

March 28, 1950

Mrs. L. A. McNalley
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Janet:

I was glad to get your letter today because I was worried about you and came very nearly making a telephone call to find if you had arrived home safely.

I made the arrangement with Mary Beth and Charles to have them go to dinner with me Sunday night, but the dust storm was so severe and traffic rather treacherous that I called Mary Beth and postponed my invitation. I shall be very glad to have Charles and Mary Beth as my guests at any time that it is convenient for them.

I had one of the oddest experiences in my life about an hour ago. A new man in town, Mr. Bennett, who represents the Coca Cola Company, evidently prides himself quite a bit on his grip and on a number of occasions has endeavored to give me the squeeze. It finally became rather tiresome so that I have just offered him my hand limp without any effort to give him a squeeze. This morning, however, I had my intaglio ring and when he started to squeeze my hand I said, "I have a ring." This, apparently, made no difference and he tried to put over a trick that I never had used on anyone else, but I was familiar with it, J. R. Greenlees having taught me the hold probably fifty years ago. So when Mr. Bennett started to throw my hand in such a position that I would either have to go down or break my arm, I gave him the works instead, and this fellow who weighs probably 220 pounds fell on his back right in front of Leo's desk. It is a very foolish thing for me to have a part in, but you can understand I think that it was far better to throw the other man than it would have been to let him throw me. After all, I cannot keep from feeling a little bit pleased to think that an old timer of my age and my present weight being only about 170 pounds dressed would be able to throw a chap of 50 pounds heavier and only half as old. However, I shall not engage voluntarily in any further acts of that kind.