4-19-1934

Letter from Virginia Veeder Westervelt, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. Millicent Veeder, Schenectady, New York, 1934 April 19

Virginia Veeder Westervelt
Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorwestervelt

Recommended Citation
https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcorwestervelt/177

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Wellesley Student Correspondence at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Virginia Veeder Westervelt letters (6C/1935) by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.
Mrs. Millicent Veeder

108 Elmer Avenue

Schenectady,

New York
Darling, Postcards are so darned inadequate--but they are time saving. However, I'm stealing a bit of time before lunch just to say hello. We didn't stay all night with the lady after all, cause Lee's man had to meet his oncoming parents later that night, so we got back by one, after a most enjoyable evening. It was at the same place the dance with Stocky was, the only difference being that it was a bit more fun then. However, Rod is awfully nice, and they did send gardenias! Such a rare treat, and we so revelled in wearing them. I don't quite see the ecstasy some people expend over them, though--they're so overpowering. Violets are so much nicer--with lilies of the valley and roses--specially talisman roses--running neck and neck. And I'm tired of seeing people tight. Fortunately the boys we were with drank but one conservative highball, but they do(I mean people at large) get so excited about the serving and ordering of drinks--and the drinking of same. But Rod is a good dancer, and as I say, he didn't indulge too freely. We had some good talks about medicine, and I pumped him about the field of brain surgery--seems it's quite the elite thing to do, rather outstanding, and dramatic. Nothing much definite is known about it, and it strikes him as being a fascinating sort of thing to study--with a lot of responsibility, of course. But I didn't get a chance to wear my new nightie after all. Gosh it was sweet of you to make it for me. I love the color. Forgot to mention that the photo came thru O.K. too, and thanks muchly. Haven't seem Ted yet, and don't know just when I'll have time.

Hilda called yesterday and asked me in to lunch Sat. and to stay all night, but as I was even contemplating breaking my date with Stocky that night to do my paper, I told her I couldn't possibly make it this week, so we transferred the meeting until 2 weeks from this weekend. I hated to refuse her, but I just didn't see how I could do it.

About the Prom situation. I told you the gist of it; that Ralph has asked a friend who has accepted, and they are making plans to come out together. I suppose he will write you of it--I haven't mentioned the fact that I know you were coming, and he hasn't either, so I just won't have known anything about it. To tell you the truth, I was a bit worried about your cutting Friday, even with a plausible excuse, which might turn out to be detected as not so plausible. I'm sorry you can't be here, though, but arrangements were so difficult that justice to all factors concerned might have been in question.

Your suggestion of the hill overlooking the "Situation" is most apropos....but the irony comes--when is there time to climb hills? And how is one to get to a "hill". I've been trying to see things in the proper perspective, and I hope I'm not spending so much time on a great many things that I don't have the time to specialize on the most interesting ones. Yet the idea of the well-rounded existence comes into it, and I'm getting something from everything--I've even raised my C in econ. to a B. I suppose
things have to come rather gradually, and I'm trying to weave all these different things into a sort of tapestry to make up the whole picture, with as few lost strands as possible, and with as many colors as possible to make an interesting pattern. I have stopped every so often to take stock of things—have even counted my hours of sleep to make sure I didn't slip up on that. It's a full existence all right, but I'm having a grand sort of time "existing." But I do appreciate the "jacking up", don't think I don't, because I know how easy it is to get going and not have time to stop, and this is just by way of reassuring you that I'm stopping every so often to size things up. I'll remember your counsel though, when I'm inclined to slide along in the same way. You know it's grand to feel that you're there, not dogmatically prescribing the way, but subtly pointing out the best road, and helping a fellow along the way. That's a sort of crude statement, but it's just by way of saying, "I appreciate you."

So glad about the refrigerator—and I do hope it gives as much enjoyment as it should. Wish I could have a bit of that ice cream this minute—but as it's very nearly 12 noon, this, I fear, will perforce have to be terminated. I'll be busy working over the biographical material this weekend, so there probably won't be another letter within a few days. You understand? Wish I had more time to really do a good one. I'm a little afraid that it won't be as I want it with just a little under a week to do it in. I'll probably have to do it again with a little more thought attached at a later date, but I don't know... we'll see how it works out... and however it does, I know it'll be fun doing it, with yours and Mildred's help. If it gets done, you and she will really have done it. But... there r-r-r-rings the bell, so bye for now and the present—with so very much of my love...