

February 9, 1939.

Mrs. Hardy Wray,
Warrensburg, Missouri.

Dear Mrs. Wray:

I was pleased to get your good letter, and I want to assure you that I am very friendly and sympathetic with George Golay, but I could not let him do the thing that he had been doing.

George and I have had a conference and I am sure that we are going to work it out in some way that we will save all the good qualities that George has, and he has a good many. I do not have a notion that I will let him represent the varsity any more, but I am going to let the boys vote upon his return to the squad.

You can count on me not quitting George when he needs someone to help him pilot his shop. I am glad to know that you are taking the interest in George, and I assure you I will not disappoint you or any of George's friends. I should like to tell you some time how fond I am of George and how much I want to help him.

I am sending you, confidentially, a copy of the letter that I wrote to Mrs. Golay. I thought this would help to clarify the situation for you.

Again thanking you for your kind letter, and with best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

Warrensburg Missouri
February 6, 1939.

My dear Dr. Allen:

For seventeen years I have been hearing the "Fable of Dr. Allen" from my husband Hardy Wray. I say fable because when a man made such a lasting impression on a boy that his praises are still sung when that boy is forty years old, the reminiscences do take on the mythical tinge. He nearly always ends up by saying "that man really knows his basketball." Only the other day he said about someone "His voice sounds like "Doc" Allen's. The last time you took your team's to Kansas City he was more interested in pointing out "Doc" Allen than in seeing the games.

So that when the son of our dear friend Frank Golay looked like such a promising star in your line

we felt that you were the only person fit to mold George into the finished product. It has seemed all along tho that George was not conforming and we have felt so badly about it. And I think Hardy and I know athletics well enough to know that training must be kept. Your treatment of George has been fair and square and in line with athletic ethics. A boy that breaks training does not deserve to play full time in any game, and he may as well find out that the thing is going to play out pretty much that way in life.

But Dr. Allen I saw George this afternoon. I have never seen anyone so whipped. He actually cried. I had felt badly about him and thought he only got what he deserved but the thing has crushed him. He

would n't even go down town. Just sat at home and hung his head. He says people in Warrensburg will know what he is made of.

He said there was n't any use asking you to take him back that he really is n't fit to be on your team. After I had talked with him a while he promised to go back and ask you to take him back. And I firmly believe that if you will give him another chance you will be doing a great act.

Sturdy and I think as much of the boy as we would of our own son if we had one and I am appealing to you as I would if that were the case.

I don't know whether or not his mother has communicated with you but I beg you if she has not to let any thing she may have said prejudice you against the boy. She is a non-conforming

nit wit of the first water.

I really was going to keep my finger out of this pie but if I ever saw a truly sorry person it was George this afternoon. And if you can see your way to take the boy back I believe it will have a lasting good effect on one young man's life.

Sincerely yours

Marie H. Wray.

P.S. Of course George does not know I am writing and neither does Hardy. They would both no doubt brain me if they did.

M.H.W.

COPY

February 3, 1939.

Mrs. F. T. Golay,
Warrensburg, Missouri.

Dear Mrs. Golay:

I regret to inform you that I have been forced to dismiss George from the varsity basketball squad. I trust that he will give you a history of his first coming to the University, when Mr. Charlie Moore got him a job with the Standard. He lost that job and then Mr. Moore went over the filling station attendant's head and got him another job.

Then after that played out we gave him a job at the University. He failed to please Elwyn Dees, the trainer and property man, and Dees had to dismiss him. We then gave him a job with Mr. Dell Davidson, superintendent of the stadium, on outside work. George didn't like this outside work and came to me and wanted me to go over Dees' head and give him inside work again. I told George that I would not do this, that he would have to sell himself to Dees for work next year in the property room. George succeeded in doing this, and Dees was well pleased with him in his work and thought George was well on the way to recovery.

Then Fred Pralle and George had several mix ups in which they imbibed too freely. This was last year. I called George and Fred in my office and had several earnest talks with them, and each time the boys promised to do better. Fred seemed greatly humiliated and he would endeavor to work out of his bad situation by penitence and hard work. George would seem chagrined and embarrassed, but it seemed easier for him to break over than it did for Fred.

I told both George and Fred that the rest of the boys on the squad noticed this clamminess of these two boys and their withdrawal from the squad in a social and friendly way. This hurt the squad morale, and I so explained this to the boys. Fortunately we were able to win the Big Six Conference championship last year, in spite of all these obstacles.

I told George last year during basketball season that I had just about decided I didn't want him back on the squad this year. I told him I wanted him to graduate, but I did not think he took his athletics seriously enough to be of any value to the team. He came to me early this fall for the conference that we were to have. We had a long and serious talk, and he told me that he wanted to work for Phillips and I told him that I would be one hundred per cent for him and that I would do everything I could to land him there. He promised faithfully that he would train and give everything he had to the squad. It was not long

before I noticed that he had picked up another ally - that was Bruce Reid, instead of Fred Pralle. I had had some trouble with Bruce last year, but George and Fred would always be found together, with Bruce an outsider last year. But now he became George's best friend. The same clannishness that evinced itself last year with Pralle showed itself prominently this year with Bruce Reid.

Again I spoke to them about this matter, knowing that both boys had weaknesses in breaking training, and these two weaknesses were smoking and the use of strong drink.

When we were on the Texas trip after the last game George and Bruce got on a bender. Again I had a conference without kicking them off the squad and let them know that I knew what was going on. I talked to the squad a number of times without specifically mentioning their names, but I was sure both boys knew whom I was speaking about. Then just before the Iowa State game both Bruce and George got on another tear. It has happened four times this year during the basketball season, and each time it is the same pair, and none of the other fellows.

Day before yesterday I had had this thought prepared for the squad. I was going to tell them that in my early days I kicked boys off the team for rank breach of the training rules, but now since I was getting older I had decided that I would let the upperclassmen sit on the bench but would not let them play, and the sophomores who trained could be a good example for the upperclassmen. And if they wanted to undergo this period of penitence I would permit that. It would take effect because I felt that by kicking a man off the squad it would be to remove him from the good influences of the better element of the basketball team, and they might seek a lower level if they were kicked off.

We had a very poor practice day before yesterday. Neither Bruce nor George were in physical condition, but I withheld my comment, expecting brighter moments to appear on the basketball horizon. Then night before last Bruce and George let go, with George being much the greater offender. He came to practice yesterday afternoon in no physical condition and with the odor of liquor very evident on his breath.

It got to be an impossible situation, definitely interfering with the progress of the team, so I was forced to do what I did.

I want you to know, Mrs. Golay, that I have done everything possible that a man could do for a boy in trying to help him, but George each time would promise to do better, but straightway would break over. I have reached the end of my usefulness in trying to help him, so I was forced to try the more extreme measure. I trust that he will be good enough to read this letter and will agree that I have not exaggerated the situation one iota. I am sure that I have been fair, and you will see that I have been reticent in explaining many of the things which have taken place which I would not describe.

With deep regret and with assurance of my friendliness to you and George, and yet with an adherence to a principle that I could not forego, I am, as ever

Sincerely yours,

Dir. of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

February 9, 1939.

Mr. Sam Baston, Agent,
Kansas City Fire & Marine Insurance Co.,
105 East Pine Street,
Warrensburg, Missouri.

Dear Sam:

I was pleased to get your good letter and I want to assure you that I am very friendly and sympathetic with George Golay, but I could not let him do the thing that he had been doing.

George and I have had a conference and I am sure that we are going to work it out in some way that we will save all the good qualities that George has, and he has a good many. I do not have a notion that I will let him represent the varsity any more, but I am going to let the boys vote upon his return to the squad.

You can count on me, Sam, not quitting George when he needs someone to help him pilot his ship. I am proud of you that you are taking the interest in George, and I assure you I will not disappoint you or any of George's friends. I hope to have a conference with you some time and tell you how fond I am of George and how much I want to help him.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

P.S. I am sending you, confidentially, a copy of the letter that I wrote to Mrs. Golay. I thought this would help to clarify the situation for you.

F.C.A.

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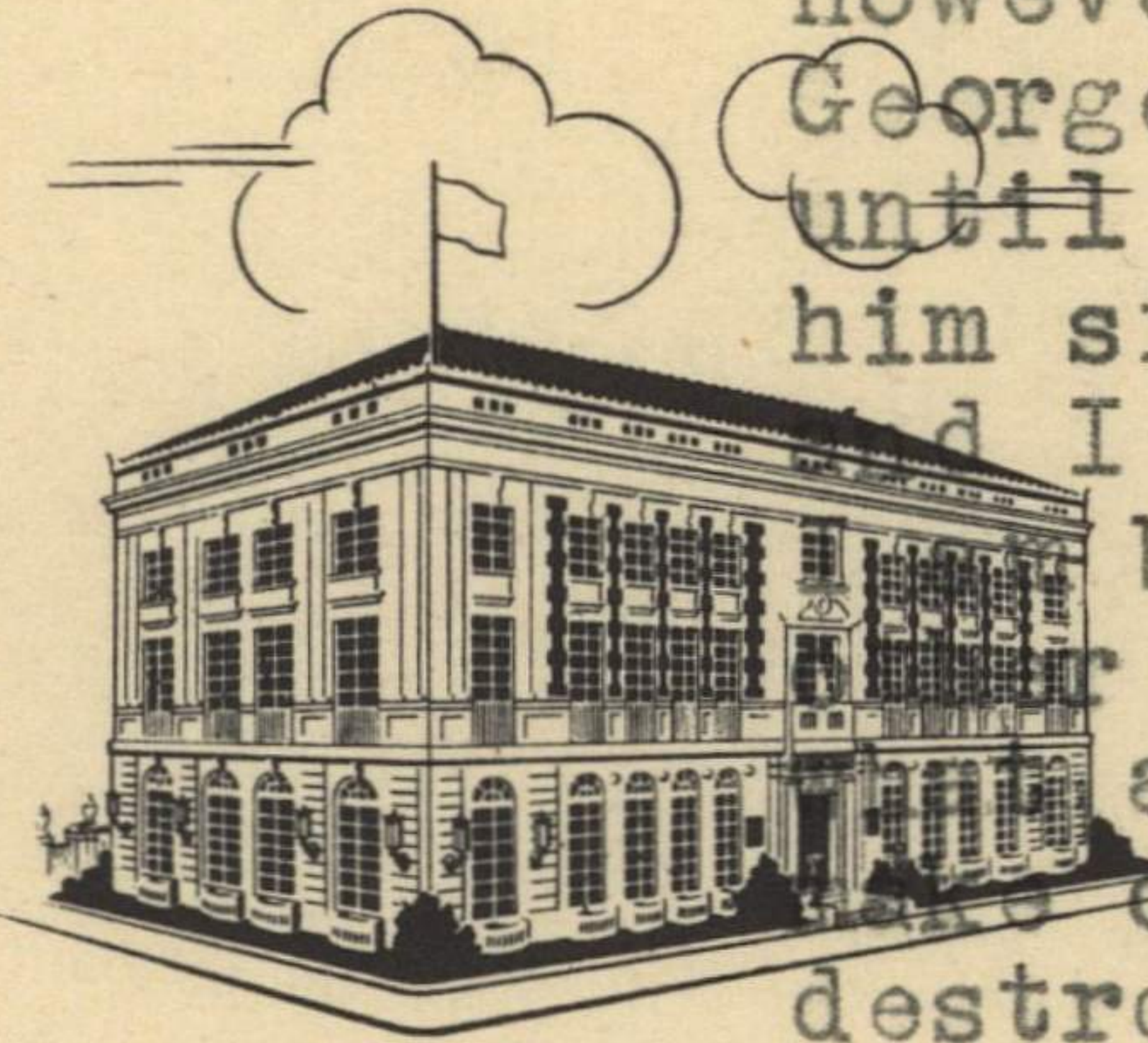
WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI

February 6th 1939

Dr. F. C. Allen,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Doctor:

I do not know just how to start this letter as it is something that I very seldom do, but somethings hurt at times and a fellow has to say a few words whether he has any business to or not. I have reference to George Golay Doc, and after seeing him today and talking to him I felt I had to write to you. George is really whipped and looks like a wreck. He does not want to see anybody and feels that he is disgraced forever. I sure feel sorry for him. Understand Doc as I said before it is none of my business and I do not know any of the circumstances, but know that you had just cause, but I do want you to know how he feels. He does not know I am writing this nor does anybody else and I don't want anyone to know, but I did want to tell you. You have always turned out a fine bunch of boys in every sport and I have always admired you, even tho you did call me yellow, (and I was) when I hurt my shoulder, and I know you would not want to leave a lasting effect on anyone as badly as this is hurting George. Doc if you can take him back I believe he will get down and crawl for you. I am sure he will give you everything he has. That is your business however not mine. I have always thought a lot of George as he worked for me and so did his father until he died last year. I feel pretty close to him since his Dad died, because they asked Hardy and I to sort of look after him. Please don't think butting in Doc, but I think you two need each other now. I know George needs you, because I know a swell fellow you are and I feel that you can help George whats he needs to be made. Please destroy and forget I wrote this.



HOME OFFICE BUILDING
KANSAS CITY, MO.

CHICAGO OFFICE:
INSURANCE EXCHANGE

Yours truly.

C. S. Baston