

TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

1716 Cambridge St.,

Dec. 10 - '92

My dear Art,

Have I ever congratulated you? I don't think I have, although you wrote me about it so long ago. If it is not too late please accept them now. I hope your life may prove a prosperous and at the same time long and virtuous [one]. Of course there is no questioning the latter. Your past career in Gardiner is enough. A man who can thoroughly enjoy the poetry of sitting under a tree or on a bench on the Gardiner common with a chew of "Old Harley" [?] or "Check" between his jaws, is safe. That sentence is not built according to Prof. Hill's ideas but you can read it.

Old Harley

I am fairly crowded with work just at present. Have German five times a week and beside my regular written work an eight thousand word thesis to write on the British Periodical Essayists, which is to be handed in right after New Year's. I expect to go home the 23d, but may stop over one day for the Symphony concert. I am getting to be a fiend for that kind of a thing though my experience is limited. Yesterday afternoon I went to hear Damrosch's orchestra at the Tremont Theatre. They played Beethoven's

Third Symphony, Grieg's "Aus Holberg's Zeit" (the best thing I ever heard) and a selection from "Tannhauser". Symphonies & grand operas are a perfect revelation to me, and I am cursing myself for letting so many go by last year.--What do you think of Logic. We ^{have} ~~hear~~ Prof. Palmer, but the stuff is too much for me. <Pschy> Psychology comes next and that will probably be different. I do not think I shall make any attempt to grind up Logic. I should only do it as a task--and I cannot afford the time for that. I doubt if you are able to read this, but you will recognize my good intentions. Write when you get a chance.

Sincerely

Robinson

Excuse haste in closing.