

March 30, 1941

Dear Mother and Daddy,

Spring is coming to Iowa State and its simply beautiful. The grass is beginning to turn green and we walk around without our coats on. Its torture to have to go in and study but we stayed in all this afternoon and evening. Today was all-out-to-Church Sunday and Rev. Barlow preached a very heartening sermon and I feel much better than I have since vacation began.

I went through all my mail and clipped stamps for you, Daddy, and here they are. I received the \$15 and bought some books but not all of them as yet. I had to order one. I also received the tennis racquet just in time for tomorrow's class and thanks very much. I mailed my laundry bag Sat. morning and hope it reaches you by tomorrow.

Connie's birthday is Saturday. What would she like? How are Dr. Zeleny's plans for coming down to Des Moines? I'd just love to have her spend a week-end with me here. I miss you all so much. Please let her come if it can possibly be arranged. We'd have so much fun. Can I write to her about it on her birthday?

Daddy's and your letters came to me when I needed them most. I feel very greatly encouraged about my work now. Things don't seem as hopeless as they were before. But this quarter is the crucial quarter. I feel fine except that I haven't had enough rest and have lost weight. My room mates just force food down me! But its easier to relax now that that awful tension is over. It is true that I usually crack up in my final tests. Sometimes they mean so much and then in other courses the grades are merely averaged in with the other grades. I've got to get a B in Chem. – 4 credit course – this quarter to pull up that D in Physics – another 4 credit course. I can't think anything but grades, grades, grade average, cumulative average – The war seems a mere incident compared to a letter form the Scholarship Committee! I can't seem to get outside that vicious circle of my own problems. I'm under such a tension because I let them get me down. They do emphasize grades way way too much here but how else can a school estimate a student's ability? And if you graduate from here you've really got something.

I want to know about the war. We seem completely isolated here from any real contact with what's happening outside our circle. We haven't had a radio in our room all quarter so I've heard fun news broadcasts. And I don't see much more of the papers except the headlines. That's a terrible state for a would-be journalist to get into.

Today is Mary Lou Springer's birthday and I bought her a gift. They have been so lovely to me all year and she's become one of my closest friends here. Dorothy Everts, my roommate, is also just about my best friend. Virginia Richter not so much as before. She's very childish and immature. She means well but she just doesn't belong in college. She belongs back in high school. Dorothy has a keen sense of humor. She has to have to be able to live with me. But I've reformed. I clean the room on my own [motive?], keep my corner neat, pick up my things, keep my washing and ironing up to date and just about always make my bed. Anyway I haven't flunked part of my education.

I must go to bed.

All my love,  
Virginia