

Wednesday

Dec. 1944?

Dear Mother and Daddy,

If anyone tells you this is the Christmas season they are wrong and don't pay any attention to them.. this is the thank-god-finals-are-over season and I'm the one to know. I thought I was having an easy final week but it has been worse. I can only say that I've lived through this week and I can therefore live through anything. I had finals right up to the last hour of the last day of school and that was this morning at 10. Then I dashed back to the dorm, did a big ironing from a big washing that I had to do last night until about 2 a.m., threw all my clothes into my small bag and moved over to the Student where I am now. From here I'm going to move in with Mrs. Westfall tonight. I am mailing my laundry bag today and it has some of my clothes in it so don't empty it down the chute. Thanks a lot for getting it back in time.

(Writing on side of page) → I looked all over the dorm for my fortnighter suitcase before I remembered that you took it back with you in September.

I'm coming home Sunday. They gave me reservations for the Rocket on Sunday so I'm not going to argue with them. I can't help it but Friday was a worse day to travel than Saturday, it appears. I'll take the same train I always do—the Great Northern that gets into St. Cloud about 10:45. In the meantime, I have so much to do perhaps it's better that I'll have two more days here to do it in. I have to put the Agriculturist to press, I have to write copy for 3 or 4 sections of the Bomb, I have to get all my material lined up for the features stories I have to sell next quarter and Maybe I'll have a chance to get some rest, too. I'm writing Des Moines today to get my ticket.

These last 8 or 9 days have been a nightmare. I've had at least 8 finals. About Monday of this week I started to bog down and I've been crawling ever since. Do you know the state of mind in which you have to read over every sentence carefully, slowly and painstakingly to even comprehend what it says? That's the way I took my last 2 finals.

So I'll be home Sunday night so hang out the latchkey and have a nice soft bed ready because, if anyone thinks I'm going to get up before Christmas, they're crazy. Say hello to anyone that may inquire as to when I shall be home and tell them, Jane and Connie especially, to start rounding up all the gossip and scandal because I want to hear it all.

If you want to write me before I leave, I'll be at Cranford Annex, Apt. 2—the telephone is 2562-J but I don't imagine you would be calling me again. It sure was good to hear you Sunday. I was going to call home about Tuesday to tell you my plans so I wasn't surprised that you called me.

Fred is trying to get into officers candidate school and he says it takes a lot of “coddling.” We don’t know when he’ll be sent out of Camp Dodge but I imagine it will be about the last of January. I sure wish he could come to St. Cloud but he can’t even get a 3-day pass to go home. I may not even see him before I go home and I’m only about 25 miles from him. Well, such is love in war.

Love,

Virginia