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BEN READ BARBEE
Editor-in-Chief

SAMUEL A. GASS
Business Manager

THE 1933 AEGIS

Senior Annual of Dartmouth College

HANOVER, N. H.

Sunday April 29, 1934

U-94 p1/2

Dear Mother:-

Thank you for sending the room rent so promptly. I am afraid that I will have to ask you for some board money right away. After buying the R.R. ticket I had about \$35 left, and out of that I paid for my Junior blazer (\$5.50), so that right now I am nearly flat. I think I will cash the room rent check so I can pay for my last meal ticket, which I got on credit, and pay for the room when the other money comes. It does not have to be paid until the 10th, so there will be enough time.

I have been in a fine furor this week getting the rooming situation fixed up. Without consulting me the fellow in charge of the rooms moved Bill Brown into another room to help out a particular friend of his who was not provided with a room mate although Bill said he preferred to room with me. Last Wednesday I was informed that I would have to find a room mate by Friday, or give up the room, as there was another couple who wanted it. I was afraid for a while that I would have to give up the idea of rooming at the house, but I finally got Dick to change his mind, and we are going to room together. Before he would consent, I had to get two sophomores to move out of the room Dick wanted, as the only other one was on the north side of the building where the sun never penetrates. They proved very accomodating, as I had actually signed up for the room earlier, but they had been switched into it from another room which they preferred. Everyone agrees that the fellow

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who handled the allotting of the rooms botched it up terribly. At least part of his difficulty was caused by his desire to get rid of his present room mate, that being why he moved Bill Brown in with this present room mate. At any rate, the business is all straightened out now and I think its difficulties will soon be forgotten.

Yesterday we started work on our next play, "Once in a Lifetime". It is a satire on the motion picture industry by George Kaufman et.al., and is really good. I saw part of it yesterday afternoon, and I am sure it will be an immense success. The new assistant manager of the Players told me that there have been 150 advance applications already, which is very good for so far ahead. The Green Key prom promises to be a success too, but it will be just another Saturday night for me. I hope I will get to see the play, but I'm afraid there won't be much chance, unless the view from the wings is good. Anyway, I will get to hear it.

Everything has been going on much as usual. Classes have been neither harder or easier than usual. The essay papers have been returned. I only got a low B on it, but that is about as well as I ever do on essay exams. I was going to have a date with Ruth last night, but Mrs. Montsie called up at the last minute and said Ruth was sick in bed with a cold, so she could not go out. Prof. Montsie has been out of class with a bad cold, and Mrs. Montsie says she has one too, so it is not strange that Ruth should get one. Well, I seem to have exhausted my news for today. I hope Daddy's back is better by this time. Tell him not to work so hard. It doesn't pay in the end. Please give my love to all.

William

