

B

January 31, 1945.

Lt. John H. Glenn, USNR,
Naval Air Station,
Glenview, Illinois.

Dear Johnny:

Doubtless you have received the new Jayhawk Rebounds. I had expected to drop you a note and enclose it with the Rebounds, but my secretary was more efficient in getting the mail out to you than I was in getting my note written. Thank you for sending Warren Brown's column.

Of course things are popping along the gambling front now, with startling regularity. They haven't gotten the big boys yet. But the gamblers will continue to thrive so long as the N.C.A.A. outfit, a bunch of political athletic shadow boxers, do nothing but talk.

Tug Wilson's voice sounded like the hollow sound of a conch shell. I thought it sounded like Tug looked - rather sloppy.

I am happy that you have had an opportunity to visit with Hoot. I imagine, too, that you have had an opportunity to see Jane while she has been back there visiting the past week. Little Jill Mons is a corking good youngster, and a pretty one, too. Mrs. Allen is going to be desolated when Jane takes the baby away. Mrs. Allen has been caring for her during Jane's absence and she has become so attached to her that Jill is a part of her very existence.

We had a killer-diller last night - a typical dingdong Kansas-Kansas Aggie basketball game. They were ahead of us until the last two minutes, then we pulled up and finished with a three-point margin. But our friends, the customers, were prostrated!

I will be happy to hear from you at any time, and better still we would be delighted to have you sit on our bench and give us that old morale build-up of which Lieutenant John H. Glenn is capable.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH