

Transcribed by Kara Kralik

June 17

Dear Ones -

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 Doctor - named Herb Schreiber. So 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 movies - more about Herb in future letters as I get to know him - a very interesting fellow.

I want to write tonight about the short subject I saw - a good Pete Smith specialty on the outstanding football games of 1937. They started off with Fordham and USC games but spent the last half of the [shot] 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 '12, halfway up directly - I mean smack - behind the goal posts. Being the 25 year class meant nothing to the seat alloter. What a day, it rained, snowed, it even hailed in the 2 hour course of

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the game. I can definitely recall pulling out the visors on the binoculars to keep the snow off the lenses; Daddy and I alternately watching closeups of the play. (It was different from the time we sat in almost the same spot and saw Toby MacDonald losing 20-0 and walked out before he went on a rampage & scored one all by himself to make it 20-7.) That day we saw Don [Daughtus] (I think it was he) catch a pass at the far goal; then Hershberg scored for 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 our snake dance that day! And Clint Frank didn't gain an inch all day, as I recall. But the old faker, Vern [Struck] did, and how! That movie surely brought back the good old days. Do we still have that hunk 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 Bowl - 28-0 - My happiest trip to New Haven - even though Leverett House won 2 years later, we lost when Richard's runback was nullified by a penalty in

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the varsity game. But the year before - 41 - remember Peabody's tackles - Clark in the Navy game, Marguerita of Brown - each time Chuck turned up with the ball, I think. And the time he blocked out an Army back - Janett or some name like that. Janett was on the ground, but Clark was standing straight up! - And McNichol rushed through to have Hatch & [Magru] knock themselves out as they tackled him. Yale gave us a little trouble - Stannard and Gardner kept running in and out at tackle, big Vern Miller and his "squash block" on the Dartmouth captain - how Dick [*illegible*] enjoyed showing us the movie of that one! MacKinney back to kick - but Franny Lee 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 "[Wintergreens]" Medley, and standing for the brilliantly played Anthem. I could go on for pages with memories of school - all suggested by the movies of a football game played when I was 13 years old. That's it for now - Love - Sumner