

January 15, 1942.

Dr. J. G. Evans,
503 Barnett Ave.,
Kansas City, Kansas.

Dear Dr. Evans:

I committed one of the worst blunders that I have ever committed in all my coaching experience. Ray spoke to me about your desiring to see the game at Columbia and I told him I would have the three tickets for him and fully intended to do so.

Generally during the season there are a great number of boys that desire tickets for their parents and relatives, but it so happened in this case that Ray was the only one who had asked for tickets. I always check on these details with the boys and have them write on an envelope the name of their parents or relatives who want the tickets, and the number. Ray being such a modest chap did not mention it to me at all at Columbia, and in the hurly-burly high-pressure moments that we had at Columbia it entirely escaped my mind.

On the way back from Columbia Ray was riding in the car with me and I asked him about it. I said, "By George, Ray, I forgot all about the tickets for your brother. Was he there?" And he said, "Well, I didn't see him, but someone else said he was there."

So I am writing you to offer my full apologies and to extend sincere regret. I want you to tell me the price that you paid for those tickets. I will get a refund from the Athletic Association and send you the money because, first, I desire to do it above all things, and secondly, because Ray never asks for unusual favors and I certainly would feel out of place unless this one were granted him. So please let me know what you paid and if you do not, I will estimate the price and send you a refund for those three tickets.

And further, I pledge you that I will never forget you again because I so seldom do such a thing that it embarrasses me to no end. I wish that you might have come down to the dressing room after the game and said hello. Remember, this invitation always