

Get my address from the return  
on my envelope.

4-1-43

Dear Folks,

I am still here at Sheppard Field.

April Fool!! ha.

No fooling, here I am at the beautiful and picturesque old College located in the quaint old southern city of Nashville Tennessee, named Peabody. To save my time, which is still short, I'll let Ruth describe the place for you. Really it is beautiful here compared to that "hell hole" that we just got out of.

Ruth I live in the Graduate Dormitory, if you remember which one that is.

Our classes or regular program hasn't started yet so I have nothing along that line to tell. So far all we have been doing is cleaning up. This place is filthy. I don't see how girls lived in it the way that it was. There is soot or ~~col~~ coal smoke or something here just like Papa described St. Louis only not quite as bad. Ruth I don't remember your mentioning the soot or whether "something new has been added" but anyway it's here now. The food here is fine, not quite as much as at Sheppard Field but better, and I might add, much better.

The eggs taste like eggs and the potato one does.  
The best thing is that there is all of the milk that you  
want.

When you get your piano bill this month you are going  
to be mad. If I am not really mistaken I made all of  
those phone calls person to person. In each case I  
asked for Mr. Hays I think. Ok well, Leino and Lem.  
Last Sunday night while I was talking to you, you were  
I said Jerry Martin had just finished singing? Well  
that I was just the prelude to the main show. The  
main show was all imported from Ft. Worth. I knew  
I was on towards the guide and I had seen most of the rest  
of them before. They were nearly all from Pocatello. It was  
just like a letter from home.

We left Stopped Field at 8:00 Monday night,  
and got here at 7:00 Wed. morning. I didn't catch  
H. P. during the whole trip and I just had three hours  
of grand slugs. No one on Bullman as it a very  
nice trip.

I am in a room with three other boys, one from  
Chicago, one from New Mexico, and one from California.  
They are all good boys and we get along fine.

I told the porter that I wanted to go ~~the~~ through  
Ft. Worth and he said perhaps we would. But that all that  
then stayed night outside my window instead of getting  
in behind the train.

You can send my suitcase with ~~some~~ three pair of  
shirts and undershirts if I have them. Also put in my papers  
if you happen to have some ice box evidence you can put them in too.

I'll write in a couple of days,  
Love,  
Faye.