

March 3, 1939.

Mr. Webb Woodward,
633 Jackson St.,
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Webb:

I am very happy to have your letter of the 1st instant, and I assure you it was a pleasure for me to be able to do anything I could for you, Mrs. Woodward and your aunt, Madge Bullene. I didn't think it was possible, but we got the job done and I am happy.

We just returned at 4:30 this morning from the massacre at Columbia, Missouri. Just six words describe it - they couldn't miss, we couldn't hit. The boys' spirit was willing, but they were punch drunk and the balls didn't behave. They shot, they passed, they tried to do everything right, but none of them were right.

I am very proud of that group of boys, Webb. They made a great fight out of a very bad start, and when a gang does that, as far as I am concerned, they are tops with me.

With all good wishes, I am

Fraternally,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH