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Virginia Veeder Westervelt letters (6C/1935) | Wellesley Student Correspondence

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Letter from Virginia Veeder Westervelt, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. Millicent Veeder, Schenectady, New York, 1934 March 4

Virginia Veeder Westervelt

Wellesley College Archives

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WELLESLEY, MASS.

BOSTON, MASS.
MAR 4
8 - AM
1934

U.S. POSTAGE
THREE CENTS
NRA
3¢
IN A COMMON DETERMINATION

Mrs. Millicent Veeder
188 Elmer Ave.
Schenectady
N. Y.

3/4/34

News from Wellesley College

WELLESLEY COLLEGE PRESS BOARD
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Release

Dearest,

Oh, it's spring, it's spring, it's spring! And I do feel so beautifully awake and alive. Spring Fever is the gretest thing in the world, I swear. I'm filled with all sorts of new ideas and new things to do. To begin with, I cut my Bible class to sleep this morning, and just found out that she wasn't there anyway. And getting in bed at 4:30, I just couldn't see getting up at 7:30 somehow.

But it was a very grand party, cabaret style. Tables, I mean around the edge of the floor and on the balcony, awfully good orchestra, ginger ale with lots of crackly ice, and much swishing of formals. I wore my pink, as per stated, andgot much complimented for it. My pink slippers did duty again, and tho a might thin in spots from the wear and tear of last year, they stood up beautifully. Lee had been in town in theafternoon, andbrought me a spray of those tiny pink sweetheart roses, which just set it off. I wore my blue ring , and carried Mum Mum's blue velvet bag, and felt quite decked out.

Stocky was there with a girl from Wellesley, but we had a dance together, and I had a letter from him this morning asking me to a dance Friday night, and also requesting that I save practically the whole weekend of the Prom for him, saying it was "his" week-end, and wouldn't I please. Of course that's the dates of the play, which by the way, is "Holiday", and I won't sluff off on that again. However, I think it can be managed, because the Prom doesn't start until 10, and the play will be over at 11. I may even be through before that, depending on when my lines come. But I think both of them can be managed. I do hope so, because Stocky really is an awfully sweet boy, and I should like to be his "Prom girl". I will tell him about asking Ralph though. I think I can put it to him in such a way that he will understand. Probably say that I'd asked this boy from home during Christmas vacation. who thought a lot of me. and who didn't have a great deal of pleasure, etc. Which is all quite true.

What does Billy think of the numerous complications? It's too bad in a way about Betty, cause poor Bill has been so darned faithful, but even tho he goes thru a period of pretty low levels, I think he'll come outof it all right. It always seemed to me that Betty never gave him much for the amount of habitual devotion Billy sent in her direction. How much did you tell him about affairs here? Nothing he would misconstrue and unconsciously let fall to the lad from Ithaca, eh? I haven't told him about things, for the simple reason that I know how he would dwell upon anything I might say, and give details much more importance than they deserve. However, he knows I'm going out, because every once in a while I tell him that by comparison he's still leading the procession, which apparently puts him right up in the air. Poor boy. In a way I wish he and I could see more of each other. There is an advantage in proximity, which I know he is worrying about to some extent. But at the present moment, I'm not worrying about anything ata ll. I've found(from my wide experience) that affairs

of the world sort of straighten themselves out automatically, with a little pushing.

No, darling. I don't think I'm neglecting my work. I'm trying to even things up, as it were. I spend my daytimes working, and some of the evenings having a good time, and I'm not sure but that the latter is a pretty important part of college if it's available. I'm not aiming for A's, tho perhaps I should be, but I know that I'm getting a lot of experience which will be equally as valuable to me later as when the Philistines andthe Assyrians conquered Israel. However, that doesn't mean that I don't do the work I should. It's just that I'm kept rather busy, but I love it. Yes, I'm getting enough sleep too. I tell you darling.. I'm living all the time, and having a heck of a good time doing everything. However, I appreciate the jacking up. I admit my letters must sound as if I did nothing but "gad", but it's only because the other is just routine and is much the same from day to day--reading assignments, lectures, quizzes, note taking etc. And I'm afraid that just that alone would be a bit dull, and not too interesting reading, so I load all of the extra happenings onto you.

It was such a gorgeous day, that Lee andI went downtown this morning after we got up(about 11, whisper it). You see we got a late permission for a major dance at M.I.T., but had to come home by bus from Boston. A Wellesley girl can't come home with an escort after 1 o'clock, so about 30 of us came out in the bus which leaves from the Wellesley Pioneer Club at 2:30. It's the only possible way to get back other than getting here at 1, or by staying all night, and we hated to ask Peggy again. By the way, Lee wasn't with Otto the night we stayed at her house. She was with Terry, so it wasn't quite such nerve. I wish we knew more people in Boston, but guess it's pay $1.50 for us on the bus. There was quite a system. Register with the Wellesley chaperone upon arrival at the clubhouse, check up when we got in the bus, and when we arrived at our respective houses, so no chance of a slip up. Seems like a crazy system, but it's better than having to come back at 1, or even 2. Chaperones are the thing, tho. We thought of using Mrs. Carr's name and staying at the New Moon, but the place is closed. What have you told Marie about that? If you haven't mentioned it, just tell her that they have closed for the season, and I can't get in touch with them. It's too bad about Jean. It must be so hard for her, and not much fun. I think I'm perhaps the luckiest person in the funny old world. I've got so much, and I realize it. And I'm trying to make the most of everything, and make everything count. It's a big order, but I hope I can do it---in the way I should. Your investment has to pay dividends, you know. And the investor being the grand person she is, can the corporation do else but live up to the vote of confidence?

My love

Ginger

P.S. Got $1.45 from the New Haven paper today!