

July 18, 1942.

Mr. Wayne Roplogle,
Morris Museum,
Yellowstone National Park,
Yellowstone, Wyoming.

Dear Bill:

Thank you very much for your good letter regarding C. G. Bayles' son, Bob. I am sending your letter to him so that he can be advised for next year. I agree with you that it was certainly late when he came to me and my desire was to help him all I could, although I realized that about the only thing he could get would be work around some hotel in some Colorado town. I believe the boy just wants to get on a trip and make enough money to pay his expenses. But I do thank you for your prompt reply.

Our summer session closes a week from today and I expect to spend a little more time playing golf, if that is possible. Bob, Mit and I have been playing in the afternoons in an Allen tournament, and strange to say after all the play we finished up just about even. If anything I think the youngsters had a little pity on the old fellow and let him slip out just a little to the good. Of course, I play the law of percentages. I don't try to knock the ball the furthest distance, but try to keep in the fairways. The young men feel they are strong enough to knock the ball out of the rough and still get it back on the green. But after they get as old as I am I believe they will choose the safer way.

Bob left this morning for the University of Pennsylvania to resume his medical work. They are starting on a year-round basis now in trimesters. Of course, he will finish earlier, but it is pretty hard on the health of the young men and on the pocketbook of the old people.

I see Vic occasionally, and Gwinn less often.

I just don't know about this war, Bill. It looks awfully tough. One morning our hopes mount pretty high, and the next morning they knock us into a cocked hat. Anyhow we are going to win, but gosh, the loss of American lives, I fear, is going to be tremendous.