

March 13, 1944.

S/Sgt. A. G. Hulteen, 37227031,
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Dear George:

Somehow I feel that I have answered your letter which was written in December from North Africa, - I mean answered it through the Jayhawk Rebounds, but I did just want to write you a personal note and let you know that all of us here at home are trying to do things constructive for you boys over on the other side.

We are working with the Red Cross, Selective Service Board, and other activities with a view of carrying on this fuss with our fee. There is not a lot that us oldsters can do but we can take our jobs seriously and do them to the best of our ability. Somebody must do that during the time you and other boys are away. The Jayhawk Rebounds, our sixth, will tell the sad story of our basketball accomplishments. We finally finished with five hundred per cent in the conference, and our total record was 15 wins and 9 losses. That is a better record than I thought we would have at the start of the season. Iowa State had three of their regulars back and then they had all-American Price Brookfield from the Texas Teachers College after he had played four years there and also a year of professional baseball and basketball.

Oklahoma had Allie Paine, one of their regulars who was as good proportionately as Charlie Black or Ray Evans would be on our team. He played four years of varsity and independent basketball and he was just too good for the competition we had. I am not alibiing in the least because I am not taking our basketball too seriously. In other words, I mean I am not going out over the country and getting them like some of these boys who are still doing it. They are picking up all the 4F boys they can get hold of and taking some advantage of the lax eligibility rules to further their athletic percentages. I would rather put my energies in the war effort than to wave a flag and say we are developing boys for the army and then pick up a bunch of 4F boys to tour the basketball circuit. But enough of that.

I understand your family is getting quite grown up. The young lady of the house, Margaret, said to her mother, "What does Dr. Allen look like? I want to go up to see him." So I have invited the young lady up at any time her mother can find it convenient. Bobby is getting to be quite a man. The other day I called from Ward's Flower Shop at noon to talk to Mrs. Hulteen about the birthdays for the Rotaryans, and Bobby answered the phone just like some young man. I said, "Who is this, Bobby?"