

Dear Mother: =

Tuesday afternoon  
(1933-09-26)  
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It hardly seems possible that I have been away from home a week already, but calendars don't lie. Frankly, I have not been having the best of luck since I have been here. Friday morning I woke up with a sore throat, and things have been going from bad to worse ever since. Saturday the cold went into my head, and now I have a good(?) cough in addition. Yesterday and Sunday my head acted as if it wanted to split, but at present I feel much better and I think the worst is over. When I get home I will tell you what I think about the value of that Hill's Cascara Quinine. I took lots of it but it hasn't done my cold any good. Fortunately, the studies so far have not been arduous and by taking an aspirin from time to time I have been able to cover the assignments. But you can see that I have not felt like writing letters.

When I was on the train coming up from Springfield, I met some fellows I knew, and one of them was going to ride up to Norwich. As I already had a ticket, I thought it would be a good way to save a quarter, so I rode up with him. When we got to Norwich, there wasn't a taxi in sight, so I had to carry my heavy grips up the hill. I just sweat and sweat, and I think this is how I got this cold. When I got about three quarters of the way up the hill, I left my bags in front of a house where some fellows were working, and went up to North Mass and sent the first freshman I saw down the hill after them. But the damage was done, and I would now give many times the 50¢ I saved to be rid of this cold.

Butch and I have this room fixed up much more nicely than we ever did before. We have the cot that Bob Chollar left, and your precious coverlet is now covering up the bare mattress. In spite of

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your fears, it is in perfectly good condition, except that it is a little dusty. Bob had been after me for some time to buy a rug, as I think I told you. I happened to mention one day that I wanted a rug and asked Hort Schooley if he knew of anyone who had one to sell. He said No, thought two or three minutes, and then said, "Why yes. I have a rug I want to sell!" Hort is often bright like that. Anyway, he had bought a rug 9 x12 in his freshman year and now wanted to sell it. Bob and I went to see it and bought it for \$10. You have no idea how much better the room looks, or how much easier it is to keep clean than it was before. For the first time I feel proud of the room, and I wish you could come and see it sometime.

(3 a piece.  
The rug  
cost \$30  
new.)

(\$5  
apiece.  
The rug  
cost \$30  
new.)

I had a very pleasant experience last Sunday, altho I felt too miserable to enjoy it to the fullest. Bill Martens,<sup>136</sup> a fellow who eats at the same eating club as I do, went up to Sugar Hill N.H. to visit his aunt. He asked me to go, and as I felt much too badly to study, I accepted. Sugar Hill is about 60 miles north of here, and I have never seen such beautiful scenery, at least for a long while. The mountains and hills are a riot of color, as the leaves are all turning. I think we picked the ideal time, as the leaves are beginning to fall here in Hanover now. With Bill's aunt and her husband we walked to a place where almost all the Presidentials can be seen. Old Mt. Washington was draped with clouds so that we could not see the summit, just as when we were there before, but as a whole, the scene was superb. We got back to Hanover about 7 o'clock. Bill is going up into Vermont sometime soon, and he says he will take me along. I hope he will.



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In the fraternity, things are getting along much better than I had expected. At present we have nineteen sunk, and some of the more recent ones are very nice boys. We have several good athletes, and the general run is better than those in my delegation. They hope to get 23 or so by Saturday night. Sat. night is the final pledge night, and then we will all sit back and wonder what to do with the fraternity now that we have it. Donehue asked Dick Muzzy and I how we felt toward taking Butch in. So I guess Butch will be in sometime. I fear the real reason for George's sollicitousness is that the treasury is flatter than a pancake. They made an urgent plea for dues to be paid as soon as possible. Don't you think it would be a good idea for me to pay mine now out of my summer money? The rate is \$45 for the year paid in a lump, or \$25 per semester if paid in two installments, or \$30 per semester if paid after Oct. 15th. Expenses have been terrible since I have been back. Books have cost about \$15, tax book \$10 etc. Without having paid for my week's meals, or the rug, or the Dartmouth, or the New York Times (with 3 other fellows), I have just \$24 in pocket. SoOoOoOoOo ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~.

Butch got a job in the kitchen of an eating club, and I am eating there to help him out. It costs \$7.50 for two meals a day, and the food doesn't compare with what I had last year. Hash! Mrs. Crowley, who runs it, is a nice old Irish lady with a strong accent. She has given me poached eggs on toast for two meals now because I did not feel like eating regular food. All the food prices are soaring here. Most clubs charge 8.50 for three now, and many more than that. The laundry case arrived yesterday. Thanks for the cookies; they were in fine condition, but I have only eaten one because I can't taste them. I am hiding them from Butch. I hope you are better than I.

*William*

