January 13, 1945

Dear Lorie:

I'm not sure just how much I can write to you tonight. It's late to midnight, and I'm so sleepy I can hardly see. It's probably Sunday morning already over there in England. I've been so busy all week that I have only the week-end to catch up on my sleep.

This week we get the schedule for our exams. They start on Thursday, the 25th, and go until the following Tuesday. I have one Thursday afternoon, but then one until Monday afternoon. So, I think I'll go home on Thursday night and stay until Monday morning or Sunday night. I hate to think of starting to study for exams, really I do. I'm going to take Colie home with me this time. She's my favorite pal up here and it's
wonderful girl. I'd like you to meet her sometime, too. I know you'd
like her, even though you have made your choice, haven't you?
Miss Harvey hasn't arrived back at school yet. Each day we
come crying back from class and search for her. We haven't
heard anything from her, so nobody has any idea when she
will make her appearance. I hope we get some nervous race
we've been leading a wonderful country-club life.
The mail came through very well this week. I got your
card of New Year's Eve on the 10th. I'm glad you got a tree
for Christmas. It sounds as if you really need your eighs
to trim the tree. These two's fellows are pretty good, aren't they?
Last Sunday morning it snowed a good deal. But in the
afternoon it stopped. Someone told me about a place where we
could rent a horse and carriage to go riding. Lep and I decided
to go and we had a wonderful time. None of us had ever driven
a horse, but Sally did a good job. I don't think she enjoyed
the ride very much, though.
because she was so sad. The name of the horse was "Butch" and he was pretty sad. He was very lazy and just walked very slowly. So we didn't go "dashing through the snow." He liked to go backwards, too. In fact, I think he must have come right in him. We had a crazy time and were froze when we got in, but it was an experience.

Prof. Deilman, the dramatic coach, wrote a short one-act play about the rise of me on a sleigh ride. Some of the kids heard it tonight, and said it was cute. We want to do it, the Thornton Wilder way with no scenery. Sounds good, don't you think?

Tonight in the movies we saw the first pictures of the Wider bomb—right. Do you know why they suddenly released such a closely guarded secret? They had lots of pictures of crews over in England getting their planes for raid and showed pictures inside the plane during a raid. It was very interesting. I wonder if you could have been in any of the pictures, but they were probably there before you even went over. They don't.
Dear Virginia,

Did you know that mother was elected Conference president of the W.S.C.S.? She is getting right up in the world. I'm glad she got it because she manages things so well and she's interested in it.

We had a formal initiation of pledges into the Dramatics Club on Thursday night. This is the first time it has ever been done, and it was very impressive. We were the most active group last year, and got the club on its feet again. Now, its the main group on the campus. We're going to start our record "Congee Thunder" show after spring. Its a musical show and it was big hit drawing crowds.

Hope your "Chicks" are back in operation again. We'll have to call her the "Reaptured Chick" if you don't watch out. Write, now, put that gun away.

Well, I'm at the end again. Not very much news going on here. Say hello to all the crew for me. I sure would like to have them all out for dinner when you're on one of those mid-term leaves. "Bye, good luck, and take care of yourself!

Lots of love

[Signature]