

February 9, 1920.

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

The one nice thing about the washout north of you, Mother, is that I got four letters from you this morning. I gave the maid her Christmas present after I came back, Mother, and the janitor has never been around that I have noticed--besides which, there is no occasion for that. I do not need a check yet. I have over a hundred dollars left, but don't you have to pay the second semester bill?

I did not send the books, Pete, because I did not think it safe to send them in a smashed case. I'll send them Wednesday. It will be time enough for the bulfinch to send it with the laundry. I was fully intending to go to town to buy a telescope Saturday when I met Lucy and she volunteered to have her Mother have their store send me one like hers--she has used hers for several years and it has not broken. It will be sent to the house. The ones Luckey's have are not a bit solid. It ought to be there in time for the next laundry.

I finally found Miss Bourne at home last night, and she certainly was nice to me. She said that she had not realized that I wanted to change so that I would not be so rushed up here the end of the week, that certainly it was a shame to have to miss all the college activities up here, etc., that it was not so very important whether or not I take prose, inasmuch as I have a solid foundation anyhow, and I should come in the morning class. She will give me the prose sentences when the other class have them, and if I have time and feel like doing them she will correct them, but I must not let myself do too much work. She said that she could tell from the little she knew of me that "I was inclined to take life rather seriously" anyway. So she was rubbed the right way. I am glad I changed both for the hour and for the fact that I think any additional prose is useless. She said she had hoped that I would continue Latin next year, that I gave a promise of doing very clear-headed and logical work, in advanced prose, for instance. I am not heading for a job as a high school Latin teacher, but I politely told her that I did not see my way clear to it, that there was so much to take, and that I did want to get Greek in. She was nice as it lies in her power to be. I recited with the morning section this morning. They are quite stupid.

Miss Kitchel did not appear this morning and after three minutes from the time of the bell had passed, the class left. Have you any such regulation that you have to wait for five minutes for a prof, four for an assistant prof, and three for an instructor, and then if he she or it does not appear, you get a cut.

I am still quite messed up in this system of having no textbooks in solid geometry.