1945

Margaretta Hiroch
FIVE YEAR DIARY

1945
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Season</th>
<th>Sign</th>
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<td>Spring</td>
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<td></td>
<td>GEMINI —</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
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<td>PISCES —</td>
<td>The Fishes</td>
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WHAT THE STARS SAID WHEN YOU WERE BORN

CAPRICORNUS
December 21st to January 20th

People born under this sign are deep thinkers, natural orators and teachers. They are worshippers of intellect and devotees to book knowledge. They resent all interference and never meddle in the affairs of others. They are fine entertainers and excel in story telling. When jolly these people are very jolly; when miserable they are more miserable than all others put together, and can usually give no adequate reason for their wretchedness. Once a friend always a friend is true of these people.

THE CUSP OF CAPRICORNUS-AQUARIUS
January 20th to 26th

Women of this cusp have great business ability. They can speculate, build houses, keep boarders, in fact run any kind of a business with ease and success. The business ability of these people assures them plenty of money. They are original in all their ways, decided and sometimes exceedingly obstinate.

AQUARIUS
January 20th to February 19th

People born under this sign are said to be the strongest and the weakest people in the world. They are naturally endowed with great possibilities which when understood and appreciated take them to supreme heights of strength and usefulness, and when ignored or unrecognized cause them to be creatures of impulse and fluctuating desire. To learn to know opportunity and to improve it, is the key to Aquarius genius. Aquarius people are honest and kind-hearted and are endowed with considerable natural discrimination. Their truest friends and companions are to be found under Aries, Sagittarius and Aquarius.
THE CUSP OF AQUARIUS-PISCES
February 19th to 25th

The Pisces generosity and prodigality are tempered by the thought of the main personal chance, which is one of the chief characteristics of Aquarius. They are honorable in all business relations and mean to carry this principle of truth into everything that they do. But they have very little conscience about social engagements. They are so kindly that they wish to oblige everybody, and so they promise and forget, promise and ignore. There are some gay Lotharios and some heartless coquettes at this point. When happily married they are the most joyous people on earth.

PISCES
February 19th to March 21st

These people are very loyal to their friends and will defend them whether right or wrong. They will even deny themselves the comforts of life to further the interest of relative or friend.

They are very fond of beautiful things in nature and art. They are fond of responsibility and can be relied upon to fill places of trust. Those trained to methodical business methods make excellent accountants, cashiers and bookkeepers. There are very few egotists among Pisces people. They have a deep religious feeling. Their best companions are found under Virgo and Capricorn.

CUSP OF PISCES-ARIES
March 21st to 27th

These people have great ability to carry projects, schemes and details to successful conclusions. They always have something new on hand. They have been called the advance guard of civilization. Their great kindness and enthusiasm concerning people and events make them very fascinating and helpful companions. Their loyalty can at all times be depended upon.

ARIES
March 21st to April 19th

People born under Aries are usually very executive, earnest and determined. They accomplish what they resolve to do against all
opposition. They are leaders and naturally dominate those about them. They are good scholars, are bright, genial, witty and great talkers. They can always lead the conversation into new and interesting paths, and are never at a loss to provide entertainment. They will find their best companions and most congenial friends among those born under Sagittarius, and next with those under their own sign.

Cusp of Aries
April 19th to 25th

People born on either of these six days will show unusual strength in all mental directions. They are not always physically robust, but have a very wiry, tenacious nature which seems to meet all emergencies, for they have an invincible determination to win.

Taurus
April 19th to May 20th

This is a very hard sign to overcome. Those born under it are kind and fearless and very magnanimous when not irritated. They are generous and apt to load themselves with the burdens of others. Money has no special value in their eyes except for the good it will do. They often become leaders as they are most powerful mentally and spiritually. When friendly they are very loyal, but when they become enemies they are the most bitter and relentless of the whole twelve signs. Their best friends and companions are found under Capricorn and Libra.

The Cusp of Taurus-Gemini
May 20th to 26th

These people are said to be gifted in any domain they may seek to enter. They are thinkers, orators and inventors. Their brains and their hands seem to work in harmony. These people are very busy and helpful when at their best and very indolent when not in good spirits. They are exceedingly proud and would prefer starvation to dependence. The blending of spiritual and material qualities in their natures is most powerful for good when understood.
GEMINI
May 20th to June 21st

Many Gemini persons may be said to be double. One trait of character seems to contradict another trait—in other words they have a dual nature in active operation. They want to travel and they want to stay at home. They wish to study and they wish to play. They are happy and unhappy, satisfied and dissatisfied at the same time. They are in love and not in love, warm and cold in one breath.

Gemini people are often very executive with their hands. They can cut and plan, and if not interfered with, will bring the work to a beautiful completion though they are not able to tell beforehand how they are going to do it.

THE CUSP OF GEMINI-CANCER
June 21st to 27th

These people are very self-willed and opinionated, though the best friends and neighbors on earth if left alone. Women born in this cusp are often coquettes. They possess a magnetic personality that draws everyone to them. These people are brilliant. They are fluent talkers and sometimes great readers. The genius of this cusp is kindliness.

CANCER
June 21st to July 22nd

This sign is called the paradox of the twelve. Those born under it have a persistent will; a clutch of determination, intuition and purpose. They are invincible to argue with and cannot be talked out of a thing, but if their feelings are hurt they are apt to lose heart and abandon whatever they have undertaken. Their great sensitiveness leads them into the most absurd extremes. They are as strong as giants and as weak as infants. They are ardent lovers of home and have fine executive ability in its management. Congenial companions will be found in Pisces and Scorpio.
SCORPIO

October 23rd to November 22nd

The genius of eloquence is sometimes a direct inheritance of those born under this sign. They are powerful and magnetic speakers and when their spiritual nature is aroused they make the most popular and convincing clergymen. One strong characteristic of these people is a silent, dignified superiority of appearance. They are especially fond of outdoor sports and are natural lovers of travel. Best companions will be found under Pisces, Libra and Virgo.

CUSP OF SCORPIO-SAGITTARIUS

November 22nd to 28th

This is a point of energy and invincible determination. These people learn equally from books and from experience. They are sometimes remarkable imitators and if properly trained, are graceful in manner and agreeable in speech. These people are afraid of nothing. The word of the woman is law in her household. However, failure to receive what is considered due praise and consideration has a marked effect upon their happiness.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22nd to December 21st

People of this sign rarely make mistakes when they follow their own inspirations but are sure to be led astray if they rely upon the advice of others. Sagittarius people are distinguished for minding their own business and keeping their own secrets. They always want to finish one thing before beginning another and are as remarkable for their carefulness in detail as are the Aries people for carelessness. These people are enterprising and progressive, always courageous in an emergency, but frequently timid and afraid when there is no need for action or quick thought. An emergency is an inspiration. These people will find their best companions among Aries, Sagittarius, Aquarius and Libra people.
## Generally Observed Holidays

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### Easter Sundays

- 1945—April 1
- 1946—April 21
- 1947—April 6
- 1948—March 28
- 1949—April 17
- 1950—April 9
- 1951—March 25
- 1952—April 13
- 1953—April 5

### Variable Church Days

- **Shrove Tuesday**: Day before Ash Wednesday
- **Ash Wednesday (Lent Begins)**: 45 days before Easter
- **Palm Sunday**: One week before Easter
- **Good Friday**: Two days before Easter
- **Easter**: See above (Governed by Paschal Full Moon)
- **Advent**: Sunday following Thanksgiving
FIXED CHURCH DAYS

January 1 .................................. Circumcision
January 6 .................................. Epiphany
January 25 .................................. Conversion of St. Paul
February 2 .................................. Purification B.V.M.
March 17 .................................. St. Patrick
April 25 .................................. St. Mark
May 1 .................................. St. Philip and St. James
June 24 .................................. St. John the Baptist
June 29 .................................. Sts. Peter and Paul
July 25 .................................. St. James
August 6 .................................. Transfiguration
August 24 .................................. St. Bartholomew
September 21 .................................. St. Matthew
September 29 .................................. Michaelmas
October 18 .................................. St. Luke
October 28 .................................. St. Simon and St. Jude
November 1 .................................. All Saints’ Day
November 2 .................................. All Souls’ Day
December 20 .................................. St. Andrew
December 21 .................................. St. Thomas
December 25 .................................. Christmas Day
December 26 .................................. St. Stephen
December 27 .................................. St. John the Evangelist
# BIRTHSTONES AND FLOWERS

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<tr>
<td>December</td>
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# WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

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<tr>
<td>Yale University</td>
<td>New Haven, Conn.</td>
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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O, say can you see by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war’s desolation:
Blest with vict’ry and peace, may the heav’n-rescued land
Praise the Pow’r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: “In God is our trust.”

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1780-1843)
January 1, 1945

When aren't to come.

to a movie and eat ice cream.

from Uncle John in the year

from 1945.

been in the beginning. Hi.

has ever to our dinner and

will be lost over for writing.

in a few days' time.

it is a happy day.

to have a few and

are exhausted. So... no easy way.

agreeing of a busy morning.

the end of the year and the

do some things - go away.

they will have a new world

more important in this year's

with thoughts and prayer.

January, 1945
January 2

1945

An amazing day. Had a wonderful day, with my friend to the New Year’s Eve dance at the beach and dance with Bill Boyd. We had dinner at the Boulevard Hotel and had a wonderful time. We went to the fair with Bill and met "Hattie". We danced and had a good time. We got home at 2 a.m. and had a fun time.
1945 Stayed home this morning, reading older Nash (just received from Elaine), and then after lunch, Mother and I went into Brooklyn to do shopping before meeting Dad at his office. We drove to New York and while Dad went to the dentist's, Mother and I bought me a smooth black faille suit before having dinner at the Pennsylvania Hotel. After various phone calls home, we met Bill in the Plan Lobby and we all drove Dad back to the St. George before going home. Bill and I talked and straightened out things completely. I want them to come home with all my heart and pray that he will be home safely and soon. He tried hard to be gay, but I finally broke down and cried. Saying goodbye to him was one of the hardest things I've ever done. I'm really in love for the first time.
JANUARY 4

1945 - Finally my lack of sleep in the past week caught up with me and I groggily dressed to come back to Billsburg. Mother, Dad, Lizzie, and Bill Brennan saw me off at Penn Station and the end of the most wonderful vacation ever ended. I hate to see it's end.

19 Elaine, Cary, both and I came down together. The trip was uneventful except for a shakeup at Washington when we were dispossessed from our car and were forced to scramble around to get on another. It was complicated.

Back in Billsburg with much sketches and comparing of notes of Christmas time. I go on blaming with happiness, though, I have an empty feeling at the same time.

Mail from Bill Hughes & Bill Breaklars.
1945. The first day of classes again, but I can't get back into a rut though the prospect threatens.

After classes Cary, Lou and I went to the station to pick up our suitcases and then left Elaine, Cary, Elvis and I went to see "Hollywood Canteen" - which was really quite good.

A quiet evening at home! Dick phoned me from Penn State - another pass - and we talked for over five minutes. He sounded wonderful. I miss him so very much...

Hat ring...
1945 A completely uneventful day, as I slept real late and then read the Dorothy Parker which Pete gave me for Christmas. Some Flat that stuff -- and a KD Council meeting took up the rest of the day, with this evening concentrating on crazy doings of all kinds with a few bull sessions thrown in for good measure.

I wrote home, Bill, Mrs. Boyd, and Floyd.
1945 I caught up on some of the sleep I so cheerfully missed during vacation, when Elaine and I slept almost until noon. We got up finally to clean the room and go to dinner.

This afternoon, Janet and I worked away at the US Treasury, getting quite a bit of it done.

I certainly will be glad when I hand that lot over to her. It's been interesting and wonderful experience, but still I'll be glad when it's over and done with.

Elaine and I went to Candlelight Services at Parish tonight. Not many people were there, but I got a lot out of it.
1945 We ducked in between showers all day. Going to classes and strolling around downtown (Claire and I are the breakfast girls this week). Going to Student government meeting, song practice and KD meeting, with time out to read "Moon and Serpence" for a Modern Painting report and to knit an inch on a second Red Cross sweater which I started today.

A letter from Jeff written last Thursday, said how fond he is of Mother and Dad and how he loved our informal way with each other last week. It was so wonderful.

1945 I also heard from home, Teddie (safe in Belgium Dec. 16) and Elayne.
JANUARY 9

1945 Today went by with much concentration on Child Psychology, finishing all the stuff for the semester - except learning it - and going to a Y.W.C.A. meeting.

I felt terribly anxious today, what with a box of candy bars from Dad and a new laundry box full of things from Mother along with sweet mail from home - and stray letters from Joanie, Gloria and Hilda. Who wants me to go home for her wedding Feb. 10th.
JANUARY 10

1945 At first the fates seemed against me, as I did without breakfast and lunch to study contracts only to have Woodbridge ask me something other than what I'd studied. Then all afternoon Janet and I worked over the treasury books having to sweat blood to make them finally balance. During an interlude I scraped my leg on a concrete block near my bed.

A card from Dad said Bill had gone to Davis and Week, and a letter from Bill written Sunday told me of a trip to the Stage door Can teen. I sure wish I could be there too.

11:30 P.M. Bill phoned from Walter Kares. For some confusing reason his sexton a 5-day fiddler. He might be able to come down. He sounded supr...
JANUARY 11

1945 This has been a lovely day: I went to my two classes and then buried myself in the Fine Arts Library writing a term paper on Paul Cézanne. That was all kind of dull, but then this evening I spoke at pledge meeting, giving a Treasury pep talk (they seemed impressed), went to Backdrop Club meeting where plans discussed for the Varsity Show, and went to the piano concert given by Robert Casadesus. He was truly excellent and I loved it. Live flowed all day.
Classes went as usual... and then this afternoon I did some Flax Hat stuff and laid in supplies for breakfast, with slight energies devoted to writing my Modern Painting Term paper.

We had a big ole meeting tonight to decide who will live where in the house next semester. Elaine and I are finally moving down to second floor... feeling slightly like heels for it's disarranging so many people, but after giving in for 2 1/2 years we don't feel that much like heels. I tried to call Bill, but he and Gladys were visiting the Smiths.
1945 A pleasant day, awakening to read a powerful letter just received from Bill, telling me how hard it was to decide not to come down to Bellafry but to stay in Wilkes-Barre instead. It is only fair thing to do, though - I feel I owe him something today, but he was out with Gladys once more and I spoke to Mrs. Boyd instead. This afternoon I finished my Chapter in Modern Painting.}

JANUARY 13

1945 Another wonderful letter from Bill, and then later this evening, as I was writing the above letter, he called. He is really wonderful.
1945 A pleasantly peaceful Sunday. We three slept late again, getting up to dust Venetian blinds, sweep the floor and straighten desks and dresser tops before trekking across campus to the cafeteria for a chicken dinner.

This afternoon we listened to Beethoven's Second Symphony as I furiously copied notes from classes I'd cut during the semester until 7:15 when the pledges gave me the surprise a surprise party. We played guessing games, one of which I won, sharing a miniature moonshine still for a prize and ice cream and cookies and beer singing around the piano. I was all fine.

I wrote big for letters home to Bill.
JANUARY 15

1941. The midnight has started and as of this afternoon we whipped up an ominous “Do Not Disturb Sign” and buried ourselves behind closed doors. I read Corporation Finance & was really bored by it. Now I know why none in the class has read any of it since October!

19 We came out of hibernation long enough for song practice and KS meeting, which turned hysterical as Janet Miller and Betty Ann took over. Ann read a KS history, and when I sneezed in sensational fashion because of my secret marriage in December and consequent birth of sextuplets!

Nice letters from Mother & cards from Dad — also a sweet note from Bill written Friday evening. I sure do miss him!
January 16

1945. Another day devoted to the boredom of corporation finance, but I finally managed to catch up on it all and feel as though I accomplished something at last. I took time out to go to a Seneca and class meeting, but otherwise stayed quite close to the peak and blue room. So soon get the internation work begins!

A sweet letter from Bell. Written Saturday, enclosed a letter from hi and written August 11, 1942 after Bell's first furlough in answer to an apparently favorable talk about me. . . . agreed to come to N.Y. to meet me. It was really beautifully written. I wish I could have gotten to know him better before he died.
JANUARY 17

1945 And so another day passes! This time concentrating to a certain degree on Modern Painting, with slight spare time devoted to a few extra ball sessions. This evening Elaine and I went to chapel, at which a wonderful chaplain spoke (he was really terrific!) and then the whole chapter gathered for a surprise shower for Jane Miller, who will marry Paul next month after she graduates. That's my idea of college: parties, roses, singing and the lake; but study I must!
I got a B in an old Child Psychology exam - also a sweet note from Mrs. Bayl.
1945 With just one class today I could really settle down to studying Introduction to Law being appalled by the depth of legal terms to be learned.

There's sooo much to do but come hell or high water I've got it learned!

This evening we all broke away from studying to hear Norman Thomas the Socialist leader speak on the Pule of Peace. He really had some good ideas: against Roosevelt's "Unconditional Surrender" concept. Imperialism etc...

He expressed himself very well.

A note from Dad and one from Bill with two words: reasoned. He still doesn't know his immediate future or couldn't tell it at any rate.
1945 Reading period began and the
house assumed a student-like atmosphere,
but we really got around to studying.
"Urban Soc" was reasonably interesting
and I accomplished a lot.

Bill's letter was sweet-no
new development as of last Tuesday
though. Mother wreath that various
people around Hills are mentioning
my engagement. That's how rumors spread!
The stagnation process is really setting in, and what with snarlings of Corporation Finance and Introduction to Law, interwoven emphasis on Child Psych — my cigarette supply is diminishing and I'm even reverting to childish habits of nibbling away at stray fingernails.

A terrific letter from Bell, written Thursday at the St. George while waiting to have dinner with Dad. He said how I wish I could be in on this cause in a couple o' months. I'll be in New York and Bell won't. There isn't any justice!
The rut deepens as we go on plodding through the students approach with the same old pauses for three daily looks to the cafeteria, as meager inspiration. The saturation point for child psych in fast approaching and my brain is wearin'.

I called home - learned that Danny was there - also the phenomenal news that Stephy is engaged!
January 22

19 A pleasant day inspite of a Child vagel exam which tended toward the grim in part - but I reckon I got at least a B out of it.

19 I was real thrilled today when Mr. Ward phoned to tell me that the Institute of Public Relations (government men such as broke the Post and had a special program for training 30 college grads from the whole country for a government job which sounds quite fascinating) - and they wanted me to go as one of the 30. Big honor but it involves the Washington approach which is our. I was pleased. Who?

Wedding invitation from Hedge

19 Letter from stone (merge is engaged!!?) she stopped from Bob Brennan with her picture as girl leader of Austin - and sweet letter from Bill. How to reach Lucy!
JANUARY 23

1945. The law exam was deep, but I felt as though I knew it quite well. I'm really learning things during this exam period even if my marks don't show it. I'm real weary of this study in approach though!

And I know present (Post cards and personal labels) and a letter from Joane one plus a wonderful box from home.
My 501 exam was terrific. I wrote steadily for three hours and I’m completely beat. The end of the term is beginning to approach.

Bright spots today were mail from home, a really sweet letter from Bill, still not knowing his future and an A in Introduction to Law — best paper in the class. I brought it up from a B- and am really pleased.

I’m pass weary! We went to chapel but couldn’t even relax there!
JANUARY 25

1945. Studying all the time with just enough time out to take my Modern Painting exam. It wasn't bad at all. I hope I got a B out of it.

Bell's letter was written in a lowdown morale mood— from the Yakey in Dallas Tuesday. Sam: if I were only there too. It's horrid that he should be there when Dick was. Such a waste of time!
1945 "Up at six to study for my Corporation Finance exam, which wasn't too bad, and then this afternoon I took a complete break - cleaned up the room, read magazines and went to see "Something for the Boys" - a corny musical which served as an outlet. To see to relay and get out of the exam phobia for a change. a bit from home!"
1945. This has been a lazy sort of day. No such concentrated studying as I tried to get the contracts approved without going far to heart and soul. That'll come tomorrow, but today gave me much of the sitting behind a book sort of thing while

19 Cause, Eleanor and I would have over weird childhood experiences in hysterical fashion. Somehow or other I got to unearthing some almost forgotten memories and have had them laughing all day. I fear it was a mistake though, cuz like elephants they never forget and I don't expect to hear the end for several months...
I called home today which was the only cheery spot in a day otherwise devoted to contracts. Lawry, I'm living for tomorrow this time when it'll all be over and I can collapse in a neat little corner. It's a happy prospect.
1945 The end has come with a contract exam which was a
veritable stinker — and I'm
too weary to enthuse, though
I am in a relatively cheery
mood!

A letter from Bill Hughes —
and two terrific ones from
Bill, did much for my morale.
To get into a reactionary
attitude I whipped up
supper for Elma, Beth, Eleanor
and me. It was fun — as I
reverted to a different
personality.

Bewildering events came in the
form of a telegram from Gladys
SageTonight saying "I just
spoke to Bill. He will try to
see you if you get home." I'm
confused.
JANUARY 30

1945 Then lunch to sleep lavash and spend the rest of the morning in bed reading Dorothy Parker — then to see a movie, "Winged Victory" in the afternoon before going to the coffee shoppe with Kay, Kay, Betty and Betty Ann — with bill socalled and bridge game going on all the time.

Another sweet note from Bill — and A in Corporation Finance (I thought to up from C and am so pleased! kept me cheery!

19 Mother called to say Bill had phoned her. It sounds as tho he is going over real soon. It's best I don't go lone!
JANUARY 31

1945 More sleep and Dorothy Parker to make a really pleasant morning—then knitting on my Army sweater and a long dress walk before seeing "The Thin Man Goes Home"—a good murder mystery. The evening was devoted to chapel and bell voices with much listening to the vespers—especially our newly acquired "I Wanna Get Married."  

19 I got an A in Contracts which really amazes me, since the exam honestly was a stinker. These grades can't keep up! Mail from Bill Breaman and Bill Hughes.
February 1

1945 Life has never been like this. We stayed up real late last night, talking about everything in general and as we stayed in bed this morning till almost 11. Then Beth and I mugged around cooking lunch, playing bridge and talking till 4:30 When we finally got dressed. I turned emergence and moved most of my belongings to the dresser downstairs and packed a box full of miscellaneous to send home. (You’d die at the sight of the junk.)

1945 So much more tired than ever before. A letter from Belle Breken, I kept my B in Vets Soc!
1945 Ground Hog Day! - As we go from one form of Hell to another, the most current being the mad confusion of moving to the second floor - while Ann, Judy and Joy have already moved into the pink and blue room. Sheila and Betty Ann haven't left the railroad room and the stuff is piled sky high. We hope to be settled tomorrow night.

Aside from moving and bustling at the Treasury and doing that work - a gang of us went to see Allen Ladd and Loretha Young in "And Now Tomorrow" (very cute).

A visit Chile Ryck - my cousin. She is so pleased.

Mama Boone arrived for the weekend - nice gal!
1945 Got up to register at 10 with Dr. March and am very pleased with my schedule: Latin America, Advertising, Contemporary Social Movements, Public Finance, Business Seminar, and Marshall-Wynne Seminar. They all sound fascinating - and don't even involve any 5 o'clock or afternoon classes with the exception of the seminars. I'm really glad.

We went to see Jane Miller, Betty Ken, Jamie and others graduate (cultural through unimpressive ceremony) and then spent the rest of the day and evening moving to the second floor. We're practically settled and seem most of being dead tired.

Bill called - still in New York - and talked informally for over 10 minutes. It was pretty wonderful!
February 4

19 As I slept soundly until 11:30, which proves how tired we were from the moving process—just dreaming in time for dinner. The rest of the day involved more bridge games and bull sessions, and some stray letter-writing before the new semester begins. I still can’t believe that it’s the last semester—four months from tonight we graduate!!

19 No Spring vacation rumors (to date) traveling) have become official. Too bad—but the fact that we’ll graduate a week earlier offers compensation.
The first day of the semester and I begin because even now the schedule ahead threatens to be terrific -- and I wanted to relax my last semester. Oh well! We had our first Latin American and Contemporary Soc. classes today, and Mr. enthusiastic over them both. We also had a 2-hour conference with Dr. March for Business Seminar, and I cringe at the research report I have to prepare for it. This evening home, attacked and cooked dinner home and then prepared for the barrage of assignments and soreness meeting, with plans being made to convince me that Feb. is a very busy month. Mail from home, Bill and Freddie well but wear in Belgium.
FEBRUARY 6

1945. The weather has featured everything from rain to snow today, and so we stayed close to home aside from short walks downtown and going to classes. Advertising sounds fascinating and Public Finance even promises to be interesting. They all involve so much work through daily assignments of a complicated variety, term papers and the like. I wasn't drinking or needing a 72-hour day this semester either!

Along about now I'm overwhelmed with the Scholastic Approach to things. My Modern Painting Rock Card came home today and I was really surprised to see Joe brought my other Crip to an A too, so that the final total of grades reached the astonishing total of FAs and 1B - or a 5.81 average out of a possible 6.0. So thrilled - rather stunned by it all now.

I really pegged letter from Bill - my laundry boy - and mail from Joanie Beth and Glenda.
FEBRUARY 7

1945: What a day! Classes and work on seminar took up most of the time - and then Marge and Evelyn took back and me to the coffee shop for supper - very pleasant. I came back, rested, and went to the USO to spend 2 hours playing bridge with several sisters. It was fun and I enjoyed it.

When I came back, I found that Bill had called me. He phoned again and I decided that if it's all right with mother and Dad, I'll take the chance of going home Friday whether he'll still be there or not. It's worth the risk! I phoned Mother and she seemed grudgingly approving. I'll get the verdict tomorrow.
February 8

1946. It's all settled that I'm going home tomorrow, and at this point I'm too rushed to gather a coherent impression of the situation.

19. Advertising class, under Mr. Towler, a color expert sounds really fascinating. I went over to the Placement Bureau and had a stimulating talk with Corey and Towler — then a talk with Dr. March. I love those men in that department! They're all really wonderful!


Charles' Day of Williams & Mary!
February 9

1945
The trip home was amazingly quite pleasant and smooth. Going, Janet and I had seats near of the way, and our train was only a half-hour late reaching our station.

Mother and Dad met me, and we had a bit to eat at the station before coming home. It's good to be here.

No word from Bill--I fear he's been shipped out. To think that he's probably missed calling him by less than 48 hours is really frustrating! He

Bill Brennan called for a lengthy chat!
February 10

1945 I stayed close to home all day -- relaxing, reading stray magazines, and even working on a bit of tapestry. -- and rocking a stray ear that the phone might ring and it would be Bill, but no such luck. It's hell to have missed him by such a short time, but I keep hopefully telling myself that there must be a reason for it somewhere.

This evening I went over to Tony's with Ann, Irene, and Edith. They're all so grand!

Mrs. Axts showed us she'd heard from Floyd in the first time in over a month -- he's in the Philippines.
FEBRUARY 11

1945 Up this morning to go to St. Luke's for services. - went the rest of the day spent close to home. Later this afternoon, Pat and Bill (now a corporal) Brennan came over and then we all went down to the St. George for dinner and sitting around to chat. It was all pleasant fun ... but I still mean the other Bill.

The Big Three: - Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt are meeting in the Black Sea area - for peace plans and decisions on what to do with Germany when victory comes.
1945 Lincoln's birthday. Mother and I went to Jamaica for a Chinese lunch and then went to the Valencia to see Margaret O'Brien and Joe Murphie in "Music for Millions." It was very good.

This evening Irae, Myrtle and I went up to Audrey's to play bridge and have deep blind sessions inspired by Myrtle's newly acquired diamonds. - A grand evening.

Excitement in the N.Y. papers over Mac Kammielee's editorial in last week's Flas that over "Lincoln's Job Half Done" - the Negro problem. The Board of Visitors is taking action and apparently there is much hubbub in Bellburg.

As soon as I leave there's excitement. Bill Brennan called me that and make a date for tomorrow night.
1946 - I went to the dentist this morning and then Mother and I met C.B. for lunch at Guffanti's before buying cotton dresses and seeing "National Velour" in Brooklyn. We met Dad for a tempestuous bike to eat at the St. George before I left to back a meeting Bell at Radio City. We saw "A Song to Remember" (Chore Chapin) and loved it. The stage show was excellent too. We had a soda and then came home. Bill and I laughed and had much fun. He expects to leave Mitchell fairly soon for overseas. How guys! I wonder where Bill Boyd is now?
Valentine's Day! - as we dashed around to a considerable extent - stopped at Neeter's and then Mother's and I went to N.Y. - money'd around Fifth Avenue shape before eating lunch at Taffa精致is followed by creme de menthe at the Astor Bar. We went to see Gertrude Heiser in the hit musical comedy "Follow the Girls" (featuring "I Wanna Get Married") - really no fun very good.

Mother and I met Dad for a leisurely meal at the St. George - quite pleasant. On the way home stopped at Joanie's where a NYC meeting was briefly going on. Then home to pack and stuff.
Back to Billings for the last time! The trip was uneventful — and comfortable. Janet and I got back and caught up on all the details of the flap that hubbub. The consequences seem to be far-reaching with there being a bill in Congress arising out of the Editorial. The main campus has succumbed with a compromise agreement where we accept Editorial board which will pass on material and submit any possible controversial matter to a faculty advisor.

No mail from Bill working for me, so I know he's definitely on his way over now — I did see two color photos of him forwarded by P.W. Anderson's wife — also a letter from Floyd!
February 16

1945 It seems as though I've never been away: the usual return feeling.

After classes I managed to catch up pretty well on the work I'd missed this week, though I still have more than a fair amount to do. I hope to catch up completely soon.

Cary, Dean and I snuck away to see Humphrey Bogart in 'To Have and Have Not.' It was terrific!

19 Backdrop sketch meeting discussed more plans for the Variety show.
FEBRUARY 17

1945 An uneventful day of classes — rain (it's turned colder) — the Reds had the Colonel Echo picture taken — and I hibernated in the library doing Socialism for Contemporary Soc.
February 18

1945 This morning I fooled around, reading more 'Socialism,' and cleaning the room. Then after dinner, Janet and I (with ten other gals) drove to Jungle Field for the day -- To the Hospital to talk and play bridge and Casino with the Y.C.C. Corps fellows. We had a really wonderful time -- and I loved it good. We drove back to Bellamy (the long way home) in time for a party which the pledges gave us. Pleasant fun.
February 19

A day of classes and time spent in the library, as the pile of things to be done piles up indeed. This afternoon a gang of us went to see "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" — a powerful movie! — I haven't seen the same since.

Song practice, sorority and house meeting tonight. It gets monotonous.

Becky Kechler Yager told us she's gonna have a baby — so nice — or is it?

My laundry box mailbox from home and a grand letter from Jimmy Mooney in Fla.
Another day of pleasant stagnation: classes and time spent on the KD archives and treasury with a KD to the O basketball game this evening. We lost but it was a well-played game.
FEBRUARY 21

It rained all day and without meaning to, I slept through all my classes this morning. I fear I'm getting lazy—I perhaps it's just that I'm too weary to be stimulated.

This evening we had second degree—another mass production deal, but somehow we managed to survive its maypole of its Spanish Inquisition character.

I pored over pamphlets this afternoon for my seminar paper and became quite interested in it.

It's a near gamma plus at basketball.
FEBRUARY 22

19 Happy Washington's Birthday! It rained all day again and we slumped around in lethargic fashion. To advertising - So I fiddled around doing things before Public Fin. This afternoon we had Mr. Leman's seminar. Adair, Freeman and Marshall led the discussion in very interesting fashion.

This evening Eleanor and I worked at the Snack Bar of the Y.F.O. - Had a wonderful time whipping up hot dogs, coffee, sandwiches - rings up the cash register and the like. Much fun! We turned the house over to the pledges - so Eleanor and I went to Brown for the night.
19 And still the banana-banana
19 spirit persists as we keep wondering
19 how we'll get them each day—we
19 always do though, and then only
19 have to worry about getting this
19 the next one. It's wearying though.
19 Today after class, I did a
19 little clay hat and then in
19 a state of confusion reached
19 Bobbie Simons a cute gal
19 from Massachusetts—by the
19 house and downtown.
19 Cup service this evening for
19 a new KD chapter at the
19 University of Chattanooga—
19 business seminar stuff and
19 council meeting drafting up
19 a slate for next year's officers.
19 on and on!
February 24

1945 - Another uneventful day!! Classes this morning --- and then Business Seminar took up much of the afternoon. This evening was stagnant for Saturday night as we played bridge and fooled around with socialism -- discussions.

19 - My laundry boy and a boy of food came from home. Dad has gone to Chicago on business!
February 25

1945 We slept late this morning, and after dinner cleaned the room and played bridge — with a little studying squeezed in between. Then this afternoon I went down to the USO for a tea dance. It was a lot of fun — I met and talked with Everett (Buddy) Parker, an awfully sweet sailor who's stationed at Pearl. We came back to the house and talked till after nine. It's fun and seemed to get a lot out of just sitting in the US house.

We studied more Socialism this evening — more fascinating discussions!
February 26

1945 Such an exciting evening! The day passed quite uneventfully, most time out for whipping up a Chevrolet bulletin board for advertising. I'm very en masse!!

We had a KD meeting with election of officers - the council's recommendations were all elected and we're stuck in the sink! They're all grand girls and will do a wonderful job:

Peggy Burdick: Pres. Statue: Hope

After meeting, James Miller phoned long distance to say that he's gonna get married in the chapel Wed. We're so excited!
1945 This has been another exciting day! After classes
than and I spent most of
the day whipping up sandwiches
and the like for an informal
reception this evening for
Janet and Paul. They came at
about nine and just beamed.
They're such a darling couple;
and have had such a hard
job trying to get married, but
finally they're making it. We
just sat and gloved at them
both.

The Fraternity defeated the Chi
O (Second Team) at basketball.
Good game!
And still it goes on! Jane’s wedding this afternoon was a simple ceremony but lovely—and we beamed like old mother hens. Cary and I got carried away with the spirit and tied the cane old shoes, Cupid’s and a big ole “just married” sign to the back of the car—and we all threw pounds of rice. They looked so happy!!

Mother phoned to say Dad had called her from Chicago to tell her that he’d fallen and broken his left arm in five places! What else can happen!!

A letter from Mother & P.O. from Dad—letters from Bill Brennan and Floyd—and a darling air mail from Jimmy!
Not Leap Year!
Another month!! I didn't get too much accomplished today except classes and time spent in the library studying about the minority problem for Marshall-Wythe Seminar.

This afternoon the KAs beat the Thetas in a Terribly exciting game.

Elaine fell down and hurt her knee, but otherwise there were no casualties.

After supper we went to see "Here Come the Waves" with Bing Crosby. It was kind of corny but the music was very good.
After classes and the usual after-lunch bridge game I went to the library to study Communism (one step ahead of our Socialist discussion of last week).

Marshall Wythe Seminar was fascinating. Dr. Burghoffmann spoke on the Refugee Problem. It was very interesting!

We were dispossessed again as the pledges took over the house. Chance and I moved over to Barassin and had fun there.

The Happen Seat us at basketball!
March 3

19 Classes were interesting enough and then Beth, and winter lunch. Sheila and I went to the lodge for lunch of Oyster stew. It was different — and caught a glimpse of Walter Pidgeon. The movie star down there. Everyone likes Bellsburg sooner or later.

19 After lunch we played bridge on the front porch and then I went to the library to do more Comm. Arts.

19 The evening had more bridge games and bull sessions — of a very interesting nature. My laundry dried and letter from home — also a sweet letter from Freddie. Nice guy!

Three months from tonight is graduation!
It was a rainy Sunday and so we stayed close to the house not even going to the R.S.O. — studying Communion and doing homey little things. Bright spot came when we had honest-to-goodness week at the Cafeteria.

Mother and Dad called me early this morning and both sounded cheerful inside of the broken arm!
A lovely day! — despite of rain and the fact that in every class today I was assigned a test. We had USCTA meeting, and sorority meeting with installation of new officers.

Now a has been and free of responsibilities!

Bright spot came with a V-Mail from Bell written Feb. 21 from England — he seems happy — it is really wonderful hearing from him again.

Cody keeps wanting me to be a psychiatric aide — what else? — will be interesting to see how I end up!
March 6

Another lovely day—waving and that way with another letter from England. Bill's morale seems fine and he writes interesting accounts of his impressions of England!

I stopped in at the Placement Bureau to convey to them that I'm not interested in becoming a Psychiatric Aide—and to find out about the IBM deal! — and had a long talk with Dr. March about my sixteen report, etc.

I bought Lena Hrene's album of torch songs—played them and had bull sessions most of the day.

Mother sent me a really smartly gray & chartreuse evening dress!
MARCH 7

A wearying day—but it is finally over—the usual classes and Flat Hat stuff—voting—with time spent studying for tomorrow's advertising exam. All evening from 6-11 we had initiation (mass production style) for our 31 pledges who made their grades. It was an ideal but impressive as always. Pamphlets, a P.C. from Bob, an Armadillo from Freddie, and 2 V. mails from Bill (written after an interesting trip to London!)
1945. A really busy day!!
The Advertising test wasn’t bad
and then after classes I
started in to study for
tomorrow’s Contemporary Soc.
test.

This afternoon’s M.W Leinen
was very interesting indeed:
discussion of European minorities
by R.E. Markham, Foreign Correspondent
for Christian Science Monitor.
I dashed down to the Snack
Bar and had fun as usual—
saw everything more systematically!
Several of us went to the
play tonight to see Volpone—very
niques for a college play. Everyone’s
amazed. They did a beautiful
job on it.

Mail from Home and Mother
phoned.
March 9

1945 Kind of tired, we staggered through our 10c. exam— which wasn’t too bad.

This afternoon we whipped up Blood Bank ads for the Red Cross drive—and did some more Flat Hat work. Then Elaine and I relaxed as I read her stories from the new “Ladies Home Journal.” Part of our “I’ve Learned Responsibility” attitude.

19 This evening we had our formal reception for campus men. Quite a few came and we had a pleasant time—nothing phenomenal. I was surprised when Drive came to talk to for awhile with me.

A long letter from Florence tomorrow—back in New York!!
A positively wonderful day. Elaine, Bob, Dorothy and I went to the Lodge, but otherwise the day passed uneventfully, except for a little flat hat work.

Elaine and Eleanor had blind dates with insignia. The rest of us stayed home, talked at being unamused and had full sessions in diverse subjects!
March 11

We slept late this morning and then this afternoon I went to the U.S.O. — had a fascinating time with a typical Brooklyn soldier who manages a laundry. He was a character, but I had fun!

Surprising event came when Janet William Connor came back tonight. Paul is shipped out for India and she's stopped here on her way home. She is real cheerful and happy — it's such a shame to — they only had 10 days together after waiting 5 years for it. Too bad!
MARCH 12

Another busyish day:--
Elaine has been stricken with a fairly bad cold and so I've been nursing her with hot and orange juice.
We had a W.E.C. A.C. and a sorority meeting and I also finished reading my
Communism.

My mail supply was lovely and I read over a letter from Mother and a
terrific one from Bill (written a week ago yesterday still from Southern England) besides one from Bill
Hughes, Gloria, Elayne and Floyd. They were all
wonderful letters.
The day passed without excitement. Towle is away for 2 weeks and so I have no advertising class and can sleep till 10:30 — too bliss! The afternoon Kris and I went to see "Experiment Perilous" with Hedy Lamarr. It was quite good.
A day of many plans but little accomplishment. After classes a KD from U.C.L.A. called up and came to the house. We mothered her—sat her a room—and took her to lunch—and they settled down to studying Latin American underground bull sessions. Morning, noon and night the sailboat room continues to be the center of attraction. As Grace said “Everyone is afraid to leave for fear they’ll mess something.”

This evening Eleanor and I sold war stamps in the cafe and for an hour and a half—on to chapel and then more study and talking.
March 15

1945. A lovely day! Nothing exciting. We just went to classes and I studied some more Latin America, but the general atmosphere was pleasant.

I got a letter from Bill Brennan and one written by Bill Boyd on the boat — also a beautiful delayed Valentine from him.

Bob Johnson, an Air Corps lieutenant, and a friend, called this afternoon — and Elaine and I are going to finish their weekend with them. We're so terribly excited — it's the big weekend of the year.
MARCH 16

A lovely day indeed! We fooled away a lot of the time - in the process of personal improvement - and accomplished little else except for a lot of files and stuff.

This evening Bob and friend Joe Regan came at about 7:30.

I went with Joe - though he's short, he's much fun and I had a wonderful time with him. Bob, Joe, Elaine and I went and bored and yawned to Camp Leary to the Officers Club - for whiskey sauce and to sit in the smock atmosphere - then took the bus back to town and the dance in the gym - quite smooth - so much fun! Wish all college was like this!
MARCH 17 - St. Patrick's Day

19 Another nice day, though it turned hellishly hot and we really sweated in our cotton dresses so early in the year for this!

19 I did a little more flat hat work - roasted - and then we all went over to the Jazz Concert in the Cafe given by Dean Hudson and his orchestra. It was terrific. Clarence and my Air Corps lieutenants have shipped out for Mitchel Field. We think, and so we stayed home this evening, but have had such a wonderful time all weekend that we haven't cared.

19 I turned fairly energetic and wrote letters.

Excitement as I phoned the police to have them chase a sex maniac in Saranac Cave at 2:00 this morning!
This has been a quiet and uneventful day as we stayed close to the KD House, doing around and family studying for tomorrow's Communion test. Mother and Dad phoned this morning—it was fun talking to them.
March 19

19. Whee! It's hot again - and we're sweating all day. After classes, I tried vainly to study for tomorrow's Public Finance Test.

19. Foster and I played the chess at bantamton, and lost by two points - a hard game.

19. Typical meetings tonight: football call - W.S.C.F.A. song practice and KD Achwa. I received a fascinating letter from Floyd - writing about Bill and my ring, etc. He's really developed quite an attitude!
March 20

Another hot day! My public finance exam wasn't too bad and I'm pleased at the thought that it is my last for at least a little while. I could stand the breathing spell.

I went out in the backyard for my first sunbath of the year - but battled the clouds all the time and only got faint sunburned spots.

I played badminton and then went to a YID C.D. meeting.

Mother phoned and said Bill Brennan is helping our of Mitchell.
March 21

19 Spring! This has been such a nice day! I relaxed around most of the time and really enjoyed that and then this afternoon had an interview w/ a man and woman from IBM. The job sounded interesting enough, but involved travelling around the country. I seem fated!!

Tonight we had our 19th banquet at the Dodge. It was really smooth, and we all felt rather mellow (nothing to do w/ the Champagne cocktails either). We ate (Chicken chow mein!) — sang — the speaker made speeches — and all sat around the candlelit table feeling rather nostalgic. At times like this, I realize how very lucky I am! I'm really beginning to 'sniff' at thoughts of Graduation!!
This has been an in-betweenish day, but everything is running so smoothly that it seemed pleasant enough. I worked in the library on my Advertising-sponsored project, played bridge (I'm becoming a friend) - wrote 15 pages on my 50 page paper for Business Seminar - and ran across campus this evening when one of the girls failed to show up for Intramurals and I dashed so that we wouldn't forfeit the match.
MARCH 23

19 Lawry, I'm kind of beat as a result of an all-day tour of Richmond with Elaine. It's a happily weary state cuz we had such a good time together. We took the 10:07 train and the trolley and finally ended up in the department store area—we allowed our way along and gradually became weighted down with packages of two darling cotton dresses a piece, non-satinized brown shoes, white pocketskirt and gloves. We were lucky to have found just what we wanted and so slumped along to collapse in the nearest movie to see Fred Mac Murray and Claudette Colbert in “Practically Yours.” Revised.

19 had dinner at the Occidental and I retired on lobster. It was a pleasant change & we enjoyed ourselves so much.
Another pleasant day - starting off with a V-Mail from Bill written March 14th in France. The big French Allied front pushed across the Rhine and tremendous - I hope Bill is all right!

I went sunbathing for an hour in the backyard and then went Easter shopping and bought breakfast food with Elaine - along with some films for work.

And then Dottie brought home an Air Corps lieutenant she'd met standing in the Union Building. Roles Hickey - from Panama - he was old but a lot of fun. We had a sumptuous dinner at The Travis House and then came back to the house and played gin rummy before he left for Richmond.

I received an invitation to the Norfolk Board “Smarty Party”
MARCH 25

19 It's been a beautifully springy day and we made the most of it. Beth, Elaine and I went to Palm Sunday services at Bruton — and then went to the cafeteria for dinner. This afternoon I prepared to study but spent most of the time in the living room entertaining an influx of the corps and the Annadel's midshipmen who seemed to migrate to the KD house. We had fun listening to the VIE and engaging in general conversation. This evening we finally settled down to a little set of Socialistic studding — but my heart was in it!
This has been a frustratingly blue Monday, caused by the usual string of meetings and Business Seminar class. Though I felt pleased at having written six pages of my paper—only 44 to go now.

They've been excavating the front yard today and we've been having our own artillery barrage. We're getting deafened.

I got B+ on an old Soc. Test.

Lester Hilton's Freddie has been killed on two Jews; she feels pretty badly about it!
MARCH 27

19. What! Am I dead! The excavators woke me at 7:30 this morning and now there's a ditch about 15 ft. deep stretching along Territorial Court so that we have to cross a wooden drawbridge affair to reach the RS House. I went sunbathing on the garage roof and even missed getting "hydropathia" on the telephone pole - I snared quite a layer of reddish brown tar.

A gang of us went to see 'Key to the Kingdom' - it was really

thankfully done and I sat in astonishment.

The smart party to which the girls having the 10 highest averages in each class go was traditionally planned.

We munched currents and played jigsaw games but I enjoyed it.

I got 98 on my final advertising exam.
Wow! I spent another hour on the garage roof today and really snared a corking flaming sunburn for myself. My face has never been so red! At least it has potential of developing into a terrific tan—like it does.

I worked more on my Teampaper (in & through) then Beth and I played badminton intramurals and won both games — went to supper—Chapel — and then did more Teampaper stuff.
March 29

19 This has been an uneventful day marked only by classes and an A on my last Public Finance exam. With time and for scaling the telephone pole to acquire another then layer of reddish brown. Then this afternoon several of us took these rushes to the movies. It already seen "Music for Millions" but I did my duty and enjoyed it considerably. It was for the second time. This evening we went to a Senior class meeting, and then I typed more on my unreliable typewriter.
MARCH 30

A very pleasantish day—starting with a V-Mail from Bill written March 18th from France. She apparently hadn’t been fighting yet—hope I hope he comes home soon! We went sunbathing again—and had hilarious bull sessions—then went to the Good Friday services at Benson, which were very impressive. Glory plans an Easter box of nuts—and a letter discussing plans for a gang of us going away together this summer!
MARCH 31

19 A completely uneventful day! We stayed close to the house with bull sessions and bridge games to pass the time.
Such a very nice day—considering the war and not being home! We got up to go to the Sunrise Service in the Dunker Garden which was beautifully simple and then drove down to the Dutch Brooks for breakfast. We came back to the house and dressed for the really lovely 5:30 service at Boston. I phoned home then before 11 of us went down to the lodge for dinner. We walked around town—saw pictures—played bridge and the like the rest of the day. Most thrilling thing came when I got a really beautiful letter written from overseas from Bill. He's so very thoughtful—and I really mean.
A fairly pleasant day of the usual Monday variety with classes and meetings. This afternoon a gang of us went to the movies to see Roy Russell in "Roughly Speaking." It was really very good! My spoiled brat tendencies are thriving. I got three Easter packages from home with 3 smart dresses - a darling black straw hat, gloves, pajamas and 3 pair socks for my hope chest - plus a big box of food with hard boiled eggs, coffee, and the like. I am so lucky!
Another unexciting day as the external excavating continues and they proceed to dig up the whole doggone campus. It's a fascinating thing!!

We crawled up on the roof again for another thing of fun and then I went to the library to read Mussolini's autobiography—we're studying Fascism now! It's really fascinating.

Plans for our KD weekend are shaping up well: formal dance Friday and picnic Saturday. It should be such fun.

Two months from tonight!
To make up for no spring vacation we had an R-for-Recreration Day—without classes until noon tomorrow and relaxed around—wrestling and listening to music on the campus.

Five of us went out with 5 naval officers down to the Club at the Inn—They were older and rather portly—but it was fascinating nevertheless.

The most exciting thing ever happened when I came home at 11 P.M. to find a notice saying I've been elected to the Delta Kappa. I really can't believe it. This is too good to be true. Eleanor has also made it and we're both just delirious.
Life goes on in a completely rosey state. I still can’t quite believe that I really have made Phi Beta. I hadn’t even admitted to myself how badly I’d wanted it!

We slept late today to the end of R-day and then Cary took me to the Coffee Shoppe to celebrate.

Mr. W. Seminar was interesting— all about the Negro Problem.

The KDs pledged Dee Lea and Kay Kelly— two terrific gals. Everything is so smooth.

Mail from home. Mrs. Boyd, Jimmy. Very nice.

I am so very happy.

Bill Guckee is here to see you. So nice.
Today passed uneventfully except for a meeting of the Phi Beta to be discussing the history and meaning of the society—our key—and tentative initiation date of May 2nd. If all sounds mighty grand.

Tonight we had our formal dance in the Great Hall and a good time was had by all.

My date, John "Lady" Andersen, an Ensign stationed at Yorktown, is a character and can't dance but is fun enough to make for a pleasant time. He sent a corsage of two gardenias and we went to the Officer's Club before the dance, made quite impressive by the band playing on the train to Utah.
I got up for class, sleepy, only to find that my prof didn't show up - that twit.

I helped whip up something and the like for the wings and a half to feed upon. Then Andy came and we joined the mass migration over to the Fletcher, where we stuffed ourselves and sat down by the lake singing and getting into the true picnic spirit. Afterwards we walked back through the woods to the lodge, where we dressed less casually - walked around downtown and then went to the College Dance.

This has been such a grand weekend - I hate to see it become mere memory stuff.
APRIL 8

19  A peaceful Sunday! We slept late—past church time—went to the cafeteria—and wandered around till Janet and I dressed to go out to the Gibbs for the afternoon. We walked around the garden—munched on refreshments—and just talked. They kept ribbing me about making the finals, but seemed sincerely about it. They're such wonderful people!
Another dullish Monday routine
with class, Business Seminar
last session and meeting. It
was Elaine's birthday though and
we celebrated accordingly. Beth,
Elaine and I went to the Coffee
Shopper for supper – and then
after KS meetings, dashed downtown
for pia wedges for dessert.
At Brennan's, I saw a congratula-
tion note – and Edith, too.
This has been another pleasant, but uneventful day with classes and time spent in the library doing research on helicopters for advertising campaigns besides studying more Russian. It was all interesting.

This evening we've had lovely dream scenes about plans for the summer— we've decided on treks to Coney Island— boat trips up the Hudson— and a Cocktail party for my birthday.

I got a letter from Mother one from Gloria and Florence both of whom are gonna try to come down for graduation— and a long letter and two V-Mails from Bill written from Texas. I certainly would like to see him!
This was another uneventful day--
but a pleasant one, despite of more

time spent in the library with heli-
copters and fascism. I finally managed

to order my Phi Beta Key and pay

my initiation fee.

I was surprised to be dragged

into the Biology Lab while in Washing-

ton, and

to have my finger pricked to see

whether the K+ factor in my blood is

positive or negative. Mine proved to

be positive which is supposed to be

good for the future generation.

The flag that featured Phi Beta

on the front page, and for the first
time in three weeks my name

was spelled right.

A letter from Freddie!
APRIL 12

19 Down here it was an ordinary day, with class and M. W. Seminar discussion of civil liberties — before going to see the very good "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."

19 I couldn’t be more shocked than at the news of President Roosevelt’s sudden death! Though it has been long acknowledged as a possibility, I doubt if many actually thought it would happen now. I wonder what the effect will be on our national future, and pray that it won’t result in lengthening the war. Truman should make an interesting President — I wonder how good he’ll be though!

19 The usual type of letter from Floyd in the Philippines — and a sweetly congratulating one from Mr. March of St. Mary’s.
April 13

I held my breath all day for fear that some great catastrophe might befall us in keeping with the Friday the 13th spirit. But all passed safely and without excitement.

No classes again today since more of my professors showed up. And so we spent the day in the traditional orgy of bull sessions & bridge games with time and this evening the pledge party with Kay Folz and Dee. Self—two really darling sleeks! I really can't believe Coe now.

All day...
April 14

Without any classes it was sort of like a holiday except of the slightly sobering effect of Roosevelt's funeral and services! We slept late and then crawled on the roof for an hour till it was too hot to stand anymore. We had a bath to eat at Newport, and then strolled down to the lodge where we sat and read for awhile, before coming back to the house to take part in the mess-pavilion spring cleaning. We scrubbed floors and woodwork and I crawled out on the roof to wash the 2nd Floor Hall window.

A great Saturday night - a real summer storm - and we're all drenched - must be the weather.

Mail from Mrs. Egger, Mom Brennan, Mrs. McCullard, and Hedge!
April 15

19 Completely uneventful Sunday... with a little studying for tomorrow's French test thrown in for good measure.
Another routine Monday with a focus on text and an advertising campaign meeting. Both Sheila and I broke away through to see "Murder, My Sweet," a

fairly good movie. We enjoyed it a lot.

The newsreel about Roosevelt's death still seems inconceivable. Such a tragedy!

I got mail and pamphlets from home - a postcard from Bill Brennan in Kearns, Utah - and a

trilogy involved postwar planning letter from Floyd. (What now?)
Another uneventful day with most of the time spent in typing furiously away, revising what I'd already written on my typewriter. I'm determined to finish that soon! It's an impressive job, though!

I got a letter from Bill somewhere on the western fringe; apparently not too near the fiercest fighting. He writes a good letter!
April 18

19 A pleasant day. Though I began to groan under the burden of a flood of Tests — can't complain though say I haven't worked in quite a while — and it's almost the last studying too!

19 The Accounting Club went out to Mr. Hebb's for a bridge party this evening. Such fun! They're grand people! We really had a good time!
April 19

We’re really getting back in the rather unpleasant groove of studying. I went to classes, worked on the advertising campaign, and wrote 10 more pages on my final term paper. Did it through now.

The evening started and I worked down at the Sack Bar for an hour. Business wasn’t too flourishing, but I was very confused when a familiar looking sailor kept staring at me. Without asking where he was from, he said he’d met or seen me in New York this summer, but neither of us can remember where or how. That’ll worry me for awhile.

Reading party and call meeting this evening and then Elaine and I have tried to study for another Contemporary Soc. Test.
If rained some more and I ducked to classes and the library in between showers again. How better Dame and I went to the corner groceries for supper. I got a really terrific letter from Bill. He's such a wonderful guy. I wish that he would be home by Christmas time. Because of it is possible.

The Russians are just ten miles out of Berlin.
April 21

1945 Sue Reverted once more to the ungraceful type as I twisted my ankle downtown, sustaining it quite badly. It’s taped now and throb quite a bit, but I’m sure it’ll eventually recover! Everyone’s been kind to me—entertaining and waiting on me hand and foot. Sweetest thing happened when the Price brought me a corsage of roses and Lily of the Valley.

19 Beth’s father was in town for the day and they invited Elaine and me downtown to the tea house for a perfectly wonderful roast beef dinner. It was such fun, and we had a real good time.
APRIL 22

19 My lil sister’s (Margie Beve) parents were down from Cleveland and invited me to the Travis House for another meal, but I really decided again it and stayed very close to home all day doing uninteresting things such as studying for Latin America and Physiology tests which loom on the horizon.

This has been a quiet day—nothing new at all I just listened to the radio and the like. Everyone’s been so grand to me.

My ankle feels quite a bit better.
This has been a pleasant day, despite of having to study more Latin America than I wanted to do. This afternoon we all went to see "I'll be Seeing You" and I loved it - a very realistic movie! We had 3rd Degree Ceremony this evening and then sorority meeting.

Though I'd been expecting St. Bill Brennan's A.P.A. San Francisco number still came as a shock. So used to having him around. My ankle feels much better!
A busy day - spent trying to study more Latin America without too much success. That evening we all went to the People's House and had fun being tested in all sorts of ways.

We're real pleased at prospects of mother coming down for the Beta banquet next week and a few days rest and vacation.
Just another day! My L.D. test wasn’t too bad and I managed to keep my jeans and torso in the right centuries and countries though the mental effort was great.

I had my ankle re-taped. It’s much improved though it does bother me a little. We had more helicopter camping and then I worked more on my everlasting newspaper — only 10 more pages to go! Happy things mother and Dad phoned — Mother from New York and Dad from Ehrich's — so definitely coming down Monday evening.

Mail from home. Alicia & Wendy. The San Francisco Conference has started!
We took our own interlude out from this
week of studying and managed to have a
real pleasant day. This afternoon the KDs
played intramural softball and we
went out to the field to cheer ‘em on.
Then Louise, Doris, Elaine and I
started to prepare supper in the
house - it was a gala affair with
tablecloth and all and featured cold
cuts, lettuce, tomatoes and everything
for real Dagwood sandwiches -
potato chips, cakes & ice cream.
It was festive, fun and a far cry
from the dull unvarying of the cafeteria.
After cleaning up, we played a bit
of the usual bridge and then went
to see the College Production of Noel
Coward’s ‘Private Lives’. This had a
lively role and did a beautiful
job with it.
1945 A completely uneventful time - with too much time spent studying for tomorrow's Advertising Exam!

19 Reggie sent me a perfectly lovely little silver dish for having made the cake so sweet!

Mail from Floyd and Freddie: Philippines and Holland.

19
April 28

19 The advertising test wasn't too bad and I was inspired to do that half work for about an hour. Now Beatrice and I went to the Coffee Shoppe for lunch, poking our heads in at Brown to see if beautifully decorated for the gala wedding featuring Andrew Carnegie's grandson as the groom.

19 This afternoon I all but finished my term paper and celebrated by eating at the corner Greek's with Elaine and Ann.

19 We all went to the Campus Smoker — a hilariously wonderful collection of campus talent and food! — compensation of the old Variety Shows and Hellzapoppin. All day we've been listening to news flashes about Germany's imminent surrender. We want to believe the aromatics rumors as desperately that it's hard not to!
APRIL 29

19 The peace reports still seem to be rumors but we've kept our ears glued to the radio just in case. The biggest news today is that of Mussolini's death—dramatic end to Europe's first modern dictator.

19 I feel beautifully free for having finished my term paper at last today. I can't quite believe that it's all done—now all of my major problems are over—along scholastic lines!
April 30

19 A pleasant day! - despite of hibernating in the library to read Hitler's "Mein Kampf" (and become infuriated with it!) and the last W.S. B.P. meeting complete with singing of Andy Young Payne.

Mother arrived this evening and looks fine. It's grand having her here for the Beta banquet and the like. She brought much interesting news from home - best thing is that they're all planning on driving down for graduation.

A lovely letter from Jenny.
May 1

1945. Another pleasant day spent quietly at the lodge with brother. Larg was well as most of the day and then Beth Elaine and Louise came up for dinner. We had a grand time just talking.

Biggest shock came when lady Boyd called—visions of all sorts of Government messages had flashed through my mind—but it was just my thinking habits heard from Bill in over 3 weeks. I tried to convince them not to worry though I was rather weak-kneed myself by then and not too coherent, I fear. Hitler reported dead.
May 2

Life has been so very lovely today
That my team has greatly expanded.
A Hite induction took place tonight
And was quite impressive. First part
Was receiving the gift from the
President on down. I felt intellectual
for a few minutes, but quickly reverted
to type. After induction Dr. March
brought me down to the lodge where we
had a really enjoyable banquet as far
as that sort of thing goes. Two delicious
and even. The speeches had a spark
of interest to them all. I spent
the night at the Lodge with neither
and we called Dad.

Everyone has been so terrifically
wonderful to me: Book of the North
Club subscription and red roses from
mother & Dad - lovely spring flowers from
the N.D. - an orchid from Bill Brennan
and Ralph's Ringley & Ken Bryant and from Ruth
and Elaine. I'm as happy lucky!
Another pleasant day with meals at the lodge and the lake. Mother and I went to the W. L. Seminar and then just talked the rest of the time. My lucky star will make me with silver earrings from Ann Johnson and a compact from Vicki and butter. Everyone's very sweet to me!

Mother left the evening as nice to have her town.

One month from tonight! Bell Brennan's birthday. Wonder where he is—my orchid will love.

Thank from Dad, Floyd and Mom Brennan.
A real pleasant day starting out with a declaration of Senior Day. We were excused from our eleven o'clock class—got into caps & gowns—and dashed all over campus breaking up classes—showing through the library—and generally releasing all our inhibitions.

This afternoon we dressed and went down to Cannes's for our really smooth cocktail party. Cary and I made canapés and it was generally successful. Mr. Towle was much fun and seemed genuinely impressed with everything.

Afterwards Claran, Cary and I went over to the Coffee Shoppe for sandwiches back to the house to study.
This has been a completely quiet day: no mail, no nothing. A case of sniffles caught up with me and we hibernated for the day with nose drops, cough medicine and orange juice. We had our KD picture taken, but aside from that nothing happened. I turned intellectual enough to finish "Berlin Diary" and enjoyed it immensely.
MAY 6

19 This has been one of those Sundays when I was busy all day and accomplished quite a bit — but nothing which furnishes scrabble material. We cleaned our room thoroughly — liberating it from the library with more eagerness and this evening I almost finished my report of the new philosophy of the public debt (most technical and deep!)

The war news looks very good. Perhaps VE Day will come tomorrow or the next day. How I hope so!

Four weeks from tonight will be graduation. As June 3rd looms more closely on the horizon I believe it is as good as over. I'm really going to miss this whole business a lot.
MAY 7 - VE Day!

This morning when we flicked on the radio and heard the news that Germany has surrendered at last, we couldn't believe it. We've waited so long for it, and now that it's here it hardly seems possible!

At 11:45 A.M. we all gathered around the back of Wean for a short service of prayer and organ music from the chapel. Then Wean Bell chimed 55 times for the Wean boys killed in service. It was very impressive - but there's been too much tragedy to really cheer now.

This afternoon I finished my public debt term paper and went to Business Seminar meeting. This evening was the exciting meeting board tapping of juniors, and then our sorority meeting.

A sweet letter from Aunt Bird, and a hysterical card & letter from Jemmy - and a letter from Bill Hughes saying he's married!
Another busy day, though most of our time was spent in listening to the radio and speeches of everyone from Pres. Truman to King George. I'm still amazed at the ability to tune in all over the world in such a short period of time. It was all interesting, and it's such good feeling to know that Victory in Europe is ours at last.

I gave my oral report on the Ruble Debt today and it seemed to go quite well, and then I studied the moderately for tomorrow's History test. This evening Elaine and I worked at the Snack Bar for an hour and a half—all the restaurants were closed because of VE Day and every sailor in town was clamoring for food. Funny how war
MAY 9

19 I've ambled through today without accomplishing much worthwhile. We went to see a revival of "Wuthering Heights" today and loved it—an awfully good movie. We had reservations tonight. The last time—impressive as always.

19 I got an awfully sweet letter from Mrs. Boyd today—she still hasn't heard from Bill either. I certainly would like a letter from him soon—it doesn't seem like the day without one!
MAY 10

19 A lovely day despite of the return to the Bellingham rainy season and studying for another Soc. test - my last till the final flag of exams.
   Drowning's has been converted from a beer hall to a cafe style sandwich bar and Cafe Carly and I went down for supper - a pleasant change! This evening we went to the Modern Dance rental and loved it - as always very cleverly done.

19 I finally got two very short letters from Bill - he's been moving across Germany and has apparently been in the thick of it - as he said he had many experiences to make his blood flow faster. He sounded awfully tired - bought me a pair of knobs in Paris. Hope he still is
Another pleasant day! Our last So. test tended to be of the stinker variety, but it was the end and that was quite a compensation. To celebrate we settled back to the bridge game and bull session approach intermission, working on our advertising portfolio cut-upmagazine and having a generally interesting time—memories of paper doll days, and we cut and pasted. I always enjoyed that sort of thing.

I got another letter from Bell-written April 25th, and finally found out he's in the Army. He sounded discouraged and tired, but that's natural. He was writing on German paper and a German pen. Envelope on the envelope were C.L. wonder who he was. It's all so ridiculous but when you see those faces across they deserve nothing better than what they brave out!
May 12

19 Just another Saturday, no classes, and so I concentrated on cutting and pasting until I finished my portfolio. It was interesting fun and I didn’t mind doing it at all.

19 How, Dottie, Dana and I went down to The Coffee Shoppe. The moon and the stars were there. Ben and I walked down to Charming’s for supper and then strolled around town. All pleasant, but nothing exciting.
MAY 13

19 Mother's Day and a pleasant one too. Both Katie and I went to church for National Day of Prayer services. After that we got into costumes and walked to The Picnic Shelter for the Elav & 2O Picnic. It was fun and we had a wonderful time with fried chicken and the lake to bunch from! All that and to 11:00 Commission work.
Another grand day! This afternoon, The business and Econ. majors went out to Dr. Marchi for tea and an informal gathering. We had a really pleasant time. I love those people so much! The last JD meeting tonight and the Denver tank even in mock hysterical style. We marched in salutary in caps and gowns singing The Alma Mater. Then I stood and took off my gown, revealing my 2nd belt pinned all over my dress while I read an extract from Treasurer’s Report. Then followed other strays: - Elaine dressed in Clara Hettis - Beth wrapped in a jean bale towel - Louise sporting huge wings and so on. Facing the loving cup full of beer — munching on potato chips and generally breaking up meeting, such fun.
Smooth stationary from Aunt Bell—my first graduation present!
MAY 15

19 This has been a nondescript day

19 spent hibernating in the library over preliminary studying for Thursday's Marshall Wythe Seminar exam. Even now I rebel at the intellectual approach!
What a day! I started out euphorically with a letter from Dr. Wagner asking me as Elisha Parmele scholar to participate in Alumnae Day services June 2 and to the extent of placing a wreath on Benjamin Ewell’s grave in The Cemetery near Low. We laughed 'n' laughed over it all day:— I'm just not the type!

The K.S. underclassmen gave The Seniors a party tonight— as they gave parodies on each of us. Bobby Robinson did me and was dashing. Our sides ached with laughing! They're much dearer I'll really miss 'em all.
MAY 17

My first exam. All summer's work and classes are over one and for all. I almost feel sad about the whole thing.

George, Evelyn and Mac took Bell, Grace and me to the Lodge as a graduation present. They're such dear! and I love 'em good.

My Phi Beta Key finally arrived today and its really pretty. I'm so proud of it! Another letter from Bill written May 1st. He's feeling fighting. Many interesting experience. It's so wonderful!
19 Reading period officially began and we should have settled down to studying, but aside from copying notes and skimming my E. E. book most of the time was spent in more carefree manner. I must snap out of this not caring attitude.

A letter from Mrs. Marsh today told me St. Mary's has conferred the honor upon me of being one of 5 "distinguished graduates" to become a charter member of the new chapter of Cum Laude Society. I'm real thrilled. Things are falling up!

A letter from Freddie in Germany—she's been through quite a lot!
May 19

19 We finally settled down to studying of a sort today... going through both my L.A. and Contemporary Soc. notes, though
have, Johnny and I did take time out to go to the movies and see 'For Whom the Bell Tolls'... a really terrific movie - we
still feel powerfully gripped by it!
MAY 20

19 Prevented by bad boring day spent studying here in America—will some time out for meals and a few hands of gin dreaming till be glad when studying is over!
MAY 21

19 A nice day—surprise of our L.T. exam. This afternoon which was real long, but not bad at all.

19 Then this evening Mr. Towle called Corey took the Advertising class to the lodge for a banquet—real smooth: good food and singing. This substitute for an exam.

19 An interesting letter from Floyd (I think all's straight once more) and a sweet one from Bill Wester.

19 May 3 in Austria—near the Alps—he finally got 11 of my letters—The final scene leaving France! Also got a box of cigarettes from Mr. Eulaxay.
MAY 22

19 An uneventful day—spent off and on doing Contemporary Soc—
with time out for trips downtown—
work on The Advertising Campaign—
and then Beth, Elaine and I went
to Chevroc's for hamburgers
for supper—one pleasant spot
in the day!

19 Letters from Janis, Bobby and
Mary. Mother called!
A lovely day! — We studied for our Contemporary Soc. exam this afternoon, and when we went to take it, Mr. Henshaw’s secretary told us we weren’t gonna have one. Bliss! — We’ve worked hard on that course this — and can rest and a break.

Love, Jean and I went to Chownings — and then a stop of Joe went to see “A Song to Remember.” I’d already seen it — but had to celebrate!
MAY 24

19 An uneventful but pleasant day, as we lazily around completely — sleeping late — sunbathing — playing running and the like.

19 A letter from Bill written May 5 (after VE Day at last) in Austria near the Italian Swiss borders. He thinks chances are pretty good of his staying in ETO rather than going to CBD area. I hope so — if he has to be there!
MAY 25

19 Another pleasant day during which I wasted the whole time---ruminating---seeing "Sally O'Rourke" with Alan, Ruth with Bart, Claire and Johny before going down to Charming's for supper. This is the life.

19 So touched to receive a pair of earrings from Sally Cox for graduation. Lucky gal!
MAY 26

19 It rained and we were fooled from going up on the roof, and so I was forced into whipping through my Public Finance book and notes— but wasn’t very interested. The thought that it’s the last thing I’d ever have to study though is intriguing.

19 A postcard letter from Bill. May 9th. He is Temporary stationed in Austria— with hot water and readers and all— so glad!

19 On my Latin America.
Today hasn't been too pleasant as I was forced to spend too much time with the endless annals of Public Finance, and my heart wasn't in it at all. The fact that we have only one more week in which to make the most of Bullfrog made me resent the administrative approval even more.

This evening Beth, Corrie, and I went down to the Corner Greek for chicken sandwich and the usual time over humming and languid bull sessions. We forced to settle down in back of a book again.
May 28

19 Too much Public Finance again
   as I keep marveling at the
   fact that this is the last day I'll
   study --- ever! The end of four
   years seems to have come so
   very quickly!
   We went up on the roof for
   awhile and got another layer
   of tan.

19 I was so very pleased to
   receive a lovely handkerchief
   from Mrs. Boyd and a person-
   sized bottle of refreshing
   Cologne from Gladys --- so sweet!
MAY 29

My public finance exam was truly grueling, but its symbolism as the end of studying more than made up for it. I can't believe it!

We all went up on the roof and really sweltered-in getting quite tan again though. This evening the seniors took Mrs. Snyder to the lodge and had an awfully pleasant time. This is a terrifically wonderful person. She gave me back a small address book for a graduation present.

I also got a lovely alluring silver bookmark from Aunt Mary Clark. Started to pack my trunk!
A perfectly lovely day—spend on the roof, lazing around the house and packing my trunk. This evening the seniors went down to Pat Lavery’s for supper—it was so pleasant and we had a grand time.

Along about then, Mother, Ted and they arrived in Hillsburg—so glad to see them!—and we all went to the lodge to their rooms for homemade cake and grape wine—had a happy time with it all.

They brought some splendid graduation gifts to me:—genuine pearls from Mother, Jease bracelet & earrings from Aunt Jean & Nellie Bar, smooth black cross wallet from Floyd, 4 lovely dinner knives from Reggie! 20 from Aunt Parker & Aunt Bertha Thompson. I’m so terribly lucky!
Another perfectly lovely day at Beth Elohim and I spent it down at the smooth Inn and outdoor swimming pool — in the water and lying out in the sun. It was ideal — dreamy in a movie set sort of way, and we loved every minute of it.

We had lunch at the lodge with Mother, Dad and Zig and then this evening I had dinner at the Kravis House with them. Everything is so pleasant!

Big news as Cary came in from a date with Paul — facing a lovely solitude. She is as very happy. Side issue is that of their marriage in New York in July. Beth, Howard, Sheila and I are scheduled to be bridesmaids.
Another pleasant day. This morning I went down to The Lodge for awhile with the family, and then came back for the Sonnet lunch, which was a surprisingly smooth affair at The Garden, with fried chicken and speeches and the class testing. Afterwards, we took pictures of all of us in caps and gowns and then went over and practiced for graduation exercises. Then we headed over to Marshall-Wythe to see our names officially posted as graduates. A big thrill. The big old fort turns are filling up already.

Mother, Dad Legge, Johnson and I went to dinner at the Lodge—stayed up late because of confusion over Elaine's parents' arrival.
One more day... and my mellow bean deepens hourly. The Memorial services for at noon were quite impressive and you and I didn't face flat in my face on anything—even feeling smoothed about my face in it. Lunch at The Lodge ---a really interesting Chi Beta meeting that made me glow with pride --- a long talk with Dr. March --- and an A in Business Seminar. Wonderful Man!

We dressed for The President's reception at her house around noon and then took Betty Driscoll to The Lodge for dinner again. As the family sat around outside and chatted. Then, How I'm going to mean it all!
I can't believe that she graduated from William and Mary. Those four years...such wonderful ones!...have gone so very quickly!

Baccalaureate at 11:30 was a stirring ceremony. Dr. Guerry gave the sermon and was excellent. We had dinner at The Hedge with Glory who arrived in Bullebury for the day. Then came back to the house to pack up last minute things. Graduation was at 6:00 and the rain blessedly held off. Dr. Day, President of Cornell, gave a long-winded but interesting address and then Dean Miller conferred the degree on us, and President Tompkins gave us our diplomas. I was thrilled when we sang the Alma Mater!

It is such a sad...but happy, day.
JUNE 4

19 An anticlimactic day, spent in leaving Bellston at 6:30 P.M. and driving home with Mother, Dad and Regie—stopping for breakfast in Richmond and lunch at Howard Johnson's outside of Baltimore. The long drive though not luxurious pleasant was a treat in warlime.

19 We stopped at the St. George for a sandwich—and then on out to Brooklyn and Hollis. It seems so odd to think of being back home for Kasha!
June 5

19 I slept off and on until 11:00 and loved doing it. When I finally got up I unpacked a little of my trunk and started cleaning out bureau drawers and the like as part of the permanent settling down process.

That afternoon Mother and I drove out to Garden City for St. Mary's Commencement and Pre-Peeping ceremonies which were impressive as always. I was thrilled to receive my formal certificate and gold medal as part of the Cum Laude Society and becoming one of its Charter members at St. Mary's. Such a nice honor!

I stopped at the Hotel's and saw Edith there too.

I wrote Thank You notes all evening!
JUNE 6  D-Day Anniversary!

19 And so the "What Else Can Happen?" spirit has begun to rage again---Dad's leg collapsed last evening and he's been in bed at the hotel all day. Mother and I spent the day there with him and have our fingers crossed that it will improve now.

19 I met Florence Morrow at The Photo-Reflex Studio at R&B's of which she is manager... it is so doggone good to see her again. We ate dinner at The Shanghai Royal and then went to the Victoria to see David Niven in "The Way Ahead"—quite good for a British film.

19 More graduation gifts:—a lovely compact from Florence; a bottle of Coty's perfume from Edith; and a jelly dish (glass set) from Audrey. I'm so lucky!

19 A typewritten V-mail from Bill written in Austria May 27. I beam!
The day was spent at the hotel again as I started to take my wayward bedside manner out of mothballs and put it to use.

This evening I went to a HGE meeting at Drulein. We sat around and talked and I was officially welcomed back into the fold. They're really grand gals—they gave me "Teen Mannors"—a philosophical book for graduation and I'm anxious to start reading it.

With News Release Bureau put quite an article in the Long Island Press about my graduation and record. I feel smoothish!

I received a lovely set of perfume bottles from Margo Rose—so sweet of her!
JUNE 8

19 The Rains Came and we stand in amazement at the rapid fire change in the status quo - for this morning Dr. Eckerson sentenced Dad to a stretch in St. John's Hospital. We somehow managed to get him there and then waited around while his leg was put in a traction sort of affair. Poor men: it all so heartbreaking. It may all be for a reason though if it will really rest his nerves.

We came on home this evening and I finally got a fairly decent night's sleep. I'm so tired!

More graduation gifts: Song of Norway album from the Bermans; pearls from Aunt Fan; and a rug from Aunt Tal.
JUNE 9

19 Another day spent at the hospital—sat around with time out for lunch and supper in the Fountain Room. Dad seems much the same—his leg bothers him a lot, but his spirits seem better.

Aunt Jean and Uncle Bill stopped by and then drove me to the train, which I took out to Jamaica to meet Mary and Irene at the station. We saw the really hysterical "One Heart, One Young and Free" and "And Now Tomorrow," which I'd already seen in Bellshurg.

A letter from Lloyd.
June 10

More of the same at the hospital. Mother and I stayed around all day and then Maizee came down after awhile.

We are in the nurse's duty room for a change. I feel hospitalized myself.
JUNE 11

19 Just another day as seen from the angle of St. John's --- another interlude!

No mail, except a sweet note from Elaine. Otherwise, all passed quietly.
This was such a nice day. At eleven I met Bell, Elaine, Sue, Alice, Eleanor, Jean, Lorrie, Eleanor Rundell, and Peggy Frank at the Astor to begin a hysterical subway ride to Coney Island for the day. After a hot dog and root beer, we went on the Merry-Go-Round and万亩 and then went into Steeplechase and went on all the rides there, even the World's Fair remnant, the parachute jump. We walked along the boardwalk and then went out and had a Tom Collins in one of the bars there. So much fun. Though I'm weary now. Back to the hospital this evening. It's Bill Boyd's birthday!
JUNE 13

19 I blissfully stayed around the house today for a change — finally finished unpacking and cleaning my dresser and my desk downstairs.

19 This evening I went into The City to meet Glory — got drenched in a passing shower—but dried off at her office. We had fish Bregis and dinner at Stauffer's and talked till almost seven when I left to go to the hospital. Card from Craig said she's to marry Paul Friday in Lexington. She seems happy — hope it lasts. I'm glad she's not being a bride-maid.
JUNE 14

Lovely day... beginning with a pleasant mail call: a very interesting letter from Bill full of his ideas of the post-war world (well written) and a letter from Jimmy announcing that he was home on a furlough but lost my phone number. When I called him we had a real long talk.

We went down to the hospital later in the morning. Ed Fromkini came and then Esther.

I came home along about noon... had a bite to eat and relaxed. Jimmy came over before seven and stayed till midnight. He's such a good guy. We talked and laughed most of the time. Stayed home except for a short walk around the town – drank rye & gingerale. Much fun.
JUNE 15

19. My lucky star continues to shine attractively! I went down to the hospital this morning and early afternoon ... and then came on home on the train. (Met an awfully cute kid from Brooklyn College.)

Jimmy came right about seven and we went right into the City where we met an Air Corps buddy of his, Bob "Typograph" who is equally crazy, and his girl, Bobbie. ... We went to see "On the Town," a really terrific Broadway show and I loved it. Afterwards we walked around town... Then we went to The Brass Rail where I had an omelet and Cuba Libre ... and then we went to the Taft Tap Room. It all made for a really wonderful evening. We got confused coming home and walked from 212 Street ... which was also fun. I like him so!
Another hospitalized day with its usual ups and downs—Dave and Dick watching and the like.

This evening I went over to Gloria's to play bridge with her, Shene and Wanda... very pleasant... amazingly for a change.
Father's Day and an endless session at St. John's. I went to 8:30 AM communion at St. Sabas with Audrey first and so the day seemed really long!

Dad doesn't appear to be any improved either.
JUNE 18

A confusing day, spent all day in the hospital. At noon, for no good reason, up in the fountain room. Painted for the first time in my life. Storms have been the heat wave that inspired me. Mother leave me alone and I lay around the house for awhile until Jimmy called to check on tonight's date. By then, I felt much better and started to get ready for another wonderful evening. Jimmy and I about 6:30 and we went into the Civic Bar, where we sat until time to see "Carousel" which was quite enjoyable, though not as good as we'd expected. Afterwards, we went to Zimbalatti's Hungarian Restaurant where we had this Chow Mein. Floor show was fairly corny and we took a taxi down to The Village Bar in Greenwich Village. Got home with the dawn — very happy. Though sorry to I won't see Jim again — he is no swell.
June 19

An anticlimactic day—Kind of sleepy after last night... and rather confused emotionally, too. She had more fun with you in past days than I thought I should have.

Mother and I went down to the hospital for a short time and then I went to Jay and Arnie to have a permanent—how badly I needed it! This evening I came home and relaxed for a change.

A letter from Floyd in the Philippines and Bill in Australia. How well it be when they’re all home again after the war?
The day at the hospital passed without excitement, and I came towards home in the evening to go to Glory's for supper which we improvised from mom Ketler's fridge. We sat around and talked before the rest of the UGC came for the evening.

I definitely decided not to go away with them the first of July due to the uncertainty of Dad's condition. And so it was...
Life picked up a bit at the hospital as I got to know more of the patients and interns. The days of just nothing are gently passing by.

This evening I met Audrey, Gloria, Irene, Camilla and Wanda in New York to buy a perfectly lovely wedding dress for Audrey and bridesmaid dresses for us: Cam, Glory and I are wearing aqua and Irene and Wanda peach. It should all be very effective. I still can't quite believe that John is actually getting married though. We got caught in thunderstorms... ate at the Savarin... and came home sleepy.

Summer is here!
This was actually a pleasant day at the hospital. I spent most of the afternoon with Bob Ward, an ambulance attendant in the chapel, listening to him play the organ. It was a different sort of thing, but I certainly enjoyed myself.

And had a string of company too: Esther, Charlie, Hall, Beat Cornell, Bob Wernell—which helped the day pass quickly.
JUNE 23

19 The morning and early afternoon were spent as usual in the hospital. Then, I went over to Penn Station to meet house, Percy and a friend of hers (Jeanie - a darling gal). We went up to the St. Regis roof where we talked as we sipped Chablis and Cognac. Back at Penn Station again we met Beth for dinner at the Savarin... a trek to the Stars barracks... and then on to see the murder comedy "The Little Indians" which was really scary and very good. (Beth and I huddled closely together throughout it!)

19 Beth, Percy and Jeanie came back to Helles with me to spend the night. - I slept on the couch.
June 24

A peacefully quiet Sunday spent close to home without a single trip to the hospital. (The first day I’ve missed.) We had a delicious roast beef dinner — played Society Croquet with Gloria and screen who came over in the afternoon — took a long walk through the Hillie woods — and just relaxed around.

Denny spent the night again, but Bert and Jeannie left this evening.

Such a pleasant weekend!
Back to the hospital for a seemingly endless day... which dragged all the more because I was kind of sleepy. Mother and I drove over to Flatbush to our old favorite Chinese restaurant for lunch but other than that and check with strong melodies and the lake, the day passed slowly.

A letter from Nancy.
Up at an ungodly hour to be at the hospital by eight this morning for a blood metabolism and blood test, but it wasn’t had at all.

This afternoon, Mother and I went to the Bijou Paramount to see Joan Fontaine in “The Affairs of Susan” and a tremendously cry “Dangerous Passage” double feature. While she went back to the hospital, I met Florence for supper at Excelsior. Before we had went back to St. John’s, saw Dad and chatted with Bob and Dr. Goodman before coming home.

A sweet note from Sylda, a girl at the hospital... and a clipping about the Blair Hal controversy from Freddy.
JUNE 27

19 The whole day was spent at the hospital, and managed to pass with enough pleasant intervals to break up the monotony of the day. We were up on the roof for quite awhile and talked with an assortment of people. Dr. Baker (of my rheumatism four days 5 years ago) took Mother and me to supper. One of the lab technicians offered me a job as her assistant. I'm leaving well enough alone however - I don't think I'd be too clever at that sort of thing.
Played hockey from the hospital again... and instead went into N.Y. to see Dave Wallace of Time. He told me to come back in September to see more definitely about a job then... it looks hopeful, but I have to wait that long.

I went to the Riverside Theater in Rockefeller Center to catch up on that sort of thing before going down to Backman's to meet Bill Bailey for lunch at the famous kitchen with Elan and two of his colleagues. It felt a smooth eating with 3 men in these hard days.

Relaxed around home this afternoon. Three came for supper and then I went to Stuygo to help prepare for the end of the shower.

An old letter (May 26) from Bill Bailey was written in a blue felt pen... but God, thanks.
Mother and I stopped at The Oaks before going to the hospital to find Dad has had quite a relapse. Yesterday Dr. Emerson forced him by a condition which gave him such excruciating pain that he had a heart attack. He really feels rotten.

Later on in the afternoon we went to buy waxer goblets and cocktail glasses (Cambridge) for Audrey. I went over to Penn Station to meet Elaine and Jan Helston. We had an unusual meal in the Savarin and then went back to the hospital when I was shocked to see how terrible Dad looked.

We came home and sat around before going to bed — have those gals.

A real good letter from Bill.

Annora June 21st - He still didn't know his future.
Up early to meet Lou, Dottie, Bill and Dria in the mad scramble which meant a trip up the Hudson on a boat jammed with 4th of July weekenders. It was ugly here too which added to the discomfort, but we managed to have a good time for it all. We got off at Newburgh for a wonderful meal and impromptu bridge party at Mrs. Snyder's. This was such a grand feast. We came back on the boat in more sarcastic fashion than ever... were fascinated by loving couples everywhere.

When we got back again, I dashed over to Gloria for the tail end of Bill's shower. She seemed so happy and got lovely things.

A letter from Cary in San Francisco - (typical) - and another sweet letter from Bill (June 16) - comfort from Uncle Fred and withholding tax refund from the government ($34.58).