

Monday afternoon

May 14 '34
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Dear Mother:-

I am getting this off a little sooner this week, so I hope you will get it in better time. In spite of the late mailing, your letter arrived Saturday as usual, except that I had to go down to the P.O. and pay 3¢ more postage before I could get it. I doubt if that poem was worth 3¢. Isn't it surprising what some people will write and actually have printed - some of my early productions, for instance. As a general thing I usually kept at a distance from poetry. Nevertheless I have read worse things in High School papers. It shows she has been reading, if not actually thinking.

Those gray flannel pants are the ones which have no material in them so that they can be made larger, and since I have about doubled in size since I bought them it will be no use to send them. I took them to the tailor here last year and that is what he said. If any one at home can think of a way to make them larger around the waist, I would be glad to have them, as they were very nice.

I am getting more and more worried about that swirling pool job, and you haven't said whether you asked Daddy about it or not. I am going to write to Rudy Schenk pretty soon. I can't see what could go wrong, as Guy promised me the job at Christmas time, but you never can tell. I hope Rudy gets his job there too, as it is hard to imagine finding a better man to work under. Please ask Daddy if there are any new developments, and if he wouldn't see the nayer and check up.

We are having nice warm days up here now. The leaves have been coming out for about a week, but of course aren't very large yet.

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They looked rather droopy Sunday morning; it was down to 24 Saturday night and I think some of them were a little frosted.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not going to be able to come up after me at the end of the school year. However, it is better that you should not come now and come next year, as of course that will be THE year. Don't think that you may come up then, just fix it in your mind that you are coming up; there shouldn't be any doubt about it.

I was very surprised to hear that Eddy had been elected to the Dragon as his name didn't appear in the Dartmouth at the regular time. I suppose it was a misprint, as one of the other Williamses was there, only I thought he was a likely man to get it, as he is a very good pal of a Dragon in the Senior class. Both of them are brothers of mine, so I will check up. Maybe they omitted the name by mistake. The Dragon is a purely honorary society made up largely of play boys who have friends in the preceding class. Some of them are prominent in extra-curricular activities, and the most prominent athletes etc. join either the Sphinx or Casque and Gauntlet. None of them have any function, but it is pretty expensive to join one. They occasionally get together for beer parties etc. in their tomb, as that little building is called. That is all there is to it.

That is a good joke about Lex's part in the play. It wasn't so heavy as to preclude his directing the lights as usual. In the play the twelve Schlepkin brothers were competitors of the movie magnate with whom the chief characters were connected. They are trying to see Mr. Glogauer, the magnate. Up to the last day ^{Mr. Bentley} didn't know how ~~the~~ ^{he} could get twelve people together to be the Schlepkins. They already had Lex down for one, so they sent his name in alone. At

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the end of one of the scenes they are giving hurried directions, and there is much shouting. Then a page appears in a doorway and shouts, "The twelve Schlepkin brothers". Six or eight~~s~~ assorted stage hands dressed up for the occasion march out two by two. Lex was the first one, and he wore a big bushy black beard and a dress suit. He shakes his finger at Glogauer and yells amid the attendant confusion, "Hermie, we'er flying back to Brooklyn in half an hour". And ~~the curtain is drawn. On/ the second night Lex was so hoarse he~~ couldn't say a word, so another fellow said the line for him. So you see he was still able to direct the lights in spite of his arduous duties on stage.

I was very sorry to hear that Mrs. McKee had been so sick. I hope you will send my best wishes to the whole family as soon as you see Mrs. Rybold again. It's nice that Hank had a job. The relief program is helping out lots of college men.

As far as I can remember, wasn't Mr. Woodbridge a rather small, short man with nice white hair? Of course I remember old Mrs. Woodbridge very well.

To recompense you for not being able to come up, I have bought some pictures of the house that a photographer made and sold. They are very clear, and give both interior and exterior views. I think you will like them. It is time for dinner now, and I think I have answered all your questions. Be sure to give my love to dear Aunt Mamie. I hope Daddy's cold is all gone by now, and that he will not work too hard; that is how he gets colds. Remember me to Betty too the next time you go out there, and to all the folks.

Yours with love,



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