

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 clamishness 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 play them, and the sophomores who trained could be a good example for the upperclassmen. And if they wanted to undergo this period of penitance 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