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Dear Mother:-

It has certainly been a long time since I have had time to write, but I have certainly been busy. I have just finished the longest and hardest grind of my college career so far. The last letter I wrote you was on Saturday January 19, if I remember correctly. The day after that I started my paper on William Eaton, but didn't get much done because of a headache. The next day I started off again, and for one solid week I did nothing but eat, sleep, and work on the paper. The fellows in the house were used to looking in and asking how I was getting along, and I was always here when they looked in. The paper, I believe I may say with all modesty, is good; it is also good and long. I had it typed with 1" margins instead of the usual  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ", and even so it came to 85 typewritten pages, exclusive of the footnotes and the bibliography, which amounted to five more. I got a cover from the bookstore to hold the sheets, and it can be read just like a book. I'll admit I was rather proud when I took it over to hand it in, as I think it is the longest paper done here for some time, but of course I was more interested in quality than quantity. I have no reason to think that the former is not as good as the latter. I was only afraid that Prof. Foley would be too lazy to read it, but I had a little talk with him, and he promised to read it. He asked me to come over to his house Saturday evening, which I did.

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We had a very interesting talk about the paper, which he had started but not yet finished. I think he was pleased with what he had read so far. Things were moving on in the meantime, however. There was a German exam Tuesday, which was sight translation and therefore required no special preparation. It was not too hard, and I hope I hit it. On Wednesday I spent the day preparing to tutor in history, but no one showed up. That is the limit. It may be good preparation for the comprehensives, but it always seems to come when I am busiest. On Thursday I divided my time between the Life of Sir William Harcourt by A.G. Gardiner, which was to be a basis of a shorter paper, and economics, in which I had an exam Saturday. I don't think I spent enough time on the eccy, and I didn't hit the exam very well. I don't think I can expect more than a B in it.

Since Saturday I have been working on Sir William Harcourt, who was an English politician who lived between 1827 and 1904. His life is in two volumes, each of 600 pages. Between Saturday and Monday I got over that, with indifferent thoroughness, and also looked over the Life of Lord Rosebery by the Marquess of Crewe, a dull book if there ever was one, also in two volumes. Yesterday afternoon I started to write, and the work was done at about 5:15 A.M. This morning I added a better ending (I hope), reread the thing, and took it to the typist. It should be finished by this afternoon, which is the very last time it can be handed in, and is very late at that.

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It is not very good, and I have every reason to expect a B in that course (English history), which will be the only B I have ever received in history. So you see prospects for grades are not very good.

I don't believe I mentioned in my last that I found the blanks for the fellowship application here when I got back from the vacation. I decided not to fill them in until after the first semester grades were released; now I wish I hadn't, as these may not be so good. I will get under way with them immediately, however.

You will be pleased to hear that I am now eating in an eating club, where I get a lot more food than I did before. It is run on a cooperative basis, and was designed to cost about \$6.00 per week for two meals. Like all other such Communistic affairs, however, it looks better on paper than in practice. The first week came to \$6.75; then a lot of fellows finished exams and went home, so the price for the week just passed will be much higher. The second difficulty is that I have become accustomed to eat breakfast, and this costs me about 25 ¢ per day, so I am losing money on the proposition. Unless some better arrangements can be made I will have to go back to the hash house.

All of which brings us around to the financial situation. As you could probably guess, I am getting pretty low on funds, as it has now been about a month since I left home. I owe somewhere around \$10 for typing, a smaller amount for food,

and Carnival is coming. Alma isn't sure yet whether or not she can come, but if she does, it will only be for Saturday, and that saves in the neighborhood of \$8 at least right there. But I will need something, and "that right early", as the Good Book says.

I don't know whether I thanked you in my last letter for the lovely cookies you sent with the laundry or not. If not I want to thank you ~~again~~ now, if so, I want to thank you again. They were very good; I enjoyed them thoroughly. I don't know what Eddie's plans are, except that I asked him if he were going to ask Ann Weizant, and he said that he thought not, as he didn't think she'd like his kind of Carnival, or words to that effect. However, it's a well-established custom to ask girls who can't come just to get a stand-in, and that may have been why Ed asked Bobbie Shai.

I was certainly glad to hear that Dick James had decided to come East. I wonder if he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa before he left Denison? I hope he was, for although it may not mean much, it would be a shame to earn it and not have it. A couple of days ago I received a letter from Dick himself, saying that he had got settled, and hoped I would be able to come down some time. Well, dear, I hope all of you are well, and taking care. How did Janie's exams go? Love to all,

*William*



