

June 17

O ear O nes.

The afternoon passed quickly - I moved to a new tent - I was in a visitors tent before. I am now with a young lt. - a Dutch - named Kurt Schreiber. As we cleaned out the place and I got settled. We went to the softball field for a couple of hours. He was busy tonight but I went to the movie. more about Kurt in future letters as I get to know him - a very interesting fellow.

I want to write tonight about the sport subject I saw - a good Pete Smith specialty in the outstanding football games of 1937. They started off with Fordham and USC, but spent the last half of the sport on the great Clint 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 record - Harvard 13, Yale 7. Daddy and I (this was before I was in school, naturally, and got the 50 yard line seats!) were with the class of '37, half way up, quietly - I mean smack - behind the goal posts. <sup>being the 25 year class meant nothing to the seat holder.</sup> What a day. It rained, it snowed, it even hailed in the 2 hour commut



the game. I can distinctly recall pulling out  
the reins on the knuckles to keep the snow off  
the lenses; Daddy and I alternately snatching  
closeups of the play. (It was different from the  
time we sat in Belmont the same spot and  
saw Tony MacDonald boxing 28-0 and  
walked out before he went on a rampage &  
scared us all by himself to make it 28-7)  
That day we saw Sam Daughlas, <sup>(I think it was he)</sup> catch a  
pass at the far goal; then Kuehner scored  
on Yale. But right in front of us, Foley  
dashed around end and over for the  
score and the game. Boy, the weather didn't  
take the joy out of us snake dance that  
day! And Clint Frank didn't give an  
inch all day, as I recall. But the old fakes,  
Vern Stuck did, and how! That morn-  
suncely brought back the good old days. Or  
we still have that bunch of goalpost (I was  
a cannibal; our own goalpost) from the day  
we ended the famine & beat Dartmouth 7-0?  
and that piece of the Yale bus - 28-0 - my  
happiest trip to New Haven - even though  
Sewell's home com 2 years later, we lost  
when Richards' runback was nullified <sup>by a penalty</sup> in



the variety game. but the year before - 41 -  
remembers Peabody's tackles - Clark in the  
vary game, Marguerite of course - each time  
Clark turned up with the ball, I think. and  
the time he blocked out an army back - Janet  
<sup>Janet was on the ground, but Clark was standing straight up!</sup>  
a name like that - and McVick  
rushed through to have Hatch & Mague  
knock themselves out as they tackled him.  
Jale gave us a little trouble - Stanner and  
Sardner kept running in and attacking;  
big Vern Milly and his "squash block" in  
the Dartmouth captain - how Dick Haller  
enjoyed showing us the move of that one!  
Mackinney back to kick - but Fanny Se  
saved the day - a rainy, muddy day - at  
Princeton with his run & his kick. and  
the Harvard band - it used to envelop the  
visiting musicians; the "Wentworth" Medley,  
and standing for the brilliantly played  
anthem. I could go on for pages with  
memories of school - all suggested by the  
memory of a football game played when I  
was 13 years old.

That's it for now -

Ray  
Summer