

May 9, 1920.

Dear Mother and Father:

I suppose you have foretold already what the state of my mind would be just about this time. All I needed was a visit to Miss Cowley! Of course she pointed out the value of math merely from the point of view of living in modern times and being able to follow modern invention, etc. And then, she said she did not see what I should give up a course that I wanted to take merely for the sake of self-discipline, she thought I was entitled to a course that I wanted to take for pleasure! Hang----. Search me what I'll do. Ruth Frankline just told me argumentation is very stiff and requires a lot of work. I am not so keen about thay[sic] for next year under those circumstances.

Miss Cowley was very nice, outside of that, I mean. Sometimes she is easy to talk to, and sometimes she is not. She said among other things that unless you are particularly brilliant in a subject it is a mistake to double the second year already.

I am going back to my room tomorrow noon. I fooled around and was lazy most of the day. I finished the French book.

Otherwise there is nothing new to tell you.