Jan. 8, 1934

Monday PM.

Morning Mother's mine... Spoke it's evening there at this point but just at present it's 8:30 PM. on a very lour gray Monday morning with only patches of snow left.

Yes! indeed the dance Saturday was delightful. The hat house was quite large of interesting people were there. Nobody special but some good dancers. Some brilliant scientific boy a Dane who didn't like to be called a Swede a very amusing one-eyed boy who is reputed to be the 3rd best line stringer in the fraternity and others among them truly being...
but I suppose a bright person, a
Red dancer from Pasadena. He
hadn't heard about the results
of the floor either, but from the
few meager reports it must
have been pretty bad, didn't you
see the picture in the Times
Sunday? California certainly
doesn't do anything by halves!

Sunday I didn't open my eyes
Vill out of a very quiet but indescribably grey
day. During which, Philosophy, Etön,
SPEECH & MUSIC all came in
for their share. Had an excellent
Turkey dinner, and I might
claim COLD Turkey supper—
listened to the Symphony.
left on the train for Grabels meeting. It was quite interesting,
	then Dick met us, also Henry if we went back to the apartment
for coffee & cinnamon toast.
I also read some of Dick's stories
of which are in the process
of completion. He has a
unique way of paying something
and makes lots of description,
powers. Also very interesting
to talk with. We had a very
rare but most matter-of-fact
discussion about sex on the
way out. It was interesting
to get a man's point of view when
I acted as if it had been
the income tax report with discussion following. But as a result of one or two clocks in succession, with subsequent pajama talk overs with Lee & I'm feeling rather sleepy this morning. I shall endeavor to retire somewhat earlier than schedule for the rest of the week. Weekends however ought to be holiday don't you think so? Especially as Saturday I wrote to Manny & Angora & I'm all caught up in my correspondence. Hello god!!!