

**Don Stone to Jacob Stone, Beatrice Stone, Bob Stone, Jim Stone, Barry Marks, Ken Marks,
and "anyone else who is around"**

Madison, Wisconsin, 21 September 1943.

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UNITED STATES ARMY AIR CORPS

9/21/43

Dear Dad, Bee, Jim, Barry, Ken, and anyone else who is around —

Nothing very much to report from the northwestern sector. Our classes have begun in full force with 2 hours of Spanish one day and 4 hours the next. Don't know whether I previously told you about our profs, but we have five in Spanish who alternate in each class all using the same system of conversational instruction. The head of the Spanish department, a Captain Eduardo Nile-Silva from the U. of Madrid and Pulitzer and Guggenheim fellowships winner, is the best language teacher I've ever had. The head geographer, Prof Waibel, former member of the German Supreme Court, is one of the foremost geographers in the world. He has many excellent assistants, Durand, etc. Another famous name is Becker who teaches anthropology and sociology. He is very interesting and gives faint recollections of Billy Evirett without many of Billy's - er um - superfluous material. The historian is quite good although I have had most of the material. They treat it here in a more mature manner and are not as concerned so much with facts as with trends. We had P.T. today and had to take some G.I. tests with old fat Uncle Don grunting under 25 pushups and turning in a miraculous 53 "burpees", an Army specialty. Was doing them with a Wesleyan boy who roomed with Bill Dadowski.

Last weekend I took one of those trips for which I am famous and bussed down to Minneapolis to meet Andy Hunter. After spending most of the evening talking over old times at a beer bistro we took a bus back to Northfield late at night. In the morning I saw a group of ex-Williams boys. Maybe you remember Ed Mulcahy and Paul Detels in your class, Bob. They took me all over the canyons which is very beautiful. Naturally much smaller than Wisconsin but comparable in beauty. Unfortunately all summer school girls had gone home as school had not yet begun. They were boasting of the numerous "queens" they had accumulated, and I for one would never doubt a Williams wolf. Then I caught a train directly from Northfield to Madison on which I met some foolish devoted wife who was travelling from Oakland, Cal. to Miami, Fla. which just proves the already officious statement that "woman is the weaker sex" - mentally - all due deference to you, Bee.

As you may have read in the papers, Wisconsin opened their football season miserably getting thoroughly trounced by Marquette. For all you football strategists, Jimmy in particular, don't bet on Wisconsin this year. Michigan is the team in the west.

The college was much better populated last weekend due to the game, and every day more girls are seen lugging bags around. Naturally all the soldiers would like to break ranks and be of assistance but then that is breaking article 173, par. 4.

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Dad, I spoke to the company representative on the college paper again about your subscription but he is uncertain now whether there will be any more papers or whether they will end, but I will see to it that you do get one if it's printed.

Of late the weather has been perfect but cool and very similar to New England falls. If you get the record still, Dad, would you forward it, please. Oh, Bee, I got the Lawn Tennis Magazine. Thanks lots. Saw where my little amigo Francais, Henri Salaun, was beaten in 3 rounds of the nationals.

Nothing to say now except many congratulations, Bob, on your good work. Keep it up.

My love to all,

Don.

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