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January 26, 1940.

Mr. Ralph Miller,
1100 Indiana St.,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Ralph:

I imagine every time you see me coming or when you open a letter from me you expect to receive some sort of criticism. But of course, Ralph, there are two kinds of criticism - constructive and destructive, and I have endeavored always to render constructive criticism although sometimes it might be misunderstood.

I want you, when you read this letter, to take it to the quietude of your own room and read it as you would read a letter from a real friend. I have had such high hopes and aspirations for your success that I will be terribly disappointed unless you measure fully up to all of the possibilities of which you are capable. I am remembering that you were a member of the National Honor Society and that you were extremely active in your high school, that you were one of the leaders not only in athletics, but in other activities.

I see no reason why this leadership should not continue to bloom into full fruition; that when you leave this University you will be as popular and as valuable a member of society as you were when you left the Chamute High School.

If you can begin reading this letter with a full knowledge that I am definitely your friend, that I am only seeking to find for you the place that you can occupy after a progressive struggle, then you will be in the right frame of mind to read this letter. I want to start by saying that perhaps when you were tall for your age in junior high school you felt perhaps a hesitancy in being so altitudinous and you rather drooped your shoulders in order to appear not so tall. I know this affects some people. As a consequence, I feel that you have developed a slouch and that if you continue it, it will injure your chances of success in business and in life.

The barbers have a slogan that I think is stimulating from business principles, but it is a good one -- "It pays to look well". I do not think that a fellow should be overdressed or underdressed. He should not be conscious of his clothes being of too fine a texture or of a texture that would cause embarrassment to his pride.