This long vacation hardly seems possible. It is too relaying to last.

I returned myself and wrote letters. They came after lunch and we discussed Jackie’s definitely forthcoming marriage. It’s such a change!

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

Mother, Dad, Sue and I went to Howard Johnson’s for a birthday dinner.

Mail from Elaine and Keith’s girlfriend. It’s too sad.
A quiet day, spent at home as various people said they'd come out, but were held up for various reasons. It's Aggie's birthday and we had a series of peaceful celebrations. I read Pearl Buck's "China Sky" and began to read "Jalna." They're both very good.
I began as being the proud possessor of a pickish bit of paper which allows me four months in which to learn to drive a car. I can already shift a manual gear and drive a full 20 feet by myself.

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

This evening I went out to Mitchell Field to meet Bill. It was an exciting thrill to walk around and see the buildings and field (all those men yes!) - eat in the cafeteria and see 'Till the Conquering Hero in the Post- Theaker, after entering places plainly marked "No Admittance". It was an experience!
Happy firecrackers! A far cry from the Independence Days of old: no firecrackers and transportation being featured on. But then... this is war!

We stayed home all day again... and I wrote nine letters finally catching up with my hasty correspondence.

We talked about Cousin Bernie getting a DFC and oak leaf cluster after 30 missions over Europe. He’s been promoted to a 1st Lieut in the Air Corp.
Back to work - after a real vacation, hampered as it was by my cold.

We've started working on a special survey on the 73rd flange. It is interesting and keen, as ever. Our lunch at "Ye Ear Shoppe" was another interlude.

Mail today from Colby, Bob and Bill. The last letter was really terrific. He can write a good letter when he wants to. I'm intrigued over the possibility that he's at O.C.D. Bill talks on veiled terms about it though. It would certainly be lonely.
We worked moderately hard on the 13th floor again, with time out for lunch at Loft's. I met Mother, Harry and Mrs. Waterer at Radio City to see Cary Grant in "Once Upon a Time." I was very disappointed in the picture. Even the stage show wasn't so good as usual. --- We ate smorgåsbord afterwards at the Stockholms.
JULY 7

I was pleased when I cashed my checks for my first three weeks' salary and discovered that I had $63.69 for 12 days' work. Due the withholding tax... it could have been $75.

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

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

A terrible circus fire in Hartford - over 150 killed, mostly children.
Another lazy Saturday, brightened by an informal driving lesson: to spur me on to greater things!

This evening green cam and I played bridge at Audrey's. ... Fed a pleasantly interesting home and talked 'till midnight. I'm still playing recording fiddle to Bill Brennan's cease. -- The call of the wild!
A day best forgotten!
My mood is unhappily not of the better variety, and I feel beat and lowdown.
The usual day at the office was changed by meeting Mother for lunch at the Dutil.

This evening I met Cary, Midge and Jan Helson for dinner at Strauffer’s before going to see the Capitol show: “Two Girls and a Sailor” and Danny Kaye in person. It was very good and we had a terrifically good time.

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

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

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

I met Mother and Dad for dinner at the New Yorker. It was nice.
JULY 12

Things are looking up. Work continues the same as a momentary vacation is released. Lunch at the Fire with the Casey Gang was pleasant. Tonight’s H.C.C. meeting was at Cam’s. We talked and knitted afghan squares.

Today’s very nice letter from Bill confirmed the rumor that he is at O.T.A.T. the famous Infantry school. So so proud of him—and hope to heck that he gets through without complications.
I met Cary and Beth for lunch at Stouffer's and caught up on various back news about everyone.

This evening was a quiet one, with time out for telephone chats with Bill Brennan, Mrs. Parks, and Mrs. Dietz—Mrs. Dietz has gone to Alabama to be with Bill D. for a week or so.
Bastille Day! And Pay Day too! We went out for lunch at Taffettie's. I met Mother and Dad and came home with them stopping at Howard Johnson's for supper. I went over to Nancy's for a while this evening.
Another lazy Saturday of reading in writing, given some excitement by going to the Valencia with Mary, Len, Irene and Stephanie at night to see "Go Happened Tomorrow" and "Address Unknown" neither of which were very remarkable.

Of meble lion still too restless and double features.
Absolutely nothing new. Just another interlude! Sundays are an institution.
A busy day as. I sandwiched a walk over to Dr. Weiss' in between work at Crosley.
Being Cary's birthday she had an informal get together at her apartment. It was
interesting to meet a lot of the people I'd heard so much about. She seemed well
pleased over her entrance into the ranks of the 19 year olds.
another day best forgotten as I withdrew into the
recesses of an indigo blue
funk. Brought to the
crucial point by the fact
that the officer's club is
looking for three more
sophisticated than I, at
present and I won't be
going there.
I met Mother and
Dad at the China Clipper
after going to the Nourse
Theater--adecent films
at the Fall of Rome, Invasion
etc.
JULY 19

I dropped along a bit and with spirits and exuberance still kept up a new low.

A spurt of optimism came with my first official driving lesson at the Long Island Driving School in Jamaica. I'm terribly enthused about the whole thing!
I met Mother after work today to see "Barbara Stanwyck at the Astor. It was quite good.

Mail from Bill, Floyd and Janet. Bill's letter was sweet as always while I spell keep my fingers crossed that he'll be a Lieutenant at the end of his 15 more weeks. It was good hearing from Floyd after such a long silence. He's apparently in the thick of the fighting in the Southwest Pacific. Janet wrote about going up to her farm in August with the rest of the R.D.s.
Payday to reward us after giving us energies to the thankless task of working on sustaining.

I went over to Brooklyn to meet Dad for supper at Schrafft's before coming home together.
An educational day as I took my second driving lesson and improved enough to execute a mean U-turn or two.

To the amazement of family and myself, I took over sewing. Reggie has been doing for War Relief and whipped up a dotted Swiss child's dress. A domestic twist!
I concentrated on being lazy in between writing several letters and engaging in family bull sessions.
And so another week begins with a day of work and meeting Audry to see "Dragon Seed" at the Music Hall. It was an excellent portrayal of Pearl Buck's novel and I enjoyed it tremendously. We ate at a Chinese restaurant afterwards, and then came home.
A day of the usual work ended by meeting Mother and Dad in Brooklyn eating at the Candlelight Restaurant.

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

Bess Brennan called to ask me to go to a movie with him while I was out.
A pleasant day, followed by a pleasant evening. My third driving lesson showed a slight improvement over past ones and I’m spurred on to optimism.

Gloria came from her vacation. Stopped by and then Ann and Jay with their fiancé, Paul and Ted. Ann and Joe came out. We danced and had a lot of fun. Talking and the lake. Joe asked me to go out with him Saturday night.
I dropped at work and then came home for a quiet evening. The mail was extraordinarily good today, as I received two letters from Floyd and one each from Frank and Dall. They were all grand; and Dall's merger on the extremely perkified side of it all.
Payday again as my savings accumulate.

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

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

Another real good letter from Bill written before leaving for five day maneuvers. Such a nice guy.
Wea.       JULY 29       Thor.

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

This evening was really grand! --- like one of the prewar days. Joe and I doubledated with Paul and Ann. We went out on the Island -- to the Boles for drinks and then to the Valley Stream Park Inn to dance and talk. It was so good driving in a car, listening to the radio and being with a civilian (Joe was medically discharged from the army -- works at Custom House -- has tough times). It was a lot of fun -- made me homesick for the old days.
I woke up in a happy frame of mind today—life is steadily improving.

This morning Mother took me out driving. I got along without serious mishap. Then, after dinner, I drove alone to Gloria's where she dined out and I played bridge. I was sadly defeated!
And so the weeks roll on!
The day at Crossley was made
noteworthy by the hiring of two
girls, one of whom turned out to
be Idris Clark, whom I hadn’t
seen since graduating from 35
seven years ago. A small
world indeed!

This evening Mrs. Pate came out for dinner. It was the
first night I had ever met
her. She really seems to be an
charming person — though
extremely talkative.
It seems possible that it's August already. This summer is the speediest of all.

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

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

I received a letter from Kenny — now stationed in New York. Still be good seeing her again after this time. Bill Brennan called.
A pleasantly busy day, despite of the way that the thermometer is soaring along record-breaking lines.

I had another driving lesson as I went in and out of traffic along Queensboro Boulevard, advancing a bit on experience.

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

Dell stayed awhile after wards (he had asked me to go out with him) and we talked.
AUGUST 3

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

This evening I met you for prayer at Tapperton's. We talked as we walked over her steps to her house. She is really happy.

— Afterward we went to see Mr. Tapperton with Bert Daves and Claude Davis. It was mortified but very good for all that.

Another wonderful letter from Bill written on business how he feels as though he is not doing his part at all and wants to go overseas instead. He is so angry! I wonder about this new idea though!
So very hot that we took over two hours for lunch and sat around most of the day reading magazines and still roasted. Bill Brennan phoned me at the office and confirmed our date on Sunday. I met Dad in Brooklyn for supper at Schrafft's again before coming home.
I slept real late and felt the better for it and then stretched out in the backyard sun in my bathing suit. This afternoon's driving lesson showed still more improvement. I'm so anxious to really master the art though. This afternoon in impromptu fashion Glory, Irene and Cam decided to spend the evening here over a bridge game and deep discussions on racial problems and the like.
I took Mother and Dad driving today – was disappointed that I didn’t do better but they seemed pleased.

Bill and I had fun this afternoon and evening. We went into N.Y. to see the really good “Story of Dr. Wassell” and enjoyed it tremendously. After walking the pavements to find a place to eat we discovered a Toffenetti’s. It was finally open and had supper here. Bill came home with me for awhile and we talked deeply becoming more confused afterwards than we were before. His change or I have - or something.
After work, I met Mother and went down to the Hughes apartment with her. We all chatted and sipped a mint julep before going down to the Village and eating in the sidewalk cafe Bleecker. The food was delicious and it was an experience to stare at the artistes. We dropped in at a movie also to see the revived "Bringing Up Baby" - Cary Grant at his best.

A letter from Elene and another real nice one from Self.
AUGUST 8

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

I met Mother at Grand Central to buy my ticket to Dover Plains for this next weekend at Jack Hilton's farm. Then we went to Brooklyn to meet Dad and have dinner at the Candlelight. Now, talk about Dad's operation! He's been pending for such a long time!

I was terribly shocked to hear of Jack Hammackton's death on a Saturday this week. He was a grand guy, and I'm deeply sorry.
This evening was fun! I drove around to Brennan's to visit Mother Mrs. Brennan Pat and I could go get the west to Howard Johnson's for a very good supper and then go the Greensboro theater (featuring Bing plays at half price) to see "Well Flower" a delightful comedy with great music lines - go good psychological background too.

Two letters from Floyd. He's apparently well in New Orleans.
A hectic day as I try to accomplish much. Worked quite hard with just enough time left for lunch at the Famous Kitchen.

After work I dashed to Mary's to buy Mother a cover-up as a raincoat for her birthday next week - and then met Market and Dad for dinner at the New Yorker.

Home and a hundred last minute preparations for going away tomorrow.
AUGUST 11

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

I met Cary, Elroy, Beth, Ridge and Jack at Grand Central for an uneventful trip along the river road. We started to catch up on back news till we reached our destination and were met by Mrs. Hilton and Marcy (the foreman's wife) to be driven to the house in a farm truck. The farm is a honey - 1200 acres with 100 cows, etc. The weekend promises to be a wonderful one.
AUGUST 12

I awakened bright and early to the sound of moving cows, at which point Cal and Jan and I went for a beautiful refreshing swim in the river before eating a stupendous country style breakfast. We walked all over the farm through corn 15 feet high and picked blackberries. We went swimming again and again—saw cows milked electrically and the old fashioned way—had deep hull sessions—and finally settled down to playing bridge, after a ride in the hay wagon causing us to climb the precarious hay loader. All the time, experiences!
July and I arose at seven to drive 15 miles into the Gordon milk factory with Fred, the foreman, sitting on milk cans all the while. When we got back we went in swimming again and finally awakened the three girls at nine for breakfast. We swam a lot more and generally enjoyed farm life—played bridge this afternoon in account of a sudden thunderstorm.

We certainly hated to get on the homeward train. City life seems dull and hot. July greatly refreshed however. The weekend was perfect.
The city isn't half bad after all. Though tremendous hot the day in the office didn't go too awfully well. Then this evening was really fun! Joe, Ann, and Jay and Ned came out for a hike to eat, and we danced and sat around in the garden the rest of the evening quiet and very pleasant. They're such grand down to earth people. Joe has an interesting attitude I like Bell's letter was kind and unaffectingly critical of my not writing him more often. He seems serious about leaving BC for immediate ancestors' duty. He seems so forced.
mother's birthday — she seemed pleased with all too, which tends to be an important factor.

I met Beth for lunch in Strafford to discuss a tea for the W&N freshmen girls. She gave me a pair of yellow string gloves for my birthday. I met Father and Dad for dinner at The Plymouth. More is his operation being postponed.

Such nice birthday cards and a sensational present from Mother as the plaster of the cement puff lodge to me. I can't believe it.

Bill is definitely leaving. Oh, he wanders that way.
Wea.

AUGUST 16

A spoiled bet again—or yet! The birthday was a grand one as I received a gray flannel suit and red plaid shirt and white jacket, red houndstooth 47 in middles set of dishes, perfume, silver records and more. It was all very successful. I met Billy for lunch and was pleased when the gals in the office gave me an autographed fly annul.

This evening most of the happy gals and Bill and Don Heines (newlyweds) came around for a quiet time of idle chatter.

So lucky!
AUGUST 17

The heat wave is the worst thing yet and we droop in a shining state of fatigue. I met Glory and Irene this evening to cool off at the Astor Cocktail Lounge over a Tom Collins. We went to the Capital to see "Since You Went Away". It was exquisitely sentimental but deserved its 4-star rating.

We came home exhausted. A letter from Bill Breckners but no news of any kind from our late while friend Mr. Bryk.
Really tired. I slept a little later this morning, but feel all the better for it when I got into the office. The day was one of sitting around with lunch at a ordinary Italian restaurant. I met Sadie in Brooklyn for supper at Schrafft's again. I received a beautiful traveling kit from Aunt Betty and Aunt Sally.
I really slept but still feel groggy. At least it's turned cooler. The relief is welcome.

I've developed a severe case of writer's cramp after having written 27 letters to W&M freshmen—thank you notes and regular correspondence.

I went over to Mary's this evening to play bridge with her, Irene, and her Aunt Elsie. It was fun and instructive too.
Just another Sunday!
Life is definitely on the up-grade again, so I had chance encounters with Negretta and with Jean Lynch and her baby, and learned that Russie Davis had come over to see me while I was at work. The mail was also interesting with letters from Bill Hughes, Freddie Floyd, Mrs. Ryder, the new KS housemother, and Bill Boyd. They were all extremely sweet with the possible exception of the last. I wish Bill would straighten himself out.
I was extremely surprised, but very thrilled, to learn today that I've received the 100 Elshe Parzefal Scholarship for the 1944-1945 Session at WM. It's awarded to the highest ranking member of the junior class taking an AB degree. It's especially thrilling since I didn't even have to apply for it, and actually had no idea I was in line for any honor. It's been a truly wonderful surprise. I must have a fairy godmother lurking in the shadows, also. I met Mother and Dad for lunch at the New Yorker to celebrate. 
I more-or-less boarded over yesterday's news still as I did not go for lunch and spent a pleasant day at the office.

The war news is so very optimistic as German defeats become common rather than novel. This has been liberating and the Marchen of the Current No. 1 Hit, Reemania to leaving Germany and other satellite nations show signs of weakening also. And the Battle in France is sweeping on. God I hope it is all over soon.
We met Harriet, who'd just last week, for lunch at McMenini and planned for future reunion.

I'm so pleased that we're making actual plans for seeing each other fairly often. They're all such grand pals. I've made some wonderful friends this summer and...

I met Mother and Dad for supper at the St. George. Word from Bill Brennan indicates that he won't be stationed at Westfield as it originally seemed likely but instead expects to spend the Thanksgiving with some with a hula girl.
The last day of being a headwaiter this summer as I left Beachley with appropriate sentimentality. It was really a wonderful job and I loved it all.

Mail came from Floyd, Janey and two of my freshman girls beside a card from Joe who's at Lake George for the week with Ann & Paul.
I cock a wary eyebrow to three weeks of a logy capitalists' existence. The future looks good!

I lugged around today, starring enough to read King's Row, and to write several letters.

I went over to Glory's to play bridge with her, her aunt, Elsie again. Once more it was fun.

Irene's in 21nd Heaven at the scepter of Ray's coming home from the South Pacific soon.
Another Sunday of relaxation and well-nurtured resolutions going astray. My weary spirit collapsed and I really rested.

My working day officially ended with my giving Dad a hundred dollars and Mother, twenty, on general principles. I wish it could have been more.
A busy prelude to three weeks of vacation plans. — Mother and I went into N.Y. to Dr. Weiss! I had an injection and then we had lunch in the Commodore before going to a New Deal show.

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

Beth, Nan and I discussed plans for a welcoming gettogether for 29th freshmen at my house Sept. 10. It threatens to be a wetendness undertaking!
I stayed home and feverishly wrote letters to Freshmen and upperclassmen concerning [the Te... my writer's cramp is an actuality]. While Mother went house hunting, prospects for a home are not at all optimistic; it's well nigh impossible to rent a house these days. Everyone is taking advantage of the war for a bit of profiteering, or else realize picture houses will so surpass present ones, that it is wise to sell them now.

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

A letter from Bill Breedlove and one from Bill Boyd. The latter expressed any sense of security I had lost along with the usual confusion.
And still the R.S.V.P. acceptance to the tea pour in. The regrets are so scattered that I begin to despair.

I met the girls from Crossy for lunch at Rogers Corner and then went to a Newsreel Theater with Elagio.

Nana came for supper—and then I went to Mary's for a H.T.C. meeting—more of the usual pleasant chatter. On the way over, I bumped into Effie Worrall. I hadn't seen her since grammar school days either.

This summer has restored many reunions.

I wrote Bill today and hope everything is straightened out until his promised furlough.

Oh! for a normal existence!
AUGUST 31

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

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

Gloria, Irene, Cam, Lil, Ethel Christiansen and I went to Jean Lynch's apartment for a gadget and bridge. Jean seems so happy and is greatly changed from the gal I used to know. Her baby is dear too. She testifies to a happy marriage.
Mother and I drove over to the Great Neck vicinity in a fruitless search for a house and then went on into the city to see Ray Milland and Barbara Britton in "Till We Meet Again."

We roved around for an hour or so and then met Dad for a steak at the Ten O'ake.

Henna Worrall came over this evening. I'm still impressed with meeting up with her again.

A letter from Floyd. It must be admitted that despite of all he has complained less, and accepted more, with a philosophical spirit than any of the other fellows.
The end of the summer is officially here as the Labor Day weekend hovers on the horizon. The day passed uneventfully enough, and then this evening Gloria, Janie, and I went to the Merich to see 'The Eve of St. Mark.' It was a gripping story of the war, and good.
Another Sunday which passed uneventfully, but for the fact that when Mother and I went driving to give me practice, we had a blowout. Great in these days if gas stations being closed on Sunday—and no tires! We finally snared a passerby to change the tire for us.
Labor Day, so I guess to think that the summer is officially over and done with. Talk about moving and our usual problems marked the day, along with dinner at Howard Johnson’s.

The war is going very well, as the Allies advance with incredible speed. Today Brussels was the fourth capital to be liberated, following Rome, Paris and Bucharest and rumor hath it that fighting is being done on German soil for the first time.
SEPTEMBER 5

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

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

I went into the city this evening to meet Mary Warren. We hashed over old times over supper at Schrafft’s and “Wings and a Burger,” the documentary movie of life on an aircraft carrier. It was excellent.

New York is talking about last week’s earthquake. I slept through it.
Another day of noreasing around the house, still feeling a little shot after yesterday's infection.

This evening some of the girls from Crossley: Elayne, Steenie, Dorothy, and Edie came out for supper. They're such a completely grand bunch of girls—about the best she's known in a long time! After dinner we went to the Queensboro Theater to see "Ladies in Retirement" with Fritz Schell, Alexander Kirkland, and Elaine Barrie. It was indeed scarily good.

Today's letter from Bill was real good. He's just waiting around for letters now. I hope he gets that feeling soon.
SEPTEMBER 7

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

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

Anotherotent letter from Bill. Everything must be all right again for awhile.
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ment! House came over last this
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until I developed a severe case of
red sunburn.

Another facet letter from
Bill. Everything must be all
right again for awhile.
Mother and I went into New York and after wandering in and out of a series of stores finally bought a smooth black afternoon dress in Breski's and a black and white evening dress in Steffens. They're both real pretty and I'm impressed with them.

We had lunch at the Campus and then drove out to Garden City. I was pleased at driving back all by myself.
A day of busy hubbub featuring a series of sandwich-making festivals for tomorrow's tea, as refreshments were the order of the day.

I took time out for a driving lesson this morning but plugged the rest of the day.
Home was never like this!

At 2:30, with Jean Huber's entrance the avalanche began and lasted until well after 6:30. Forty arrived in all and the house was filled to overflowing. The group of freshmen all seemed very smart, and were properly appreciative of our attempts. Mother and Dad were busy with theirx-0-to-subway bus service and fitting the table et al.

It was an undertaking indeed, but I'm terribly glad that we did it. Nice gesture and everything!
A reactionary day with the search for a house being the most important of all. Things look quite desperately hopeless at this point but we haven't given up all optimistic spirits.

I went into Dr. Weiss' for another injection.

Mail from Cathy, Fischman. Congratulatory note from Mrs. March and a letter from Bell, in which he predicts I'll end up marrying Bill Brennan. He is so funny.
I relaid around the house quite steadily before examining the new garden district for a future home. It is so discouraging and really don’t give an optimistic outlook.

Mother and I met Dad at the New Yorker for dinner before coming home in the rain. I went over to Gloria’s for a bridge party at which there were also Henry, Frank, Jean, Lycich, Ann, Hobey, Edie, Audley, and Irene. It was pleasant fun.
Bill Brennan came over this morning before I was up and dressed, so I had to fly into clothes and start tasks. We chatted merrily for quite awhile and had more fun than with any other conversations this summer.

This evening I went over to Edith's for dinner. Due to their electricity not functioning because of the storm we ate and sang in candlelit atmosphere, romantically wasted on mere girls. That was pleasant fun however!
I met Both in N.Y to begin a tour of stores in a furniture hunt despite of the pouring rain. We were ourselves and over the hot without success in securing much quality for low prices. The situation is reversed these days. We finally succeeded in getting an Adirondack settle and table for the K.D. porch, cushions and material with which to cover them mahogany bookcase and floor lamp and shade. I hope it looks O.K.

The threatened hurricane appeared tonight along the Eastern Coast with much damage of property. Long Island streets are impassable with trees sprawled across them.
Up bright and early to pack my trunk and send it off to Beallsburg for the last time. Next year this time I'll probably be sorry about not going back but I'm just as glad that life at college is almost a thing of the past. I'd be content to be "Best in the World." A lot can happen in a year.

This afternoon, Mother and I went to the music hall to see Gary Cooper in "Casablanca." Oh, it was dear!

The hurricane really ran havoc. Shop windows are blown in as if so much cellulose and electric light and telephone wires are down by the thousands. Bill came over to see our damage.
Saturday and house hunting and the domestic turmoil about it were once more the centers of attraction. God, for a normal home life!
And so the Sundays roll on. This weekend has been one of much hell and high water. I wish I were wise enough to face the situation instead of exacerbating it more as I seem to do.

Phone calls and a visit to Vredeman's with Abey, Irene, and Ann were stimulation.
The morning was quiet but this afternoon began attractively. I went on a minute shopping in New York with Mother — the show and blouses type of thing — before meeting Gloria at the Astor to chat over a few Collins or two. We had dinner at the Dutch and reminisced some more.

At eight I met Bill Brown at the Astor and went to the Palace to see "Beide By" with him. It was real cute. He came home with me and we said goodnight. I wonder if I will see him again. I have a letter from Bill paid for me.

I want to see him.
More mending around the house in the morning before going into N.Y. again with mother. We bought me a laundry bag and a rain hat — picked up my evening dress at O.C. and exchanged my lavender wool for a grey striped flannel dress. Real smooth.

Mother, Kezze and I had a Chinese supper and then went to the Criterion to see Ethel Barrymore. "Curtain Tonight or Never" a la subway circuit. It was very good — as she carries on the Barrymore tradition. We had a hamburger at the White Castle and then came home.
Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow.

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

We met Dad for a sidewalk and dinner at some - the farewell celebration type of thing.

I stopped at Brennan's and had phone conversations with Elaine, Janet, Laura, Tony and Bell.

This summer has flown!!
The last time! Elaine, Don, Jan, Kay and I took the train back to Pilsenburg. Ride from the traditional sports of heat and field. The ride passed pleasantly enough. We ate lunch pecan style—ample but good.

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

Mrs. Snyder, our new housemother, is a love and promises to be a real asset to KD. It didn't seem as though we've been away at all!
A day of getting settled and rushing over to the dorm to meet the freshmen and renew the old acquaintances.

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

A letter from Bill announced plans for a furlough some time next year. I'm hopeful. It is good to be back.
Registration this morning with enthusiasm over Dr. Marsh, Barnes and Yost. My schedule sounds quite attractive: Corporation Finance MWF 8; Urban Sociology MWF 10; Child Psych MWF 11; Contracts MWF 1; Introduction to Law TTh 9; Modern Painting TH 2.

The prospect of no Saturday classes is extremely pleasant.

There was a Beg-Let party at the movies to see the Fillmore march of Time before mashing into Barrett for a sake. Boots Cunningham, my little sis is a junior transfer, and very nice.

A gang of us went to see Janie. It was real cute. Our amused mood was appreciative of us.
Up in time to pick up books and join the mass pilgrimage to Branson Parish for the annual first Sunday service. It was properly impressive.

This afternoon there was an informal scrimmage in the stadium between the Camp Tracy Pirates and the Washington Redskins. Some pretty football was played. The shining spot was the fact that half of the stadium was one mess of white sailor's uniforms. It was wonderful! Elaine, Jan, Jan and I waited afterwards to wash in all march out. They all grinned and we had much fun! Staying right.

I called home. Dad goes to the hospital tomorrow.
SEPTEMBER 25

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

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

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

Lodge coffee shoppe (8 Ensigns), WJC, JDC and forbury meetings.
The end of the first complete round of classes with me being tremendously pleased with 'em all. The profs and all are swell and I'm completely satisfied. This afternoon, Janet Potter and I went in the Cornell and this evening there was a gala flat that meeting. Mac Kenneth the new editor is most forceful—should prove to be a good one,—interesting anyhow. I came over for a bridge game. A letter from Jenny.
Just another day featuring the second round of classes and still being a bit befogged by Contracts.

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

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

Mother planned to say Dad is much improved — he'll have 3 operations in one.
A big day, as all of the seniors shared their caps and gowns. It's an official thing and I'm proud as punch of mine, as it still doesn't seem possible that I am really a senior. It is wonderful!

After classes and hysterical flat tire work at the movies, Elaine, Beth, Eleanor, Lou, Jeff and I went to the Lodge Coffee Shop for supper—and then on to heckle at the Freshman Tribunal. Much fun!
A rainy day to complicate the opening Convocation, but despite of it we marched in cap and gown and were terribly thrilled with it all. Despite of our blase attitude about being seniors, I feel by the fact that came in my eyes when we sang the Alma Mater.

This afternoon there was more than that stuff before a KS Reading Invitation Workshop. After supper we went to the Pep Rally, feeling depressed at the comparison of it with the rallies of the good ole days when we really had a dean.

Letters from Freddie in France and Eddie in the Pacific. Eddie sent me a post card and calling card off a deal Jap in Saipan. We invaded Albania.
A rainy day and I blissfully made the most of my classless Saturday and loafed around in the house all day. Being cheered with Beth and Elaine over songs for lunch. This evening I saw Betty, Cary, Loes, and I went to the Coffee Shoppe after supper and everything continued pleasantly.

A letter from Bell today was very sweet but announced that I won't hear from him for over three weeks and can't write to him either. I can't quite believe that he is actually on his way overseas. Somehow she seems to be so very near. I pray that he comes home safely and soon!
A busy day as I really look forward to bed! Clarke and I went to 5 o'clock Communion in Wren Chapel (She worried me by threatening to paint) and then on to the Canterbury Club Breakfast in Bruden Parish.
We came back and cleaned up the house in preparation for the midnight of over three hundred freshman girls making a tour of Sorority Court. It was slightly Frankly, but could have been much worse!
Just another day of straight classes, visiting in the dormitory, trekking downtown, taking the annual student government exam, and sorority meeting with song practice squeezed in between. Mondays are such busy days!

A letter from Floyd today was hysterical. He's a good guy - still seems well and happy.
A rainy day of not too much accomplishment. Classes went as usual with my getting excited about both Introduction to Text and Modern Painting. They're fascinatin' courses.

This was Eleanor's birthday, and she's gone around bleming over everything—seemed quite pleased with our lipstick and treat at the lodge. She's a grand gal — so sweet and appreciative of everything. We all gave her an informal party this evening. Lots of fun!

Mother and Dad phoned tonight from the hospital. It was a thrill!
Another rainy day of dashing between classes and taking a fascinating scholastic seriousness. Next to Child Psy. I found I have a remarkably low rating.

This afternoon we gave Mrs. Snyder a tea and chatted early with various housemothers and sorority presidents. It was relatively pleasant. Big moment occurred when Dean Hurdsum appeared just before we began to clean up. We carried off an awkward situation well.

This evening Sue and I walked around campus after shopping at a flat but meeting to defog our minds. I got a letter from Phi Beta saying they’ll put an article about me in their magazine.
Just a day. Introduction to Law and Modern Painting were both fascinating again, but aside from that the day passed without moment, as I submerged into a mood of dubious nature!
The end of another week with a full day of classes. Woodbridge pulled a pop quiz on us in Contracts, and I got it all wrong. Every year I have one course to worry about, and this is it!

We made rushing invitations and then made it around to the course this evening.

A letter from Bill Brennan all is the same as usual.

Mother and Dad called from the hospital again.
And so the days go by with nothing much at all happening. I lugged around this morning and then did some flat hat work - was tremendously pleased when Jane and I worked on the tax treasurer to find that all the confusion of the summer balanced down to the last cent. It was a wonderful feeling.

I talked Elmer and Beth into seeing 'Hail the Conquering Hero' this evening and haven't heard the end of it since. I must have enjoyed it more the first time on account of the Rivette Field atmosphere.
Elaine has a terrific cold and so we lay around all morning, cooking our own Sunday dinner.

This afternoon both Elaine, Eleanor and I went to the football game between Camp Peary (38) and Ft. Lee (6). The whole uniforms spelling out Camp Peary in the middle of the line was impressive.

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

Much excitement about the four kids who spent the weekend in Richmond along with newly acquainted Air Corp Lieutenant.
Monday, as I settled down to a little studying in between the usual impressive string of classes, my ego was dealt a heavy blow when I received F (my first) on last Friday’s pop quiz in Contracts. I'm really not legally inclined!

We had U.S.C. F.A. meeting, song practice and sorority meeting with much animated discussion.
A busy day with several hours flat hat work and work in between classes. This afternoon, I decided I had best hibernate in the law library and so I did. Contracts is so interesting but I certainly don't understand it.

We had our annual trunk brigade tonight. Waking with the moving men, helping shuffling our trunks from the third and second floors to the front porch. I slammed my hand in between a trunk and the banister, but otherwise all was well.

Eleanor Cary, Joan Peggy and I went to the Late Movie to see Seven Cross Concentration Camp Arena: Good Mother & Dad Forever.
The usual string of classes, with more or less concentrated studying this afternoon.
This evening we went to an impressive chapel service and then I went to an accounting club meeting — we made plans for a picnic next week. I have to start buying refreshments for it tomorrow.

I was amazed to learn that Russell Davis had been to see me today. He’s in convalescence — medical discharge — and enrolled at WM again. I hope I see him soon.
October 12

Columbus Day, and a busy one of classes -- with a pop quiz in modern painting which caught us off guard -- much club and treasury work -- and some shopping for the accounting club picnic.

We had second degree pledging tonight and dressed in our white. My little sister, Ann Johnson, is a love.

We've had house meetings to and now it's time to wearily crawl into bed!
OCTOBER 13

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

I got an A on the latest Contracts quiz and beamed at the improvement—went to my other classes and did that just work. — Susan came over this afternoon and we chatted.

For entertainment making a dressed and genuine style and blacked my face to illustrate a potential rushing idea.

This evening a gang of us went on the Presbyterian Supper Club's Moonlight Cruise and had a sensational time. We jumped on a truck, dangling our feet off the edge and drove to the James River Ferry which seemed all over the water, we sang, square danced and stared at the water—endured it tremendously!
I took advantage of my free day Saturday and slept late, before getting up to do flat 400 work, and to money around downtown buying little presents for Bill's overseas Christmas package.

You, Cary, Sheila, Betty Ann and I went to the Lodge for a sandwich lunch. This afternoon I went to the Panhel mixer to associate with little freshmen and then went shopping for the Refreshment Committee of the Sorority Club for the reception tomorrow.

We went to supper and then Beth, Elaine and I walked up to the Lodge for cakes—walked our little thoughts:

A letter from Belle Heights—seven—full of serious contemplations of poor war life—now everyone Election
Another frustratingly busy day. Eleanor got up and went to Bronx -- which service became terribly long and we镌刻edly budgeted. Then we met you and Betty Law and four Freshmen girls from my tea for a delicious dinner at the lodge. It went very successfully.

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

From the reception we dashed on to the supper club for supper and religious discussions. They interesting talks about atheism and the like.

Mother and Dad phoned -- all goes well except Dad had gall bladder trouble now. Oh no!
And so another week starts with the usual round of classes featuring another pop guy in contracts. The fall finals are really going with the pressure these days.

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

After the movie, we gushed soup and they had an informal tea meeting later on. I went to a concert on the Bleecker Street, even being a Master and a cellist. Very good as those things go.
I went through classes with spare time devoted to studying for tomorrow's Urban Sociology test and time out to shop for refreshments for tomorrow's accounting club picnic.

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

The College is grief-stricken at John Stewart's death a few days ago. Letters from Doris Worcester and Bill Brennan.
No class and ro to Joe. Even due to memorial services for former President Bryan.

This afternoon the accounting club had a wonderful picnic at Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs' house. We roasted weenies at an outdoor fireplace and had a generally good time. The Gibbs are great people.

Tonight's candlelight chapel service was very impressive. Dr. Faltin's talk had almost hypnotic power.

We had a H.D. talk with plank about fucking - I don't expect to have any free time and am slightly (?) resentful about it all.

Pap and Mother phoned - Pap so now alone!

A hysterical letter from Jenny - enclosing his picture.
The usual classes, with great
attention to budget our time to fill
in rushing, pending exams and the
usual activities. It's a hard job...
but that's the usual swing of things.

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

And another day goes! I
received an amazing letter from
Paul Jones. Deliberately perky.
all the time experiences.
It poured and an imitation hurricane came our way, so I
rept my 8 o’clock class and
studied loc. to a small extent.
I braved the elements and went
to my exam— and then back
to the house to eat soup and the
like.

This afternoon we rushed in
the dorms— did flay the stuff
and then made sandwiches.

The Kalfour man came
with many cute and attractive
stamps— we had in Texas presents
for each other— highlighting
china, ceramics with the KS
seal, and our nicknames. I
loved em’ so good.

Another letter from Bill Brown,
and one from Mimi Jardine.
We invade the Willstater.
I planned to accomplish much today, but got sidetracked with Fed Tax and Treasury stuff, worrying over the budget and the lake.

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

More budget — and letter writing this evening, and now into bed.

Letters from Colby, Mary and home.

The Hellplane Invasion is going quite well. MacArthur is back!
This afternoon there was a BIG football game between Camp Leary and Bainbridge. It was really fast ball football at its best ... the stadium was jammed to overflowing and we were especially moved cause 3 ex-War stars played for Bainbridge. Much like old times it was a lot of fun.

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

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

I phoned home and I looked as though we're moving to the Van Sechlin house in Dallas.
Founder's Day as we marched around the campus in white dresses - just as it turns fallent too!
Classes went as usual, and then I studied for tomorrow's Fine Arts exam. Tonight we had song practice and sorority meeting - many bell sessions and more studying.
Letter from Mother - no other excitement.
I cut classes today and
studied feverishly for my 2:00
Modern Painting exam, but
needn't have studied at all -- so
vague was the exam. Perhaps I
just not an aesthete.

After my exam I desponded in
the law library doing Contracts
and then wrote a few letters.
I spent the night in the
dorm at Barrett -- swapping beds
with Ann Johnson -- charted
with freshmen -- and had a
generally pleasant time.
A letter from Floyd in the
Dutch East Indies -- the same
by Even.
Classes and then an earnest devotion to studying Corporation Finance for my Friday's exam. It tends to be most deep.

This evening, had Janet and I went to the W. M. Theater production of "Quality Street." It was excellently done - really very clever. Elva had a two-line part and did real well. We silently cheered her on.

Mail from home and Elayne.

And a grand letter from Tammy.
In between classes I made a business of alternating to study for my Corporation Finance exam--otherwise I did nothing.

The truly sensational event of the day is the fact that Bill phoned from Wilke-Barre. I don't know why or how, but the fact remains that instead of being on his way overseas, he is suddenly gotten a 13 day furlough-- and is home! It's the most wonderful thing that's happened after seventeen months we'll finally see each other. I phoned Mother and Dad--and am going home next Thursday. Bill will meet me there. I'm so tremendously lucky--and happy!
I still seem so much -- as a silly amuck licks at the corner of my mouth over last night's news. That even the Gemi Corp. Finance exam and surprise Contract guy failed to make me feel the glut. I am so happy!
No Saturday classes -- and so I stayed in bed all morning reading "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" for my Son. course. It's a beautifully down-to-earth book and I loved it. Excellent portrayal of immigrant life!

Tonight Elaine and I went out with two majors from Norfolk, had been at the Officer's Club -- and scrambled eggs and coffee at the Lodge Coffee Shoppe. It was very pleasant, but three hours was enough. I kept wishing for it to be next week so that I could be with Sil. Two letters from Teddy.
Today was a wonderful day! This afternoon Claire and I drove out to Langley Field with our other college girls with the Red Cross as part of the rehabilitation program for wounded war corps men recovering in the hospital there. We talked with all types of men - from Brooklyn, from Oregon - broken legs acquired in camps here - broken backs from crashing in the South Pacific. I was especially pleased when the woman in charge told me one of the men with whom I had spoken for quite awhile had really talked and smiled for the first time in over a month. I felt good all over as though I'd really accomplished something.

We drove back, had supper at the lodge, studied all evening.
I got emotionally upset this morning when Umbeck announced an exam for next Monday, but I got excused from it by Dean Handran, and plans for the weekend got utter all the time. A note from Bill was real sweet and I blam!

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

I only got C on my Corporation Finance exam, the traditional grade.

That damn problem fooled me up.

I got A+ on Friday’s Contract quiz.

Secrest meeting was uneventful.
Happy Halloween! In between classes, I tried to concentrate on studying for Child Psych, but didn’t achieve too much.

This noon Sheila and I went to the edge with Mary Keeny and Linda Norton — both grand gals! — and had a pleasant time.

We had initiation tonight — all went well — though it was extremely hot. Ann and I spent the night and we had a Halloweenish party with Fred, Mother and Dad had sent down.

I received 12 on Modern Painting.
The start of a new month which threatens to be a mighty wonderful one, as I go on bearing.

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

I'm looking forward to tomorrow with all my heart. It's like a second chance after Bill had been sent to his P.O.E. and I didn't expect to see him again for a long time. I hope that all turns out beautifully, cause now that the time is drawing near I'm becoming a little scared about the whole thing... but so extremely happy!
I took my Law exam in a rather coherent state and finally got on the train to come home. I rode all the way up with George Hogden an energetic friend of Thelema, who made the trip very pleasant.

We got in Penn Station at eight and I met another Mary — and Bell — and it happened that I’d been roped to be. We came home and saw Dad, who looks much better than I expected — and everything seems swell. (Some can be pretty wonderful.)

Bill looks grand and so even more than I’d remembered — or perhaps it’s just that we’ve both grown up considerably. We talked a great deal and became acquainted all over again. What a wonderful person.
It continues to be beautiful. Dad's birthday, with temporary storms smoothed over, looks up some of the morning - Bill coming over to take me out driving in the family Chrysler over to the Yacht Club to see them and his mother and sister - both nine more done.

This evening Bill and I went into the city, to the Music Hall to see "Mrs. Parkington" and then went to the Commodore to eat, drink and dance to Vaughan Thomas's orchestra. It was all very smooth and reminiscent of former good times. - Bill came back to the house afterwards. We stayed up rather late talking deeply. He's really serious, in a wonderful way, and I'm not confused any more. I'm so happy!
I really can't believe this! Bell came over early this afternoon and after much discussion, Mother and Dad decided I could go home to Welker Barre for the night—since Bell was ordered to return to camp a day earlier.

At about 2, Bell, Gladys, Mrs. Boyd—Bell's Grandmother and I started driving the 150 miles to Welker Barre. It was a grand fun way to take this long ride. Their home is just what I'd expected—and Bell is safer in this atmosphere. Little things like watching him for the furnace suddenly became important. We had a delicious seafood dinner in Welch, and then Bell and I thumbed through his old snapshot albums etc., back at his home. I felt as though I'd been there always.

I wish the time would pass so these boys plan for the future. Things could get tremendously deep now. In a way, I wish we'd let them. Damn the war!
Bill woke me up and I gulped breakfast before taking the 7:45 A.M. train back to Holland. He bought my ticket and a chair on the Pullman. Dad, I hated to say goodbye to Bill this time. He's definitely going overseas -- and I want to be with him as much more. I pray they picture phone comes soon. Oh, how I want the war to be over so they we could have a chance to live normally.

As soon as I got home Bill Brennan called and for the first time, I was home to talk to him. He came over and we dwelled around with mother and Dad. Then the evening I drove over to the Brennan's. (Breakfast with the boys -- supper with the Brennan's. Even the cold light of mornin' was very lovely.) Bill Brennan's real nice -- he felt no involved in the complications -- and seems slightly bewildered -- or perhaps I am.

These past few days have been the big one. So terribly thankful for them. And now they haven't changed.
I related around the house today writing a long letter to Bill and getting a big kick out of doing anything so simple as writing and tearing the handkerchief he gave me at the station. I have a terribly empty feeling without Bill and want to be with him so badly.

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

This has been the most perfect vacation ever—I sure wish I could live through it all again.
November 7

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

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

I got 84 on my law exam and the same on my French exam. I was real pleased.

There was a letter from Floyd CSSM alumni bulletin and a wonderful letter and postcard from Bill. He's so super, and I love him good! Roosevelt appears to be winning the election by a landslide. Dewey would have made a good man too.
We shopped around all day—going to classes—feeling around downtown doing shopping. Read the and Treasury work—and completely remodeling the pink in blue room as we chopped off the heads and feet of  our beds and hauled 25-lb. cement blocks up to the third floor, on which to rest the beds. I'm developing muscles! The extramural swimming meet took place this evening. It was quite exciting.

Neil Roosevelt — as the roll up the Fourth film.
We dashed around finishing our room today and it really looks smooth. We covered the desk and bookcase with blue material and filled our bed in true Roman couch style. We're really impressed with it - comes with a new outlook on life - the pink and blue room now involves a new lease on things, and we slam.

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

Annual Honor Convocation was today - I blamed as being one of the students honored and as sitting on the stage because of my scholarship. It was a thrill!
The storm has set in as we begin to do our rushing business in earnest—staying up day and night to do inventories and the like.

Grades came out today. Mine weren't too sharp: an A-3 80 and 2 Cs. The second C was in Modern Painting - can't understand it. I guess I just have my meddlesome in. I'm sure I can bring him up though.

I received a really kind letter from Bill today - he is on his way to Camp Lejeune, Texas, and I received a recording of his voice. It's tremendously sweet and thoughtful of him, and I miss him terribly!
A Nick of an Armistice Day!

November 11

Aclassless Saturday, but we were buried under the mass of excitement making aside from the usual Flat Hat, KD stuff and housing refreshments for the WIM ball dance.

Mr. McIvleen is down for the weekend and this evening Elaine and I went to the Lodge for dinner with her and Beth. Her brother came straight fre and the evening was a wonderful family affair. They’re all really tops and I love em. God, our weary outlook has been refreshed!
Our last day of quasi-peace and we took advantage of it to sleep real late today. From then on in we made invitations fell we dream of them and did last minute preparations for tomorrow as the deadline is here.

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

Already yet we're weary!
Rushing has started with a bang and every now and then our smiles have begun to wear thin around the edges. The thought that it'll all be over a week from now cheers us immensely, though.

There was no rushing this evening and we went to the concert given in the Cafe by Mona Faulee, the Metropolitan Opera Mezzo-Soprano. She was excellent and I enjoyed it tremendously.

I received a letter from Lee Shepherd, one of the Garberie soldiers from Camp Marshall whom I met on the train back to Allublisher last week.
And still the ever-increasing members of Freshmen pull-in. They’re all dear and I love ‘em. But I do wish I was seeing less of them.

I wept in the mail today—
from home. Jimmy (who has just bought a motorcycle), Eddie, and three letters from Bell in Texas (they’ve all piled up and just arrived today—his letters are all quite wonderful!)
My outlook has changed and to my amazement, I find that I'm almost enjoying 'Rushing' this year. Today was our Ration Book day and we dressed in gray shirts and yellow sweaters without shoes — very effective.

We dashed around all day and then I stayed up until 5:30 doing invitations.
Surprisingly I'm less tired today than I've been in a long time, perhaps because of getting little sleep last night.

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

I received two more sensational letters from Bill. He wants to give me his school rings. I don't know.
The last day of regular house-parties as we dressed up smartly in our black dresses and had a white rose ceremony. Now we devote ourselves to manual labor of decorating for our big parties Sunday and Monday. Tuesday the bids go out, and Wednesday we settle down to a normal existence again.

Another wonderful letter from Bel. He's written every day since she sent him, and is so tremendously sweet.
An interlude between house meetings and the parties, we worked quite hard putting up decorations for tomorrow's Candyland Party. While the manual labor approach begins, Bill's letter was kind of sad, as he plans to go overseas really soon, and then he wrote mother and dad a rather foolish letter. I want to be with him so badly.
We slept in, slept until time to get up for dinner today, and then dashed around doing last minute things for the Candyland Party. The Party was a success and all went better than expected.

This evening we went through the frustration of tearing down Candyland decorations and putting up decorations for Hotel Party.
The last day of Formal Rushing as we leave a sigh of reactionary relief and prepare to wait for the bids to come out tomorrow night and learn whom the sisters will be. This suspense is terrific.

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

A letter from Bill was rather hurried from overseas preparations but was very sweet. I have to think of him actually going overseas. I want the war to be over so tremendously—more than ever now.
A day of suspense, waiting to learn how many freshmen are going KD - as we bet off all our fingernails. Till we knew, Elaine, Beth, Eleanor and I went to the hedge for supper and then went to see "Sweet and Lovely," the Beany Goodman movie and felt so much better about the whole thing.

We sat around excitedly the rest of the evening - and nearly died at word that KD secured 39 pledges - all wonderful girls too. The second largest group was 25, which means we're really tops. Oh God, we're so terribly thrilled and happy about this whole thing, and can't believe it.
Our team persevered though we're still not convinced that KD had truly acquired 39 new sensational pledges. It's so much more than we'd ever hoped for, that it still hasn't penetrated.

At noon today, silence was broken, and we all swarmed out to the dorms to quicken and wake the new KDs to the Greeks' for lunch. We swarmed the place and made sure each one was down in our cabins.

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

Another wonderful letter from Bill, which gave me a rather convincing glow.
Back to an absurd normality as the realization dawns on me of how far behind we are in our work. It's an un-attractive prospect. I'd much rather relax and bask in the glory of our pledges, instead of driving away with the study business.

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

Today's letter from Bill was another terribly sweet one. He's so very understanding - keeps telling me to shop around, so that I'll really be sure of what I feel.
A rainy, miserable day with still more work to be accomplished. It doesn’t seem as though I can possibly get it done, but she thought that before and somehow I usually do get done. I really am busy for Christmas now. At this point, I did some of the work and then became involved in child psychology. It’s interesting stuff but of times becomes thoroughly involved. Bill’s letter was wonderful again. I’m getting so fat that from so many letters from him, but I love it.
I slept later this morning and then messaged around downtown doing the errands I hadn't had time for during Rushing.

This afternoon we had an informal Rush party for Virginia Morey, Joyce Welch, and Barbara Semons, three girls who were undecided when cards were handed out.

Tonight I was forced to do Chell cozy and was much annoyed at having to study as a Saturday evening especially since I had to fight a wonderful beam after having called Bill. It was a poor connection but his voice was quite clear and I heard him say a lot of wonderful things. I do so wish it were an around-the-corner call though.
A Sunday best forgotten since it involved much studying for Child Psych.

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

My little sisters are Margo Ross and Margie Berg. Best wonderful girls!
A mostly rainy day, with the Child Psych exam verging on the stinker variety—though I think I made a B out of it.

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

Mail from Mother and Dad, Floyd and Bill—all very nice. Bill seems to be doing very well with the 91st Chemical Battalion and I'm pleased.

Song practice and wreath meeting (our first since before Thanksgiving)

Elaine's and my Christmas presents to each other arrived. They're sensational, beer meets forth KD seed and our neckties.
This morning featured last minute studying for my Modern Painting exam which wasn't as bad as expected.

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

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

Beth and I have decided to go to Tappahannock to spend Thanksgiving with Happy and Darrel. It sounds like fun and we're really looking forward to it.

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

At seven Floppy and Secret and Pete met us in Tappahannock and drove us out to their beautiful home where they live all by themselves. They cooked supper and then we went to a typically small farm movie to see “There’s Something about a Soldier.” We had a soda and then pulled around the living room fire. Such a wonderful atmosphere.
Happy Virginia Thanksgiving! Bath and I slept late and then the four of us cooked a tremendous dinner: shrimp cocktail, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, creamed onions, peas, stuffed celery, biscuits, cranberry sauce and minced meatloaf. We sipped sherry and had a lovely time—having to leave and come back to Bellburg. It was really an experience being completely on our own—and much fun to be that domestic.

Back into the usual mad hyena at the AO house.

The 40th pledge: Jeanne Owens.
A day of much dashing around without a tremendous amount of accomplishment as we waited vainly for Lt. Taylor our inspecting Providence President to arrive.

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

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

I also heard from Floyd - he has a clerical job in Public Relations and seems pleased with it.
We officially gave up hopes of deer's arrival this weekend and made plans accordingly. This afternoon the K's went to the movies en masse for the annual Big Little deer party. Of course I'd already seen Mrs. Washington with Bill but I enjoyed it the second time around of almost painful romanticism.

I vaguely tried to study this evening and managed to write a few letters. We inaugurated our K'd beer mugs with cake and the like.
Sunday: We skipped church again, wishing that we'd gotten up in time to go. Helen Staples, Jean Corby, Margaret, and I went to the lodge for dinner (my wallet can't stand much more of this Big Sister treat business) and I finally ate my Thanksgiving turkey. It was real good!

This afternoon I hibernated in the Law Library for awhile, working on a mock trial for Tuesday's class, and then wandered around the Pink and Blue from the rest of the time.

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

Mother & Dad showed from the new home. In anticipates to see it!
After classes I hibernated in the law library, doing last minute stuff for tomorrow's mock trial. And then we got a stray into going to the movies with the kids. The picture, "Laura," was darling, and I enjoyed it tremendously.

We had W.S.C.Y.A. meeting and then pledged for our 40 gals. I tended toward the mass production angle, but was real impressive angles. A letter from Bill was real sweet.
In between and after classes, I settled down to studying a little for tomorrow's test, but was prevented from going very far by the constant influx of pledges into the pink and blue room.

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

Bill's letter was short. He is still fairly optimistic about going overseas via N.Y. around Christmas time. It would be too good to believe.
A busy day of classes, rec, test, and tidying up loose ends of Treasure stuff, etc. Tonight's program by Sandburg was even better than yesterday's. She's still enthralled by him!

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

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

Beth and I took Martha and Evelyn to the Lodge for dinner!
Pearl Harbor Day!

Wea. DECEMBER 7 Ther.

Real live steak for lunch and Pearl Harbor celebration observing a minute's silence whereby Dr. Conkright bought $50,000 worth of War Bonds in the name of the College. The rest of the day I took a Modern Painting quiz and then labored in the library studying on my Soc. Terminology on the alums of N.Y. I have so much to do — it really seems impossible. If I should live till Jones —!
Such a lovely day! I studied in the library and made headway on my term paper. But finally arrived and Eleanor and I took her to the Hodge for dinner. He's a pleasant Providence president.

Tonight we had a Christmas dance in the Great Hall in Wien with 50 or 60 Corps lieutenants. Four girls from each company were chosen to go and I was lucky enough to be one of them. It was terribly smooth and I had a sensational time. My lieutenant—Ted... (unpronounceable) from Buffalo was a good guy and I had much fun.

Bill's letter—a 10-page—went into details over an interesting incident in Austria. I'm so glad he's a right guy.
A pleasant day – I dashed around accomplishing things this morning – having my conference with kit – and then Janet Hilton and I cooked lunch for the Council and kit.

(I’m really becoming domesticated!)

This afternoon we had meetings and then I went to the library to finally find research on my slim pamphlet – now I just have to write and type it.

This evening we played checkout for two hours to see “When Their Eyes are Smiling” – a waste of time!

A very sweet letter from Bill – he is so understanding!
We slept until 10:30 and then I settled down in front of my trusty typewriter to begin tapping away on my Joe newspaper. I kept at it all day even through dinner with time out for a meeting with Bob — and visiting with Claire — and by the time I finally finished I felt that I'd been wallowing through the blame myself.
Today was much the same as yesterday, with me dashing around trying to accomplish things but meetings and the like kept me from getting very much done. Two weeks from today is Christmas. I should live so long to see it. I imagine that I well.

Mail from home was pleasant and encouraging - a letter from Floyd mentioning my weekend how last month was slightly infuriating and confusing.
My bow report has been postponed and so I had a few extra hours today— I bought gifts and presents for a Christmas box for a soldier at the POE (Wade is flying several hundred of them) and then gathered twice and instructions to knit an army sleeveless sweater for the Red Cross— if I ever furnish it the U.S. morale will probably reach tremendous.

Today's letter from Bill was the best yet— he topped it off by sending me a beautiful silver filigreed butterfly pen. I'm so pleased with it and am really learning.
An interlude day of classes and studying for tomorrow's Modern Painting exam with another of time spent in knitting - and going to chapel.

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

Happy thoughts!

Today's letter from Bill was short but sweet.
Today was devoted to studying. All morning I went through Modern Painting and then took the exam at 2:30. After a half-hour's interlude I dove into Child Psychology and began the process all over again. Will this week ever be over and done with?

This evening Janet, Sheila, Betty, Ann and I snuck away to see the college play, "Jesus and the Jaycock." It was a difficult production and they did a real good job of it. Liz had a small part, but was excellent in her role.
The Child Royel Exam was grammer than expected, but most of the most concentration of exams and papers is done with and so I'm happy!

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

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

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

The letter from Bill was terrific, they get better all the time.
I slept late at Ann's and then got up to walk downtown—did Treasury stuff and bought Christmas presents. Hillsburg doesn't have much to offer in the line of present material but it is exhausting its potentials.

Tonight Elaine and I went to Brenda Parlo House to help clean up after their tea this afternoon and then trimmed the KD Xmas tree and decorated the house with pine and holly. Much fun—so really in the spirit now!

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

The pledge gave a tea this afternoon which seemed to be a success. We ate leftover refreshments for supper and then Elaine, Beth and Jay and I went to Breton to hear the choir sing Handel’s “Messiah”. It was very long but lovely.

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

I called Mother and Dad.

Eleanor gave me a painting of Boston which she had done for Christmas, I’m so pleased.
Christmas tradition is here! We dashed around making last minute preparations for tonight's gala party and got carried away by the spirit of things.

We went to the impressive Candlelight Service in the Chapel and then our party started with Santa Claus bringing gifts out the presents. I was so lucky to receive: two bracelets from Cary, 10 matches from Paul, Safarel cologne from Margo, Revlon lipstick and nail polish from Margie, lipstick from Ann and perfume from her. Besides a 104 gift to be returned for the crippled children's hospital. I'm so pleased! We attended the haylooms with carols and had such a lovely time!
The last day of classes before vacation. I gave my report on the Hebrew Legal System in Introduction to Law, but the rest of the day passed without excitement.

This afternoon Cary, Sheila and I went to see Cary Grant and Ethel Barrymore in a deep Brandt tone but the Lonely Heart. It excelled in stark reality, and made me practically numb.

Tonight Kay, Kay and I went to Holly Miller's for an egg nog party and a cozy chat. They were.
The trip home was uneventful as Elaine and I dozed most of the way — with the Christmas rush and train wrecks causing us to reach New York two hours late. Natchially Mother, Dad, Lizzi and Glory — here to meet me — were taking part in a little family drama, but when my homecomings usually are eventful, so that wasn't too surprising.

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

A letter from Bill sent to Billingsburg before I left was really terrific. I miss her guy!
It was strange awakening in my new home, but I soon got used to it and moved around, looking at it in daylight.

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

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

Mr. Zaeller and Nana both came for a little while. Bill Brenner phoned several times — we had gay conversations.
Mother and I made cookies this morning, and then went into Brooklyn to push a few more robes in the last minute Christmas rush. I finished buying my presents and then we picked up Dad and drove on home.

The evening was quiet with phone calls and my finishing the Red Cross newsletter I began last week. I've become a homemaker!

The Christmas cards have been pouring in. It's nice to hear from people unheard from for a long time—though rather sad to receive them from the South West Pacific and Belgium, etc. And how I pray that the war will be over next Christmas!!

The effective German counteroffensive makes it all the more necessary for us to be merry.
We wrapped packages and shopped the day away, really getting into the spirit but feeling rather low at the thought of those in the armed services who won't be home for Christmas, and of those who can't even be home for another one. War is hell—it's hard to fit into the 'Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will' approach.

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

A very sweet note from Mrs. Boyl—she's a grand person!
Christmas Eve - A day of much pleasantness, staying close to home as stray people dropped in. This afternoon I was surprised to receive a carriage and immense where stuffed dog with a card reading "Love from a Silent Admirer!" My curiosity was aroused!

We celebrated Christmas tonight while listening to carols on the radio. As always, I played the role of the spoiled brat and received a lush black suit, blue blouses, pajamas, and the usual money, stationary, silver, towels, etc. I'm very lucky! - Shining moment came when I opened Bill's present to find a beautiful brown pocketbook and pair of brown gloves - in the change purse of the pocketbook were two bright pennies and his high school ring for good luck. I beam.
"Merry Christmas!" as we try to get into the Yuletide spirit but aren't very successful what with constant reminders of the hellish fighting all over the world, so the Americans are really meeting defeat from the Germans in Belgium. God, when will it end?!!

I stopped at Kettler's and then Cary and C. B. came over for dinner, which was real good. Janice, Mrs. Brennan and Pat's came later.

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

This has been a really pleasant Christmas although I long for one which really exemplifies "Peace on Earth." I want that so badly!
Up early, and into the City to meet some of the Crosby gang: Elayne, Barrett, Dorothy, Harry, and Jean for a grand reunion. We had much fun seeing Judy Garland in "Meet Me in St. Louis" and having lunch at the Famous Kitchen and a pleasant time was had by all.

I roamed around the house this evening working thank you notes and the like—catching up on stuff long overdue.

Two letters from Bill—sensored from Tokyo. The time is drawing near!
The day went quietly as I wrote more letters and generally relaxed till time to have my hair set at Joy's and Ann's. Mother and I met Dad for dinner at the St. George on the snow flurries, and after talking awhile in the lobby came on home.

Reggie had left a note saying "big news. Stay home", and before I'd let myself believe that it could mean Bill was in New York, the doorbell rang and there he was, as I knew there was a Santa Claus. He is stationed at Kelmere and expects to leave for overseas any day. He had a 12-hour pass and played here from 9:30 P.M. until 4:00 A.M. We trekked over to Yoshi's to find them out, and then dined out, home—talked, drank coffee and ate chicken sandwiches—still time for him to leave. I'm really lucky!
With last night still assuming the role of a dream, Mother and I went into the Roy to see "Winged Victory" - the wonderful Air War show made into a good a movie as the Stage production. We had lunch in the China Clipper and then came home.

This evening I decided to go to Audrey's much-talked-off 21st Birthday Cocktail Party, snipping occasionally cause I would have preferred dressing to go out with Bill. The Party was festive and most nice: - Sensational Event, occurring when Audrey "let the cat out of the bag" and flashed a diamond from Jack on the appropriate finger. Is hardly seen, possible. Time marches on!
I moseyed around the house in the morning and then Mother and I went into Brooklyn to see Irene Dunne & Charles Boyer in "Together Again" and "The Missing Juror". We had a late brunch of bacon and eggs and then picked up Dad at the office or bring him on home.

When we got here Reggie said Bill had phoned. I whooped cause that meant I'd see him again. He soon called back - ate with the Johnys and then came on over. Mother, Dad, Bill and I sat around talking and sipping a highball. It was awfully homely and I loved it good. Bill and I are really terribly lucky - of all weeks that I'd be home when he passed through New York. It's all quite wonderful. Bill is a super guy - how I want the end of the war to come!
A hectic, but wonderful day! This afternoon I played around with Jackie Yolen, trying to give her an intelligence test for child psych. Many tense moments passed as she made coy remarks about Bill. She's so happy; feels keenly competition which might mean she isn't Bill's best girl anymore. Later this afternoon Bill phoned again on a third 12-hour pass. He had 3 buddies with him; and so Glory and we and Joanie and I met the four of them and took to the Cafe Rouge all evening where Lee Brown was playing. It was much fun, and a good time was had by all. So Bill and I danced around in more of a glowing haze. Love can be mighty wonderful. Yes I long for a natural existence.
The climactic end to the year! Audrey and I went to St. Luke's and were moved by the New Year service. Father, Dad, Liz and I went to the Fish House for dinner and then drove home when shortly afterwards Bill phoned to say he has another pass as I breathed a sigh of relief and happiness. We came out for a light supper (I whipped up biscuits) and because it would have been so hectic in the city we stayed home—wanted to go to a church, but none were open—dropped by at Yohey's and at Hana's then back home for talks with the family and each other. He wants to give me an engagement ring if not now at graduation time, but we decided to wait until after the war. I guess I'll be engaged to be engaged though. Very merry!