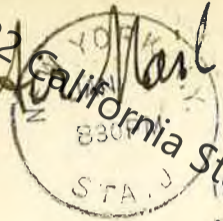


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San Francisco  
California

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New Years Day  
1935

Dear mother,

Your welcome after-Christmas letter came yesterday, and I was very happy to hear that you had an enjoyable Christmas at Lena's. Of course by now you have the account of my doings, so I will go on from there. I celebrated last night very soberly by reading; about eleven o'clock it commenced to snow--the first real snow of the season, and by two o'clock there was a magnificent white blanket over everything. I went out to walk around the block with a friend up on Floor 13, and I was greatly impressed by seeing everything uniformly covered with this white blanket, which blots out all the dirt and muck of the streets. It was rather warm, and the snow was falling very gently. I expected that when I woke up it would be even thicker on everything, but during the night it rained, so that by morning all the snow was washed away. It was really very thrilling to see all the familiar objects covered with such a handsome disguise.

I have managed to send off a number of letters--to Mrs. Gavin, to all my good aunts, to Hr. Voegg in Denmark, to Mrs. Mason, etc. The day after Christmas I received cards from Mrs. Dexter, Mary Krogh, etc.

On Sunday I had dinner at the Columbia Club downtown on Fifth Avenue. It is the headquarters for graduates of Columbia, something like the University Club in San Francisco. A very good dinner, after which I played cards with three other fellows, one of whom I met a few days before. He is a German from Berlin, who already has a Doctor's degree from a German university, and who is in this country to study American law. A very nice little fellow, named Fritz Eisner, always wanting to have his English corrected when he makes mistakes, etc. He said he knew I wasn't from New York, because I speak much better English than the natives of this town, and also because when I sat down opposite him in the Grill at John Jay I asked him if the place was occupied--a matter of courtesy which he had not seen before in this country. They are really great sticklers for all the polite forms, and they rather appreciate it when Americans also pay attention to such matters.

Yesterday I worked almost all day at the Government job, and it is really a most disheartening task, for the section I had to cover was occupied almost entirely by suspicious Jewish families, who, of course, were just getting up at eleven o'clock, dressed in smelly pyjamas, with squalling children, etc. They treated me as if I were trying to get subscriptions for a magazine, so now I have a taste of what door-to-door peddling is like. I had to go to 80 places before I could get the necessary 11 cases. Oh well, the hours mount up, and if they are nasty I can be equally nasty, for it is just a matter of going along the street until the 11 cases are had. Heil Hitler! I can really understand now what the Fraser's told you about the prohibition of even Jewish visitors from their place on Long Island, for once they get in the place is doomed. And needless to say, New York Jews are in an altogether different class from the more polite Jews of California.

This afternoon Bill and Goodman and I are going down to hear the broadcast of the Rose Bowl Game, which is being arranged by the Stanford and Alabama clubs of New York at some club downtown. It should be very exciting, and I haven't much doubt that Stanford will come out on top, and not be treated so ignominiously as on last New Years Day.

About the snap-shots; as far as I can recollect, the Album and the additional pictures were not with me at Stanford. Of course, I am not absolutely shre, but I am inclined to think that you took them to Margaret's with you. Yet on the other hand they might be packed away at Stanford for all I know. So there is no use in fretting about it until we can look over the boxes at Stanford. I am inclined to think, however, that you had them last, and they might be at Emmie's or Margaret's.

Another student in the seminar, Eugene Golob, and I called on Professor ~~###~~ Hayes on the 27th. He is up and around now, and feeling much better, inasmuch as the doctor's finally found that he was suffering from amoebic dysentery, which he picked up at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, where so many other cases started, a year ago October. The parasites were laying dormant for over a year, and then broke out and started to give him trouble. At first they couldn't figure out what was the matter, as amoebic dysentery is very rare, and naturally Professor Hayes did not think to tell them about Chicago because that was a year ago. Now, of course, they gave him the necessary stuff to kill the bugs, so he will be back at work when school opens. Professors Westerman and Byrne also dropped him, so we had a enjoyable afternoon, drinking tea, etc. Needless to say, much of his trouble is the same thing that affects professor Robinson-- exercise, too soft a life, and about five meals a day, including afternoon tea, and other sundry occasions on which too much is produced into an unwilling stomach.

I haven't heard from anyone except you for the last week, but I suppose tomorrow or shortly thereafter I should hear from Dr. Harris, Rafael, etc.

Oh yes, for a long time I have been intending to tell you that they decided to raise the tuition here for next year, which is inexcusable and uncalled for. Instead of 10\$ a point, it is going to be 12.50\$, which is a 25% increase. That means for the usual 15 points per semester, instead of 150\$, it will be \$ 187.50\$, or 375.00\$, per year.

Well, my dear mother, I hope your good new pen will give you lots of service, and I also hope that we have more snow, for it is something beautiful and new. Also that the New Year will bring you all sorts of good things.

All my best love as ever,

Tad