

Now, I do not want to cry on your shoulder, John, but this Dutchman, Buescher, is the hardest fellow to drill anything into his head that I have found. He has been smoking right along and the boys have poured it on him.

I have had different conferences with him and the payoff came when he was taken to the hospital. He had been there nearly a week and he endeavored to get one of the players to bring him his pipe. They would not do it, so he got another fellow to promise him that he would. Well, this got out to the team members and they very definitely wanted to ostracize him. On trips you could not get him to bed and then in the morning you could not get him up, and everything was always wrong; the train was too rough or things were not right. For a kid who had not seen much nor had not been anywhere, the rest of the boys got tired of it.

For a while Dean Nesmith said he thought him just a farmer boy who needed some good advice, but later he took him as a hard-headed Dutchman who would not listen to advice.

On Sunday morning before he became ill, I took him down to Dr. Anderson and when I brought him back from the doctor I sat out in front of John Buescher's house and went over the whole problem with him. I said, "John, your teachers in Physical Education tell me that you have cut their classes right along. In other words, these classes where you could be making A's you will be lucky to get a decent grade, and besides you have the resentment of those teachers because they know that you could have attended the class but you were just too lazy to do so, and you are flunking in Physiology. Now should you get sick or anything and miss an additional number of days from school, it will put you on the ragged edge with everybody." I said, "John, why have you done this?" He replied, "Well, I don't know, Doc, I guess I just slept when I should have been going to class."

Now they tell me that he has definitely flunked in five hours of Physiology and if he flunks in anything else he will be ineligible; and he is low in Rhetoric, and in addition, having missed a week right at the end I do not see how he is going to make it.

I thought I would write you this, John, so you could sit down and give him "h e double q" if you have a mind to do so. When he was a freshman it seemed as if he wanted to get ahead and be eligible and play on the team; Madison Square Garden was his hope. But just as soon as he came back this fall he began to do some heavy dating, which took time, and he began to smoke long before he had a chance to play in the Garden. He is just a darn dumb Dutchman, John, and I have lost a lot of patience with him.

There are some kids who appreciate what you do for them, but this Dutchman seems to have no sense of appreciation or judgment. I am about three-fourths off of him and I am almost of a mind that should he flunk I would not care much because he has brought it on himself. He had a chance to go someplace and be somebody, but it looks to me as if he is not much