

Mother is worried about the war and other things, and I think this has more to do with her indigestion than anything else. The depression of her mind over Clint Kanaga and other boys, like Bobby Haynes, in the Pacific, has just about wrecked her. The doctor diagnosed it a slight shadow of an ulcer in the duodenum, but frankly I do not think it is nearly as bad as she sometimes thinks it might be.

We had a fine turkey dinner at the Union Building last night when the Rotarians entertained the Rotary Anns. She did full justice to a very fine meal. Then they had speaking and I had to slip over and coach the basketball team, but I got back about 10 o'clock, and we all danced until 11 o'clock. Mother had a sprained knee and was hardly able to walk from the car into the Union Building, but after that music started she shook her Methodist foot so fast that you would have thought she was a young girl. So what I think she needs is more Methodist music and more Methodist foot swinging. She said she never had such a good time in all her life and she was as buoyant as a sixteen-year-old girl.

Every morning when she gets up she is terribly depressed. When the good news comes in about sinking the Jap ships she will say, Yes, but look how many we lost. I ask her if she ever figured it in the reverse ratio. Suppose we had lost what the Japs lost, then that would be something else again. Her war psychology is negative. Of course she thinks of Hoot and Bobby and Mit, and perhaps Pete, and so many of her friends who have children in the service that it about gets her down.

If it would do any good I might worry, but I never have and I am not going to start at my age. If anything has happened it has happened, and I am not going to worry about it until it does, and when it does then it is too late to worry.

One person said, "I am too selfish to get angry or to worry because it harms me. It interferes with my peace of mind and my digestion, and I cannot be as efficient as I should be." Well, that is about my philosophy, that it doesn't do any good, and until I find out that worry is helpful, then I am not going to start.

We have had a very tough year. I do not believe that we could have had more difficulties confront us. We have had 1800 men in our physical conditioning courses that were forced to take compulsory physical education on account of the war situation. We have never serviced over 450 before, and we are doing it with no added faculty personnel. In fact, we are one short, so we have had to take 18 underclassmen, athletes, football and basketball players, and physical education majors, and develop them into a leaders' corps. I will not go into detail, only just to say that the congestion in the gymnasium takes on the appearance of a can of mustard sardines.