

May 13, 1942.

Mr. Hap Clodfelter,  
Barber Shop,  
729 Massachusetts St.,  
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Hap:

I have survived sufficiently from the scalping party to endow you with the rank and title of "Chief Tomahawk" in your war-like profession. When I escaped from your wigwam Saturday night I arrived home breathlessly and got the inmates of my home to recognize me as the old man with long, shaggy locks.

Mary personally examined me for a wound on the right side of my cranium, but there proved to be no wound whatsoever, only a deep hiatus caused by your aggressive weapon.

When I recover sufficiently in hair follicles, with the exception of one baseball team, one basketball team and one football team represented by the same hair follicles, I will present myself as Exhibit A and see what you can do the next time.

But, old Chief Tomahawk, when I tell you that there are Drums Along the Mohawk be careful that old Chief Tomahawk doesn't wield those weapons of scalping.

With hopes of recovering sufficiently to visit you within the next month, I am

Sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.