

Monday evening

(1934-03-05)

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Dear Mother:-

Your very fine letter arrived this morning. I certainly appreciate your sending the money so promptly, as I always like to pay my bills on time. It's funny you haven't heard anything about the Union Trust yet, as I thought the work ~~was~~ of collecting the promises was well under way by this time I left. Well, it won't be very long before another vacation will be around. I haven't thought much yet about when I will come home, but I may come a little early. Do you suppose you could afford to have me come on the train? I thought I would ask you, so that I would know more definitely whether to ~~ask~~ look for a ride or not. I don't under any circumstances want you to strain your finances to do that, but if it can be done, you know how much safer and surer one is on a train. I forget now whether we have used all the money I earned this summer or whether there is still \$25 left. If there is I can think of nothing better to use it for.

The weather has at last changed for the warmer. Up to now we have been walking around on from one to three feet of hard-packed snow, but it is rapidly disappearing now and all Hanover is a sea of slush. The water is about six inches deep over the campus, and yesterday we had our first rain since November. I am wearing my goggles faithfully; it's a necessity. We hope it will all go away, but we know down deep in our hearts that there is plenty more snow, cold, AND slush on the way. We confidently look forward to a nice flood on the Connecticut as a result of all this melting combined with the rain.

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The fellow who accompanied Schooley's body home got back yesterday after attending three funerals in the metropolitan area. He says the Schooley family is nearly prostrated, as you might imagine. I believe I mentioned that Mrs. Schooley is a semi-invalid, and the fellow said meeting her was a terrible thing. She could not go to the funeral, but had pictures taken of the church, the coffin, and even the body, and she plans to keep them. I think that is an awful thing to do, as it will turn her mind all the more from healthy memories of when he was alive to morbid reveries. They say they fear that after the relatives leave she will have a real breakdown. Audrey has gone back to Smith now, and I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Schooley will be alone. Martin, the fellow who went to Middletown, said the flowers Butch and I sent were very pretty. I wondered what they would be like, as of course it was just a guess on our part. I am sorry that you felt worried, but I suppose that was a natural reaction to the shock. I hope lots of people wrote and told that sap Winchell what they thought of his crack-brained announcement. Frank Heath said someone called the Beta house from Alabama. Someone else heard the Beta house instead of Theta Chi, and they called up there. The son was out, and when the fellows in the house tried to tell them he was all right, they thought the boys were trying to hide the truth, and the mother had hysterics. The fellow did not get in until two o'clock, and his parents were nearly crazy. We had a Memorial Service in the Chapel Thursday. It was very impressive.

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I finally succeeded in having my date with Ruth Friday. The obstacles to having a date here are tremendous. Bob Prentiss and I were going to have a double, and we made arrangements to rent a car

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for Friday night. We got our dates all right, and everything was rosy until ~~we~~ at six o'clock on Friday Mrs. Wright called Bob up and told him Lois couldn't go out as she had a cold! At six o'clock on the night! Bob made arrangements to go down there to stay until 9 o'clock, and he offered to share the expense of the car as we had planned. Although I hated to do it, I had to let him, as I did not feel I could afford it alone. The car cost a total of \$1.50, incidentally. Ruth lives so far out it is impossible to walk especially with the weather as it is now. We went down to the show at White River, and had a very nice time. All my original favorable impressions of Ruth were carried out, and I want to have another date as soon as possible.

In reading over your letter I was just noticing your remarks relative to telegraphing. You were quite right in not trying to get a wire in, as I probably could not have answered. The news services rented the wires, and all they would do at the office was accept messages for transmission whenever they papers were through. Plenty of people were sore about that, I can tell you. It was very kind of Mr. Woelsen to help you and Mrs. Williams out as he did. I had an hour exam this morning. I am getting worried about this swimming business; I thought I would have time early in the semester to get some practice, but I had that lousy cold which kept me under for a week, then all the work to make up that I let slip while I didn't feel well, and now the hour exam season is starting, and I am rushed to death all the time. Or if not all, I have to get rested for the next rush. Well, perhaps later on this week - -.

Eddie Cantor arrived last week, and I confess I was a bit disappointed. I did not think it was as good as "The Kid from Spain". Well, the paper is gone, and it is late. Good night, and love to all.



