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Sunday afternoon

Dear Mother:-

It was perfectly wonderful of you to make those fine cookies and send them. We all enjoy them so much and they are so good. The brownies were never better and the lemon cakes and oatmeal cookies were just too good for any thing but eating. The glasses and gloves arrived all right, although it was some time before I found the gloves. I couldn't imagine what had happened to them as I had left them at home to be cleaned, you know. The reason they were stiff was that I had sweat so much while wearing them. The only other thing I forgot to mention when I was writing before was that I am clear out of pencils, Bob having used mine all up, and I thought if the store still puts out its advertising pencils it might be cheaper to get some of them than to buy some here. If you can send them in a letter, all right, but don't bother to ^{make} a special package. Above all, don't send more than two, as if you do Butch will immediately take some of them over, and he is always losing pencils and borrowing mine. I am getting tired of being a source of supply, and while I am glad to lend things, I hate to be sponged off all the time as I don't feel that I can afford to buy all the pencils, toothpaste, shaving cream, etc. for both of us.

I'm very sorry that you considered my response to the checks unsatisfactory. I wish to make clear here that I am deeply grateful and appreciate very much indeed your prompt response in spite of the hard times and scarcity of money. Please remember, however, that at the time when I wrote the letter to which you refer I had not received your letter with the check and consequently all the news I had had since vacation was that correspondence card ^{you} wrote to say you didn't

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have time to write. I have many faults, but I sincerely hope that ingratitude is not one of them.

We are putting on another play this week, and I expect to be very busy with it. It is "Amaco", a recent piece by Flavin. It has only been produced a few times so far, once out in the West being ~~one~~. There are a lot of complicated sound effects in it. The hum of an acre of machinery is to be reproduced, which varies from scene to scene as the time changes. The action starts soon after the war, and from then on every year the hum increases until in 1928 it is a veritable roar. By 1932 it had fallen off to an almost negligible amount. I think it is going to be very interesting. It will be put on in the Little Theater, and the equipment there for lighting is very inadequate indeed for the size of the production. It will probably end with our blowing a lot of fuses by overloading the current.

There is only a week and a half more of classes and then we will be getting ready for exams. It seems impossible that my sophomore year is nearly over and that my college days are half done. They say that applications for next year have fallen off to such an extent that they are accepting two out of three instead of one out of four as was formerly the case. Formal entrance requirements have been abolished, and the whole thing rests on the selective system as applied by Dean Bill. There was a belated article on the subject in last week's Literary Digest. I went to the Alumni Office to see about Mr. Wright. I asked if they had word of his death and the girl took out a card file and said, "Mr. Frederick Wright?" I said "Yes". "Newark Ohio?" "Yes". "Died April (whatever the date was)?" "Yes". "Yes, we have the notice", and so I left. Much love to all,

Went up to 159 1/4 lbs. this week.

William

Says guys to tell how we do this, but forgot.

I was going to tell how we do this, but forgot.

Wei[gh]t up to 159 1/4 lbs. this week.

