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February 12, 1938.

Dr. Marvin Hall,
Cleveland Clinic Hospital,
2045 East 90th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Dr. Hall:

I was pleased indeed to receive your good letter of the 10th and so happy to know that you are very much better and that there is a good prospect of your coming home. Mrs. Hulteen, my secretary, told me of your stopping in, and I appreciated your visit very much although I was forced to be out of town.

I am so glad to know that little Bud likes the book. And too, I appreciate your expression of father-son fealty.

When you get home in Topeka after the basketball season is over I will drop up to your home, if you are still under the weather, and have a good visit with you. While I am indeed sorry that you are ill, I believe this is the only way that you would ever have time to sit down and visit with a fellow. I, having your temperament, believe that that is about the only time that a fellow would catch me at home.

That unselfish devotion of yours to your responsibilities is the thing that has got you down, Doctor, you know that. Your training has always been to respond to the needy and distressed, and when this Athletic Board challenge came up to you, you just couldn't belie your training.

Maybe this temporary illness of yours will be the thing that will pound some good hard common sense into you and make you believe that we are all human. When the old nervous system begins to crack up a trifle, then all the organs cease to function at their maximum and instead of making leukocytes and erythrocytes and phagocytes in their proper proportions, they do just the best they can under the conditions. In other words, most of our illnesses of this sort are a product of our present civilization, are they not, Doctor?

I have had several lessons in relaxation and the need of rest, and I believe I am learning them slowly.