

Oct. 30, 1933
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Dear Janie:-

I found Mother's letter waiting for me when I got back from Boston yesterday, and I was glad to hear that you are all getting along well. I think you have done very well for your first period in High School. I'm not the least worried about your Geometry, as I know you will get the hang of it soon. The other grades are excellent, and I think you are to be congratulated. All you have to do is keep on working hard and don't get discouraged. Your first grades show that you have the stuff in you, and you will soon find out how to make use of what you know. Hard, faithful work always pays in the end, and while people that don't work very hard may do very well one period, they soon begin to think that they can let down even more, and then they get in trouble.

We started for Boston Friday afternoon and got there about 8 o'clock in the evening. Bob and I rented a car and took three passengers, which greatly reduced the cost of the rental. The car, a 1930 Ford, was in excellent shape, and we did not have any trouble with it all the time we were away. We had a tough time finding our way into Boston, but by inquiring at about every other filling station, we managed to get in to the Statler, where two of the fellows we brought down were going to stay. Then we drove out to Cambridge and found the place where Dutch was going to stay. Dutch's friend had made arrangements for me to stay with a friend of his who was a Dartmouth graduate now in the Harvard Law school. Friday evening we went to the inter-collegiate ball at the Statler. I had not intended to go, but Bob had got a date for Frank Heath, and then Frank decided not to go, so I more or less had to take the date over.

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The ball, or brawl, as it is usually called, is a huge affair in the big ball-room of the Statler. They had three well-known orchestras and the floor was crowded. The girl I took proved to be quite nice, and I would have had a fine time if I had not been sore about the additional money it required. The girls both went to Radcliffe, and they had to be back by 2:30. That is a much more liberal time allowance than they get at most colleges, isn't it. For private, chaperoned dances they can stay out until 4:30, and from what I could see they are not awfully strict even then.

Saturday morning Bob and I went to a class at the Law school with Bob's friend, Gus Nelson. I was very glad to see how the classes are conducted in such a well-known Law school. Gus showed us his note books. They were regular bound volumes of blank pages on which he had written in a small, fine hand. The notes of three years in Law school covered a space of over a yard on a shelf. After we had lunch, Gus drove us out to Wellesley, where we picked up Kate. She is well and looks fine. We then drove back to Cambridge, got Bob's girl, and went to the game. We had a hard time finding a place to park, but we found a spot in a convenient alley and walked half a mile or so to the stadium. We got there just as they kicked off for the first half. The game was very interesting all the way through, and I was certainly glad that I had my heavy coat on, as it was quite cold. We had blankets, too, to keep us warm. After the game we had dinner in the Café Rouge at the Statler, and after that we got dressed and went to a play at Wellesley. There were to be three one-act plays, but we were so late we only got to see one. Butch had to take another girl, as his had sinus trouble and couldn't go. After the play there was a dance, and I enjoyed that too.

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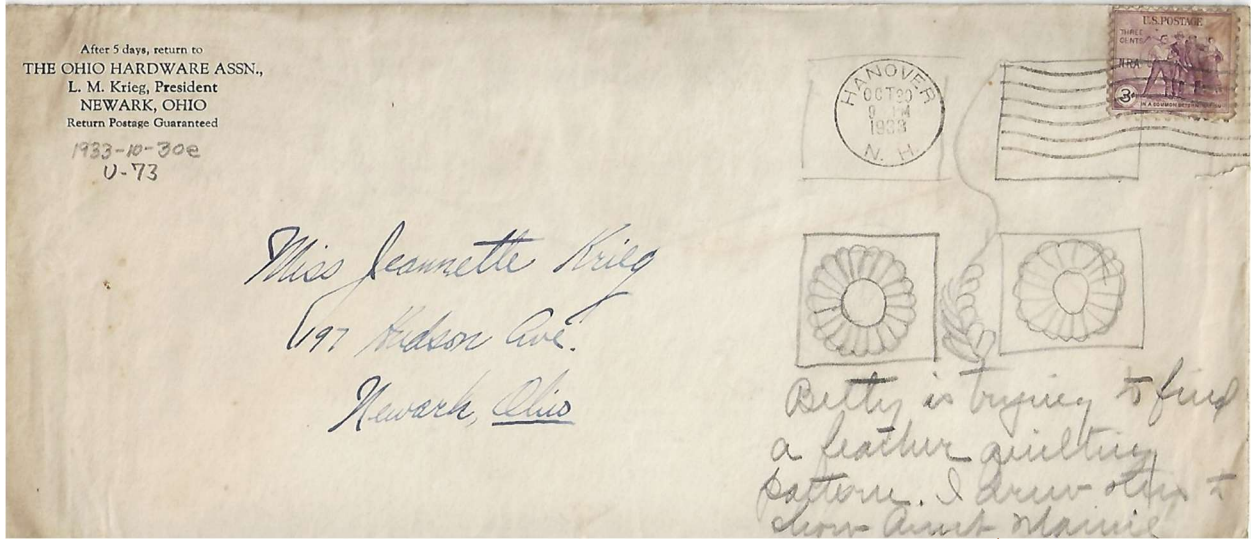
Unfortunately, the dances all have to stop at 12 o'clock, as there is no dancing allowed on Sunday in Massachusetts. After I left Kate at her dorm, we drove back to Cambridge, and after a good night's sleep started back to Hanover at about 3 o'clock. The traffic was fairly heavy on the road, so we didn't get back to Hanover until about 8:30, but that wasn't bad at all. I had to ride in the rumble seat from Concord on, and it was pretty cold, but with my coat and covered up with blankets I didn't mind at all.

Tell Mother I remembered perfectly well that the 25th was Daddy's and Grandpa's birthday, but as I forgot to mention it in my letter to Daddy I thought he wouldn't be too heart-broken if I waited till now to wish him many happy returns. Last Wednesday I had a paper due in poly sci. and an hour exam in German, so I had plenty of worries of my own about that time. Incidentally, I messed up the German exam horribly, as seems to be my invariable tendency in language. However, I do not dislike German, as Mother seems to think, and while I do not expect to get a good grade in it, I do expect to learn something about the language.

Did you get to listen in on the Dartmouth broadcast? I know WBZ is the only New England station that we can hear in Ohio, and I thought perhaps you could get it. I don't know how many other NBC stations carried the program, but I certainly hope you got to hear it. I only heard part myself. Well, the tip of my finger is getting sore, so I will sign off. Give my love to all, especially Aunt Mamie and Betty. I hope you are all as well as I am, for I am in great shape.

With much love,





Betty is trying to find a feather quilting pattern. I drew this to show Aunt Mamie.