

TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

June 4 - '93

My dear Smith,

You have probably, for something like the twentieth time, come to the conclusion that I am a rather uncertain correspondent, and I have no good excuse to make this time, either. I could not write last Sunday, but I might have Monday or Tuesday. I did not however, and then thought I might as well let it go until to-day. It is a pretty tough job writing now on account of the heat, but I will put it through as I know you will rather look for a letter on Tuesday. I like letter writing on general principles, but sometimes the performance is hard. You know that of course and will not lay up any hard feelings against me for my negligence.

The chief thing I have to say to you to-day is concerning your coming to Cambridge. The Yale-Harvard Game comes off the 22'd. Can't you arrange it to come up somewhere <of> on the 20th and <come> go back with me. We could have a great time here together for a few days at a small expense. The "pop" concerts are in full blast with music and beer galore. Or anything else you like--light opera or a good cigar on the common. I would not urge to[=you] so much were I not sure that you would be glad you came. Just get started once, and you will see that I am right

for once in my life.

To-day is hot and rather muggy but the Lord thought to add a good breeze. Were it not for that, the day would be unbearable. It is doubly unwelcome as I have an examination (final) in German to-morrow forenoon and I find it positively impossible to prepare for it to-day. All I can do is lie around and cuss. It is too hot to smoke. Cigarettes would go, [but] I have become so disgusted with them that I can hardly tolerate them. The more of them I smoke, the less I like them. For which I am duly thankful.

About half an hour ago I drifted into Butler's room (next to mine) and he was counting over dining-hall checks. He had a bunch of twenty 5's, good for a nickel at the Hall, and I proposed matching coppers for them. By a curious run of luck I won them all in less than fifteen minutes. All of which was very wrong, but pardonable on account of the temperature of the day. Such mild viciousness must be overlooked by the powers that run the mercury up to 98° when a man wants to read German. And besides, I have the checks, which will come in handy at the Hall to-night.

I have not read much of anything lately except work ^{<up>} bearing upon Fine Arts. I forget much of it--especially Greek History. I wish I could remember things of some account, but it seems to be impossible. Well, I have written four or five pages without saying much

[EAR-H deF Smith June 4/93-3]

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of anything--except the invitation, which I hope you
will consider seriously) and will stop right here.

Will send another wad of papers to-morrow.

Sincerely

Robinson.