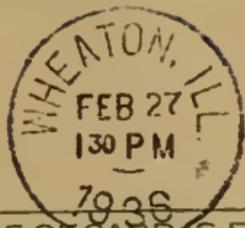


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THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. S. A. Moffett,  
26 Sinyang Li,  
Pyengyang, Korea,  
Japan.

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "H. S. L."

# WHEATON COLLEGE

*Wheaton, Illinois*

## OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

REPORT OF **Mr. Howard Moffett**  
NOT AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

PERIOD ENDING **January 24, 1936**

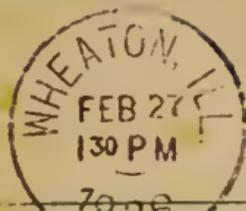
SUBJECT	HOURS	GRADE
111 Astronomy: Descript.	2	80
221 Zoology: General	4	90
111 German: Elementary	4	80
111 Rhetoric	3	95
111 Bible: Life of Christ	2	95
101 Orientation	1	90
Physical Education	( $\frac{1}{2}$ )	C.

CLASS. **Fr.** SEMESTER CREDIT **16**  
 AVERAGE **87.81** RANK **27** IN CLASS OF **335**

*Ernest B. Jones*  
REGISTRAR

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS MUST BE  
REPORTED WITHIN THREE WEEKS

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THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. S. A. Loffett,  
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# WHEATON COLLEGE

*Wheaton, Illinois*

## OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

REPORT OF **Mr. Samuel Moffett**

NOT AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

PERIOD ENDING **January 24, 1936**

SUBJECT	HOURS	GRADE
211 Types of Poetry	3	95
111 Astronomy: Descript.	2	95
220 Intro. to Psychology	3	95
331 Greek: New Testament	3	95
221 French: Intermediate	4	95
Physical Education	( $\frac{1}{2}$ )	C

### Semester Honors

$\frac{2}{3}$  ... ~~Negative Grade Points~~  
for Excess Absences

CLASS. **So.** SEMESTER CREDIT **15**  
 AVERAGE **95.** RANK **1** IN CLASS OF **220**

*Samuel Moffett*  
REGISTRAR

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS MUST BE REPORTED WITHIN THREE WEEKS

Happy Birthday to you Father, Southington, Conn.  
And many more of them to you!! January 2, 1936

Dear Folks: -

Here it is the new year of 1936 and it won't be long now before we'll be back at the books. It seems a shame to break up our pleasant little vacation away from the monotonous routine of seven o'clock alarms and classroom trepidation. We've had just long enough to get out of the swing of that sort of thing and to nearly forget that there ever was anything but blissful slumber and loafing. It's been great fun while it's lasted, but the management at Wheaton seems to think that it's high time we turned our minds back to more serious thoughts. Just like them - always harping upon such relatively unimportant nuisances!

If I remember correctly we omitted one week's letter to you, and I know exactly what you're saying - "Well, even if they didn't have time to write a letter, they didn't have any business or excuse not to drop us at least a

Uncle Tom was swell to us though and spent all day Sunday with us making a round of all the large churches etc. What he doesn't know about New York isn't worth knowing - and that's a fact! I don't see how in the world he ever came to know so much about it and to become intimate friends of all sorts of big shots and famous people in all walks of life. Helen Keller's even urgently invited him out to visit her on Long Island. He gets in on a lot of the big social functions of the city too - some how or other - and meets politicians (such as one of the Repub. pres. candidates, and Mrs. Roosevelt whom he met in the Waldorf-Astoria) artists and what not. Down in Mexico City some time ago he was served tea by Mrs. Charles Lindbergh just before her marriage and sat around talking to the Colonel himself for a while. I don't see how he rates it, but it certainly made our tour interesting.

Monday and Tuesday we did the town up brown and incidentally saw the play "Three Men on a Horse" and several movies. We'd planned to take in an Opera, but found it too

postcard. They ought to know that by this time."

Verdict: Guilty! With plea for clemency as accused fully intended to write letter each succeeding day so neglected to send card. Resolve - Never will it happen again, and in order not to fail this coming Sunday while we're on the road, this letter is now in the process of being written.

We left here Saturday afternoon and barged into New Rochelle just outside New York in time for tea with the Bercovitz's. Young Sam'l Timothy surely was shot up, and with a lusty bass voice just like his paternal ancestors. I certainly did enjoy that visit with them. Dr. is a big gun in the city, being consultant for three large hospitals and also teaching in others.

Hitting the city we dug out Uncle Tom from the National Arts Club and he found an ideal place for us all to stay on the same block and right in the center of town. Jim was only about a block away too, but the bum was out of town down in Richmond and we never did get to see him so he didn't get back as planned.

expensive. Some day I'm going to see one though, just to find out what they're like. I went into the Board officers one morning and had quite a talk with Dr. McAfee there, also calling on Mr. Carter and speaking to Ella Sharrocks over the phone. Those phones get me down though and I'm scared stiff of them. Dr. McAfee is very anxious for you to come back for the Board's Centennial, or something like that, next year. That's a swell idea, if not sooner.

We arrived back here in time to see the new year in in proper style till 3:00 A.M. But don't get the erroneous impression that we make that a nightly habit or anything like that. Such an event only comes but once a year you know. Since then nothing of consequence has occurred, except that much to the detriment of my physical capabilities I've consumed such great quantities of pie, cake and candy that I have no desire for ought but sleep and rest. Fortunately there's nothing else to be done - until tomorrow when we head for Uncle Angel en route to Wheaton. A happy New Year to you all.

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

January 12, 1936

Dear Folks:

Back at Wheaton again, and the old grind. We had a much pleasanter trip West than going, chiefly because it was a good deal warmer. We left Southington early Sat. morning and hit nyack just in time for a huge roast dinner with some friends of Uncle Azel's. He was staying there at the time and we had a lot of fun together. He's quite a jolly old soul, and awfully nice to us. He seems to be plenty busy too, the way he burns around from one church to another. After dinner we left for Newton and found Aunt Alice in the Presbyterian home for retired ministers there. She took us all out to supper and then we went back and talked the rest of the evening. She was very interested in everybody and everything, and seemed very anxious to do all that she could for us. She got us a place for the night, made us take all the candy they'd received for Christmas, a necktie apiece, and then put us up a lunch. We just missed Laurens, as he'd left just that morning to spend a couple of days in New Haven. She was terribly sorry about that, so made us promise to be sure to come back any and every time we could. Just like her, but we sure had a grand visit. After breakfast the next morning we went on and picked up Dayton only about ten miles further on in Andover. Princeton saw us for a few minutes but the only person we saw was Dr. Crothers, as all the others were out at churches etc.

I was hoping to spend a few hours in Wooster on the way back, as they began a day earlier, but we went through at three o'clock in the morning and I couldn't persuade the others to stop over. However, Clid and I are planning to bum over there two weeks from now between semesters. All our exams will be over by Thursday morning, and we don't have to be back to register till the following Tuesday afternoon. That makes a swell break.

We finally pulled in here Monday aft. about two, and spent the rest of the day in recuperating. Classes again on Tues. brought us back to a world of reality soon enough, worse luck! On the whole though the week's passes fairly well, and assignments are lightening up a trifle in preparation for exams. Only one more week of grace remains now before they fall upon us, and the prospects aren't so cheerful. I'll be glad when my first real college exams are but a memory of the past.

I've managed to still stick to the basketball squad, but another cut hasn't come to pass yet--and he's as good as promised us one. It's very unusual to prolong it so long. Last year the final one was made just before Thanksgiving. Practice for two hours ev ry afternoon eats up a lot of time and is tiring, but a lot of fun and a healthy diversion from sitting at home studying. The only trouble is that I'm not getting anywhere in it, when I know perfectly well that I could do a whole lot better if I wasn't so blooming scared and cut loose a bit. Out in Korea I wasn't afraid of making mistakes because everyone else was generally making more of them and I felt free and all, but I get awfully backward in a group I don't know very well. It's getting better though.

I decided I could get along without an lumberjack and Charlie gave me an old Schaeffer fountain pen of his which he didn't like, which I've sent in to the company to have all fixed up. It's a Lifetime, so won't cost me anything, and then I won't have to buy a new one as I was planning to do with the ten dollars you gave me for Christmas. Instead I invested six and a half dollars of it in a peach of a pair of Nestor Johnson Hockey skates yesterday. Last night we all went skating on a large city rink just a few blocks away, and boy oh boy, was it ever nice to have a real good pair of skates under you! I'd have given anything to have had them last year. It makes a world of difference, and I enjoyed myself to the utmost. I hope we can get some kind of hockey started here. There's no reason why not, if we can only get a rink.

Say, that K orean yut certainly has been enjoyed here in the house. There's always somebody hacking away at it with hammer and chisel, and is it good!!! It beats all these American candies to pieces, though I hope Tommy found himself capable of enveloping the Baby Ruth's, Oh Henry's etc. without any trouble. By the way, let me know which kind you liked best, Mutso, and we'll see what we can do about it in the future. That is if you didn't have to fork over any duty.

And thanks loads for that picture of the Potong Gate in the winter. I've always wanted one of those. Mary Jarvie sent us a box of candy for Christmas too, so just at present we're pretty well stocked up with that commodity.

Mother, do you have a college catalogue? I'd like to have your suggestions as to what I should take during the next few years, and when, so if you don't I'll send you one. Next semester I believe I'll take Psychology, in place of the three hours I have at present in Astronomy and Orientation. It's a Soph. subj. (what Sam and Dat are taking now), but I can take it if I want to. Otherwise my course will remain the same, giving me a total of 32 hours by the end of the year. But next year is absolutely going to get me down if I take what I figure I'll almost have to take. Bible, 2 hours; Chemistry, 5 hours; German, 4 hrs; and Algebra 3 hrs. (2nd. semester Trigonometry). That only makes fourteen hours each sem., but I'm taking sixteen this year so it'll come out even. But really, I don't know whether I'd ever be able to get through a year like that. I don't like Chemistry nearly as well as zoology, dextest German, and don't know beans about Algebra--not to mention abhorring the filthy stuff also. You're already supposed to have a pretty good background in it before tackling this College Algebra which I'd have to take, and I've honestly forgotten every little bit that I had in my Freshman year in P.Y. I'd give anything not to have to take it, but it's more or less necessary for one going on in the sciences. I guess I'll just have to lump it and struggle through as best I can. If it's His will for me, He'll see me through.

I think I'd better hit the hay now and get some sleep before the new week's work begins in the morning. There's nothing like starting fresh. Good night, and

Dots and Lots of Love,

Howard

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Wheaton College  
January 19, 1936

Dear Folks:--

Now that Sam's yielded the typewriter to my delicate touch and gone down to the Methodist Church, I can take up the good work without fear of interruption. Dad's gone into Chicago with Mrs. Roy and the rest of the house seems to be at peace with the world. Rather unusual, I'll admit, but it's too near exams to do much but recuperate on the one day of the week when studying is relegated to the back seat. Boy, I'm sure glad Sunday does roll around regularly once every seven days. I only wish it came oftener--though a few more Saturdays would certainly not be despised.

All classes for the first semester are over! It's hard to believe, but the end is yet to come. Exams! Those unnecessary burdens which climax the term are but a few hours off now, and we'll soon find out how much we don't know. Bible comes tomorrow at 8:00, and Astronomy at 2:00; Tuesday morning brings Rhetoric; while Wednesday finishes off with German in the morning and Zoology in the afternoon. That night I sleep! If I awake the next morning Allison and I are still planning to hit the road for Wooster. We should arrive sometime Friday, and won't have to leave till the next Monday. That'll give us a full week-end in which to enjoy life without any cars.

Wednesday night Charlie gave us our Christmas present in the form of tickets to the professional tennis matches in Chicago at that time. Boy, oh Boy! was it ever great!!! Far better playing I believe than that of the Davis Cup matches I saw in London, but perhaps one reason was that we had much closer seats and could see it a lot better. Just at present tho the Pro players are a good deal superior to the amateurs. Tilden says he's playing as well now as he ever did, and says Vines is the greatest player there is now. Seeing is believing, and we saw! The first match was between Mrs. Arnold (2nd ranking in the U.S. and the one that so unexpectedly saved the day for the U.S. in the Wightman Cup competition against England this summer just before turning Pro) and Jane Sharp (15th ranking, but young and coming up fast). I don't see how women can ever get so good. Honestly they hit those balls just like the best of men, giving no quarter and expecting none. Mrs. Arnold won finally, but both showed some grand tennis.

Then the old master, Big Bill himself, came out and proved his worth against Berkeley Bell, the Texan who won over 700 cups and trophies before turning professional. It sure gave me a big thrill to see Tilden in person. His name has been synonymous with tennis for so long it just seemed like a dream to be actually watching him in action. At first I was a little disappointed at the results. Bell was playing a marvellous slashing fighting game, quite evidently out to win and make a good impression on this his first tour. He continually aced Tilden and ran up a lead of 6-3; and 4-love in the second set before the latter snapped out of it. Before that he'd very obviously not been trying hard, was careless, and let

the other have his own way,. But now he really showed what he was capable of and why he really was Tennis is it's highest sense. You could just see him brace, determinedly take the offensive, and get results. Poor Bell. I really felt sorry for the fellow. He was trying so hard to get those last two games, but Tilden made him look silly running around on that court trying to get balls hopelessly beyond reach and being all muddled up. Tilden took the next six games straight and the set, then toyed around ~~xx~~ a bit to take the next six-three. Bell was plenty good, but no match for the master.

The next match was the best and most unbelievable one I've ever seen or ever hope to see again. Really, I wouldn't have believed such playing was possible unless my eyes hadn't told me it was going on right there in front of me. Vines and Stoeffen!! The two hardest hitters in existence, and a grudge fight at that. Vines's fast serve (which he had to use almost constantly) has been calculated by science to travel at the rate of over two miles a minute, and until Stoeffen came along it was the hardest one in the world. Both fellows are young, large, (Stoeffen is over six feet four and brawny) full of energy and enthusiasm, and then there was this grudge. Stoeffen was within one point of beating Vines ~~int~~ in the Professional championships (finals) this year, but finally lost out after a terrific duel. You can imagine now how he's out to get revenge, and Vines is equally intent upon retaining his prestige. And how they did go at each other, hammer and tongs. Stoeffen went through the strings of three rackets in the first four games with his furious smashing, and both were fighting for every point--the whole way through. Interesting? It kept you on the edge of your seat all the time, and that wasn't all. About every time Vines would net a close one he'd run up and measure the net to see if it wasn't a bit too high, and Stoeffen would shake his fist at the ball when he missed one. Having the two fastest serves in the game they both took their own, except when the breaks came. Stoeffen got the first and took the set 6-4. Then Vines crashed through in a thrilling second set, 6-4; and successfully defended his title (only in public opinion) by ekeing out another 6-4. My, but that last set was tense and full of drama. I could have watched those two slugging rivals forever, but you wait. I bet Stoeffen come across with the goods yet one of these days and licks Vines. He's sure got the determination and fight!

The last match of the evening was doubles: Lott and Stoeffen against Vines and Bell--which the latter finally won in three sets, one being 9-7. I got a new idea on how to play doubles too, there. It isn't like anything I've ever seen. Just before this game I went down and got the autographs of Vines, Stoeffen, Lott, and Mrs. Arnold. I wanted to get Tilden's too, but he'd gone. It was awfully late and a lot of people had left, so I just stayed down there right by the players in a three and a half dollar box seat for the rest of it.

If you haven't gone to sleep over all this tennis I'll try to tell you a little about the rest of the week and it's occurrences I cut Orientation (the last class of the year) that night, but as it was my only one I was allowed to make up the exam I missed the next day. It was easy, so there were no harmful effects there.

## WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Thursday night the Jayvee's won another basketball game 35-21, which I got to play about two-thirds of but generally fizzled around in. I didn't stay for the varsity game as I had to memorize half of our Rhetoric book (only a comprehensive outline of it, but that's plenty) but we won that too. Friday I finished my last class at noon and in celebration generally wasted the afternoon sitting around here doing not much of anything--intending to spend all day Saturday studying for exams. Well, as usually happens in such cases, Saturday rolled around and I wasn't much in the humour to rise any too early, the rest of the morning slipped by without accomplishing much, and in the afternoon some goofs challenged our house to a hockey match--so there was nothing to do (of course I hated to) but sacrifice myself for the good of the cause and uphold the house traditions. We taught them better than to rashly challenge us again tho, so I guess the time was well spent. My new skates make a tremendous difference in playing hockey particularly, and I got a great kick out of playing. We were all vinded pretty easily, but had a lot of fun. The trie from the sticks of the "wild and woody Orient" sure fooled these fellows who thought they could put it all over us. I hope we'll have time for some more games in the future.

Anyway the afternoon, or most of it passed that way, and I was so tired I didn't feel much like studying after I got back, and we had another basketball game in the evening which I had to report for at 6:15. It was against a slick team from down south somewhere and the score see-sawed back and forth all the time, with the blue and orange on top at the end 22-20. I only played a few minutes of the first half, though we had a number of the first team suits playing with us which lessened our chances of getting in. I didn't stay for the varsity game then either (we won in an exciting game, I hear 24-23) but came home and made up for lost time by boning till ? . I have ordinarily been getting plenty of sleep though, so really feel in good condition.

We got up in time to be late to church this morning, and here it is afternoon already.

Dayton really gave a splendid talk on Korea in chapel last Thursday morning for the International Students. I've heard a whole lot of people remark about it and commend him for it. That's one thing I could never do, so it means all the more to me. He's got a good speaking voice, and not only knew what he was talking about, but spoke well and entertainingly.

Sam's been having a lot of trouble with his teeth lately, but I think his troubles are about over now. They ought to be after having two back teeth removed. He hasn't said much about them, but I imagine they were pretty painful for awhile.

The pyjamas have arrived!! Remarkable, but true, and they are very much appreciated. You couldn't have had them made better, and the colors are swell too. Thanks heaps.

Dayton and Sam just breezed in, so I'm going to sign off before they try to make me. It's just about church time anyway, and I've about run out of news.

I've about decided to join Celts. If you have any objections, you'll have to cable them! I've waited till the second semester so as to avoid paying the 1st semester dues, but I'm afraid they'll have to be faced now. Of course you know Dat is a Celt, but Sam was sadly and erroneously led into choosing Arrows. He doesn't think so, but of course you mustn't take him too seriously. Charlie was an Arrow too, but I'm sure young Nutso will not be envagled into any such choice but will lend his support to that noble organization and society--EXCELSIOR!! He and Sticky will carry on.

Yeah, skum-face, your epistles have been getting briefer too lately. I suppose you blame it all on the bugs or whatever it was that got into your system and layed you up for a while, but you'd better get the old writing iron busy again--or it'll be just too bad for you. You might gently suggest to young Wf. Roberts Jr. that he get on the ball too. We haven't heard from that quarter for some time, though that lad is doubtless is taking after the example of his elder brother and spending all his hours nobly upholding the dying art of chivalry. Come on, Sticky, you can't fool us, but we'll forgive you if you loosen up with the typewriter a bit.

The brazen bells are ringing, so I must be on my way. I don't know just how much you'll hear from me next week, but I'll try to get off at least a card.

Dots of Love,

*Howard*  
Howard F. Moffett

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SNOWBOUND  
January 26, 1936

Dear Father and Mother:--

No news from you for over two weeks now. I don't know why, but I hope it hasn't been held up. We're anxiously awaiting word with regard to the outcome of the shrine question. We have been praying about it, but haven't heard anything for a good long time.

With the mercury way down in the cellar, and the temperature wavering around 25 degrees below zero during the last few days, you can make a pretty accurate guess that Clid and I didn't make any attempt to take to the road for Wooster this week. No sir, we stuck to the fire as much as possible. Boy, oh boy, has it ever been cold? Worse than anything I ever struck in Korea, though I guess Father did say it used to go down to about 28 below at times. To make matters worse there was a regular gale blowing a blanket of snow through the air and it was about all one could do to plow through the snow drifts up to the college. Even at that you couldn't hope to make it before those outer appendages the ears were frozen solid. I only ventured out in cases of necessity, and I made them pretty fare. We were just about literally snowbound, too, as most of the roads were impassable and cars were being abandoned out on the highways all over. The newspapers were full of it, as it was the coldest streak Chicago had ever undergone for over sixty-five years--and they didn't have weather bureau's before that so they didn't know. Quite a time of it!

Right now it's only sixteen below. Feels like southern California. Sam and I went into Chicago Friday and spent the night with Charlie out at McCormack. He came across with pretty slick grades for last semester--highest in one class, second in another, and nothing below a B. We spent most of the time in there chasing all over the crazy place looking for a crazier sweater for Sam. He wanted one for his soccer letter, and he had very definite ideas as to what he wanted. I'll have to give him credit though for finally getting a real bargain, and just what he wanted. Spalding had just one left, a ten dollar one which they were very anxious to get rid of, and Sam ran off with it for 3 dollars. In celebration of having come to journey's end we all went over to Kim's place and had dinner. He comes from some place just outside Pyengyang somewhere, and said that Father was the first white man he'd ever seen. A number of years ago he gave a big Korean feast to all the Korea Kids around this section of the country. He wants us to round them up again soon, and come in again--which we're going to do! The soccer letters, by the way, were given out in Chapel last week with an appropriate speech by Coach McKellan. I suppose you know he was just married this Christmas to the former Miss McDuffie, who runs the college dining halls. Just like Sam, he always thinks first of his stomach.

Exams are but a dim memory of the past now. Whoopee!! Have I ever felt like I was floating on air lately! They are all over.

I was worried stiff about them, but came out a lot better than I expected. I mean they were easier than I thought they'd be, though I haven't gotten them all back yet. German was the only snake in the grass. That's the craziest language this earth was ever inflicted with, and I don't mean maybe. I have just a little hope left that I'll be able to get an 85 for the semester, but the chances are all for an 80. That pains me, because all my others should be way up and that'll lower my average considerably. In Bible I quite surprised myself by pulling the highest grade in the class, though it was only an 89. If she scales them though I may possibly get a 95 for the course. There are a lot of dames though that do all sorts of outside reading however, so I can't be too sure. I got a 95 in my Rhetoric exam under Straw too, which made me feel pretty good as he's notoriously tough in grading though a splendid teacher. What's even better is that I've been told I got the one and only 95 in his classes for the semester. As you know, Sam was the only one last year. I don't even pretend to place myself on the same intellectual level as that mutt, but it's nice to keep up the family tradition. I only hope it doesn't prove to be a false report. He gave out the grades while I was in Chicago, so I can't be sure. At that, though, my work wasn't nearly as good as Sam's. You just ought to see his theme book. Only rarely do you see one under a ten! Mine's littered with nine's.

I can't continue my Rhetoric with Dr. Straw next semester, worse luck. He's teaching a new class for Seniors at the same hour as ours was, so they're kicking all of us into other classes. I have conflicts at his other Frosh classes too, so I can't move into one of them. As a result I guess it means I'll take it under Mrs. Tiffany. Dat took it from her last year and says she's swell fun though, so it shouldn't be so bad.

The Zoology grades are posted now, but they're in one of the rooms that were locked by the time I got back from Chicago so I won't find out until tomorrow what I got. I was hoping for a 95 in that, but I'm afraid that's out now as I'm told that there were only three people who got that out of Mack's two classes of 135, while a goodly number flunked. Astronomy grades aren't out yet, though I'm expecting a 90 for the course. As for Orientation, I haven't the slightest idea what I'll get. It's such a huge class, and it's been sort of fuzzy anyway. It'll be interesting to see how I compare with the other 349. Sam, of course, will come across with a solid bank of number that look like the President's Farm Relief Board, (AAA)!

Last night I saw my first wrestling match, Wheaton vs. Morton Junior College, with the former winning 22-10. It didn't strike me as being so particularly interesting though. I'd much rather see some other kind of contest, but this place goes in strong for it. After it was over Sam and I went up with Sid to visit his mother who just arrived from China. His Dad will be here in a few days, and they're renting a house for the next semester.

Gee, this place seems deserted, with nothing but the wind howling outside and it gradually getting darker. Sam's down at the Methodist Church again and I don't know where Dat is. He didn't come back after dinner. I don't know what else there is to say, so I'll follow the example of this sheet of paper and <sup>h</sup>day. We thought of you a good deal yesterday. Father of your birth end.

May there be many, many more of them.

Oceans of love, Howard.

I've been looking forward to seeing a good hockey game all season, but I guess I'll have to get along on my hopes for at least another year now. At least I've seen the best tennis one could ever hope to find!

After my last class Friday noon I came home and slept right through basketball practice. Then yesterday Dat and I laundered and worked on the car. I'm getting to know a little bit about the critters, but most anybody could put me to shame. In the evening we had another basketball game with a team from Rockford. We nosed it out in a hard fight earlier in the season by a bare margin of two points, and that's just what we did last night too. Bill McCarroll has been promoted to the varsity, so I've again got a regular berth on the Jayvees with Nelson, Updike, McShane, and Miller. It won't do me much good though, as we only have about one more game or so. The varsity is entirely through I believe, with another defeat 47-27 last night against St. Viator. They began well enough, but it ended in a rout.

Hey, Mutso, what're you doing for your living now? Greek? I was telling Coach about you the other day on the way over to DeKalb and he about ran us into the ditch from surprise. Nevertheless, he's expecting you and Sticky to come across with the goods in athletics too! You'd better, or we'll throw your face in the mud. And say, chicken, strikes me your letters (or rather notes) haven't improved much in tone since our last words of advice on the subject. Referring to us constantly as "guys" and "bums" is not what I call giving due deference to y ur superiors. I trust that you'll take it to heart,--if you have one. Sometimes I'm almost inclined to believe you have only a gizzard! But be that as it may, you're still a chicken.

And where'd you learn to sling the lingo that way? Surely not from Miss Axworthy or R.O.R. And to tell the truth I doubt if Mother would even be capable of giving you a liberal education in the art. You're letters are nine-tenths sarcasm, and one-tenth baloney. However, the house gets a great kick out of them, and are about bowled over at the eight syllable words you spring on us out of a clear sky. Good grief, if I had half the vocabulary you do I wouldn't be going to college! But no more cracks from that quarter of the globe, get it? Or we'll be over, we'll be over, and we won't come back till you're so sore you won't be able to sit down anymore! Sling across the stuff, young Moffett, and lengthen out those pages. I'll give you an order on KI Shin Sha to supply you with all the paper you'll need in a century--if that's what's bothering you. What do you want for your Birthday? Not that it's near yet, but it will be about the time an answer comes floating back. But mind you, no trains or motorcycles! I'm afraid we'd have to disappoint you. I think maybe some of that underwear we never sent you for Christmas would be nice, don't you!!!! Of course you wouldn't want anything else.

I don't know whether you'd better bother sending me any textbooks in Algebra or Chemistry, mother. Wouldn't it be just as well for me to get the ones I'm going to have to use here next year a little early, at the end of school? Then I can look them over during the summer. I'll have to get them later anyway. From

all I've heard I ought to enjoy my Chemistry. They say Prof. Osbofne is a whiz, and really makes it interesting. But there again it takes a lot of time.

I've gotta (it is necessary that I) finish this page now, so I'll resort to one of my sonnets for Doc Straw last semester. One of the ballads or legends might be more entertaining, but they're too long and none too intellectual. So here goes:

### DEATH

Life holds slight joy in its declining years  
Save contemplation of the hazy past,  
Remembrances of deeds well done that last  
To long out-live its failures and its tears.  
In times gone by I entertained no fears:  
Those youthful days before my mind have passed,  
But sudden, like Boreas' arctic blast,  
Chill comes the question--what of death, so near?  
But still, my heart, why shrinkest thou from death?  
Is it so fearful that my soul should lose  
That faith which in my youth consistant bore  
Me on through life from childhood's earliest breath?  
For life's a fleeting interlude whose close  
Is but the shadow of an open door.

Well, I guess it's about time this letter died, and even though the sonnet wasn't long enough to complete the page, it'll just have to end.

The situation over there in Europe doesn't look so hot either just now, does it? But we're remembering you especially over there in Pyengyang just now, and do so here and pray things will work out all right. For we do know that He over-rules in everything, and that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Lots of love,

*Howard*

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Wheaton College,  
February 2, 1933

Dear Father and Mother:

The second semester is well on its evil way now, but the few days we had between gave us a swell break in the usual routine. We wondered for a while where all your letters were going to, but last Monday they all came flocking in en masse and we caught up on all the news. Young Nutso must be branching out into society the way he goes traipsing all over the country by his self. Good grief, I imagined him to be still in the cradle stage. The first thing we know he'll be passing us up just like that long-legged fellow Sticky has shot up beyond his seniors. Well, Thomas, just don't eat too much spinach and get too husky for us! It would be a sad state of affairs if both Sam and I together couldn't put you in your place. But to think of your bumming up to Synchun for the Christmas holidays, and you just a half-pint grad still! Why when I was your size I stayed home, went to bed at eight o'clock and had to argue for several hours before even being allowed to go away from the parental jurisdiction for so much as a few minutes. I hope Mother rubs that Greek into you good and hard though to make up for it. It'll do you good, you old chicken!

The weather's been plenty cold all week, though I believe it's beginning to break up now. It pains me though to have to sit in doors all the time if you don't want to freeze up solid. It's even too cold to go skating, though we did get in some more hockey yesterday afternoon. The soccer field over by the tennis courts is all flooded and really makes a swell rink. They say it's much better than last year, and then there's always the city rink which is pretty keen and lighted up at night. The only difficulty is finding time to do it.

But before I go any further perhaps you'd like to know the final outcome of my grades. They're not as good as I was hoping for, but you can make your own conclusions. I was right about the Rhetoric, except that the registrar's of ice objected to Dr. Straw's giving only one 95 in all three of his classes so he gave one core too. That was a class and a half, and I'm sorry I can't continue it under him this semester, but Mrs. Tiffany ought to be good too. At least it'll be a lot of fun. In our first class Friday I wasn't prepared as I hadn't been able to locate a second-hand text-book yet, but rather than make that an excuse I thought I'd just bluff through the class. As luck would have it though she called on me to go to the board and write as much as I knew about factual essays. The title suggested quite a bit to me and from general knowledge, padding, and the use of big high-sounding terms which were supposed to make her think I knew a lot, I wrote quite a piece. Others went to the board too to write on various subjects, but believe it or not I was the only one to rate a ten. She is one of these energetic, enthusiastic and jovial ladies, and really waxed quite eloquent over it, all undeserved, though I'll admit that most of the others were pretty sloppy.

To get back to the subject, I was pleasantly surprised with an 95 in Bible too. I was sort of hoping for a 95 in Zoology, but

he only gave three in the class of 140 and I had to be content with a 90 along with fifteen others. Orientation was also a 90. I hate to dash your hopes to the ground, but I've saved the worst for the last. As I rather expected, an 80 in my final exam gave me the same grade for the semester in German, while the crowning blow came when Dr. Taylor fooled me with an 80 in Astronomy. No kidding, I was really expecting a 90 in that, and it sort of bowled me over. I went to see him about it, and he explained it thus. He sprang little surprise tests on us all the time, but it just happens that the last six weeks we only had one of them. He has us down for a 60 in it, though I don't remember anything about it. Well, that was my Waterloo, as the entire six weeks grade was just that. That is, my three six weeks grades were 88, 95, and 60, which were all figured up with my 85 in the final exam. I didn't feel so hot about it at first, especially as I'd studied a whole lot more than either Pat or Sam and they got 85 and 95 respectively, but it's sort of worn off now and I guess it doesn't make much difference. I know just as much anyway! My average come to just a fraction under 88 in everything, with 21 grade points. Dash it, if I'd just made one more I'd make semester honors, as you only have to have an average of 2 for every hour carried.

Sam's the bum that carried off all the honors though. I suppose it's just to be expected of him, but I can't yet quite see how he does it. Straight 95's in everything, with forty-five grade points. And he doesn't study any more than an elephant, spends hours up there in the Record office, reading, and just enjoying life. Honestly, the guy's inhuman the way he pulls down those grades, all apparently without any effort at all. Why in his final exam in French he got an 85, while the next highest in any section got an 82. In psychology, in a class of 130 or so he was one of two that were given 95's for the semester! All I'm saying is that that other person ought to go mighty easy the way she puts herself on the same level as a genius.

We had three basketball games this week, winning all of them and thus continuing our undefeated record. I've forgotten the score of the first one (you'll see in the Record) but for the second we went over to Oak Park and played their Jayvees, licking the tar out of them 51-27. Then last night we skinned the DeValb second team 44-19, I think it was. I'm afraid they'll have to begin getting us some more competition before long. The first team hasn't fared so well though. They lost to Oak Park 29-23 and to KeValb 29-25. I've finally gotten a regular berth on the Jayvee's. One of the fellow's, Gilman, more or less flunked out last semester so didn't come back, and I have his place at guard with Maurice Nelson. He's a swell player, and a peach of a fellow. Rather quiet and unassuming, but awfully nice and friendly. I like him a lot, in fact better than any of the other fellows that I've met yet this year. He lives up near Lake Forest, and goes home every week-end that we don't have a game. And can he ever play basketball? Fast, shifty and accurate, a good sport and with an even temperament. It's really a pleasure to be able to play with him.

The rest of the week's gone by pretty uneventfully. I learned out to make pie the other night, when Mrs. Roy and I spent an

88  
95  
60  
85  
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328

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

evening making five of them--cherry and chocolate, two of my favorites. She said I've been losing weight and getting thin, so makes me eat all over again with her about every time I come home after meal up at the dining hall. Then she often gives the whole house of sixteen boys something to eat just about bed time. Saturdays and Sundays when we don't get up in time for breakfast at the dorm she keeps us from starving too, so I guess I'm not in any skin and bones yet.

Mac Smith burst in on us Friday afternoon, and we've been having a great old get-together ever since. It's between semesters for him, and he doesn't have to leave until tomorrow. He's the same old chap as ever, and seems to be enjoying it here with all the P.V.F.S.--ites a great deal. It must be a bit lonely up there in Lake Forest all by himself, though he says he likes it pretty well. Clid and I are planning to go up there and spend a few days with him week after next. Friday is a holiday as it's Washington's birthday and neither of us are going to the annual Washington Banquet in the evening. I'm hoping we can go up with Maurie in his car as far as his home, but I haven't seen him yet about it so don't know when he'll be going. And then, it seems that very few of my plans ever materialize, so I don't know what'll happen. Nevertheless, I always like to plan all sorts of things, even if they don't work out. It's nice to think about them, and there's always the possibility.

This morning we drove by to Aurora with Mrs. Joy as one of her nieces was singing in the A Capella choir which was giving or rather aiding in the church service there. They were from Dubuque University, and she's planning to be a missionary. This afternoon we all sat around and talked over old times, then heard Dr. Dodd speak in Christian Endeavor. I didn't know when I'd ever get this letter written if I didn't do it tonight, as am staying away from the evening service. I know I'll never get anything more done after they all get back, so I'll try to finish up in a hurry.

As for the gloves, you needn't bother getting us any out there. You gave me a good pair for Christmas last year, and as they fit Sam better than they do me he's making good use of them. I have some good woolen ones which I like better anyway, so I'm all right too. Thanks just the same. Your parcel with the socks and under came too, along with the Greek book for Sam. I didn't even argue with him about the ownership of that. We're more than welcome!

We're surprised at the Christmas parcel mix-up, but I guess you can blame that on the Japanese postal service, or customs. Did the third one get there O.K., and does it work? Sorry it was so late. It's all right about the History of the Korea Mission. Dat has a copy here and we're looking at it, so Uncle Howard doesn't need to send us a copy for a few months. My original idea was that I wanted one for myself to keep, but I guess there's no hurry for it and later on will be better I guess. I do want one sometime though. There's so much about Father in it, and the early days.

The Evangelistic services are this week, with Dr. Howard Kelly being one of the leaders. That ought to be very interesting. Here come the others, so I'll lay off.

Loads of love, and kick Mutso for me.

Howard....

P.S. The Christmas seal was appreciated, but Dr. Hall sent us several hundred from New York, so we're pretty well supplied. Incidentally she wanted us to make a contribution, but she came to the wrong number here!!

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Wheaton College  
February 9th, 1936

Dear Father and Mother:--

I wore a big blister on my foot playing basketball last night, and can't wear my shoes today so have to stay in. I really can't say I'm very sorry either, as the mercury's way down below zero again with a general blizzard swirling the snow around at a great rate outside. What a winter! The weather bureau has thrown up its hands in disgust, saying they can't even attempt to say what'll come next. It's never been like this before and they don't know what the score is. Now they're scared of a coal shortage. Some of the highways out on the level plains around here are packed up with snowdrifts anywhere from six to eight feet deep, cars being entirely submerged in them. I wish the college would close down for a while. It's painful just wading through the drifts up there and back. One fellow in the house here woke up this morning with his ears frozen. He's wearing a hat to bed tonight!

X  
Johnny Bigger and his room-mate at Wooster droppèd in on us the other night. Boy it was swell to see him again. The same old Johnny, and did we ever have fun talking things over together! It just happened that two of the fellows here were out that night, so we could put them up nicely. We had the dickens of a time getting their car started the next morning in all the snow and wind, but the obstinate thing finally yielded with the aid of our buggy and they headed for Chicago. He was thinking of transferring to an Art school there this next semester, though I haven't heard yet whether he managed to get in. It'll be keen if he's just in there.

We've been having some wonderful revivàl meetings here this week. Dr. McQuilkin was here to lead the Evangelistic services, but he's been in bed most of the time and others have had to take charge. It's hard to understand, but God certainly does move in a wondrous and mysterious way, His wonders to perform. The results have been marvellous, and the whole campus has been stirred up. Mr. Hammondtree, Dr. McPherson, and Dr. Howard Kelly have all given splendid messages, though I feel that it has been really led of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the students themselves. The faculty couldn't stop the meeting that began Thurs. morning in chapel and gave up trying after awhile, just letting the Lord take full charge. Tens of people were on their feet every instant trying to get in their word of testimony, conviction of sin, and praise to our Father for the way out which He has given us, if we but repent of our sins and turn to Him. It's wonderful isn't it, just what God can and does do for people. Classes were completely forgotten, and there haven't been any regular ones hardly since then. It went on for twelve hours straight, and then started again for all the next day in chapel the next morning. There's a wonderful spirit pervading the place now, and many have been led to the Lord. I know my own faith has been greatly strengthened, and I want to do His will now more than ever.

Wheaton went to town in a big way last night in basketball. First we took our ninth straight game 36-21 against the local Y.M.C.A., and then the varsity cleaned up on the Wisconsin School of Mines 55-12. It developed into a rout at the end, much to their chagrin. They evidently thought we were just a bunch of pansies, because just before the game started the school stood up and sang the Doxology, followed by the Alma Mater. They were shooting baskets at the time, kept it up uncertainly for awhile, began to realize it wasn't quite the proper thing to do, and then stood around awkwardly and in evident embarrassment until the end. It rather phased them, but I guess they got a new idea of Wheaton athletics by the end of the game. Our game got plenty rough, and the other fellows weren't very good sports about losing, but it didn't quite come to blows. Before the game Coach told us it would be one of the toughest of the year, but I'm afraid they'll have to find us something harder than that to tackle. Maurie Nelson wasn't there either, as he went home and wasn't able to get back because the roads were unpassable. His father, by the way, founded some kind of a South China Mission which, if I understand correctly, does all its work along the rivers, going up and down them on boats. That's where Maurie is planning to go as soon as he's ready.

Assignments have been pretty light this week in school, so the new semesters work hasn't begun to bother me particularly as yet. Psychology is interesting, but seems to be plenty deep. I guess I'll get on to it in time, but as it's all a lecture course I don't know just how to go about studying for it. It's too easy and too big a temptation not to study at all. It's something ~~xxxxxxx~~ I really am interested in though, and want to know more about. The other things are going on about as per usual, except that it seems queer to have Sam in Zoology Lab with me. He works just across the table from me, and next to Johnny Frame.

Dr. Bell spoke in chapel the other morning, though I didn't get to speak to him afterwards as he had to leave right away. Ruth and Rosa will be here next year, or the year after, I guess. Dr. Dodd has come too, and gave an address in C.E. last Sunday. Sid seems to have taken a new lease on life, the bum.

Hey, Mutso, what's the idea of your going back on us this way? Why you little bugger, for two cents I'd hop on that old China Clipper and come over there and paddle you. Now don't try to pretend you don't know what this is all about. Yes, I'm talking about the size of your additions to the family letter every week. Ever since you had that nice excuse of the measles or whatever it was, you've been shirking on the job. They've been getting smaller and smaller every week, until now I've even had to pull down a microscope to even locate the scrap of paper they were written on. That customary line of, "Nothing much has happened this week, so I don't have much to write" won't go over any more, so you'd better sit down and think up a new one, and it'd better be more lengthy too. I'll have to authorize Moonsabong to lay on with the birch rod if this doesn't bring results. Hop to it. What d'ya think I left that typewriter out there for? To gather dust? Sticky's come across with several noble pages (generally

triple spaced, though we might forgive him under the circumstances, even if he can't get away with it), and I wouldn't let him get ahead of you that way.

I won't say what I think, but it's a doggone shame if they won't let you have that speedometer. I don't know what in the world we'd do with it here, but we'll hope things will come out O.K. Maybe there's something else we can send you instead. Let us know if there's ever anything particular that you want. We might be able to get it for you, though again we may not. How's the rink out there this winter. You must be having quite a time of it, what with moonlight skating and all. Just to think of you, Mutso, going out in the evenings etc! Good grief, what a guy! Give us all the dope on basketball, and the school doings too. I take it from Mother's letter that they had the Jr.-Sr. Banquet in the fall this year. I suppose they decided there were too many things going on in the spring. And when's the next Kum and Go to make its appearance? Soon, we trust.

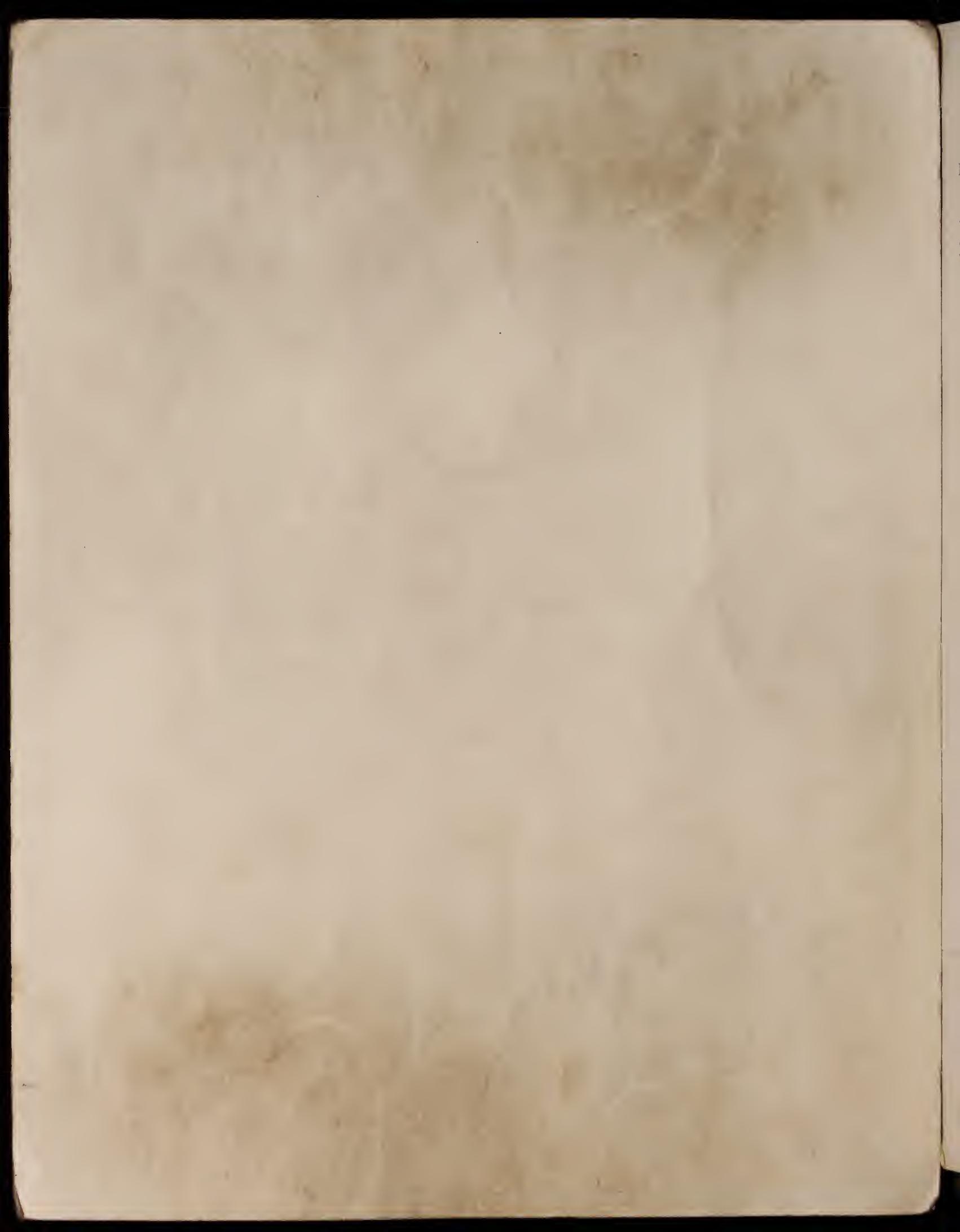
No, mother, I haven't joined the German Club, particularly because I'm not interested in it (though perhaps I should be), though I couldn't have gotten in anyway till this semester. I haven't even been able to get to a lot of the Pre-Med meetings, as they've often come on evenings we have basketball games.

What are you worrying about the dentist for, Tomasso? Hasn't Dr. Mac got any of that stuff that's just been discovered which makes filling teeth absolutely painless. It's all the rage here in the States now, and seems to really be the goods. I guess I'll have mine looked at again one of these days now. One of my wisdom teeth is coming in right now. I sure hope it doesn't come in backward or some other goofy way like Sam's. They haven't got methods of painless extraction yet, worse luck!

I had dinner with Mrs. Roy here this noon, and it's about time for supper now. This evening I'm going to get off a letter to Juny. He seems to like it a lot there at U.C.L.A., though he says it plenty tough. I suppose you know he's starring on the Frosh hockey team. That's great stuff, isn't it.

Loads of Love,

Howard



WHEATON, ILLINOIS

February 16, 1936

Dear Father and Mother:

Sam isn't feeling so hot today and is in bed, but I don't think it's anything particular. It just seems to be more or less of a headache, which should be gone by morning. The rest of us haven't been doing much except sitting around by the fire and trying to keep warm. Radio reports said that it was supposed to go down to thirty below last night, but I don't think it did. Nevertheless, it's plenty cold, and doesn't seem to be in any hurry to let up. They say this winter has been sixty-six per cent colder than last winter. It would be here to welcome me! If there's anything I hate and which takes the joy out of living, is just this kind of weather. I wish they'd just pick this plant up and set it down over there in southern California!

No school on Friday of last week, and I never have anything on Thursday, so it was quite a vacation. I wish they were all like that. Neither Allison and I were interested in the Washington banquet, so we thought we'd return Mac Smith's call--between basketball games which were on Thursday and Sat. nights. The sun almost made it's appearance Fri. morning so we cheerfully sat over on Roosevelt highway till an obliging soul picked us up and helped us on our way. Our weather predictions were sadly on the wrong side of the ledger however, as by the time he let us out just this side of Chicago another gale was giving vent to it's emotions and it was bitterly cold. We soon realized it was a bum spot to try to pick up rides too, as after freezing most of our anatomy on a dizzy street corner we chose the part of wisdom and grabbed a street car for the loop. We thought of Schmitty, but the condition of our pocket books wasn't sufficient to indulge in the luxury of a train ride, so we messed about the city most of the day and then returned to dear old Wheaton. We haven't regretted it either, as the mercury hasn't been any too slow in visiting the cellar.

Thursday night we had the big tilt with North Central (please excuse all the errors, but I left this till too late as I've been trying to fix Dad's clock so we can get up in the morning, so now there isn't much time left.) in basketball. There was a big mess trying to get tickets for the games, and lines were forming from early in the morning. Even with the rafters crowded the putrid gym will only hold about half the student body. Our Jay-vee game was first, and for the first time in a good many years we came across with a victory, 45-29, which didn't make them feel any too good. As luck would have it, I've again been relegated to the bench for most of the time, as McCarrol, who hasn't been able to play for some time because of failure in too many subjects, finally made up enough exams and is back again--for I don't know how long. I only saw a few minutes of action at the end, but I'm sure glad we licked them, as the varsity didn't come out so well. They took us into camp there, 23-36, walking all over us the first half. Charlie and Johnny Bigger were out for the game. The latter is

here for good now, as he's enrolled in the American Academy of Art in Chicago. He buzzed back to Wooster, got his things, and then came burning back here in order to begin work right away. It's a two year course, so he'll be around for some time. We're getting quite a bunch of Korea Kids around this vicinity now. Just give us a little more time, and We'll put even Wooster in the background!

Last night we cleaned up on a team from Chicago 41-22, giving us our 11th straight victory. I got to play most of the second half in that. The varsity again failed to come across with the goods, and went down before George Willians college 36-31. It was a close game however, and the Orange and Blue did nobly. They put in a number of the Jay-vees in the latter half and they nearly pulled the game out of the fire. We beat the varsity all the time in practice, but of course you can't always tell much from that.

The Record, led by that outstanding figure of the courts Samuel Ping Pong Moffett, ran off a tournament in that field this week, but Sam and I both went down in ignoble second round defeats. The fellow that won was third ranking in the city of Minneapolis--far out of our class! It was good fun though, and all I lost was the dime for entrance. Yesterday afternoon Wisconsin U. beat us by a very close margin of two points in wrestling. We might have nosed them out at that if one of our fellows hadn't had to default because his arm was dislocated in the first few seconds. It was the most interesting match I've seen though. Perhaps I'll be as rapid a fan as the rest of them around here yet!

I don't know anything else particularly that's happened this week, our ribbon's no good, Dat wants this machine, so I guess the best thing for me to do is turn in. No letter from you this week, but I suppose the gale will waft it in tomorrow. The K.M.F. came, and we were intensely interested in Father's article--and will be waiting for the next of the series. It's about time he started something like that. Kick Mutso for me, and tell him to be good. I don't suppose it'll do any good or have any effect on him, but just for the principle of the thing. I'll make up for lost time when he shows his map this side of the Pacific. Poor guy. I already feel for him!

In all the zero weather I've never come through a winter (not that it's over yet) so well with respectx to colds etc. I haven't had one yet and haven't been bothered a bit. In fact my healthx is swell, though I've lost just a few pounds. They'll come back in the spring though. I'm just waiting and living for the sun--and tennis!

I'm sorry this letter is so messy and all, but my 8 o'clock is going to arrive altogether too soon. I always hate to think of having to begin a week all over again, but it seems to be the way of things in this cock@eyed old world of ours.

Lots of love,

Howard #

Wheaton College  
February 27, 1936

Dear Father and Mother:--

The sun is out and skies are blue for the first time in centuries. I'd almost given up all hope of ever seeing them again, but I guess ol' man winter has about blowed himself out. Water, in an unfrozen state, is making its appearance and the streets are filled with slush. You can't imagine how swell it was to venture forth without coats etc. this morning, and just drink in the spring! It's more like living now, and I hope it stays that way. Perhaps it shouldn't, but the weather has an awful effect on me--either dampening or otherwise, so far mostly the former.

The Korea Klub had its initial get-together for the year in Chicago last night. Mr. Kim got us up a keen Korean feast and put his restaurant at our disposal. Needless to say, we quite went to town on it and had a grand time. He was an awfully nice host, and we did the rest. I think there were twenty-two present, but you'll get the names on the card that's on its way. Kenneth Smith and his wife were about the only ones that couldn't get there as he was on 24 hour duty at the hospital. Pre-meds were well represented as there were: The Smith twins, Mac (?), Virginia Horesi, Sid Dodd, Eleanor Soltau, Grace Strachan (ask Dat about her), and myself. Clid and I went in early together and sat around Woody B.I. where the League of Evangelical Students was meeting for several hours.

Only two more weeks of basketball now, with the Jayvees still undefeated. We played three more games this last week, and came so darn close to coming out on the tail end of one it was far from funny. It was against North Central over there on their floor, and they were out for blood as we'd spoiled their hitherto undefeated record the week before here. And they almost got it, though the Orange and Blue rallied to nose them out 36-35 in an upward climb. At one time near the end of the first half we were trailing 6-17, and from then on it was one continual grind to the top. I got in for about four minutes at the end when we were one point behind, but almost lost the game for them at that. They called time out with but  $\frac{1}{2}$  second to go, and it was a jump ball on our four line. My man got it, hurriedly shot, the sphere rolled dizzily around the rim as the gun cracked, and then rolled out. Whew, what a relief! That's the closest we've come yet to being licked, but you never can tell--the future may have even worse in store. Thursday night the varsity took another trimming from N.C., though I didn't go over. Sam dated Delle Mackenzie to it. She's an awfully nice girl and he's a sap for not taking her out oftener. If she wasn't so intellectual, a Soph., etc. I'd be that way inclined myself. But no sir! No more dates for yours truly. I had two too many way last fall on the ones Sam and Dat roped me in to. I've had the dickens of a time trying to keep out of her way ever since, and after slighting her as much as possible she's just beginning to catch on and see the light. Of course they're not all that way by any means, but I'm perfectly satisfied with conditions as they are. Incidentally Delle is rated about the best woman tennis player in the Little Nineteen, and is plenty good. We (Sam, Delle, Eleanor Soltau, Grace Strachan, and I) were playing up in the gym yesterday for the first time since the courts went out of commission. They

stick a net across and you can get in some swell practice that way. Gee I'm anxious to get outdoors again tho'. I understand however that the courts aren't useable until spring vacation--six more weeks. The prospects are pretty good I think for making the team, but there'll probably be about ten dark horses to spring up and gum the works. One of the matches is down in Peoria, which is another reason I hope Sam and I both make it. No use worrying about it now though.

Studies are going on as usual, though I don't have to spend nearly as much time on them as I used to. I don't see how I ever managed to sit here hour after hour and bone last fall, but perhaps that's what I should be doing now. Once you get used to college life and methods etc. though it doesn't take nearly as much sweat and you have time for other things. I still don't think I'll get mixed up in the Record however. There's plenty to do, and I never find time hanging on my hands. My name was proposed for Celts this week, and as luck would have it again, I had to give another impromptu. Those things in themselves are about enough to keep me from going, but since I have to go thru with it I hope it's really doing me some good. Public speaking is one thing I simply can't do, but it's one thing that I also have to learn, I guess. I wonder if I shouldn't try to work in a public speaking course some time before I get through. It ought to have some effect!

I'm getting rather scared about Psychology, but am still waiting for the dawn. It may clear up. At least I can comfort myself with the knowledge that most everyone else in the class is feeling somewhat in a fog too. We're studying the Research Paper in Rhetoric now, and I'm writing one on "Early Relations between the U.S. and Japan."

As you'll read in the Record, Sam was duly honored in chapel the other morning when he took highest honors for the sophomores in scholastic standing. That sure is great, and believe me, I felt plenty proud of him! Our class didn't come out so hot, with an average of 77 and only 16 getting semester honors.

Tuesday afternoon Dayton and I went over with the swimming team to practice at North Central. Besides that and the other things I've already mentioned I don't believe much happened. Two letters came from you, and I'll see if there are any questions you wanted answered.

Oh yes, the management here only came across with fifty dollars for my scholarship this semester. But perhaps you weren't expecting the full amount. At any rate, I'm glad to get the 50. I only have \$18 in the bank now, but with \$35 more which just came from the Board for this month. By next fall I'll have plenty saved up to meet expenses at the beginning of the semester. I still don't know what I'll be doing this summer, but there are loads of possibilities. I might even go to summer school if Sam does, though it doesn't particularly appeal to me. At least no more than one semester of it. I wouldn't mind getting five hours of chemistry with all its lab. out of the way.

What's this, mutso? Another inch or so added to your white head?

(2)

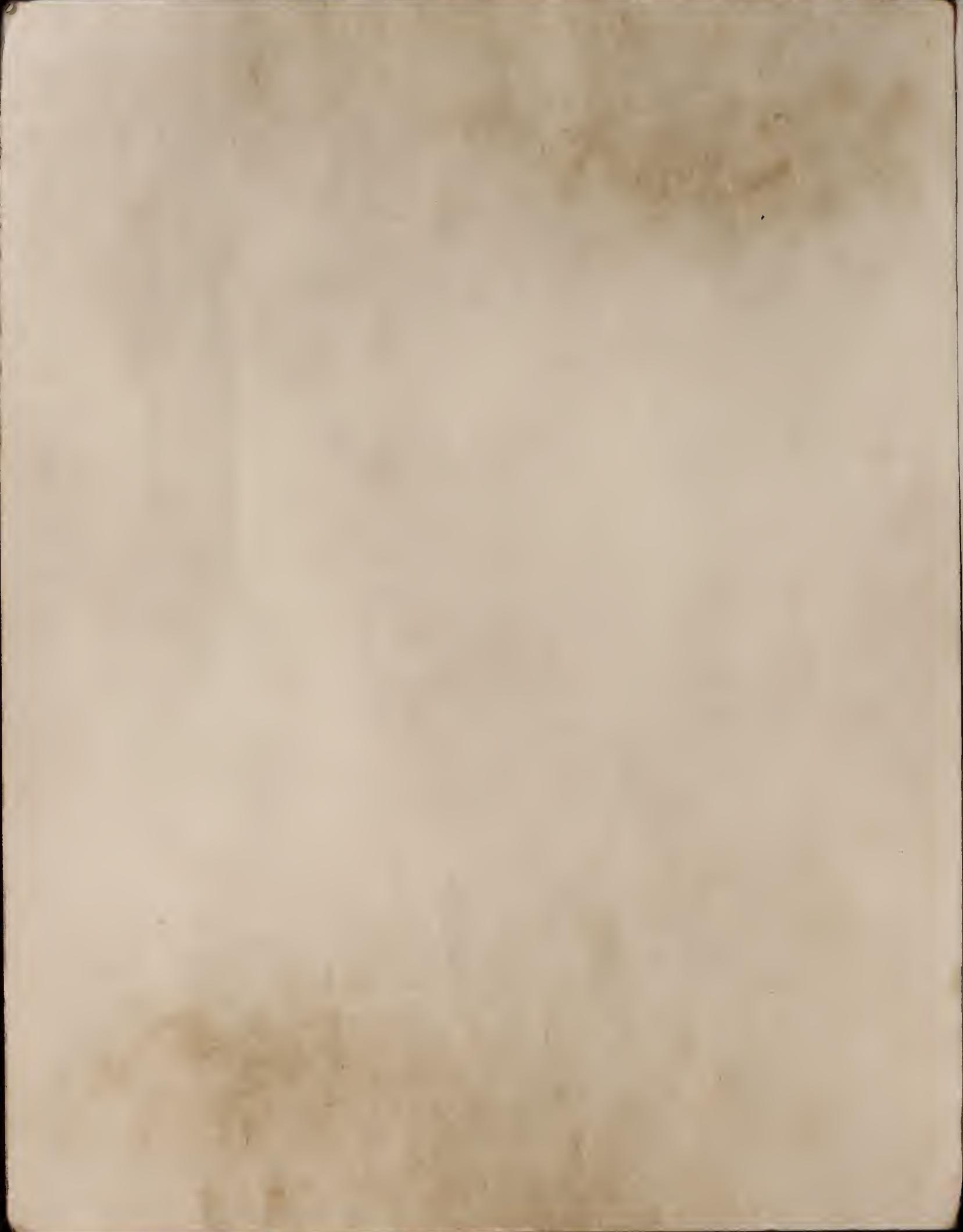
You've got to quit than before long fellow, or you'll be putting us all to shame. Sticky has already done enough damage in that quarter without you starting in.

And please don't refer to your honorable seniors in terms of agricultural products again. I take it that Sam was the turnip (just the thought of them makes me sick), but you needn't carry it any further than that!

And I say, you ol' chicken, what do you mean by letting C.C.C. swamp you with a barrage of goals in hockey. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves at being run over that way, but we'll hope for better things in the near future. How did the basketball team come out in the league games? I don't imagine so well this year, but by the time the present Sophs. are Seniors you really ought to go to town in it. The Frosh are a tough enough bunch in themselves to go places and do things. Keep at it, and get your eye on that old bucket! Get in all the practice you can, and especially with the older and better fellows. That's where you'll learn the most and improve faster. That's the way with all athletics. You improve by playing against and with those better than yourself, wherezs you're likely to get sloppy and worse by playing with those who aren't as good. Remember that in tennis too, fellow, and don't be scared to get in with those who are much better than you.

*Well, so long, and be good!*

*Lots of love to you all, Howard...*



Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
March 1, 1936

Dear Father and Mother,

Three more months before final exams now, and they'll be far better months than the past three. It almost looks as though milder weather is here to stay, and it's just about time! It's terribly uncertain however. One day we'll be slushing around in mud under the sun, and the next a wintry blast will spring up and it'll snow. Today it's cloudy and chill.

Only one more week of basketball too. We won our 14th game last night against a Swedish Church team from Chicago, 53-18. Another walk-a-way for the Jay-vees, but they were the nicest bunch of fellows we've come up against. The referee was quite bowled over after the game to be complimented for his good work by them. They've generally been pretty sarcastic and gripish. I got to play the whole game for a change as Roger McShane was up in St. Paul on a debating trip. Due to the lack of competition however, Coach put in all the subs. during the entire last half. Boy, I sure enjoyed the game, far more than any so far, probably because I didn't feel under any restraint as I knew the others playing with me were lower down on the scale of substitutes than I was myself. I felt more like old times out in P.Y., and there wasn't any fear of making mistakes.

The varsity won their game too, for a change, but I didn't stay for that as I had to come home and write an article for the Record. Which brings me to something else. I wasn't particularly anxious to write for the paper, but a chance came up this week for working it into some credit, so I weakened. Thus it is that I'm taking Miss Steven's one hour course in Journalism, and in order to get credit for it you have to be on the Record staff. I wouldn't have taken it except for the fact that I can spare the time and want the extra credit. That gives me 17 for this semester, which puts me just a little further ahead. It may come in handy some day, and I know very well that I'll be busier with outside activities etc. during my last couple of years here than I am now. I was mighty glad last year that I had taken Caesar with you outside of school my soph. year, though it didn't seem so pleasant at the time. I received the official transcript from the office the other day stating that my average of 87.81 for last semester gave me a standing of 27th in the class of 335, but I suppose you received word to that effect too. Sam, of course, was first in his class--the hound!

Doubtless you've heard all the details from Charlie, but he's definitely got four churches in a district out in North Dakota now, and is planning to get married this Easter vacation. The field is fifty miles from the Canadian border (I'll be thinking of him next winter!) and he is to begin work there and preach his first sermon the 10th of May. All of which means that Sam and I will be heading East-ward early next month for the wedding in Southington, on the 11th. Then we'll hike right back for the opening of school after the vacation. Marion will stay out here with Mrs. Roy until Charlie graduates and is ordained, then they'll

P.S. I just received a letter from Archie Campbell saying he was planning to turn up here on the campus next fall. Surely Campbell is too if he can see his way clear financially. That'll be swell. The more the merrier!

hit for the sticks and their manse (choice of three) just a 1000 miles from here. Sam and I'll probably get out to see him some time during the summer. What I'd like, very much, to do if I go to one term of summer school would be this: Head straight for N.D. after finishing here, spend a little while with Charlie, then strike over into Oregon and see all the relatives there, proceed down the Pacific Coast stopping wherever I know anybody, from Los Angeles cutting across Texas and the Southern states down into Florida and then ~~xxxx~~ up the East coast to spend a few days with Jim, and then if there's any time left spend it recuperating in Madison. All probably just an idle dream, but I sure would like to see the country that way. I'd do all my travelling through the kindness of passing motorists by thumbing, and it's really a lot of fun going that way in the summer time when it's warm. Of course it isn't so speedy, but I'll have two months for it after summer school. The only hitch to all this as far as I can see is financial. I suppose I really should get a job for the summer and help out (and that's what I'll probably end up by doing), and please don't get the idea from all this that I just want to have a good time and don't want to work. I don't mind working and am perfectly willing to, but this other idea of seeing the country and visiting friends and relatives strikes me as being just about perfect--if possible. Don't mind telling me it's utterly out of the question, but I'd just like to know what you do think of it, and if it is, I'll begin thinking of something else.

Believe it or not, yesterday we did a months accumulation of washing and cleaned house. I wore about a dozen blisters on my hand beating those dust-collecting Peking rugs of ours, and I can certainly sympathize with good old Moonsabong,. Dayton and Sam are threatening to sue me however because my red flannel pyjamas you sent out dyed all their underwear a lovely pink! I think I ought to charge them for the extra service, but they don't look at it in exactly the same light. In the afternoon I spent over an hour interviewing Prexy about the results of his trial etc. That, of all things, was my first assignment for the Record. Then I had to go around and see Mr. Stam and get his views on it, and continue working on my Research paper before the library closed. That sure is taking up a lot of time. I've spent hours and hours just browsing around and taking down notes on my findings, without even beginning to write the bally thing. At ~~ix~~ least it's interesting and I enjoy it. The only difficulty is a matter of time. Late in the afternoon Sam and Pat. went roaring off with the girls, or rather they went roaring off with Sam and Pat--seeing as it's Leap year! It was quite a sight to see them come marching in to the basketball games that night with corsages pinned all over their coats. Boy, I'm mighty glad I didn't get roped in on anything like that!

Six weeks exams this week, though we've had ours in German. It was a pain, as usual, and I'm not any too anxious to get it back. Wednesday will be my Waterloo, as I have three and maybe four exams then. It's bad enough anyway. With this course in Journalism coming Wed. evening it gives me 8 hours of class-room recitation on that one day. But nothing Thurs., thank goodness! It takes me 24 hours to recover.

This page has almost completed its course, so I can't go more than hit ~~with~~ <sup>so</sup> with a couple of words. Keep up the good work folks, and send in your lengthy (?) additions to the weekly letter! Love & love

Wheaton College,  
March 8th, 1936.

Dear Father and Mother:

\* Mutes!

This sure has been a hectic week, but it has passed quickly because I've been so busy. The weather's brightened considerably too, and everybody's feeling better. Heigh ho, it may be a great life after all.

Sam went into Chicago early yesterday morning to see somebody about next year's Tower, and won't be back till tonight. Pat and I got up in time to be late to Church, then stood in line for an hour in order to satisfy our internal cravings in the Dining Hall. We get good meals when we get 'em, but everybody around here acts like they're in a pie-eating contest and shovels the stuff in at a great rate. For once I would enjoy having someone at the head of the table keep insisting that the tempo be considerably lessened. In order to feel satisfied at the completion of a meal it's necessary to keep going at the same rate or you'll find yourself still on the salad when the rest are ready to leave. However, that is generally the case only at supper, as the rest of the time we are served Cafeteria style and can take as long as we jolly well please. After leisurely passing away fifty minutes at the task the other noon, the waiters informed me that I'd broken all existing records. One good thing is that you're allowed all the bread and butter you can possibly do away with, and it's generally possible to bull-doze good-natured waiters into supplying you with as many seconds on spuds as you want too. That seems to be their specialty here, as at most boarding schools, I guess.

Dad's gone somewhere or other now, and I've got the house pretty much to myself. Sunday afternoons are always swell, just because there isn't anything particular that I have to do. After roaring through the week it's nice just to lie back and take things easy. Sleep late in the morning and go to bed early at night. But to get on with the week's news....

Exzms have been the main thing on the program, but to top it all off Mrs. Tiffany has laid on the Research paper worse than ever, trying to get the entire thing finished. That's taken more time than all the exams put together, though the other has been far harder on the brain and nervous system. I came off better than I expected in the German test, with an 85, but I didn't deserve it for the amount of effort I've put on it lately. Practically all our work now is just reading German stories, with very little grammar, and I'll have to admit that I've depended almost entirely on sight translations to get me through. I either like to do it all, or none at all, and as she gives terribly long assignments which would take hours of preparation I generally take the latter course of action--or inaction. Instead I try to get the vocabulary, and then call it quits. I can see your frown of disapproval, Mother, but don't let it bother you! It doesn't me. After all, Clid got a 75, and Sid flunked, so I'm not worrying. Not that I want to rub their grades into them, but....

I'd like to skip the next paragraph, but it's an historical fact, so must needs be included. The Jayvee's met their Waterloo!! Sad, but true. Yes, we were taken down in our fifteenth game by a bunch of cut-throats over there at DeKalb, a team that we had previously beaten here 41-18. But such is the way of ~~xx~~ things, and I guess we had it coming to us. Perhaps it was because I played the whole game, but so did McDonald from the varsity, to fill in for McShane and Updike who were absent. It was rather a slopy game, and we just didn't seem to click. They weren't much better, and we did manage to tie the score at 9-all by the half. Then we took a lead, they evened things up and forged ahead by quite a bit. It looked pretty hopeless, but we came up within two points of them at 23-21 with about two minutes to go. In wildly trying to get that one needed basket, we shamefully neglected our own end of the field and they pulled some fast ones during the last minute to win 29-23. The varsity brought back another defeat with them too, though it was by a closer score of 37-35, I think. It's a good ways over there, and we didn't get back here till after one o'clock, Wednesday morning. Nice preparation for three exams that day, but fortunately I found out when I got to class that the Psych. was postponed. That left only two, Bible and Zoology. Miss Torrey gave us seven questions. I knew six of them cold, but found out afterwards that I'd misunderstood the other and gotten it all wrong. That'll bring me way down, worse luck, and my chances of keeping up the 95 are glimmering. Zo wasn't so hard, though there were a couple of tricky details which nobody but Mack would ever think of asking. Oh yes, on the Lab. test Monday I got a 94.

Friday we had Psych., and I haven't the slightest idea how I came out in it. It was pretty much guess-work, and plenty fuzzy. For the most part it was "true-false", completion, and identifying passages as to author, period, and school of psychology. Four long pages of it, and boy, I was dizzy with the stuff by the time I reeled out of the room. I like it though.

Thursday night I came awfully close to going in to see the last home hockey game of the Chicago Blackhawks, but didn't because of that blamed Rhetoric paper. I had to sit up half the night doing it, and the next night too, but at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that my troubles with it are nearly over! My first draft is entirely completed now, and all I have to do is revise it a bit and then make a good copy. It's been a lot of fun, and I've enjoyed learning about the subject, but it's taken too much time. At first I narrowed the field down to after the signing of Perry's first Treaty and the definite opening up of the country to foreign commerce and relations, but found out soon enough that even that was entirely too much. So I limited it to the very early visits of ship-wrecked American whaling wessels and later expeditions leading up to the triumph of Perry. Even that's too large to cover adequately.

Sam was taken in to the hockey game by some guy who's trying to wangle a contract out of him for the Tower next year. I don't know what it's all about, but they're sure doing a lot of apple polishing and treating him up. A couple of other firms are doing the same thing in rivalry, so you needn't worry about his getting thin.

Wheaton College  
March 15, 1936

Dear Folks,

I saw my hockey game! Yes sir, and what a game it was. It came very unexpectedly too, as I thought that the last game in Chicago had already been played. But the Chicago Blackhawks and the Montreal Maroons had one more grudge fight coming to them during the regular season. Both were in second place in their respective leagues, and both were out to do or die for dear old Podunk, as a victory would give them a chance to tie for first. It sure was thrilling to watch them. They shot around that enclosure with seeming ease, and could they ever handle themselves and that puck! Boy, oh boy, they'd make even good skaters look sick. Chicago took an early lead and it looked pretty bad for the Maroons, but much to the dismay of the prejudiced crowd they came back fast in the third period to tie up the score at 3-all. The extra period resulted in no more scoring, so the score remained unchanged at the end. The game got plenty rough at times, but unfortunately they didn't get into any free-for-all brawls or open street fights as is customary. The poor ref. generally takes a pretty bad beating, but they get used to it in a few years!

We didn't have any Journalism class Wednesday evening, so I buzzed into Chicago that afternoon to visit Charlie. Exams were all over, my research paper on "Early Diplomatic and Commercial Relations between the United States and Japan" was turned in, so I just took a little vacation. I never have any classes Thursday anyway. Charlie and I wore ourselves to a frazzle playing hand-ball all evening, then while he went to classes the next morning I slept. I sure didn't envy him! That noon Haydon Lampe came in with news of the Hockey game, and it didn't take me very long to decide to stay out a little longer than I'd planned to see it. So it was that the three of us went that night. And it just happened that I met Clid and Ted Benson (he's engaged to Mary Lou, and a peach of a fellow) while waiting for the train back, and found that they'd been to the game too.

No more basketball games for the Jay-vees this week, but we may have one more next Tuesday. The season's about over though now, and there aren't any more regular practices. It's nice to have those extra hours every afternoon, but it'll be nicer when tennis starts. I was formally admitted to the Excelsior society last Friday evening, so now am eligible to help represent them on the hardwood when the inter-society games begin this week. We play Arrows first--so I guess it's just too bad about Sam! The Record-Faculty tilt comes off this week too. More fun! They've been far from overworking me on the Staff so far, my one and only article being the sum total of my labors. That suits me fine, except that my Journalism grade depends almost entirely upon what and how much I write. It doesn't bother me any however, as the only reason I'm taking the bally course is to get the credit and what I can learn from the lectures during class. That part of it is really good, and I'm getting to know a lot of things that I wish I'd known last year for the Kum and Go.

Wheaton came across with its fourth consecutive Little 19 Wrestling Championship here last night. They sure do go to town in that, though it's about the only sport in which they do. We garnered 43 points in the meet on five out of eight 1st places, two 2nd. places and 1 third place. The next highest team had 26 points. One of the

fellows here in the house is a sub on the team and was able to get me an usher's badge, so I was lucky enough to see the thing free of charge. It all helps out!

Sam has certainly made a name for himself in Greek here, Mother. Evan Runner (student assistant in Greek) told me the other day that Miss Jameson had told him that Sam could translate the stuff better than she could herself--and that's some confession from the youngest woman Ph.D. in the Middle West. She called him up a while ago and said she didn't think the course was giving him as much as it should, and suggested that he do some extra work privately with her outside of class. Boy, if I ever caught Miss Voget saying that to me about German I'd pass right out! She might tell me I'd better take some extra work with her, but it'd be for just the opposite reason--that I wasn't giving as much as I should to the course!

Just as I was going out last night a fine elderly man called here and asked if the Moffett boys living in the house were sons of Dr. S. A. Moffett of Korea. I assured him that we were, and it developed that he was in McCormick Seminary with you, Father, way back there in the 1880's. His name is Mr. Charles Gordon Sterling, retired pastor of the Bethel Presbyterian Church in Detroit. He has a son in the Academy here, and so has moved to Wheaton to stay I guess. He wanted particularly to be remembered to you, and left a copy of Christianity Today for us which had an article in it by Bruce Hunt regarding the problems you are up against out there in Pyengyang right now. Sam and I are going over to call on him as soon as I finish this letter, which won't be long now. He was mighty glad you had taken the stand you have out there, and said he wished there were more people like that in the world today--who would take a true stand for Christ no matter what the cost.

We're not leaving for Southington for Charlie's wedding until the 7th of April, Sam's birthday! We'll probably spend the rest of the vacation before then down with Uncle Will in Peoria. At least that's what I hope we'll do. How do you like the last Record? The second page in particular is pretty nice, isn't it? What do you think of your journalistic scintillator brother, Mutso? It speaks highly of P.Y. too to have both Dat and Sam nominated for the post. That ought to go in the Kum and Go.

By the way, Mutt, it grieves me to bring up such a subject so frequently, but it seems that you're brief news tinted with malice and sarcasm, has a habit of vacillating back and forth between pages of fifty and a hundred words. Now don't try to tell me that you don't do anything more than that during the week. It won't go over so hot. And neither will it if you try to tell us you're so busy studying that you just haven't the time to waste (!)! You're one unfailing virtue however, is the regularity of your one page. Taking that into consideration Sam and I have agreed that the next time we get hold of your hair we shall leave a few strands just as a remembrance of your ill-deeds. But beware! We may even regret that leniency in time!

You'll be playing tennis about the time this arrives, won't you Tommy. Lucky bum, but go to it and wear those courts out. What kind of a racquet do you have now? I've forgotten what wrecks I left you. But whatever they are, more power to you. Keep your eye on that ol' ball, and lay into it! Once you get a good serve, practice it hard. If you can count on that, half the battle's won. Well, cheerio, Sam's in a hurry to get going, so adios!

Lots and Lots of love to you all,

Howard

Wheaton, Illinois  
March 22, 1936

Dear Folks:--

I'm afraid we were just disallusioned about the arrival of spring. It came--but only for an all too brief visit. Another snow-storm the other night brought another cold streak to arouse us from the sluggish effects of warm weather, and now we don't know just what to expect. At present it's raining in a slow monotonous drizzle which makes the whole world seem gloomy and drear. Nice outlook on life, isn't it?

But it hasn't been that way all week. It got so swell last Thurs. that I went over to Glen Ellyn (town about a mile or so away) with Sam and Howée Fisher to open up the tennis season. I wasn't expecting to play any for some time, probably not till after spring vacation, but they have two grand concrete courts over there which are open to the general public. I imagine we'll be going over quite frequently now just to limber up and get used to it again. Fischer beat me again, just as he did in the only other set I've played him, 6-4,--but he's no wonder and I'm going to fool him yet before the season ends. The standard around here is really awfully low, at least much lower than I expected it to be.

Yesterday Sam and I went into Chicago along with about 150 other Zoological aspirants to get in a little apple-polishing on the side with Prof. Mack. It proved to be much more interesting than I thought it would be, and I'm glad I went, but at the time the thought of having to get up on Sat. in time to catch the 8:00 o'clock into the city was rather a poor inducement. The best part of the whole trip, to me, was the Planetarium which some of us took instead of going to the zoo. I've seen enough of them anyway, though some of the folks acted like they'd never seen one before and were wild about going. The lecture in the Planetarium for this month was on the "Calendar" and was extremely interesting. Tommy would have enjoyed it too, as the astronomer's lecture was not very technical or hard to understand. It certainly is wonderful how they can instantly portray the whole heavens at any minute they want to, past, present, or future, on that dome. It's awfully impressive. For "the heaven's declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork." There isn't a thing on earth which is the result of human ingenuity which can even begin to compare with the heavens, nor anything so accurate as the stars in their courses.

I guess Sam is telling you all that's interesting about the Field Museum and the Aquarium, so I'll just skip them. The natural settings and scenery for the animals was what I enjoyed most though. The lady who showed us around and lectured was obviously an evolutionist through and through, and some of her arguments sounded so terribly dumb and unconvincing it almost made me laugh. Dr. Emerson has given us some of the proofs against it in psychology which further showed the inaccuracy of her reasoning. It beats me though how any sincere, intelligent man who has looked into the matter at all can believe it. But those who don't believe in God have to explain the presence of life in some way just for the sake of science, it seems.

Not much else has happened this week. At least nothing that seems in any hurry to pop into my mind at the present. Oh yes, Wed. night we cleaned up the Arrows in basketball to the tune of 40-18. It was too bad they couldn't offer more competition, but after all, you can't expect much from a bunch of singers. Perhaps you didn't know it, but theoretically the Arrows are Glee Club-ites, the Celts

athletically inclined, the Belts preachers, and the Knights too young as yet to be associated with much of anything. There actually isn't much truth to all that though, as all the societies are pretty much alike and no definite distinctions can possibly be made. The same night the Belts and Knights had a wild, fierce fight in which the latter finally emerged victorious in an over-time period 20-28. Just as the gun cracked at the end of the regular game old Del Nelson (no relation so far as I know to Maurie) heaved a long desperate one from his side of the center to tie the score! Golly it was exciting during those last closing minutes. In the consolation game for third place the Belts beat the Arrows, and now we take on the Knights next Friday night for the championship. These inter-society game get plenty hot and rough, and are something like our inter-class games out in P.V. I guess you're having them right about now, aren't you? Go to it Mutso! Do or die for dear ol' Whoosiz, or rather graders!! Just one tip,--if you have to jump against Sticky (the old bean-pole!) just give him a good hard poke in the solar plexus as you jump up and don't worry about the ball! He'll soon forget it too, then you'll be even.

All of which reminds me we had a Record-Faculty grudge fight last night, which we cleverly and intelligently won with superior brain power, 24-20. Boy, oh boy, did we ever fool them! They got so hot and bothered they didn't know what the score was, and all their threats about giving out grades in a few weeks were of no avail. Their strategy just didn't work, and the Record rolled on to immortal fame and glory! Incidentally I got an 80 in Psych. for the first six weeks.

Dat rates a birthday in another week, and Sam one just a little more than a week after. Haven't decided yet what I'll do to them to make life a little more miserable, but haven't forgotten Freshman Days last fall by any means! Their time is coming, and will they ever take it?

Your post cards came through O.K., but if Mother hadn't done the same thing I'd bawl young Thomas out for trying to sneak them through on only 1 sen! However, they were more than worth the extra postage due, so we're not complaining. They always send them back to us when we try it. I guess the Japanese are more courteous.

Lots of Love,

*Howard*

P.S. Please excuse this sloppy typing, but I don't take the time or care I should to do it up right. I guess even Mutt would put me to shame at the art now. How about proving that, chicken, by exercising your biceps on the machine with lengthy results?!

320 E. Seminary Ave.  
March 29, 1936

Dear Folks,

Only five more days now before vacation, and then ten days for a breather before sinking again into--what? I don't know, but at least it can't last more than a month and a half. We're having some slick weather now for a change, but it has rather disastrous effects upon the mind when it becomes necessary now and then to think of studying. I always do get lazy in the Spring, but with such a contrast as this it's doubly difficult to concentrate on anything but loafing. I've wasted practically all the afternoon now and it's entirely too close to church time, so I'll have to buzz through this in a hurry. A bunch of girls are giving a surprise doodad to Dayton afterwards so there won't be any time to get it off then. I suppose you're aware of the fact that he passed another milestone sometime during the day, but don't worry about the girls. It's just the price of popularity. Sam will probably be roped in somehow, and I'll go along as general nuisance.

Last night at the Record Banquet Sam and Lat were presented jointly with a 'Cute' little baby about the size of a yard-stick and all dressed up in frills etc. Incidentally it was made of bread and rolls fastened together into a functional mechanism by means of wires. The handiwork of more girls, but they're not quite sure whom. *Sat had to give an impromptu on "My baby," and Sam one on "Samuel*

*almost Meseraman Muffett". They're not content with the "Hugh" Later..... so they're digging up his past. Anything more about him I can pass on?*

I gave up and went to Church after all, and here it is Tuesday already. But I excused myself by deciding to send it air-mail--so it should get to the coast just as soon as it otherwise would have.

Boy, oh boy, I'm sore and black and blue all over this morning! It's a wonder I ever managed to get up. The reason being that I struggled into a maze of football equipment for the first time in my life yesterday and then heroically went out to do or die for dear old Podunk on the field of battle. It was only a practice and there wasn't anything worth fighting for, but I mostly died anyway! The other forty some fellows weren't very considerate and didn't bother to say "excuse me" every time 200 odd pounds of beef and bones ramed you amid-ships and smothered you into the sod. After several knock-em-down hours of always ending up hugging mother earth at the bottom of scrimmages I was flatter than a pancake and rather dubious about my All-American potentialities! The old veterans seem to derive great glee from pounding the gizzard out of you and then trampling your face in the mud just to make sure you're totally out of the play. But the worst of everything has to come to an end sometime, and eventually I staggered dizzily into the showers. A great life, but oh boy, it's not all a bed of roses!!

I wasn't even intending to try my hand at it, and was peacefully wending my way homeward to get this off when about a dozen husky brutes pounced on me, forced me into the padded duds, and carted me off to the field. I didn't have much say in the matter. They seem to be short on ends, and are looking around for any possible material. At the rate they're going they'll sure make an end of me! But I don't know whether I'll give them a chance. In the first place I'm not very anxious to die just yet, and then I think I'd better stick to something I know a little about--Soccer. We've gotten it started now, and it should go places. All of which reminds me that I've been intending to see what you could get me in the way of new soccer shoes

*Oh yes, I nearly forgot. I went to the banquet too, with a Cilly little girl named Helen. Look her up in the next haul of any Record, Tom, and see if you can guess who. She's really terribly quiet and formal, and we had a very interesting evening. The next two letters won't be from here, but we'll try to get something off each week just to let you know we're still alive + kicking!!*

*Did I ever tell you, Father, that they only gave me a \$50 (fifty dollar) scholarship for this semester. It all helps, but Sam said he thought I'd get a full one of \$75. We'll have to apply soon for next year. I think I'll see \$100 then + the more we can get the better.*

out there. The ones I have are all shot, and a pair here would not only lower my bank account to the tune of five dollars but would also be far less serviceable. I don't like them nearly as well as the kind they make out there, and the price also comes into consideration. I'm enclosing my foot measurement just as they draw them down at the shoe store and you can just send Moansabong down with it. However, if you don't think so much of the idea or if there will be difficulty in sending them--just forget it. I'll see what I can do here. At any rate, I'm in no hurry for them as I won't have any use for them before next fall.

Thanks alot, Mother, for the German Testament. It came just yesterday, and it certainly will come in handy. Miss Voget said we could read from the Bible for some of our outside reading that's required, and that second column will speed up matters considerably. Boy, it's just the thing, and about half the class is already trying to borrow it. Danken Sie sehr viele--or words to that effect!

I've saved the worst till the last, and it's plenty bad news. I don't know which it's harder on, but this afternoon I could have sworn it was on me. It's your money, but my teeth!! Yes, I went down to see the buzzard that hauled out and made a wreck of Sam and Dat's teeth, and was soon convinced that he was equally capable of doing a thorough job on mine. Five fillings!--and every one of them between the teeth where Dr. Mac told me to be particularly careful in cleaning them out with dental floss. But the words rolled off me as easily as a professor's rebuke and now I've got to pay the penalty. Nineteen cold bucks, and all the joy that goes with it! What price folly? Needless to say I now have some dental floss, but the question is, how long will I have anything to use it on? He bored a hole the size of the Holland tunnel in one of my molars just a few minutes ago and cheered me up with the remark that if I'd waited just a few more months I wouldn't have had to bother with that one any more. I could even have stuck it under my pillow and made a nickle by morning. Comforting thoughts, aren't they?

Now let me see. What all happened way last week. Well, for one thing the Celts jumped all over the Knights for the inter-society basketball championship. I didn't start, but managed to get in for about half the game. The knights forgot their horses though, and didn't have a chance. It's just too bad about them. However, they might have loaned us some of their armour, as the fight waged plenty rough as it progressed. ----- Then Wed. night the faculty ran over us in volleyball pretty badly, but it didn't bother us much. They still have to learn to play basketball! Coach Smith was in the national Olympic try-out finals four years ago in volley-ball, so that accounts for a good deal. He knew his stuff, and some of the others they roped in were no slouches. ----- My former statements were just a little too strong, I'm afraid. The girls Sunday night turned out to be just Eleanor and Grace Strachan--but I was still the gooseberry! ----- We had a Frosh soccer practice Sat. morning and almost had enough out for one team. We soon got so pood we just flopped down and took a sun bath instead. The weather was suitable then, but just now we're having a streak of January. This weather beats all femmes for fickleness! ----- Then I've been spending a little time chasing around after stories and articles etc. for the Frosh Record. Personally I think Dat made a much better success of it last year. ----- And what with flunking German tests the week somehow passes by-----

Only four more classes this week. Whoopee! Campus clean-up day tomorrow so nothing then, and am I ever lucky to have it come on my worst day! It sure does work in swell, but if it'd come on Thursday I would have been so peeved (but I guess I'd better not say it)!

I don't know where this letter ends now, but I'll sign off here. Loads I love, Howard.

If the weather gets a little warmer Ed + I may start out East Friday noon and take in Wootton, Philly, Princeton etc. before I'm picked up by Sam + Charlie to head for Conn. Sam wants to sit around here and do some research work so I guess Paris is out. But their nothing like the open road!

No space, Mutuo to haul you out sufficiently -- but just consider yourself as having had your hair uprooted + pulled! You broke all records, though, with that second page. Who's Elmer? Be good, and hit stick for me the next time you run into the slot.

Livingstone Lodge  
Wooster, Ohio

Sunday, Apr. 5.

Dear Folks: —

Heigh ho for the open road! Chid and I finally breezed in here about six last night and have been generally enjoying life. But maybe I'd better begin at the beginning. It snowed hard about all day Wednesday and ~~Thursday~~<sup>Thurs.</sup> and it got so cold we'd given up the idea of setting out, but Friday the sun came out a little and we suddenly decided to give it a try. Consequently 3:00 o'clock found us on the edge of Wheaton with our thumbs well-oiled and in fine working condition. I had had a hard time persuading Mrs. Roy to let me go, but she finally gave in. Sam and Charlie aren't leaving in the car until Wed., and I didn't want to just sit around Wheaton all that time doing nothing during a vacation!

We had terrible luck at first. A biting wind blew up, it snowed periodically, and the flat plains of Illinois are not a very protective bulwark. The worst part was in getting out of the Chicago area. One obliging chap carefully planted us out on the highway

went back to town - only to find that the bus station  
was synonymous to a restaurant and that we couldn't  
spend the night there. But a little later we located  
a been room with hot baths for 50¢ - so hit the hay.  
Dawn found us again on the road before the bus was up,  
but it was quite a while before we were again in motion.  
Several more short lifts brought us to Fort Wayne at  
noon, and then another well-meaning chap deposited us on  
the pavement about eight miles out. Our best bet was to  
separate so I walked on ahead - and didn't see Chad again  
until he got here just about a half-hour after I did.  
After getting rid of an old farmer in an older model Ford  
which wavered around 15 + 20 m.p.h. I had slick  
luck and made good time. The farmer was typically set  
in his ways and lectured to me the whole way about the risks  
of automobiles etc. But the next fellow made up for lost  
time and kept me on the edge of my seat the entire 50 miles.  
He kept his foot on the floorboards, took corners on two  
wheels, careened around cars, and swore because the belly  
thing wouldn't go any faster. Then as I said before I  
arrived here a few minutes after six. All in all I must  
have had about eighteen rides. It's loads of fun and you  
get to meet all sorts of different people.

midway between two towns and cars would go roaring past at a great rate (many overloaded ones from Wheaton) without even so much as a thought of stopping. It's very seldom that anyone will that way - after getting up a high speed on the open road. At the edge of towns, and especially before stop-lights, is by far the best bet. Well, we sat out there on the prairie for nearly two hours with gradually diminishing hopes - when an old car flashed by and around a bend, but for some reason or other then backed up and took us in. Were we ever thankful! He said later he very rarely picked folks up. A few more short hops and we made Lincoln Highway just as dusk was closing in. Then a young farmer took us as far as Valparaiso - about forty miles on. Then we had another streak of bad luck. We had a swell position with good prospects when some blamed cops came along and made it rather clear that there would be no humming out of that town. We waited around awhile but they periodically made the rounds to see what we were doing so we were finally forced to make a circuitous route to the edge of town a little way out - and the darkness and position soon convinced us that there was little hope there. So we

It's vacation here, and Donaldson Kroons was the only one in the Inby I knew. He took me over to the Seib's Inby though and I found Ruthie Bigger. I had a swell time talking over old times with her, then Allison breezed in and the three of us went down town to a show together. I had the finest kind of a time all evening. It's always been to meet people from back in Korea - but especially class-mates!

We slept here at the Inby last night and in the morning found that Chung had come in. It was great to see him, and we've been going around with him all day. He has charge of a Sunday school which we went to, then church, and have been sitting around talking all aft. Oh yes, we met Edie Blair this morning too. It doesn't seem as though any of them have changed a bit since I last knew them out in P.Y. They're the same old bunch - and a mighty swell bunch!!

Corky Van Rensselaer came in tonight just a few minutes ago and Dave Mowry is expected back from a Glee Club trip during the night sometime. We're leaving for Philly early in the morning and Sam & Charlie will pick me up in Princeton Thurs. night to go on up to Conn. Will spend most of the time with Sam Cross. <sup>Let's love</sup> Howie

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

April 18, 1936

Dear Folks:-

Sorry I didn't get around to writing before the end of the week, but there's been such a mess of things to do after the vacation that I really haven't had time. Then they have to crazily spring six weeks exams just after we get back and have had time to forget all we ever knew. It's the dumbest system, but there's not much we can do about it except dig in. Fri. morning I had both Psych and German, together with a short story which we were supposed to have written during the holidays. Then I had to get out and dub around on the tennis courts as much as possible in order to rate on the team for our first matches which were scheduled for yesterday and the day before down in the southern part of the State. Fortunately they were called off at the last minute.

But I'd better go back and begin at the beginning. At least from where I left off at Wooster. It's easier to remember things chronologically.

It was raining like Ned when we woke up Monday morning, but it soon changed to a wet snow-storm and we had quite a lot of trouble in getting picked up. But we finally did and then separated several jumps farther on, only to accidentally meet up in some hick little town on a street corner some time later. Jennerstown, Penn., was the thorn in the flesh though to us. We were driven there by an Irish lady who knew all the cops in the vicinity, so wasn't backward about stepping on it. We arrived about two in the aft., and at eight that evening in the dark we were still rather dejectedly trying to stop cars. Intermittantly it blew, rained, and snowed--lovely weather in fact. It's times like those that make a fellow ever wonder why he was fool enough ever to start out, but then when he's rolling along in a new Cadillac with a swell radio and a heater, he wonders why anybody ever buys their own car. It averages us pretty well on the whole. Clid was standing some 100 yards in front of me and would be more likely to get picked up first (we changed every so often), so when along about 8:30 I got the surprise and shock of my frigid existence I didn't quite know what to do about it. A huge truck growled to a stop and I dazedly piled in. "Where are you going? Philadelphia? Well I'm going to Baltimore. You can come along if you'll keep me awake." By that time I was more than ready to go anywhere, any time, and in anything--so we went--to Baltimore! Fumbling up hills and crawling up mountains we went, slowly but surely all through the night. I couldn't sleep any as I had to talk to him. That was the worst part of it--trying to keep my eyes open and be entertaining. About nine o'clock we pulled in at a large warehouse and he rather strongly hinted that I unload the bally truck for him. I wasn't any too anxious to, but when I thought of Jennerstown my defense melted and I pitched in. And did I ever sweat! Huge quantities of all 57 varieties of Heinz's products were crammed in that 12 ton vehicle, and my back was so sore of heaving them around that the end of two hours I came near to organizing a strike in the place.

About noon I started out again, still in a drizzling rain, got two short rides, then struck my first bit of real luck. An interesting salesman going all the way to Philly in a slick car, and he bought me a wonderful 60 cent steak dinner on the way. Not only that, but he went out of his way to locate the place Sam Cros was staying in a suburb and unloaded me right at his front door--then gave me his card and told me to drop around at his hotel and he'd take me on up to New York Thursday. I left for Princeton Wed. instead though, so didn't make use of it.

Cros and I made good use of the time for a while and then Clid and Ed McCausland (one of the soccer players here and at whose house we were invited to stay there) popped in on us. Ching Chong had been picked up just a few minutes later by a fellow coming straight through and had dropped him just a little outside of Philly early the next morning where Ed came out and brought him in. So he got there quite a while before I did--but at least he didn't see Baltimore--good old Baltimore! Why it rot in peace!

A swell turkey dinner at McCausland's that evening put us in good shape, and after dinner we routed out Cros and Archie Campbell and started out to see people and do things in a coupe. First we struck Beaver, but after taking possession and knocking on all the doors we finally came to the conclusion that it must be vacation there too. Then we tried to dig up the Erdman's, but the only address we knew turned out to be some kind of a dirty looking Rescue Mission--so we gave it up as a bad job and just chuffed all over the city.

The next morning Clid headed for relatives in Washington and Campbell and I took the road for Princeton while Sam flashed by in a Greyhound. It didn't take us long to get there and we just wandered around most of the aft watching crew practice on the lake, the football team getting rubbed in the dirt, Scratchie Fletcher showing the P. snobs how they play soccer but in Tosannaal land, the lacrosse team in action, some tennis, and a baseball game. Then we rallied round to the Missionary apartments and saw the Crothers, Kinslers, Snyders, Kerrs, Poots, Paul Rhodes, Winn-Erxxxxxy Paul Winn, Otto DeCamp, and Laddie Scott. Ate supper with the Crothers and had quite a chat with Mr. McClung who was out in Korea some years ago. He wished especially to be remembered to you, Father, as did about everybody else I met. Then I spent the night with Archie and Don Fletcher in their little three room suite at the university and rated several meals off the institution the next day there. They have quite a little snooty little system at Frosh commons whereby everybody just roars in, eats like Ned, then rares out. They don't know you from Adam, and don't miss the calories, so nobody's the loser. Mrs. Crothers was very nice to me too and had me over there for several more meals.

Sam and Charlie came puffing in Fri. morning, but the car needed some repairs, so Charlie went on to Southington by bus and Sam took it down to Trenton to be fixed up that night. I went to a concert by the Westminster choir (Einsteen played his violin at it) that evening, which was plenty good. I understand it's supposed to be one of the best in the country, and well known in Europe.

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Friday noon we started on for Southington and landed there about six. Jim came piling out of the house first, and boy oh boy it was good to see him. He's keen, full of life and loads of fun. Eleanor was there too, and both of them went back with Sam and I as far as New York Sunday morning. I'll let Sam tell you what we did in Conn. We really weren't there long, and about everything that did happen was in connection with the wedding. It was a beautiful ceremony and everything went off just fine, in spite of the fact that Sam and I did our best to gum the works as ushers.

An early start Sunday got us to N. Y. in time for the Easter Service at church. Then we left Jim, picked up Clid in Princeton, and lit out for Wheaton, dear old Wheaton! A little trouble in the Pennsylvania mountains delayed us for quite a while, but we arrived here rather late Monday night in plenty of time for our Tuesday classes.

Back to school! I began well by cutting German and sleeping all morning. In the afternoon I played a fellow for a place on the tennis team and finally won out 14-12 in a terribly tiring long set. His name by the way is Yoder. Classes all day Wed. and that night Charlie and Marion came in. She'll be staying here until they leave early next month for North Dakota. Thursday I studied like the royal dickens for exams Fri. and took time out long enough to beat Kuschke 6-2 in tennis and be beaten by Howie Fischer 3-4: 3-4. That puts me in third place, as Maurice Robbins is second. I haven't seen him play yet, but hear he's pretty good. Sam played Howard Fischer just for the fun of it yesterday and got a better score against him than I've ever been able to get, 8-6: 8-6. However, he didn't play so well in matches, and is several positions lower than I am. He'll come up though I think. We're playing doubles together anyway on the team. Yesterday I played North Central's 2nd. man a practice set and won out 27 9-7. Our first match is on Tuesday with DeValb, then North Central Sat. and a week from Wed. the Univ. of Chicago--all away from home.

Friday night we had a reception given by Mrs. Foy here for Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Moffett, but I'll let Sam tell you about that too, as I've a whole slew of thank-you notes to write.

Yes, father, Charlie mentioned getting the fifty dollars from you. And I just received five hundred dollars from Uncle Howard to be kept for future use. We should have gotten our April allowance from the Board yesterday, but Dayton didn't get his either and it often is several days late too--so the chances are still good. I'll let you know as soon as it comes.

Plans for the summer are still uncertain. I've given up the idea of cavortin around the countryside--at least to such an extent as I once mentioned. Sam seems pretty certain that he's going to summer school and then probably out to North Dakota with Charlie. Pat thinks he'll go to summer school too. I may go, either to get one term of Chemistry out of the way, or all of 2nd year German.

Not just sure which--if any. I've applied for a position at a summer resort on Silver Bay up in northern New York, but may not take it even if accepted. Archie Fletcher was there last summer and liked it alot, and Sam Cros. and Clid are also applying for this summer. Of course no job like that pays much above expenses, but at least you're not paying out anything.

Say, Mutso, you never let us know what you wanted for May 18th. I take it, then, that you're satisfied with what you've got and don't want anything more. No? Is that what I hear? Well, well, we'll have to see what we can do about you, but it'll probably be a little late. Sam and I have something in mind, but will have to go into Chicago for it--so don't get in any hurry.

Your letters are improving, Tomaso, but don't let it go to your head! The length, I mean, the subject matter has generally been O.K. as long as you confined your remarks to Sam. By the way, did that speedometer ever work on your bike? I hope so, but am dubious. I suppose you'll be joining the Scouts in about a month, won't you? Go to it! All that about the cabin out at our farm sounds interesting and you ought to have a great time. And don't wait till you're in High School before passing tests. You'll have a lot more time now. And how's your tennis? Do you get to play alot? The more the merrier. And work on placement. That's something I never did enough. Don't worry about a drive. That'll come as you get older and bigger.

Tempus fugit, and I must get on with the other letters.

Loads of love,

*Howard*

320 E. Seminary Ave.  
Wheaton, Illinois  
April 26, 1936

Dear Folks,

I've got just a few minutes now before church, and I'll see how much of this I can get done. Probably not much, but we'll see. I got up early for a change on Sunday morning, as Sam and I were going into the service at Woody with Charlie and Marion, but they didn't make their appearance so I guess we aren't going.

I'll dig up the news of the week for you first, and get it out of the way. Monday it snowed, or rather a cross between a rain and a snow, and besides a Zo Lab exam in which I rated an 89 and Sam a 99 nothing much happened--at least in the realm of my experience. Tuesday the Dentist enjoyed himself by excavating my teeth again for awhile and I studied like the royal dickens for Psych and Zo exams on Wed. But just a minute, I'm getting a little mixed up. It was Thurs. I gave the dentist a break, and Tuesday we had our first tennis match of the year. It was against DeKalb, over there, and as the Baseball team had a game with them too we all went over together.

The day was entirely too windy and cold for good tennis or much enjoyment, but after getting heated up in the singles, I really enjoyed my doubles with Sam. I was playing 2nd man, as Maurice Dobbins wasn't able to go, but I believe I can beat him anyway. The DeKalb fellow I met was a conceited mugg who didn't know much about tennis, but I was worse at first and he came mighty close to putting it over on me. If I remember correctly the final scores were 4-6; 6-4; 6-3. He had me going that first set, when I was scared plumb stiff, and the second one I was too nervous and careful in. But it came out all right. Fischer took his match too, as did Yoder, who was playing fourth man. But Kueshke is no tennis player, and got what he deserved, a sound trimming. If there had been more time before our first match or if he hadn't gotten a few lucky breaks, he wouldn't have been playing at all. Sam should have been in there, and will be hereafter I think whenever Dobbins can't play. He has a heavy schedule for teaching violin, and can't always get away. He's a mighty nice fellow though. Yoder has already been through Dallas Seminary, but is finishing up his college work as a senior this year. Well, Sam and I crabbed through easily to take our doubles match 6-2; 6-3, but Fischer and Yoder lost theirs after taking it to three sets. However we stillx won the match, 4-2. Incidentally it was the first match they've won against a colle e since two years ago. Coach Coray rewarded us with a good steak dinner, which was duly appreciated!

Wednesday I struggled through my exams and then came home to find Charlie and Marion who had gotten back from Madison early that morning. Charlie came through his Presbytery exams in great shape. The moderator even said that it'd would be a fine thing for his sermon to be printed and for each minister to take a copy home and preach it to his congregation. But he'll probably tell you more about it--if he ever writes. We keep telling him to, but it doesn't seem to have much effect. Except that he says he wrote you a long letter about a month before his marriage which told you all about his plans and everything else--but which you don't seem to have received. It also gave his address in North Dakota, which is a fairly small town by the name of Roulette. Sam and I are going inx to see him graduatè from McCormick this coming Thursday, but I don't believe they're leaving for N.D. until about the 5th or 6th of May. They're both out here today, and came out yesterday to see our tennis match against North Central which was held over there.

I have \$128 in that one was, which gives me a total of \$28 altogether on hand, beside \$3 in my pocket right now. I'll send you a full account after school in June.

Nothing in particular Thursday or Friday except for more tennis practice and Lit meeting. They've given me a music number for the latter coming up in about three weeks, which means that I'll have to start getting my lips in shape. I've generally managed to get in a little practice every day, but Easter vacation shot my lips and they're still terribly weak. That's the worst part about a horn. You've got to practice regularly if you want to be able to use it at any time. I suppose you've found that out too, haven't you, 'utso? Sticky said something about your having two band practices a week now. How do you like it? You should be having keen sport at it, and you can't beat Mr. Nalsbary as a teacher.

In tennis, I'm coming up a little. That is, if scores tell anything. It took Fischer an 8-6 set to beat me this time. Yesterday aft. against North Central we came out in an even tie, 3 matches apiece. Fischer and Dobbins lost their first two singles, while Yoder and I evened up the score by taking ours. I was fortunate in mine though. We played outdoors in a wind, I was scared as usual in a match, and it just disgusted me to mess things up as I did. The trouble with me is that in practice I always take the offensive and play a driving game, but when I get in a match where it means something to win I play just the opposite. I take things easy and carefully and consequently don't accomplish anything, and ruin my whole game. Just a warning to you, young Thomaso! Don't ever get to doing anything like that. It's awfully hard to break, and I don't know whether I ever will. Well, this fellow had set point on me several times in the first set, but I finally took it 8-6. Then he immediately ran up a score of 5-1 and several more set points on me in the second set, but somehow or other I managed to take that 8-6 too. Almost every game ran into the deuces tho', and he had so many set points on me I soon lost track of them. Then we went indoors, in their huge field house, and played the doubles. It was the first time either Sam or I have played inside, but we soon got used to it, after losing the first set 6-1 to their second and third men. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that Sam and I are really the first doubles team now, as we ran over Fischer and Dobbins (the co-captains and first two men) in three straight sets the other day, 6-4: 6-2: 6-3. But they won their doubles at N. C. after three sets, while Sam and I came through to take the second set 6-4 and then lost the third 4-6. It griped me, as we should have won if I had only been able to keep up the pace that third set. Sam was going O.K. but I was too tired and kept losing my serve. We'll lick them the next time though!

Last night I stayed home with the intention of boning for a Phetoric exam tomorrow, but gave it up as a bad job after while and went to bed. I got an A- on my Research paper, with some very complimentary remarks. She goes wild over additional touches put on, such as neat title and contents pages etc. Just for the sake of its effect, mine was Dedicated with Bemorse to NIPPON KOKUSAN KOGYU KABUSHIKI KAISHA. That seemed to go over big, though she wasn't any the wiser for it.

I guess that brings us up to date. Now to answer a few questions in your last letter. Let's see. Tommy wanted to know something about the basketball system. Well, they were about twenty guys on the squad this year, which includes everybody. Then about eight of those are considered on the first team or varsity, and all the rest are Jayvees. The last ones are substitutes for them, while several of the last ones on the first eight often play for the Jayvees and the first ones on the Jayvees often play also for the varsity as subs. Rather tricky, but I guess you get the general idea.

The April check from the Board for 35 dollars apiece came in as usual this week, Father, so I guess that's all right too. I've placed the 500 dollars from Uncle Howard in a special Savings Account here in town which is not to be drawn from unless necessary. I get more interest that

than if I put it in with the smaller amount I'm constantly drawing from

I also acknowledged the receipt of the money from Uncle Howard and answered a letter from Aunt Susie which enclosed our monthly \$15.

Yes, your Air Mail letter reached Southington just a day or two before the wedding, and pleased them very much. And we gave the letter you enclosed to be sent on to North Dakota directly to them. I'm pretty sure Charlie will write you very shortly. Marion took Tommie's suggestion to heart and says she'll make him. She's really keen, and everyone likes her.

We're not sure yet as to the summer. Your suggestion as to the possibility of getting something to do out in Oregon appeals to both of us a lot. It'd be great, and then we could stop in on Charlie and Marion for a little while on the way back in the fall. If we could do that I think we'd both go to summer school here for one term and then spend a month or a little more out there in Oregon. There isn't time enough for you to write to Cousin Edith about it I don't believe, so I guess we'll have to see what we can do about it. I hope it turns out though. The Black Hills would be nice, but I think I'd rather do something else this summer. Maybe later. We'll let you know as soon as we decide upon something definite. Ed McCausland is also trying to get up jobs on a boat going to South America. His Dad has pull, and I said I'd probably go with him if he could swing it, but personally I have my doubts as to whether anything will come of it. And then Chump Browne wanted me to go around selling Bibles, but I don't think I'll do it. You can see though, that there are all sorts of possibilities. Oh yes, another one that really interests me is an offer from Mr. Chandler to come out into Idaho with him and help him with his work there--which is doing daily vacation Bible School work and setting up Sunday Schools in the backwoods. He can't offer me much besides board and room, but it'd be a grand experience. The only catch is that I'd be a total loss to him as any help and don't know whether I ought to do it. I'm writing him tho' to find out more about it.

I didn't get enough to eat this noon, so Sam and I are going down now to the Young People's meeting at the Methodist Church for tea. Don't ask us why. I realize our motives are not of the best, but my stomach necessitates it.

Lots of Love,

Howard



320 E. Seminary Ave.  
Wheaton, Illinois  
May 2nd, or is it 3rd.

Dear Folks,

No letter from home this week, but we're expecting one tomorrow. Exams are all over now until June, and is it ever a relief. They've been stringing them along ever since we got back from spring vacation, and it's been one big pain!

Tennis has taken up so much time, there has been very little left for anything else. We were supposed to have three matches this week, but yesterday's was called off on account of rain. But each match away from home, and they've all been that so far, takes up the entire afternoon and most of the evening. Then with practice every other day, well, time just melts away. Fortunately it's more fun than any other kind of athletic practice, and it only lasts for a little over a month ~~anyway~~, and in the spring when noone feels in the mood for studying anyway. Then in this crazy climate you can count on it to rain three-fourths of the time, or if not that it'll snow or sleet. That's about the way it goes here all year round--and it's about the only thing I have against the place.

I wish they'd put in some concrete courts here, as they have in most other colleges in the vicinity. How are the courts there this year, Tutso? Standing up pretty well? They at least put in some slick back-stops for you right after we were through using them! But they would! When they weren't already unuseable they'd hire half the lazy population of Pigville to dig and plough them up, scoop up huge trenches down their middle in preparation for a great Russian advance, and generally make it resemble No Man's land in 1917! Great stuff, that, but not very helpful.

But it seems to be the same the world over. The college courts here aren't yet in shape for matches, and all the practicing we've had has been on Howie Fischer's court. The management does fork over some balls now and then, but we have to fight for even them. However, I'd better change the tone of this letter, or you'll think I'm griping just because I haven't had enough sleep lately. That may be true too, but it wouldn't do to admit it. But now that exams are a matter of the past I can settle down to enjoy the next four weeks. I don't know yet what I'm going to do after that. Charlie and Marion are very anxious for us to come up there to North Dakota for at least a month, but there are a lot of other things I'd like to do too, so I just don't know what will happen. The only difficulty is that there are nine months of school to three months of vacation--when it should be the other way around! And it also takes a lot of time getting around anywhere in this bloomin' country.

But now that I've gotten started I'd better finish tennis up first. I sold the racket I got last summer at a profit of one dollar, that is it went for nine, and then I churned into Chi on Tuesday and bought myself a brand new Top-Flite frame for 8.50 and the best gut on the market (same as Tilden uses) for 8.00, and with the special discount I got the whole thing with a rubber case for exactly 11.85. All of which means that I got about the best racket money can buy for two dollars and eighty-five cents! And I would have had to get new strings for the other racket anyway, so I'm feeling pretty good. It's a beauty of a racket, and fast as all get out. I haven't gotten used to it yet, but am hoping to sometime in the near future.

Wednesday we took on the University of Chicago, and they took us

last night I went to the woman's Blue Club concert, and it was really thrilling. That's one thing they go in for in a big way around here. Sat., Sam, Dayton and another fellow + I bumped a tennis ball around a little on the concrete courts at Glen Elgin, but only succeeded in wasting some time. To tell the truth, not much else has been happening this week - so I think I'll close. Sam can fill in where I've omitted anything <sup>important</sup> of any <sup>importance</sup>.

in short order. Of course it surprised us! Why after all, they're only Big Ten champs and hold various city championships! I was playing 2nd man for us and came up against a former all-Illinois high school champ. But no fooling, they weren't as good as I had expected them to be. This fellow took me down 6-2; 6-4, but most of the games were deuce ones and we had some swell long rallies. I knew my only hope was to drive, so I drove like the very dickens, and you know when you play against a fellow like that it always brings your own game way up nearer on a par with his. Gee it was fun, and swell practice too. If we came up against competition like that every day we might be able to get somewhere. Sam and I managed to get about five games off them in doubles. Although completely whitewashed as far as sets are concerned, I think we got 24 games during the whole match. But the Univ. of Iowa was only able to get 23 during theirs.

Thursday we were supposed to have our first home match against Elmhurst, but the courts were still too wet so we went over there. The result was another tie, 3-3, giving us a batting average of 800 still--one loss, one win, and two ties. Dobbins went on this trip, so I played third. However we lost the first two singles and the first doubles, although they almost took the latter. They should have, as they were leading in the 3rd set 5-1, and then lost 6-8. I won my singles 6-3; 7-5, Yoder took his in three sets (no, I guess his was two too) and then Sam and I took our doubles 6-4; 6-3. Then the tennis team hitch-hiked home. (That's how the tennis team is treated!)

Maurie Dobbins had to come back early for a music lesson, so after going over with him in his car we were supposed to have been brought back by Dat who was to stop for us on his way back from Chicago. That was all very well, but the mysteries of the big city were too much for Dat (or rather I should say his passengers) and he didn't turn up. So with rackets gayly swinging we started hailing cars. Sam and I got a ride together about half-way, but then were stuck--until along comes Roberts and Peggy, chugging faithfully away, and picked us up.

Yesterday we were supposed to play George Williams here, but it poured most of the day. Time out for awhile. Marion wants to play some hymns with me, so I'll dust off ye olde trombone and see what we can do. She's plenty good with the violin, and we've had grand fun playing together. Incidentally I've got two music numbers to prepare for lit next Friday night, so a little more practicing than usual this week won't hurt me at all. I'm going to drag Dat in on one of them with me, and see how badly we can scare them with some duets. They should learn their lesson this time, and never trouble me for music again. I must say though that I'd rather do that than have some long speech to prepare. At least this is fun for me, even if it is hard on them. They asked for it though, so they'll just have to take it!

The only thing I've done this week in the line of studying has been for exams, though goodness knows there's been plenty enough else to do. The only thing I've accomplished is bringing up my 80 of last six weeks Psychology to a 90 for this, but I'm almost certain it'll descend again by the end of the year--so don't think anything of it. At least it gets me farther away from the danger line. Zoology came down to an 87, and I wouldn't be surprised if several others are lower too, though I haven't any more returns as yet.

Charlie graduated Thursday night, but neither Sam or I could get in as we had two exams the next morning and a tennis match that aft. Charlie and Marion are both out here now, but won't be long, as they're leaving tomorrow morning for the sticks of Dakota! He preaches his first sermon there next Sunday.

320 E. Seminary Ave.  
Wheaton, Illinois  
May 10, 1936

Dear Folks,

Charlie and Marion got off early Tuesday morning for Rollete, with their little coupe barely visible under the load of trunks, furniture, and what not. It reminds me of seeing a big load slowly moving over and down the hill at Misty Point, and then Moonsabong gradually appearing beneath it. And oh what a stir that used to bring. Chaisi and Whongsi would go running out to see if those much needed tomatoes and cabbage had been brought, and the faithful crew would leave their afternoon sun-baths to help the poor fellow down the home stretch.

I don't know what made me get off on that. I guess it's this lazy weather we're having just now. It jumped from mid-winter to the torpid heat of summer without any more ado, and we're sweltering to say the least. It's a pleasant change, I must admit, but it certainly doesn't imbibe one with the spirit of ambition, and studying has about gone to the dogs. I really can't understand it, but Miss Voget came through with another 80 for me in German. That's what I call comically ironical, if you get what I mean. Here I slave my fool head off at the beginning of the year, expecting at least a 90, and she cools me off with an 80. That sort of gets me down, so as the year progresses I do less and less studying, until this last six weeks it was a rare occasion when I even touched a German book--but still I get an 80! Not that I'm objecting, but something's fishy somewhere, and it's not in your middle name, Mutso!

I'm caught up on sleep again now, and feel great. All last week I kept terribly irregular hours because of exams and consequently became awfully irritable and every little thing that went wrong annoyed me--even people were griping. The worst of it was that I knew perfectly well what was wrong, and that it wasn't natural, but couldn't do anything about it. But I made a special point of putting sleep first all this week, and now everything's fine. I sure wish I was like some people though, and needed only about six hours a night. It seems that most of the fellows around here are, the way they sit around till all hours of the night.

Tuesday morning Sam dragged me out to go bird-hunting with the bird-study class at the dizzy hour of six in the morning. But it's all for the sake of science, so that now as I look back upon it I almost feel that the sacrifice was worthwhile! Ornithology may be a great pastime for some misguided souls who don't have anything else to do with their early morning hours, but as for me--once is enough. As it happened though, the class didn't seem so enthusiastic either, as none of them turned up. So Sam and I had a privately conducted tour by the prof., Mr. Stickney, who is also our Zo. Lab. instructor. A little apple-polishing never does any harm, at least. I forgot to mention that the one and only reason for this sudden yearning after birds and the resultant expedition was a requirement of Prof Mack's for Zo that we identify as many birds as we could. Some of the nature loving souls in the class have already gotten over a hundred, so I thought it best to raise my thirteen or so to a little less embarrassing number. Well, old Stickney (about 24 yrs old) led us a merry chase through marshes, into woods, and over dales until I almost began to think that I knew something about this part of the country. Incidentally I may have picked up a little knowledge of birds too.

We sweated through three tennis matches this week, losing one, tying one, and winning one. Monday afternoon I played Maurice Dobbins for position, and beat him pretty easily 6-4; 6-3, but for some reason or other he played 2nd man on Wed. anyway. I can't quite figure out the way they run some things around here, but seeing as I'm only a Freshman and really don't care particularly which man I play as long as I'm on the team anyway, I didn't feel like raising any objection. As it happened I was the only one to win his singles match, though Sam and I lost in doubles chiefly through my own punkness. I don't know what went wrong, but we sure didn't function properly. That was against North Central, and we lost 4-2.

Fischer and Dobbins didn't like the way they've been losing lately, so I played 1st man on Fri. and promptly lost too. I shouldn't have though, as the opposition was just about as bad as I was, but he took me in straight sets 6-4; 6-0. This time the tables were turned, the other three singles winning, but then we lost both doubles and tied the match at 3-3. Yesterday I played 3rd again against a bunch of nungumpoops from up in Wisconsin and we took everything to win 6-0. Our average is once again up to 500. This Saturday come the sectionals over at North Central, the winners (individual) earning the right to go down to the State matches at Peoria on the 30th.

Last night I was invited to Mills Cottage annual spring Banquet, the guest of Anna Ford. You don't know her, but she comes from North Dakota, just about a hundred miles beyond where Charlie is. It was a plenty good feed, and we had pretty much fun afterwards. The thing that gripes me is that everyone around here has the nutty idea that you have to send corsages and flowers etc. at an affair of this kind. I did my best to convert the rest of the fellows, but it didn't do any good, and not wanting to embarrass Anna by being the only one without them, I forked over a solid buck to Mrs. Roy and she very nicely attended to the rest. Of course it didn't bother Sam and Dat! They were all for throwing away three dollars and doing it up brown, but nertz on that for me. It's a dirty graft the way a girl invites you to a thing and then you have to fork over the kale! Fortunately it doesn't happen very often, and I guess I really shouldn't kick, as Anna is quite all right and very nice in her way. The house president, a sophomore, comes from the Scofield Memorial Church in Detroit and remembers you being in their home, Father, when you were here last. Her name is Barbara Boyce, and she's not only pretty but has a very pleasing personality. She was toastmistress at the banquet, and took it out on me by calling on me for an impromptu. I get the rawest deals along that line! You'd think I'd be good at them by this time, but it doesn't seem to work that way.

I applied too late at that camp I mentioned in N.Y., but the director used to be a missionary in China, seemed tragically disappointed about it and asked me to apply about New Years time for next summer. Mary Jarvie wrote that Pat had a job as secretary to the woman who does most of the hiring and firing at Sequoia Nat'l. Park in Calif., and I asked her what the possibilities of horning in on that were for the entire summer. I haven't received an answer yet, but a thing like that would really make it worthwhile going way over there. Otherwise it looks very much like summer school, and two terms of German to get it out of the road. I think Sid Dodd is going to do that too. Clid doesn't know what he's doing yet.

You can send me a few brown or grey socks if you want to this summer. I brought a lot with me but Sam's made hash of them, and the one's I have aren't worth darning. I can get along O.K. without them, but it's just a thought. Otherwise I'm fixed swell in the way of clothes--except I'm peeved at the way all ~~of~~ <sup>many</sup> of my shirts are too small around the neck.

Sam doesn't seem to mind though. And all of them are all right in the summer without ties.

Let's  
love,  
Howard  
A keen letter from young Thomas this week. He's getting quite lengthy for a change. Keep it up, Matt!