

1810 C Street
 Pullman, Wash.
 November 25, 1942

Dear Jim,

I really don't know what to say. I haven't been on any hikes lately, instead only remaining home to catch up on back work. Believe me there is plenty of it too. I got my grades for mid-semester. Pulled down a C in physical ed. (I missed 3 days of it and didn't have any good chance to make it up and that might have had something to do with it. Personally, I'm not very worried about it because I know just what I'm good for in that line without being told. Anyway, I work just as hard if not harder at what they give us than anyone else. That ain't all brag either.) On top of that I managed sixteen hours of B. B as in Bee. That is not entirely satisfactory and anything I can do to raise some of those is going to be tried. I might have gotten an A in Zo. had I gotten graded on my lab work. They don't count lab in the halfway grade. We had another quiz in zo today which I don't think I did so well on. I didn't quite manage to finish the rig due to my carefullness in answering the first page of questions. However, I may have some sort of chance to remedy that as I went through the test very earnestly and consecutively. Due to that he may give me the benefit of the doubt in some respects. I think I did fairly well on all that I had the time to execute. At any rate, I can hope very fervently. There is a chem test coming up that is going to be a dilly. Zo tests don't worry me a great deal, but some of the stuff they pull in chem tests gives me the whimwhams. I can manage zo all right, but a few of those chem problems are tough for me. I seem to have a bad time in my figures and equations, etc. Anyhow, I shall try. And I shall do what I can to cram from now on instead of sort of idling along and then blowing my cam shaft.

Yesterday, I went down to see Dr. Wing, the wild-life manager man. You recall he is the fellow who wrote me concerning those drawings of mine. Not the ones from Dr. Webster, but from the one which was evidently on its own hook. He's the guy. Here some couple of weeks ago he saw me in the library and asked me again if I wouldn't drop down and see him. So I did. Contrary to the opinions I had formed prior to the meeting, I found him rather interesting and not so dangerous as I had thought. Never-the-less, he is definitely looking for another wild life man and I don't think that will work. Of course he said nothing about that, but such is my own conjecture. I do believe that he will tolerate me even though my aspirations can't seem to parallel his. He is very interested in scientific drawing and such with a great affinity for birds done along those lines. That mostly explaining his letter of last summer. He has a rather nice collection of books and many hundreds of pamphlets to his name. He happens to have an autographed copy of Murphy's "The Oceanic Birds of South America" which he dearly loves. He made a rather broad statement concerning the predecessor of Murphy. He said that Frank Chapman is undoubtedly the finest ornithologist in the country today. For purely personal and egotistical grounds I would contest that. There may well be a great deal of truth in the statement, but it pretty uncompromising. However, I don't know much about Frank Chapman. Be that as it may.

He recommended several works of art which he said would surely interest me a lot. He mentioned a work by Ernest Thompson Seton concerning the animal form or something as the artist sees it. Sounds good since ETS is one of my goals so to speak. Such a work would indeed interest me. Also mentioned was a book of paintings by my dear friend Louis Agassiz Fuertes concerning the mammals of Abyssinia of Ethiopia--I prefer the former personally. This book, or rather a collection of plates unbound but with sort of a note book arrangement, is very large and would have, being done in some of the best years of Fuertes life, some marvelous work of immense interest to me. Thus have been outlined two promising projects for this little cooky--and how. While perhaps not great technical works, you know my weakness for a pretty plate, well drawn. That for me.

In connection with the general trend of the subjects and directly following my mention of the little sojourn to Grand Coulee, he mentioned the proximity of dear Major Allen Brooks in the town of Okanogan Landing in British Columbia. By best methods of hitch-hiking, it should be a distance of some 370 or so miles. Of course this would be a really worthy trip, and surely no week end jaunt.