

October 21, 1939.

Mr. John Glenn,
Beardstown, Illinois.

Dear Johnny:

You write very interesting letters, and I assure you that it is always like a breath of fresh air when I receive your epistles.

I was much interested concerning your comment on Lynn Waldorf. I still think he is a great coach, but you and I are too good friends to differ over that issue. I am wondering what "Dutch" Lomborg thinks of him.

Jane is coming home today for a brief visit over Sunday and I will pass along your comment as to what you told Lynn Waldorf so that she won't have the last laugh on you. Jane seems to be enjoying her work in Kansas City very much. Elsa Maxwell swooped down on us from New York and put on a big party in the Municipal Auditorium. Of course, they had to crown a queen and one of the three judges was Ritchie-Cooper, Jane's boss. Ritchie and her husband took Jane along, and I guess she got quite a wallop from it, although I haven't seen her since to have her describe to me the thrills that a little country girl could have in touching the robe of royalty. But the robe that I am speaking about is the one of the royal steer at the American Royal. You know, they blanket those steers the same as they do race horses. I guess, though, there were a lot of horses that attended the banquet and dinners at the Municipal Auditorium. Anyhow, I know Jane had a lot of fun.

Now, let me tell you about John. He is back on his feet and has more pep than one of the West Point athletes who have been fed gelatin thirty days before a ball game. That is Roland Logan's prescription anyhow for all athletes at West Point. They feed them gelatin. I haven't taken any myself and I am not feeding my boys any sort of questionable energy-producing menu.