June 17

Dear Ones,

The afternoon passed quickly - I moved to a new tent - I was in a canvas tent before. I am now with a young St. - a Dutch named Reub Schreiber. We cleaned up the place and got settled. We went to the softball field for a couple of hours. We were busy tonight but I went to the movies. More about that in future letters.

I want to write tonight about the great subject I saw - a great film 'Smith - specialty'. In the outstanding football game of 1937. They started off with Stanford and USC, but spent the last half of the game on the great Clipper Frank Yale Team - the team that tied Dartmouth 9-9 in the last 10 seconds, but what really got me was the last game that Yale played that year, the game that ended their unbeaten streak - Harvard 13, Yale 7. Daddy and I (this was before I was in school, naturally, and got the 50-yard seats!) were in the stands of '37. Halfway up, quickly - I mean smack - behind the goal post. What a day!

Until then, I remain,

Yours truly,
the game. I can distinctly recall pulling at the necks in the scrum to keep the scrum off
the lineco; Daddy and I alternately watching
closeups of the play. (It was different from the
time we sat in almost the same spot and
saw Tony MacDonald losing 26-0 and
walked at before he went mad rampage
and went all by himself to yield 30-7)

That day we saw our Daughter, catch a
pace at the far goal; then rushed across
in Yale; but right in front of us, they
dashed around end and set for the
end and the game. Hey, the breath didn't
take the joy out of us; Kansas did that
day! And Clint Frank didn't gain an
inch all day, as I recall, but the old fables,
Vern Chuck did, and haw! That most
surely bought back the good old days. Or
we still have that bunch of goalpost (I was
a carbinal; my own goalpost) from the day
we ended the famed and beat Dartmouth? 0-6?
and that piece of the Yale end - 28-0. My
happiest trip to New Haven - even though
difficult times 1911. 2 years later, we had
when Richard's stumble was milkfed in
The varsity game. But the year before--I remember Pembody's tackles. Clark in the Navy game, Marquette of Kansas. Each time he turned up with the ball, I think, and the time he flashed at an Army back, just as aTheir was in the ground, his club was straining straight up, a brown name guy that and the Irish rushed through to have Hatch & Magee knock themselves out as they tackled him. Yale gave us a little trouble--straight and hard and kept running in and out at tackle. He was Melly and his "squadron" in the Protestant captain--how the Melly enjoyed showing up the name of that one! Markenney backed to tackle--but Flanny saved the day--a rainy, muddy day. At Princeton with his son and his truck, and the Harvard band--it used to envelop the visiting musicians; the "wintergreen" melody, and standing in the bullroar played anthem. I could go on for pages with memories of school--all suggested by the sound of a football game played when I was 13 years old. I hope it for now--Ever, Summary