listening to the 4th of July parade. For a change I guess I'm just not used to being a working girl and was pretty doggone tired.
This morning I swept out in the backyard for awhile before dressing for dinner. The whole dinner was good and the day was a quiet one. Bill Beanan phoned from Mitchell. He was in K. P. this weekend. He gave me the news that he expects to be stationed there soon after this course is finished. Happy Father's Day!
We had a tremendous thunderstorm today — and day was really turned into night, but Crossing continued as ever.

I came home this evening and relaxed after catching up on some back telephone calls.

I got a carburetor and letter from Bill and a letter from the National Council of Churches asking me if I were interested in becoming a missionary.

Dear Rockefeller, at 7am had a stroke my clean of interest for a spark of enthusiasm. It's always a desperate last resort though.
An uninteresting day. It looked gloomy and continued on a rainy keel till evening. I took time out from working in a room off the Crowley's office—to head down 34 St. and meet Cary for a hearty lunch in Schrafft's.

This evening I worked till seven and then had dinner with mother and dad at Rosoff's.
More of the same weather! We worked all day on newspaper clipping for sustaining program --- an endless task. The day became hysterical --- and was enlightened by a lunch of the same kind in haft's by a waitress who mistook us for high school girls --- a fiction of the age.

A quiet day of summer!
Wea.  JUNE 22  Ther.

Work was pleasant as always.
I met Gloria for lunch in
Frank Central and chatted
at some length with her.

This evening I met Pat and
Carl Reiman at the St. George
for dinner. Carl is a naval
lieutenant, graduate of George
Tech. and son of a friend of
the family... besides being
awfully nice and rather smooth.

We ate and danced at the St.
George... and then Carl and I
went to the Cafe Rouge at the
Hotel Belk to dance some more
To listen to Ray's music. It
was all very pleasant fun. I
hope I hear from him
again.
JUNE 23

I dropped through work today--
a little sleepy after last night--
but happy. Admitted that we didn't
accomplish too much we had deep
talks and sang merrily as we edited
I met Louise for lunch at
Taffneretti's. She's tremendously
happy over plans to go to Alabama
this month or next to be with Bill,
and assumes the role of the
engaged gal with ease.
Mr. Ward told us we don't
have to work tomorrow--and we're
real glad about that. I could
use the sleep.
Today marks a year since
we've seen Bill. It's a long time
made longer by the fact that he
doesn't seem as though I'll see
him again for a while. Damn the war.
It was so pleasant to lazy around this morning without having to get up and go to work, and I relished it indeed.

This afternoon I did little but write letters and read O. Henry stories.

This evening I went over to Gloria to play bridge with her and and Irene. It was intensely hysterical and we had a good time.

Ever wrote me a letter and Paul Jones sent a card from Hawaii.
Audrey and I went to St. Pat's this morning. The service was the annual Choir Festival, and really lovely.

Bill called and then came over this afternoon for awhile. We just talked.

Carl phoned this evening to say he'd planned on coming out here today but was kept on duty till late this afternoon.
Work went as usual today. Jean, Elaine and I had lunch at Ye Eat Shoppe as diversion.

I met Mother this evening for supper at the Chinese restaurant before going to the Valencia and seeing Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman in Gaslight. It wasn't nearly but good! Mr. Ward announced we'll have all next weekend off to celebrate the Fourth.
Another in-betweenish day with nothing really new. Bertha came this evening with dinner at the Twin Oaks with mother and dad. Steak is such an innovation these days!

The Allies have officially taken over the city of Cherbourg from the Nazis and have returned it to the French.

I got letters from Freddie and Bob, both in England, and both written after the invasion. It all still seems like a terrible dream!
JUNE 28

I met Beth for lunch today. It was nice to be with her again. We talked about catching up on all sorts of back news.

This evening Mary, and Joan, Irene, and I had a gay dinner at Taffnerstien before going out to the Lillian's to what turned out to be a bride-less shower for Jacqueline. She never appeared that evening. And so rather than go back to her house, she had just come home and seemed surprised at her news that they were to be married on Saturday. It was pathetic. Oh that's a sample of a war marriage - I don't know!
I left work a few minutes early and came home with a rather terrific cold. I'll take it easy for awhile.

Today's letter from Bill Boyd has returned to the normal swing of things. It was awfully sweet and I beam. He's being sent to Fort Benning.

He - one of 2 men out of 100 schools for special training. I'm proud of him - but confused over what the special training is.

Tell Brennan thanks for a longish chat.
My cold caught up with me and I stayed home today. It's the first time I've ever "stirred my duty," but it's indeed pleasant to rest.

Would the my voice—such as it is—could return.

Dad came out this evening. The routine of medicine bottles has begun in earnest.

The year is halfway over.