Miss Ruth Baker, Lebo, Kansas.

Dear Miss Baker:

My name is not Rip Van Winkle, although my late acknowledgment of your postcard dated July 5th might indicate such a fact. However, the Catskill Mountains are nearer your abode than mind.

I finished our eight weeks Summer Session here on August 6th, and then went up to Iowa at the Iowa State High School Athletic Coaches Association master coaching school in which Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford, Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, Henry Iba of Oklahoma A. & M., and I taught 325 enterprising young high school coaches the theories of basketball and football, some of which were supposed to work and some perhaps which will never work.

Our summer playground here was the most successful of any year that we have promoted it. It is getting to be quite an institution now and not only is the talk of the town but the fame is spreading over the state and elsewhere. Next year we hope to incorporate Lawn Bowls in our expanding program.

So busily were we engrossed here that not only did I not go east, but I got only 40 miles away and that was to Kansas City once during the eight weeks one night to see the Blues play. Our weather here during the summer has been marvelous.

I am addressing this letter to your home town of red roofs, at least that is the way it looks from highway #50 as we speed toward Emporia or Wichita. But I remember that I spent one whole night in Lebo and it was a very hospitable town. I went down with Rev. Hunt to deliver an athletic banquet talk and we were snowed in so completely that we stayed all the next day. So I can see why you live so long in Lebo. People just naturally stay there a long time and if their inclinations are otherwise Mother Nature fixes it just that way.

I imagine that you are going back to Battle Creek. We will be glad to see you and say hello if you should come on Mount Oread before you go back. We are very proud of the success that you are making and we trust that you will continue to climb.

Sincerely yours,