

Friday morning  
February 9, 1945

Dearest Looie:

Again you are lucky! Yes, I guess that I have time in class to write, and you can't complain that my typewriting is illegible. Or can you? It's a very cloudy day up here today, but the air is more like spring than winter. It feels as though we are going to get some rain, but, at least that would be a little different from snow. It has been so warm this week, that almost all of the snow has melted. Everyone says that if it melts gradually like this that we won't have a flood. I would like to get out of a little school, but I don't think that a flood would be much fun, really.

I had a letter from you this week and I think that the date was sometime in the latter part of January. I don't have it here because I sent it on home to mother. She probably heard, but sometime her mail doesn't come through as fast as mine. Mother wrote to me and said that it was in the paper that you had been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster. I don't think that you will be able to walk home, let alone to fly, with all of your medals and decorations. She has also heard from mothers of fellows in your crew, and I think that she is just tickled pink every time that she does. It's good to know that there is such good feeling between all of you fellows.

This morning I had three letters from Fred. Yes, he's finally landed in France. He said that there was an awful lot of mud, but he doesn't complain. He also said that all the parts<sup>o</sup>of France that he had seen had been unnecessarily

ruined and almost of the countryside was in ruins. It doesn't seem at all real to us here at home, just what war can do to a country. I guess that you have to see it to fully realize it's meaning.

This week has been very busy too. Ever since the new semester has started I have been going around as though I were in a nightmare. For instance, Monday night I had choir rehearsal and then play practice; Tuesday night we had a Student Council meeting and a committee meeting for the big Dickinson Banquet to be held in March; Wednesday night The Community Concert presented Mary Van Kirk; and last night I had play practice until 10:00. I think that I will just sleep all the week-end through. Mary Van Kirk is a contralto and really quite good. She is one of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air winners of just a few years ago. She is very young.

Did mother write you that Bill Johns was engaged? The girl is from Westover Hills, and I have met her once or twice. Ben told me that he thought they were going to be engaged when I saw him at Christmas time, but mother seemed to be quite surprised. The last that I heard from Ben, he was sick in bed with the grip. I wish that the Army would take him.

A group of movie people are here this week and for a month or so, I believe, to make some Navy movies. Gene Kelly is among them, and all the girls in town are going crazy trying to see him and get his autograph. I haven't seen him yet, but maybe I will yet. The rumor is going around that Frankie is going to come in a few weeks, but I don't think that I will believe that until I see it with my own eyes. I would like to see him in person again.

If you don't think you can stand it, you  
better stop reading here. I'm back into the dorm  
and will quit write few more sentences before  
I close. The gang - home" boys has caught every-  
one this week-end and I think there are  
only six people left on the sophomore hall.  
Some of the girls had been planning ahead,  
but a lot of them just made up their minds  
after dinner. I'd love to go, too, but it takes  
too long and I was home only two weeks ago.  
This year an awful large percentage of the  
girls are going home for week-end because  
there is to very much to do here. But, with  
such a heavy schedule all I want to do  
is sleep. Next week, I have play rehearsal  
every night, so I'm going to rest up now!  
Well, Louis, going to try and catch up  
on some more of my correspondence tonight.  
I'm so glad to hear you're coming along so  
well, and you receive everything. Good - night  
and good - luck.

Lots of love,  
Shirley