

Wednesday afternoon
(1933-12-13)
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Dear Mother:-

I had my weekly conference with Prof. Williams this afternoon, and he says I can have my next week's conference on Monday morning. This means that I will be able to start home Monday afternoon, so you can expect me in Columbus on Tuesday morning at 11:55 as usual. I don't need to say that I am glad to be coming, as you know how I look forward to vacations and to seeing you all again. This year I'm going to have plenty of work to do, mostly in the form of reading for my history paper, which is to be a 15 page affair. I went to the ticket office a few minutes ago and got my reservation, and asked the dumb agent please not to forget it like he did last summer. I have not quite decided whether to buy another ticket or not, as the rates have not come in yet. The agent assures me that his estimate is fairly accurate, and if he is right it would be a \$5.00 saving, approximately.

I want to thank you and Daddy very much for the money you sent. I am going to need some of Daddy's for the Pullman fare home, since Dorothy's pin arrived today and cost \$4.41, somewhat more than I had expected due to the premium on gold. It is a very beautiful little pin, however, being just like the regular ones except smaller. I'll bet Dot didn't know what an expensive present she was asking for when she asked for a pin, but she is welcome to it as far as I'm concerned. I imagine Janie's book is in, but I have to cash Daddy's check before I feel like paying for it. If I don't buy another ticket, I will bring most of it home in a bank check, or something. It really seems strange to think that one week from now I will be back with you all again! Three cheers.

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The Thanksgiving arrangements turned out even more queerly than we thought. At the last minute the fellow who had asked me to eat at his cousing' got a telephone call from home telling him not to come home as his parents were going away. In spite of this, his invitation to me was not renewed, and naturally I said nothing about it. After he had come back from dinner he said, "You know, you could have gone with me. I just didn't think about it in the rush!" Wasn't that the limit?

This morning Brent Barker, one of the Seniors across the hall came in and said he had to make up some poetry for a class and couldn't think of more than two lines. The lines sounded good, and I added six more, like this. The first two lines are his:

Let's sing a song, a merry song
 Of Christmas fun and cheer.
 We'll quaff a glass of nut brown ale
 And also three-two beer;
 We'll have some cheese and pretzels too,
 And turkey stuffed with dressing,
 and ^{and} ~~then~~ sit and lick our hungry lips
 While Father asks the blessing.

You didn't know there was poetic talent in the family, did you?

I was very sorry to hear about Dora dying, and also Mr. Waltón. I hope Bert will be able to get along all right, and it sure is a good thing that Alva got a job last summer that is permanent. I am really getting rested up before the vacation, as my work had not been so hard since the hour exans were over. I am certainly proud of Janie, and I know she will keep up the good work. I was afraid she would need glasses, but I'm glad she will only have to wear them for study. I have never regreted getting mine. Much love to all,

William

