

THE FARM NISKAYUNA

Nov 15 '36

R. D. 1 SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

My dear Miss Durbell

It would take pages to explain how I enjoyed your "work" article in Mac. "Cosmopolitan". I had walked around home on what I feared would be a needless criticism of a view of "Higher Education". It was in the midst of some very exciting physical research work of which I alone feel great interest. And I had even talked to my daughter that day about the peculiarity, that as one matures, he instinctively "carries on" when individual reasoning might raise the question "why?" I even thought "quit" several years ago and expected to "shuffle off" right away. Wrote it all down, with succeeding changes of mind and body, and now I can't keep out of the laboratory. It's not true!

But not of me but of you. Write! Your article is short, but clear & true. "Gee! it's wonderful!" Only a discerning student of modern life could have seen it, or said it. What the idler fails to understand is the beauty of the rhythm, the beauty and excitement of being in his place in the endless chain of creative motion which is the essential nature of this magnificent and incomprehensible universe. — It will always be more & more incomprehensible but we will comprehend more & more of it. Your place, or probably that of all of us, must be looked at as being at the always advancing point. What a Godsend! You do your part so well. I'm glad I know you and my thanksgiving celebration will be more than ever satisfying. This I have forcibly confined myself to one sheet (squeezed) to tell

You

Yours truly, Willis L. Whitney