

Sept. 18, 1931

Dear Mother:

As this is Friday I presume that you are just about home. I certainly hope that you enjoyed your trip to Maryland and that you got to see Bob's parents in Charles-Town. We have been having a great time getting started up here, and I think that everything is going to be fine.

Wednesday was our biggest day. At 8:00 we had a placement test in French, as a result of which I have been promoted to French 11. The regular course for those presenting two years of French for entrance is French 5, while French 11 is the regular course for those presenting three years for entrance. This will mean a lot more work for me, but it is a wonderful opportunity for me to save a year's training. Dick Muzzy got promoted to French 7 from French 11. French 7 is an advanced conversational course for those who have had three years training. Dick had three years for French in prep school. I hardly know what to do about it, but I'll have to work hard or be demoted to French 5 again. Please Don't tell anyone about this as I would hate to have known if I got put back.

Since I started this letter, the 1931 Freshmen-Sophomore rush has become a thing of the past. '35 upheld its honor by defeating the sophs five balls tonone. What a mob! I never touched a ball, but I sure did help push, etc. They would hold the ball, and all the fresh-

men would try to push it toward their goal. This resulted in enormous piles, in which the men underneath were almost crushed. Once I was on the second tier from the bottom and I thought I'd die, no less! My toes^s hurts where some one stood on it, but that is my only injury.

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This evening there was a lecture in old Dartmouth Hall by Dean Craven Leacock. It was wonderfully inspirational. He told the glorious history of the college, and it made me feel^{ed} that Dartmouth was more natural than the old machine that put me through the selective process. Usually the fellows walk out as soon as the lecture is over with only a few perfunctory handclaps, but tonight almost all of them remained in their seats and gave the dean a wonderful round of applause. After it was over Bob and I went up and shoke hands with the dean. He asked us our names and said he was glad to meet us.

Now comes the sad part of the letter --where I ask you to send things from home. Please ask daddy to send two of those sponge soap dish^{es} that they have at the store for a dime or so. They charge 50¢ for them here. Send the French dictionary, the flashlight, and remind daddy to send the strongbox I asked him about. Expenses are mounting up. There is just \$188.75 left in the checking account. When daddy said most of the expenses were over, he forgot about the books, which are very expensive.

Give my special love to mamma, and to all.
Love,

William