

And too, Ralph, I would like to know what Betty plans to study - whether a college course, domestic science, or what. You know, and so does Betty, that jobs are not just dangling from the branches. It will be necessary for me to do a lot of work to get Betty lined up here, but I am more than happy to do it because I was sincere when I told her last summer that I thought she should come to K. U. Much of your happiness during your college days will be dependent upon Betty. You will train for her and you will play for her.

Yes, Ralph, I do not think you came up to the expectations of your friends and your admirers when it came to your academic accomplishments. You have the brain and the ability, and you have the intestinal fortitude to do a job, but I think you slipped pretty badly last year. I have thought of writing you a personal note a good many times this summer, and then I thought, "No, a long time ago I made up my mind not to preach". And too, Ralph, I have been afraid many times of what the football campaign would do to you, with your morale. There are always several groups of fellows on a squad, especially a large squad. Some choose the lower road, and some choose the higher trail. I am not talking of morale, now, I am talking of morals.

I knew that if I could sit down and talk with you an hour or two I could say some things to you that would be helpful in your getting a hold of yourself. You remember the thing that I talked to you about on our way down to Chamute. I still have that in mind, but if you should continue in the path that you have started this past year there are a lot of faculty members who would not go along with me on that. They just wouldn't accept my recommendation. Faculty members at times have ways of being irritatingly independent and they will stand by their guns, in spite of us. So I just don't want you to knock yourself out of a good opportunity.

Remember, they are not doing it to you, rather it is because you won't permit anybody to help you. They all want to help you, and you have got to carry your own load. But enough of that, Ralph.

I am sorry that your back has been bothering you, and I am sure that Dr. Cartwright will fix it up for you. It is that sacroiliac sprain and a subluxated twelfth rib. Remember, that is the thing to have corrected.

Now, I have answered your letter as soon as it came to my desk, and you had better be just as prompt in writing me, and we will see what we can do pronto. Give your fine family my very best wishes, and give Betty my love, will you? I think you have a swell little girl, and if you will try as hard for ultimate success as Betty will try for you, I know that everything will be "jake".