

Monday, April 11 13, 1942

Dear Mother and Daddy,

It was so good to hear your voices Friday night. I wish I could come home for a few days so badly. The prospects of a long, drawn out summer stretch doesn't exactly thrill me. Daddy, you talk like a crazy person when you suggest that there might be a 8 or 9 day break at the end of the spring quarter. There just isn't any such thing. Final exams close June 4 and registration in June 7. We're on this dam stream-lined schedule and they tell me there is absolutely no reason for it, either----just a lot of glory and rah, rah for dear old I.S.C. res. Friley glorifies ideas about I.S.C. and the emergency and they all boil down to the ancient rivalry between Iowa State and Iowa U—or—or—keep up with the Joneses. And last winter Iowa U. got the permission to hold the training school for about 5,000 naval cadets or something like that (the same thing T.C. has got and Friley has been sore ever since. So that is why I won't be home between quarters. Maybe my friend J.R. Sage will let me take my finals early. Incidentally, No, he disen't think Daddy is registrar at T.C. He knows he's a history prof.

Could you rush me my yellow cotton formal, please? Guess what! I'm going to the Military Ball Saturday night and I'm so thrilled I don't know what to do. It's my first Military Ball and tickets are so scarce Howard didn't get one until today. We went to the Bomb Beauty Ball on Saturday night and I finished my formal and it was very nice. It had a bright red long torso top and a flowered chinz skirt with nive yards in it. People just stared at me and we had a wonderful time. That was the second biggest affair of the spring season but the Military ball is by far the big event and I'm so happy.

Thank you very much for the money. I draw for rooms tomorrow. Helen and I are drawing separately and I don't think we're going to live together next year. We're living together this summer and that's going to be long enough. She goes into Home Management next fall and so do I and she does her student teaching and graduates in March. I also have to buy a desk lamp as poor lighting has been partly the cause of my trouble with my eyes. We need an alarm clock too. That salve has helped my eyes very much and you can send some more pretty soon. My feet are still bothering me and I haven't had my physical check up yet, but I still feel better when I've had xome sleep so I guess that's my chief trouble.

Tomorrow the journalism class is going over to Boone to attend a series of trials involving car accidents in which several persons were killed and others permanently injured. I'm going to like that, having never been to a trial before. We have to learn how to cover one.

Last Sunday the Minneapolis Symphony played here and we all had to write a review of it for journalism. I thought the program lacked vitality and showed poor taste in selection for a college audience. They played the Overture to Leonore, which is very rarely heard and Variations on a theme of Haydn by Brahms and a symphony by Shosta-kowitsch—the only thing that was any good. Olin Downes, music critic for the New York Times gave me an intermission commentary and distinguished himself by saying “has wrote,” “he don't, “”expert”” and a few other [goring?] grammatical errors like that.

My laundry bag came today and the brownies were wonderful. Thanks so much. Its spring here on the campus and wonderful weather. I must stop and go write heads for the night editor.

## Tuesday

Now I'm over in the hospital getting my heels bandaged again. I spend more time over here. It's a good thing its free.

You know, if I could get my formal by Thursday or sometime like that I could have it washed and starched real stiff at the laundry. And I'm thinking of wearing it with very long red gloves.- some that come up just under the arm pits! [Swish!?] Because I think Howard is going to wear tails and I can dress very formally, too. That's my dream- I'll probably end up by going very simply, darn it.

I'm glad you feel better about my Chem. Grade 3 hours of E that will be erased by another grade at the end of the quarter won't make alot of difference. But what is going to count is that when the time comes for me to collect my recommendations for a job J.R. Save and Dean Halder and Mrs. McGlade and all the other top administrative officials are going to say nice things about me. That's what my future employer is going to look at, rather than the fact that, in winter of 1942, I nearly flunked Chem. and journalism has made those contacts possible. So that's why I spend so much time on it, outside of the fact that I love it.

Marlow is supposed to get a furlough the last April but I haven't written him for awhile.

Bye now, and I'll write later-  
Love, Virginia