Dear Blaine—how are you now? I guess you must be getting pretty well settled down by now in your new home. I've been writing about it for hours tonight and my head feels the strain, but here I am writing again. Oh well, such is life!

Last week we had our first class rehearsal of the year. Although I am not taking music classes now, I'm in the choir. The new music professor knows how to handle a choir very well and I think it's going to be a very interesting and will direct you recording when you get back. I've pulled out one of my old favorites "Beautiful Dreamer." We need to sing it in high school, and then I went back.

There have been a number of reports of polio here in the last few days. From the first of October there have been twelve new cases. They closed the public school yesterday and they don't know what they are going to do to me. I am supposed to stay on campus so that we won't get in crowds and we're getting it. The usually are by this time, so that the officials are afraid of an epidemic.

I hope you've heard about Willard before this. It was an awful shock to everyone and I can hardly believe that he is dead yet! I always did think he was a wonderful man.

If you see any news papers or letters from Alfred or any of those places, please be sure to send them to me or for my room! Let's stop and write to write soon. Be good and have fun. Dead right and good luck.

Shirley