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Letter from Virginia Veeder Westervelt, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. Millicent Veeder, Schenectady, New York, 1934 April 10

Virginia Veeder Westervelt

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Mrs. Millicent Veeder
108 Elmer Avenue
Schenectady
New York
Hello darling,

Sorry, but a card won't do. No, nothing at all exciting has happened, but it's spring, I'm fairly well caught up on my work, and I've just read your letter, so why shouldn't I, in the few minutes before lunch, sit down to use one of your thoughtfully provided stamps?

Don't worry about the cocktails. It strikes me that people are just doing it because other people are. There was a Merry go round affair, there which you got on, went around, and picked out your drinks from the shelf as you went by, but it didn't look too inviting. The other couple went in, but Dick and I went on in to the dance room, and forebore. It just seems to be the correct thing to do—no particular harm, I suppose in putting a dash of spirits in a glass of ginger ale, but after all, I don't care for it, I rebel against doing something simply because a horde of others are, and besides, there's just nothing to be gained from it. However, it isn't a case of a boy taking a girl out and giving her cocktails—it's the point of a girl demanding same, and friend escort footing the bills! It's a man's place now, to ask a girl if she cares for some—but I've found he's just as glad when she refuses, so I'm sticking to my guns—don't worry, no matter who I go out with...not that you probably worried about my morals or otherwise, but I mean don't even worry about my ability to conform—I've got it, but I also have some ideas coming originally from you and stamped into me, for which here are my heartfelt thanks. Cases arise occasionally when modification is necessary for the good of all concerned, but they're fundamentally there, and somehow I have a feeling they'll stick, not prudishly so, because they were never instilled in that way, but common senseishly so.

I wouldn't condemn Gladys on the evidence of Jean Kammerer, however, and I'm far from thinking it's a crime to call for an Old Fashioned once in a while. Jean may quite possibly have been so shocked that any nice girl would touch a drop of anything stronger than coffee, that she may easily have exaggerated Gladys' silliness. However, I imagine Gladys has some rather distorted value standards. Someday I'd like to have a good talk with her and see just what her ideas are and how they got that way. She has small right to be concerned with her own sense of importance with having a complex. What she needs is to get away from home and get under the influence of some essentially sound and charming person whom Gladys would want to imitate and please. She just has some twisted ideas that obviously aren't doing her a great deal of good. But it does amuse me a bit to hear that Jean is through with her, dramatically speaking. After all, who is Jean to judge? Everyone can't conform to the same standard, and if Jean were a bit more worldly wise I have a hunch she'd get along better in world where you have to know your way around sufficiently clearly so those who do won't step on you in the process.
Glad both about the icebox and the Victrola Spring. He ought to provide a new one, and I'm so delighted that he is going to. At least now it seems so much more worth while that you had it fixed.

Hope you did call on Baileys—cause I never remembered until this minute that Bess called you one day during vacation—just to talk I guess, but I completely forgot about it. Wanted you to call her, come up and see her to say hello once in a while, etc. I'm terribly sorry I forgot to tell you.

While I think about it, I left my crew circle at home, when I went to wash my jersey. It's in the little middle drawer in my dresser. Could you stick it in a future letter? Crew begins today—and I'm so glad. The circle isn't a necessity, I mean don't send it special delivery or anything, but it's just a mark to indicate that after all, I'm a 2nd class oarsman which isn't usually given to people until after a year of experience. So, slip it along, and thanks in advance.

And a package, did you say? I'm curious, but interested. You didn't go and get extravagant, did you? I hope not. But you're a darling to get whatever you did get. That in advance.

About coming out the Prom weekend. The more I think of it, the more I think you might enjoy just getting away from home and riding out here. As long as you're paying for the gas, you might just as well come along—it wouldn't be much more expensive for board and room, and I would like to see you, if only for a few minutes at a time. There wouldn't be any question of 3rd person, because most of the time will be taken up in a way already provided for—dinner and Prom Friday, classes Sat, A.M. tea dance in the afternoon, play in the evening and dance following. However, there is always time in between into which I could squeeze a glimpse of you, and there would be both Friday and Saturday night when we could talk. As long as you wouldn't mind the fact that I couldn't have very much other time with you, and you could get a probably much needed rest at the same stroke, I think maybe it would work out nicely, and I'd certainly love to have you come. Of course it's entirely up to you, if you think it would be worth it etc., and I'll leave the question open, but I would like to have you here for the festivities if you'd like to come, and we might manage to wangle in some of the talks we didn't get a chance to talk this vacation. However, it's definitely for you to decide, and whichever way it works out will be O.K. by me. I've only had one letter from the Man since he got back, so maybe he doesn't love me any more. But then I've only written him one, and one yesterday, so I shouldn't kick. The more I think about it, the more I think I'd resent it if he didn't write very often. Guess I've been a bit thoughtless about my letters to him—quantity, I mean. However, perhaps he appreciated them more when they did come, and his Sunday letter will probably arrive tomorrow.

Say, when I get started on this "writer", I just never do know when to stop. I'm sorry, and forthwith and notwithstanding, I shall terminate it henceforth and immediately. Not without the addition of a great deal of my best brand of love though, be assured.