

Monday, July 20, 1942

Dear Mother and Daddy,

I've got my job and have been at work a week. I read proof at the Collegiate Press Building on all the publications Collegiate Press publishes. I work with one of my good friends, Jean Ross, the girl I wanted to live with this spring. Its a part time job and I work from 1 or 2 to 5 p.m. every afternoon. I get 40 cents an hour and it is one of the best jobs on the campus. Most of the other jobs pay 30 or 35 cents an hour. I can work at my own speed, rest my eyes any time I need to. We are just about our own bosses. The man we work for is also a journalist and is a swell person. We proof everything---textbooks, Journal of Science, personnel sheets. It is tedious but interesting work. I work 5 days a week.

I'm almost sure I can have this job all next year, too. Jean is planning to hang on to hers until she graduates. She gets 50 cents an hour because she's head proof reader. And she will make a little over \$40 a month next year. So if I keep this job at 40 cents an hour for 5 days a week I could make about \$32 a month. I could pay for my board and at least part of my room.

If I want to keep it, though, I'll probably have to stay here right straight through until September because they'll be terrifically busy just about the time I want to go home. If they take time to train someone else in my place they'll probably keep her on. I could get a room here and store my things. After school was out, I would work full-time and could make about \$70. My room would cost about \$12 a month and it would cost me about \$20 a month to eat. Then I would clear \$40 plus what I make during these 5 weeks that I'm working part-time.

I don't know what to think about all this as yet. I've been living for the end of this second session so I could get home at last. And I'm so darn homesick, too. But I would have to work at least part of that vacation if I want my job next year. I will talk to Harold, my boss, and ask him if I could go home for awhile. He might let me because he's like that. Maybe I could pile up enough proof to keep Jean busy so they wouldn't need me for awhile and then come home.

What do you think of all this?

(I have to finish this with pen because I'm now at home and its midnight so I can't use my typewriter!)

I don't want to do all this. Its wonderful having a job. It makes me feel so independent and confident and sure of myself. On the other hand I want to come home so badly. But then I think I'd be a fool to pass up this chance. It's one of the highest paying jobs on the campus for students.

What do you think about it?

I passed my big old "practical" the foods test that is the nightmare for every Home ec. student. We had it last Thursday and I had to make a lemon pie! It was very good except that I forgot to put water in my meringue and beat the egg whites too long, But it was very good.

I'm doing an article for the October Homemaker, (the Home Ec. publication) on soybeans in plastics, textiles and foods. And they are sending out letters to readers all over Iowa and the country saying that my article is appearing in the Oct. issue and to watch out for it.

Dr. Nickell and I decided (and hope) that we wouldn't have to tell you about my spring grades. They weren't very good. I got about 2.1 average, though. Do you still want to know? I haven't got my grades from the first session yet.

I'm through with Chemistry at last!! At last I can breathe again. It's wonderful. This session I am taking Social Psychology, Meal Planning, and Textile Economics—9 hrs.

It has been scorching hot but it rained over the week-end and is now cooler.

Fred is going to Des Moines tomorrow to see about enlisting in the navy as a pharmacists mate. He thinks he will get more practical experience there than in the Medical Corps. He won't enlist until he has to and can't enlist until he takes his army physical and he hasn't had his notice for that yet.

I do hope you can meet him. You've just got to. I shall send some pictures home as soon as I get them.

I am very tired so I must go to bed now.

Another word of advice to Connie and El: Work just as much as you can while you're in school. You don't really start to grow up until you've worked for a boss for money. Don't burden yourself with work especially if it isn't absolutely necessary. But get a job now and keep one all through college – any job—create it if you have to—and try to work in as many different jobs as possible. You'll have to give up something for it. Let it be that extra curricular activity that doesn't amount to a row of beans (as mother would say). But work at some job, even if for only a few hours a week, all the time you're in college. It will teach you what you really want out of life. I wish I'd gave to T.C. 2 years, taught in a country school for a year or so and then come to Arves as a freshman.

“Proof reader, Collegiate Press Corp., 12 mos.” Will look much better on my personal sheet than “chairman, Junior Prom, 1942.” See what I mean?

I'm tired. Please write me. Minus the war, it will be six years before Fred and I can be married. The war will add 2-4 years to that.

Love,

Virginia.