

February 27, 1923

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I think I shall go crazy by inches. I have spent the better part of this day going through red tape about dropping my famous course. First I had to go to the dean's secretary, then make out a petition, then have Miss Ellery sign it, then take it to the dean, who said I had to take it to the doctor. Then this afternoon Maxine called my attention to a sequential study rule which I had forgotten, the net result of which was that I could not drop Tolerance. So then I had to go to the Libe and hunt up Miss Ellery, and I didn't want to disturb her working. So I hung around for a half hour and caught her as she was leaving. She was most penitent that she had overlooked the rule, and so she re-signed it for American History, and told me not to feel at all backward about telling Miss Thompson that I was dropping it because of health, that it was most foolish to let work become a burden. When she says it, that settles it! So then I went on a hunt to see Dr. T. about it. Will try Dr. B. before dinner. It's almost more trouble than it's worth, but I surely will have a feeling of relief when it is over.

I am still not the strongest person in the wo[rld]