

83 Thackery Rd.,  
Rochester, N.Y.  
Jan. 21, 1943.

Dear Phog:

During my recent sojourn in the S.F. Bay Region I managed to sneak away from the team late Xmas afternoon and spend a few minutes with your lovely daughter and her family in their home in Palo Alto. Burt and Ruth were there for dinner with their off-spring, Ned and we spent a most enjoyable half hour visiting. Next day my wife picked Sonny up and brought him down to Santa Clara where the East team was training and brought him in to watch practise. After the practise I introduced him around to all the big shot All-Americans and he really was a tickled kid. However when I asked him who he was pulling for he was torn between allegiance to the West- his boys - and his new found pals.

Mary looks just fine and she certainly has a lovely home and family. Her husband seems to be a fine chap and he and Burt and Mary and Ruth apparently see quite a lot of each other. How lucky those Californians are at this time of the year - beautiful flowers, green grass and warm rains and here we are snowed in with miserable blizzards with no thought of seeing any greenery for three months. And yet I don't think they appreciate what they have.

We really had a fine bunch of kids on the east team this year. They weren't big; in fact the west outweighed us about ten pounds, but they made up in spirit what they lacked in size. This East-West game is a great experience for a young fellow like me and I certainly appreciate the opportunity of working with fine coaches and great players. I learn a lot every year. Incidentally I have become quite well acquainted with Don Faurot and his charming wife. Even though they are one of your hated rivals Alice and I must admit they are "swell people".

Have been following that team of yours thru the papers and as usual I am pleased to note that you are making a lot out of a little. Only wish I lived near enough to be able to watch you at work and see how you do it. I'm certainly willing to agree with Burt that you have no peer. He can't say enough about your methods and your spiritual coaching - and hopes someday, when the world settles down to normal, to be back with you again.

I know how busy you are at this time of the year but I am taking the liberty of hoping that you may be able to find a minute sometime soon to put in a word for me as an official for the forthcoming NCAA tournament in N.Y. While Bushnell has very generously assigned me a number of E.I.A. games this season, and I have been working others for Colgate and Syracuse, I'm intelligent enough to know that no 'outsider' will crack that closed NY corporation of Kennedy and company unless pressure is brought to ~~xxxx~~ bare from outside sources. I am working for Harvard, Princeton and Yale this season, in addition to a number of other colleges. But as long as I am working I naturally want to get a crack at the tournament games if possible, for which I am sure you can't blame me.

Anything you may be able to do for me will be deeply appreciated and you may rest assured that if assigned I'll do the best job of which I'm capable. With kind personal regards to Mrs. Allen and good luck in all your games.

Sincerely,

*Paul H. Hoad*