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November 1, 1937.

Mr. C. E. McBride,
The Kansas City Star,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mac:

We were desolated to find, after we returned from luncheon, your card. The fact that we were not home to see the McBride's makes us feel terribly bad.

It happened that Bobby is a Phi Kappa Psi pledge, and he had invited the Allen family to the Phi Psi house for luncheon. We had been gone but a few minutes before you arrived.

Mrs. Allen says she is going to write Mrs. McBride a letter real soon, but we are just returning the last copy on the final proof of the new book, and we have been so bloomin' busy that we haven't gotten as far as we would have liked in the way of visits.

I have thought for the last three weeks or more that I would sit down and write you a confidential angle on the Stanford situation. When you asked me the question if I had ever been offered the Stanford job I knew that somebody had been talking. When John Bunn and I met eye to eye down at Chanute early in September I knew then that somebody had been talking and rather reasoned the whole thing out. I told John Bunn some things that made him open his eyes. I could see that he had been laboring under delusions that the Stanford people had not contacted me, but after I left him I am very sure he found that they had.

I will write you, Mac, and I will also tell you a little of the Ralph Miller episode - not to print, but just so you will have the true situation of this rather interesting angle.

I have been to Kansas City only once this whole fall. I have been so bloomin' busy, and I might say, happily busy, organizing this department that when anybody tells you that I wouldn't be happy doing what I am and getting out of this mess, and I say mess -- well, you would be surprised! I never knew that life could be so pleasant away from a thing