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VMAIL

October 22, 1944

Dear Louie:

This V-mail is going to be an expensive thing, I can see. Just think - three 3 cent stamps all in one night. See how much I love you. Well, let's not go into that now! Last week we had exams, so we'll probably get the lovely news this week. I always did want to stay at home this year. This week also begins Freshman Week. It seems so funny to put someone else through their paces and the poor kids are scared to death. But, weren't we all?

Last Friday night the Dramatic Club gave a Mardi Gras in the gym. We had to have something to make money so we could put on plays. We had all kinds of booths and a melodrama, a minstrel show (in which I was a very black end - man) and a queen of the whole affair. Almost everyone came in costume so it was really very grand and we made loads of money. We were up until about two the night before decorating, and then the next night cleaning it was the same hours. So this week-end I have done little else but sleep. Can you blame me?

This coming week-end we have a very stiff and formal President's Reception to go to. That's the next big thing. I really must stop now, Lee, but will try to write you about all of my doings. Be good now and take care of yourself.

Love and luck -- Shirley

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VMAIL

Sunday, October 22, 1944

Dear Louie: --

Here's the second page coming up! Last Tuesday we had the day to go on our annual Chestnut Hunt. It was a beautiful autumn day and we all went up to Mountain Beach. There is a lake there and several boats. Of course, I had to go out in a boat. So Chapel and I got in with two other boys and went for a ride. Later on, though, Chapel, Nan, Josie, three boys, and yours truly all got into a little row boat meant for no more than four. We kept shipping water in on both sides but that didn't worry us. One of the profs called us over to the shore so he could get a picture of all of us in the boat. We had just about gotten out to the middle of the lake again, when the prow of the boat went under and the whole thing began to sink. I just couldn't believe it as I stood and watched. Then the fellow behind me jumped over board and I soon followed behind him. You can imagine trying to swim weighted down by wollen slacks and a wool sweater with

one of your big shirts on. We all looked very sad coming out of the water and the prof came out and got our pictures as we came out of [the] water. We got to laughing so hard that we hardly realized that we were soaking wet. Everyone on shore was roaring with laughter and screaming. Doc Long gave us his car to rush back and get some dry clothes on. It was so much fun that we didn't realize how serious it was. One fellow lost his glasses. And my watch is ruined, but no one was hurt. More soon.

Love, Shirley