

October 6, 1942

Dear Mother, Daddy, and family,

Thank you so much for the lovely birthday. I liked your letters better than almost anything. I wish you would do that real often, not just on my birthday. And your telegram. It certainly made a gals day for me. The cake came through just wonderfully and everyone is still raving about it. And thanks so much for the stockings and handkerchief and pearls and candy!

So now I'm 21. Imagine that. I can't think right now what drastic use I'll put my majority to so I think I'll keep right on doing just what I've always been doing---listening to your advice and trying to follow it and realizing that it's darn good advice, after all. Of course, you know that'll always be your child and that there will be many more sleepless night for you and many more skinned knees and hurt feelings to bandage and soothe! I think that the only difference is that how I'm supposed to do more of that for myself. I will try and will probably always turn to you.

And now I have something very nice to tell you. Last night, by special delivery, I got an invitation to become a member of Theta Sigma Phi, national honorary fraternity for women in journalism. Isn't that wonderful? And now I have to make the "touch," too because pledging is Sunday at 9:30 a.m. and "The \$15 initiation fee is payable at that time". It says that the fee covers national and local dues, cost of pin, and a 5-year subscription to the national magazine. I'm very happy because this is really progress and recognition. Jean Ross got an invitation too. As I said, pledging is Sunday so I'll need the money by that time. True to form, I'm sending this special natcherly!

Sunday night my old boy friend, Howard, flew to see me from Davenport. We went to the Vet. Dance out at the Country Club. It was alot of fun. He wanted me to fly to Davenort with him Sunday and then he'd send me back on another plane. When I said that I couldn't, he wanted me to go to des Moines with him and have dinner and then see him off at the airport---then I could come back with some friends who were going to drive us down. But I couldn't do that, either, because I had to get Sunday supper for Student staff meeting that night. But it sure would have been fun. Howard will get his orders Nov. 11 to report for training in meteorology in the army air corps reserve---he's in exactly the same work that Jeanne McCutchan's husband is in. Howard, however, will go to school at the University of Chicago. He graduated a 3.5 student in agriculture engineering in August. He's going to write to me and try to come over for another weekend before he goes. And after he gets situated in Chicago, he wants to come down occasisiononly. And he thinks it would be just real nice if I'd get a job in Chicago (as I probably will) cause he'll be there and stuff like that. He just left Sunday and I've had a postcard from him already. He's the one I told you all about late one night, Mother---the one with the big car. Now you'd think, wouldn't you, that that would be something for an enterprising girl to develop? I've already gone with him for a year.

Sunday night 10 of us went to the show after Student staff meeting. I went with Ron Ross and a good time was had by all. Speaking of jobs, as I was a short time ago, Miss Goepfinger told me today that they aren't a bit worried about placing all their graduates and in good jobs. Even now

they have quite a number of unfilled positions. It sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Must stop now and get ready for dinner. I'll write again sometime this week.

Love, Virginia