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September 6, 1943.

Mr. Lacy Haynes,
Estes Park, Colorado.

Dear Lacy:

Just a word of caution, Lacy. If you pick on any of those bears, pick on the smallest one in the background. I see one little cuss back there that I believe I would tackle if the old mother bear wasn't around.

I am reminded of a story by your challenge to wrestle one of these quadrupeds. When I was in Warrensburg, Missouri, there was a merchant there named Harry Clark, a big, fine, but rather corpulent fellow, who had a wonderful personality and was a hell-fellow-well-met. I have never seen him angry. Rather, he was one of those cheerful, back-slapping, hand-shaking type that would rather shake hands than shake a fist. But one day some rather scrawny chap came by and vexed him no end. Clark was in the shoe business and was a very well-te-do gentleman.

A pair of shoes didn't wear any too well and this fellow told him off in no uncertain terms. In response, Clark said, "Why, you little shrimp, if you weren't so small I would beat the tar out of you." No blows were struck, and the weasel chap left without being pummeled.

The next day one of Clark's friends met him and said, "Harry, I heard that altercation and my advice to you is not to pass up any of those little fellows if you want your batting average to be five hundred. You take them as small as they are and don't look for the big ones - you'll have better luck."

So, Lacy, that is why I am picking the little bear!

I know this rest is going to do you and Mrs. Haynes a lot of good and we will be looking forward with eager anticipation to your coming home.

We are as busy as the dickens, but happy. The weather has been good to us on the whole. I get out in the afternoon and play golf and do most of my work in the morning and early afternoon. I have a 7:30 class (early rooster's club, as Fred Ellsworth calls it in his Graduate Magazine), but it is good for a fellow. It starts the day right. With all of these fine young chaps in the University