

January 9, 1942

Dear Mother and Daddy,

It is 1:20 p.m. and I am sitting in the Student office waiting to call up someone for a feature story. He's assistant director of personnel and is quite a chef. In fact, he cooked his way through college, so that's a plenty good story. Incidentally, he is also my kind friend, John L. Holmes, who was so helpful and encouraging about my grades last quarter. He is on my beat this quarter, which makes everything very nice and friendly. I went over to see him yesterday about my grades and he says I'm in senior college now but I won't be promoted until the middle of the quarter, which sounds to me like it evens up to zero. But he said I'd done wonderful work and nothing should stop me from now on and more things like that. It sure feels good to be patted on the back for a change.

My cold is gone and I feel fine, although it's colder than Minnesota down here. I've run out of silk stockings. Can you sent me some? Do Herberger's have any 79 c ones? They should be open today. Maybe it would be cheaper to buy them here.

I like all my courses very much. And I've got a schedule that is really something----about three free hours a week. I enclose a copy of it. Clothing and House Planning should be fun and Foods and Chemistry hard and Journalism even harder so I've got that all figured out.

I've had two letters from Marlow and he had a hard trip back. However, he's settled down to the army again. He must have written them before he got them because he's changed addresses.

I guess Ron has joined the navy under the plan whereby he'll be deferred until June, 1943, when he graduates. Then he'll get a commission as an ensign. It means going right straight through---summer school and everything---and taking all the things he should have taken in junior college--military, chemistry, a foreign language, math, and he HATES it, he says. But it's the best thing for him to do and he knows it and that's one of the reasons he hates it. Something has happened there----we don't get along anymore. Maybe he's worried about things, no doubtless. But even so, things just aren't the same as pre-Christmas.

I saw Mr. Hicks on the Rocket coming down to Des Moines and he's going to send me four crabs from Portland Oregon. Told me how to fix them and every-thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Guise took me to dinner to asxt their guest in the St. Paul station Sunday and it was very nice of them. I could have ridden down with them, too. I've told you about the tripl it was ghastly but good to get back.

I can't figure out how this quarter has cost you so much money, but my financial situation is almost zero. And I still have to get two foods uniforms at \$2.25 each, a Food's laboratory manual, a chem. lab. manual and book, material and a pattern for clothing and several other odds and ends. I'm sending you a list of what I've spend. Tuition was \$89 instead of \$86 so that took \$3 out of my fund.

I have about \$18 left this quarter has been more expensive than ever before and it just makes me sick. I'll send you an itemized account.

Will you please send my white shirt in my laundry bag.

It was very hard to leave home this time. It would have been still harder had I known the defense plans the college has made. They are the same as [a T.C?] and other schools. Summer school sessions have been lengthened and vacations are short to make it possible to finish a four-year course in three years. Next summer the session will be here all summer as a full quarter- a fourth quarter in the school year. It's the same set up as at Yale + Harvard and many other colleges. We have no vacation at all between the quarter and next quarter. All finals will be given three days- March 18, 19, + 20. We register for spring quarter March 21 + classes begin March 23- at least theres a week-end there. It will be a long hard pull. Now I know that we are really at war.

As Mitchell leaves Jan. 22 for the army. He'll be teaching radio and signal work somewhere in the U.S. but can't tell me where yet.

I must stop and maid this and my laundry bag.

All my love, Virginia

P.S. Received the package this morning (Sat.) and thank you very much.