

Dear Julie.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], [s.d.]

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Dear Julie:

I remember the pictures that you showed us on screen of your trip thru the east - maybe you'd be interested in what a friend of mine once said - I'm editing letters he and his wife once sent me:

Cambridge was restful - it's solicitly kept. But Boston, as I sai said during the war, is an old copper sink where the skimpy Yankee saves his coppers. Paul Revere's Old North Church from which he hung his lantern is lovely. espec. the interior, but it's in the worst slums. Nearby on top of the hill overlooking Boston harbor the graveyard of the Mathers etc.. is rotting. The view could be and is marvellous except for poverty's cinders. The city doesn't even support the upkeep of the church the (can't make word out) parishioners beg for contributions at the door as at a privvy museum. As Ceasays despite all the graft in NY the citizens have a beautiful city. On the other hand. Harvard is kept. The Fogg museum free and Mass. Hall like a candy house going back to the 1600's - worth seeing. Lovely penetration in all campus buildings. Gloucester still has fishermen, but is is no longer like Brittainy as it was when I saw it in 1933. But the selectmen sit in the store front window of the old whaling club in Nantucket - politicians obviously, at most the grandsons of whaling men - the industry gone - to fool the vacationists into paying \$14-\$24 a night for hotels. We got a room without bath for \$8.

In Cambridge Diddie (probably he was 4 years old) suddenly had to do sumpn very badly - in Longfellow's garden - fortunately it wuz empty and the vegetation flourishing! Much nicer than the exterior of the house - the interior already closed for the day. And then we went on sadder but relieved to an open terrace restaurant down the same street - Brattle Street - and had the most delicious Vinese coffee - full of whipped cream. Diddie had some pastry and chocolate milk shake.

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Will think of you this week end