

83 Thackeray Rd.  
Rochester, N.Y.  
Jan. 9, 1944.

Dear Phog:

Your handsome profile appeared in a conspicuous spot on our local sport sheet this morning and I realized I had not sent the Allens a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year - so here it is, together with the clipping.

Had hoped to see your daughter and her family and Burt and Ruth this Xmas, as a member of the East coaching staff, but at the very last minute they decided they couldn't spare me from our local V-12 unit. It was a great disappointment to both Alice and me for we had counted on it all fall.

Hear from Burt occasionally - now a Major. He was back here in the fall for six weeks but was not able to get time enough to run up here from Wash. so we didn't see him.

Despite war restrictions basketball is still carrying on in this region, altho I must admit the calibre of play is way off. Thanks to your recommendation, Asa Bushnell has assigned me a number of E.I.A. games the past two years, especially at Cornell. This year with Syracuse out of the picture I am not working as many games as usual - altho I have been assigned all of the tough ones.

We have about 800 Marine and Navy boys at UR and while we are glad to have them there is hardly the same spirit and enthusiasm for athletics as during normal times. The kids are so harrassed with heavy programs, discipline and drill that they lack the enthusiasm for good competition. Suppose it is the same everywhere. Kindest regards to all the Allens from all of the DeGroots.

Sincerely,

