



June 11, 1945

Dear Joe,

Thanks a million for the last letter. Enjoyed it very much — seems as though you're having quite a time with the women.

I am in the midst of my finals and believe me, I'm having a regged time of it! Three more x-ams to go and after a couple days I'm back to the old grind again — woe is me! This college life is really something, — in more ways than one.

Last week I had ~~some~~ rather tragic thing happen to me. On Tuesday while playing softball (Championship game which we lost by one run) I sprained my finger. Two days later I was up to 3:00 A.M. finishing up my final theme in English. I was still half asleep the next morning and when I came barreling out of the house, the stairs seemed to have sprung on me, and I missed my footing. The result was a severely sprained ankle. I've been hobbling around for a week now and it finally seems as if it's getting better. I couldn't even get my shoes on for a while and had to cut two valuable



Classes. In a way it was to my advantage though, because I've never studied so intensely in such a long stretch — just nothing else for me to do but sit and study.

Say Joe, I've been trying to figure out how far my dough will last after summer school. I appreciate all your help of course, but I'm wondering how much I can look to you for. You say you have quite a bit. Could you state precisely how much I can rely upon. Please acknowledge by next letter.

When do you think you'll be in Chicago? Will you be able to meet me there? I'll probably have to tear back here by the first of October.

Between the spring and summer quarters I'll be working at the Minnesota book store sorting, etc; Probably make about \$5.00 a day. Kenny got his induction notice from his Hollywood job so he'll be going in very shortly.

Got to sign off now, — be seeing you

Solange
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