

Fri. morning  
Oct. 1, 1943  
Williamport, Pa.

Dear Lee —

I've got a little time before lunch and I think that I'll try to get a letter started to you anyhow. It's raining here today — the first time that I've seen rain for two months. There has been quite a drought in Delaware, you know.

The college is very nice. The place is small but they have a grand athletic field. Most of the buildings are old but the chapel and fine arts buildings are new. I don't know whether we'll have phys. ed. at all because the cadets are in there for classes and other things most of the day. There are three hundred and fifty air cadets here. We're not allowed to talk to them during class hours — 7:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. We're having a informal party Sat. night to get acquainted, I guess. I don't know whether the cadets will like it or not, but we'll see.

Our house here is just like a sorority house. There are three girls in our room — names of Jimmy and Nancy. Both grand, too, by the way. We have nice large rooms with desks and dresser and a large closet. Everyone sleeps upstairs in a room much like your sleeping place at F-son, Carlisle. It's larger, though, I think. There are about six double-decker and eight single beds. Some of the sophes have beds in their rooms, though.

There aren't many boarding students here — about forty, I think. There is another house where they live but it's not as nice. Mostly sophes are in the other house. There are quite a few day students from Williamsport and the surrounding towns.

The classes are quite different from P. I. (naturally.) Biology (the same book as you had) and chemistry are tough and we have three hour labs in both. Typing and shorthand are both hard but after a while I think they'll let up. English is simple, so far, but he told us that we have to write a term paper around Feb. I've never written one and so it will be a little hard. It's more of a research theme, I guess. The teacher is good. He's got a good, witty humor and seems to pull no punches.

Mother wrote yesterday that you made out well on your solo flight. That's really grand. Keep it up. Lunch is ready now so I'll have to run. I'll try to write once a week and try to write me once in a while and let me know how things stand. I don't have any air mail stamps now but I'll try to get some for your letters soon. It won't take so long that way.

Lots of love —  
Shirley