

**1**

Dickinson Junior College

Williamsport, Penna.

January 13, 1945

Dear Looie:

I'm not sure just how much I can write to you tonight. It's close 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 got the schedule for our exams. They start on Thursday, the 25th and go until the following Tuesday. I have one Thursday afternoon, but then, none until Monday afternoon. So, I think 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 Callie home with me this time. She's my favorite pal up here and is a

**2**

wonderful girl. I'd like you to meet her sometime, Lee. I know you'd like her, even though you have made your choice, haven't you?

Miss Dewey hasn't arrived back at school yet. Each day we come creeping 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 warning 'cause we've been leading a wonderful, country-club life.

The mail came through very well this week. I got your letter of New Year's Eve on the 10th. I'm glad you got a tree for Christmas. It sounds as if you really used your ingenuity to trim the tree. These Air Corps fellows are pretty good, aren't they?

Last Sunday morning it snowed a good deal. But, in the afternoon it stopped. Someone told us about a place where we could rent a horse and sleigh to go riding. Six of us 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,

**3**

because she was so scared. The name of the horse was "Buster" 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 some mule in him. We had a crazy time and were frozen when we got in, but it was an experience. Prof. Deikason, the dramatic coach, wrote a short one-act play about the six of us 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 one of the movies we saw the first pictures of the Norden bomb-sight. 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 [ready] for a raid and showed pictures inside the planes during a raid. It was very interesting. I wonder if you could have been in any of the pictures, but they were probably taken before you were sent over. They don't

4

release them very soon.

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

We had a formal initiation of pledges into the Dramatic Club on Thursday night. This is the first time it's 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, it's the main group on the campus. We're going to start on our second "Campus Thunder" show after exams. It's a musical show, and is our biggest drawing card.

Hope your "Chick" is back in operation again. We'll have to call her the "Ruptured Duck" if you don't watch out. Alright, now, put that gun away.

Well, I'm at the end again. Not very much new 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 weekend leaves. 'Bye, good luck, and take care of yourself.

Lots of love,

Shirley