

1935 AEGIS of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
H A N O V E R • N E W H A M P S H I R E

WALTER B. HOLMES, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF • A. W. TACY, BUSINESS MANAGER

6/10/35

*postmarked
6/9*

Dear Mother:-

Your letter did arrive after I had left for Northampton, but I was very glad to get it when I came back. Daddy's letter about people to send invitations to arrived this morning. I have just had a very pleasant week-end. I had to go to Hamp on the train, and of course I would have to pick the day when the air-conditioned car was out of order, so it was very hot. I had told Alma that I would arrive at 4:30, and so I did - 4:30 Standard time. Pinky ~~was~~ went to the station at 4:30 daylight time, which they use in Northampton, so she missed me, and I missed the Commencement exercises at Burnham, which took place at 5:00 P.M. The announcements were to have been sent out by the principal of the school, but I didn't get any, so I didn't know I was missing anything until afterwards.

I finally found the school, and Alma introduced me to her parents. They are very charming people, but I could easily see how it happens that Pinky is such a talker, as her mother is just the same way. They asked for you, as I had told Alma in a letter that you were not very well. Her parents are considerably older than you and Daddy - my guess would be between 60 and 65. Alma has a grown-up brother and sister; her brother's wife was also in the party. Her sister has a little girl four or five years old. After a very sketchy lunch, there was a program by the girls. Alma had to do some interpretive dancing in the place of some girl who had gone home. As she had only had one rehearsal, she didn't do very well, and was terribly embarrassed. Another girl played the piano very well; I got to know her better later.

After the program was over, there was a dance. They had a pretty good orchestra, at least as good as we have at the Country Club for their dances. The only trouble was that the orchestra played very long intermissions. A multi-millionaire's daughter asked Pinky to fix it so I could dance with her. As a matter of fact, all the girls there seemed to be pretty wealthy. One had received a diamond wrist watch for graduation, and the girls said her mother sent her \$100 for her birthday. She was the same one who played the piano. Another friend of Alma's drove me up to the school and back once in her father's Chrysler Imperial after first shooting out the chauffeur. She said, when I remarked that it was a nice car, that she liked a custom built model that ~~her~~ father drove much better. I subsided into complete silence. And so it went.

Pinky had a room for me at the Hotel Northampton, which is the best hotel in town. It was very nice, with bath and all. It had one of the most comfortable beds I have ever slept in. She paid for the room in advance, which I didn't object to. It was about \$3.75.

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Saturday there was along delay while the Williames packed up Pinky's clothes and furniture, and loaded some of it in the car. Then we started off. They have an old Packard, and after a few miles, they let me drive, although I had a few misgivings about being without a Mass. drivers license. We had lunch at Amherst, the first time I have ever seen that college. About all there is to it is fraternity houses, which are very large and beautiful. We had trouble all the way with the radiator, which kept over-heating and boiling over. We had to stop four times before we got to Boston.

We had a lot of trouble finding Medford, but that is nothing unusual. The Williames have lived in a suburb of Boston for thirteen years, and they had no idea how to get out there. I found Fletcher Hall without any t/rouble after we did get there. I discovered that the Williames had expected me to stay all night with them, but I, not knowing about it, had already arranged to stay with Francis Dane. Francis was not in when we arrived, as it was his supper time. However, he pulled in after about three quarters of an hour, and with a friend of his, we went to the movies in Somerville, nearby. We saw Edward Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking" which was very good, and Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel", which I believe you have seen. All that was for a quarter, considerably better than you can do in Hanover.

After the show, I had a long talk with Francis in his room. He suggested some good courses to take, and some others to avoid. There are a few disadvantages to the school, which he pointed out. He did not like a good many of the people who were there this year. Some of them have been very petty and gossiping, and unfortunately they are the ones who are going to be back next year. Francis himself has a job with the state (N.H.) pretty well sewed up, in spite of being a Democrat in a Republican state. He says that on the whole he has had a very good time there, and rather wishes he could come back, in spite of not liking some of the boys. He also feels that the Dean is not a very good Administrator, and says that he plays favorites. He warned me against taking the Dean's course, and I think I will take his advise.

Early Sunday morning the fellow with whom I had a ride back to Hanover arrived. I had not expected him until later, but it seems he had to go back. We went back in a Ford '30 touring car, which was not so pleasant, as it rained every mile all the way home. I wore Francis' raincoat, as I had forgotten my own, but even so I was soaked through in spots by the time we got back. So far I haven't got a cold, but as Muzzy has a bad one, I expect it any time. I have reserved your rooms, and I hope that they will be good ones. By the time you get this, you will be getting ready to start, so I will sign off until I see you.

Love, and a good trip,

William

