

(COPY)

Dr. Forrest C. Allen  
Athletic Department  
University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Friend Phog,

I have written you about everything under the sun except girls, and so to make sure the record is complete, that's what I am doing now. Of course, you understand that I know the man who runs a department in the University and coaches the Varsity team has plenty of time to wet nurse all the freshmen that might decide to go to the University of Kansas and understanding this full well, here is the story.

Mariam Calder, 1215 Oread Ave., has entered the University of Kansas as a freshman. Not having a daughter and she being the daughter of our best friends and knowing her even before she arrived, we couldn't think more of her if she were our own flesh and blood. Her father was a Crewman at Cornell, a fraternity man, captain in the artillery in the last war, is now one of the executives of the Mid-Continent Refinery. Her mother was one of the outstanding students at Vassar. She has family back of her to who laid the chalk. She went to Holland Hall, a girls school at Andover, Massachusetts. She is attractive, healthy, red-headed and is everything that a girl should be but she doesn't have the right contacts to get a bid from one of the three sororities that she thought were tops at K.U. She was invited by four, but they did not appeal to her as much as the others and the child is very much disappointed.

I think the real disappointment is that she never has been situated where she could have boy friends and she has gotten the impression that unless you belong to the right group at the University, you haven't any chance at social life. She may or may not be right. I am sort of old fashioned and feel that a lot of barnacles have attached themselves to our so-called educational system and that there are things in universities quite as big as the social life, but my thinking doesn't help a girl entering the University as a freshman, very much.

Now this is what I have in mind, Phog, you might happen to meet this girl or you might be talking with some of your own fraternity men and could tip off the freshmen where they could meet a classy date with the kind of girl you would be proud to have as a daughter. She isn't a necker, but she is a good sport and a thorobred. She made an athletic letter at Abbots and just a youngster that anybody can be proud of. Of course, you haven't time to put yourself out any and you are not in a position to do it, but if by accident your paths should cross, this is a good-sized read-headed



October 6, 1941.

Mr. William E. Hodges, Supt.,  
Scandia, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Hodges:

I would suggest that you write a personal letter to Mr. Les Freeburg, of Lowe & Campbell Athletic Goods Co., Kansas City, Missouri, and tell him that I referred you there. If anybody would be able to prescribe or suggest where a shoe could be bought perhaps Les would find that out for you.

I am glad to hear from you, and wish you good luck.

Sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.



ERNEST NELSON, Director

CARL HAMMER, Clerk

MRS. C. E. NELSON, Treasurer

## Scandia Public Schools

WILLIAM E. HODGES, Superintendent

Scandia, Kansas

Oct. 2, 1941

Dr. F. C. Allen  
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Dr. Allen:

In my school I have a boy who had infantile paralysis a few years ago and as a result, he has one limb which is smaller than the other and about one-half inch shorter.

He wants to participate in the gym classes and try and strengthen his weak limb. I told him I thought you might be able to <sup>tell</sup> us where he could secure a basket ball shoe which would help relieve his difficulty. He is a brilliant boy, is anxious to progress and wants to help himself. Any information concerning such a shoe, its cost, etc. will be much appreciated.

Cordially yours,  
*William E. Hodges*  
William E. Hodges



*From*  
*Three Generations*  
*of a*  
*Kansas Family*



*Richard Allen Hickey*



*From Three Generations  
of a Kansas Family*

*A Tribute to My Father  
from  
Myself and My Son  
on My Birthday*



*Richard Allen Hickey*



## Dedication

I missed being born on Kansas Day by a matter of an hour or so, thirty-several years ago, on the 28th day of January.

Throughout the years on my birthday, first in life, and then in very poignant, very real memory, there has always been the image of my father, Ernest Clyde Hickey (1868-1927).

The progenitor of my being was an ever present source of comfort in the troubles of boyhood. He was a rock of strength in the problems of young manhood. And had he lived, I have no doubt but that he would have been an adoring and spoiling grandparent.

So — both as a Memorial to my father, and an example to my young son, Allen Mills Hickey, of many things which a man should be — I am printing this little booklet of hitherto unpublished verses and writings of Ernest Clyde Hickey.

My father was soft-spoken a great portion of the time. He was suave and courteous, calm and dignified most of the time. He had the massive shoulders and chest of an athlete, combined with the gentle understanding of a savant and a philosopher, and with these was as brilliant an intellect as I have ever met.

His fifty-nine years of life were not renowned for preservation of earthly goods, nor for success in financial affairs. But in those fifty-nine years he was seldom lacking in the eternal verities.

Born as a poor boy of pioneering parents, he came to Kansas in a covered wagon in the early 1870's, settling at Peabody. He gained an education by his own efforts, graduating from high school and from the University of Kansas, with valedictorian and *summa cum laude* honors. In adult life as assistant to Francis Huntington Snow, chancellor of his alma mater; superintendent of schools during the halcyon gold-rush days at Cripple Creek, Colo.; as a historian, a professor, an author, a friend, and as a kindly and noble gentleman, he left his mark on many hundreds of young men, with whose guidance and instruction he was entrusted.

And in these days, when the world is again involved in a gigantic blood bath, I know of no more fitting way to regain a sense of proportion than from the simple yet stately verses that flowed from his pen, so easily they seemed almost without effort.

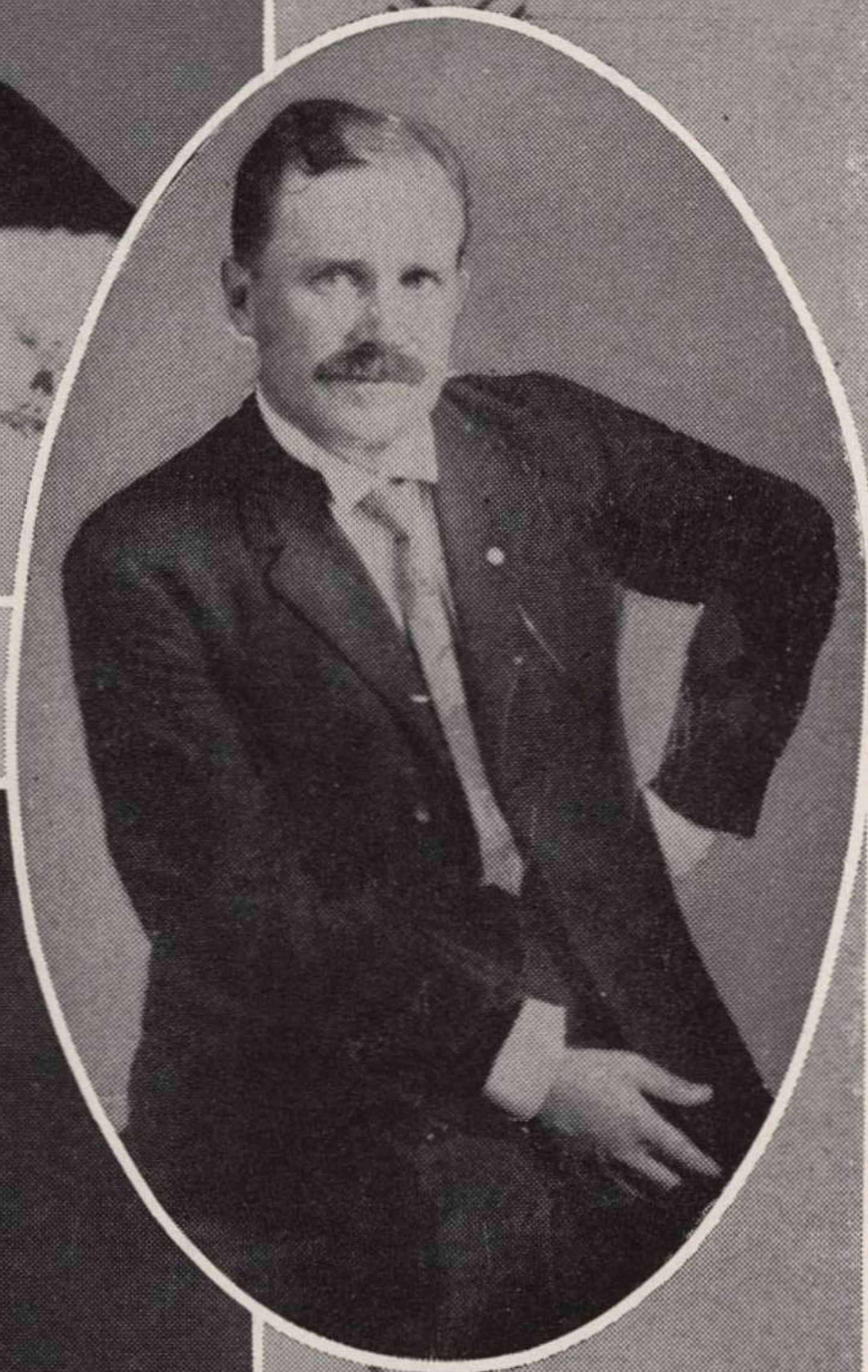
RICHARD ALLEN HICKEY

January 28, 1942





ALLEN MILLS HICKEY



ERNEST CLYDE HICKEY  
1868 - 1927



RICHARD ALLEN HICKEY



*Hitherto Unpublished Works of Ernest Clyde Hickey*

**On The Human Face**

More marvelous than the gifted art  
That chisels the *carved* vase,  
Is the magic power of the human heart  
To mold the human face.

—1925

**On The Death of My Father-in-Law,  
Rev. A. O. Ebright  
May 1925**

He is not dead. It cannot be.  
Life's pulsing passion but stifled lies.  
And he who walked this earth with me  
Now lives anew in Paradise—  
A disembodied spirit—free.



## To My Sweetheart and Wife

(Note: This has been used as a lyric for Ethelbert Nevin's  
"Canzonetta," more commonly known as "Venetian  
Love Song."—R.A.H.)

Aye, beauteous petalled rose,  
Kissed by the morning's dew;  
Betake your flight this very night  
To one more fair than you.  
The liquid sphere that nestled here  
Within your chalice sweet,  
Howe'er so fair cannot compare  
With her whom you shall greet.

Aye, beauteous petalled rose,  
I wish that I were you,  
For when you greet my lady sweet,  
I know what she will do.  
Unto her breast with tears caressed,  
She'll press you to her heart,  
Her nectared kiss will be your bliss  
When you my love impart.

—1899

## The Law of Perpetuity

True morality in social service lies.  
Those who live for Self cannot hope  
To attain Life's most precious prize.  
For selfishness is self-pervasive.  
We live as we get and give.  
The happiest men are they who serve  
That others may happier and better live.  
For this is the Law of Perpetuity.

—1925



## Critique on Character of The German People

(This Critique was written by my father in an analysis of Jonathan French Scott's text "Patriots in the Making," in 1916, before America's entrance into the First World War, at the instance of D. Appleton and Company, Publishers, New York City—R.A.H.)

### THE GERMANS are characterized by:

- (1) Race-Consciousness Exaggerated.
- (2) A National Glorification.
- (3) A National Egotism.
- (4) An excessive pride in what they refer to as Kultur, and the rest of the world as a cold, unreasoning, national brutality, if the end desired can only be attained by brutality.

### THE GERMANS believe that:

- (1) Germany is THE CIVILIZED NATION of Europe.
- (2) All civilization SOMEWHERE ELSE is due to the presence of German blood in those peoples.
- (3) That all German conquests are justifiable.

THE GERMANS inevitably manage to invoke upon other nations the guilt for the wars she has waged.

Such exaggerated race-consciousness leads to an unwarranted suspicion of other countries. It is an obsession.

The German "kaiser-idea" suggests a Germanic Unity of all peoples.

### GERMANS emphasize:

- (1) "The supreme duty of sacrificing all individualism to the state."
- (2) Loyalty to the Ruling House and Devotion to the Fatherland are synonyms.
- (3) Little tots are taught in their *hesebucher* to revere the Ruling House.
- (4) The Ruling House is canonized as a race of heroes. Their sins are condoned.
- (5) The German schools place the Kaiser, or whatever Ruling House may exist, upon a pedestal, crowning his brow with wreaths of loyalty and love.

CONCLUSIONS: Education in Germany develops a national egoism, with all due failure to make allowances for shortcomings, disparaging and ignoring all other nations and toying with a vision of a greater national destiny.



## The Gossip

(Dedicated to a nameless acquaintance)

There's a grey old crone  
Who wanders alone  
Some scandal to collect;  
Like the garbage man  
Who empties our can,  
She's instant to inspect  
Some neighborhood tale  
With which to regale  
The ears of decent people.

Why should this crone  
Flit from home to home,  
In search of scandals there,  
Is more than I know,  
But this I'll trow  
She's always sure to declare,  
The neighborhood news  
E'en to the folks in the pews  
When at church she happens to go.

But as this garrulous crone  
Goes wandering alone  
Her scandals to collect,  
I'll wager a dime  
There's never a time  
Her own she stops to inspect.  
Avaunt then this danger,  
This neighborhood ranger,  
More ruthless than maverick.  
Beware of this crone  
Who wanders alone  
She's a character assassin addict!

—1925



## Wellington and Waterloo

When the blare of the trumpets was silenced,  
And the beat of the rolling drum,  
When the din of the battles was over  
And peace, at last, had come—  
'Twas then the Iron Duke of England  
Went his college days to renew  
And rest him among his honors  
He had won at Waterloo.

Then on the green sward of the campus,  
Where in college days he had play'd  
He stood in calm meditation,  
Thinking of his progress made.  
Deep absorbed in retrospection,  
Dwelling on the deeds he had done,  
He remarked unto his fellows:  
"Here's where Waterloo was won."

—1924

## Fossils and Footprints

I have scouted wide prairies  
Where once stood an inland sea;  
I have searched with eager scanning  
For whatever there might be  
Hidden among hillside chalk cliffs,  
Or beneath the arroyo mold,  
Where dinosaurs and reptiles  
Cavorted in days of old.

I have seen fossil megatherii,  
That browsed high among the trees;  
And I've dugged the monstrous skeletons



Of the saurians of inland seas;  
I have seen the bat-like Pterodactyl  
With his bird-bill full of teeth,  
And I've seen his *winged* fingers  
With which he hung to the trees beneath.

But to me far more mysterious  
Than all this paleontologic array,  
Is the imprint of a human foot,  
Preserved in granite slab of grey.  
Who was he? Perhaps some cave-man,  
Who gazed far out at sea,  
And felt there a silent yearning  
For God and Eternity.

—1923

### **The Coyote of The Plains**

I have heard them on the hillocks,  
'Mid the tall prairie grass;  
I have heard them weirdly howling  
To the breezes as they pass;  
And for weird, uncanny yelping  
The Coyote of the Plains  
Can make more hideous noises  
Than all of his kindred strains.

I have seen them on the prairies,  
Chasing jack rabbits by relays;  
I have seen them slyly slipping  
Upon their feathered preys;  
But for downright cunning thieving,  
The Coyote of the Plains



Can bag more wily victims  
Than all his kindred strains.

I have seen these imps of Satan  
Chasing shepherd dogs at night;  
I have seen them boldly bluffing  
Just as though they'd really fight;  
But for all the art of cunning  
The Coyote of the Plains  
Has gotten all other canines  
Beat a mile for cunning brains.

—1921

### **In Love With Life?**

In love with life?  
No, not I—  
Although I do not care to die;  
For life has held in store for me  
More than my share of misery.

What is life  
But a struggle severe?  
A struggle that goes on year by year,  
Rending sore the heart o'erpowered in the strife  
For mere bread and butter just to sustain life.

Then struggle on, tired heart, and fight,  
Though the toil extend through day and night;  
And joy shall supplant your misery,  
For the best of life is yet to be—  
Mayhap reserved for Eternity.

—1927



### To a Silhouette of a Savage

A savage on a hillside,  
A shoreline and a sea,  
A sense of primitive beauty,  
And the world's immensity;  
The starlit dome of the heavens,  
And the moonlight on the lea,  
Made poetic the soul of the savage,  
As he gazed far out at sea.

A soothing sense of pleasure,  
And the pain of a wild desire,  
Made his pulse beat faster  
And set his soul on fire  
For a certain subtle something—  
A something that would not quell  
Until it found its answer  
In religion's mystic spell.

—1921

### Musings of a Little Boy

When I was a boy, a little boy,  
Lying awake at night,  
I used to wonder  
Why right could not be wrong  
And wrong could not be right.  
For the things I most wished to do  
Were usually wrong, you see,  
And that which was right, you know,  
Was *res non grata* to me.

—1925



### **To An Atheist Friend**

Tell me, Atheist, Dissenter,  
Tell me, if you can,  
What has Atheism ever done  
For the betterment of man?

Tell me, Atheist, Dissenter,  
Did you ever know  
A disbelieving Da Vinci  
Or an atheist Angelo?

Tell me, garrulous Sycophant,  
I defy you to tell  
Of a blasphemous Boticello,  
Or a reviling Raphael?

—1923

### **Matter Is Indestructible**

Matter is indestructible.  
Whatever is, has always been.  
What's always been, will ever be.  
Forms do but change. Just so with Men  
Who borrow from earth this mortal clay  
And give it back to earth again.

Forms do but change.  
If the component atoms forever are,  
Mayhap the soul within this borrowed clay  
Hath had its beginnings in fields afar,  
And thence again someday may stray  
To live anew forever more.

—1927



### **To a Friend in Trouble**

Souls are sweetest  
Which have saddest been.  
The best of Souls belong to oft-troubled men,  
Who, surcharged with sorrows, above them rise,  
And plot their course toward Paradise.  
Spurn not, then, the Hand that smites you  
For otherwise you will not accrue  
Those virtues that bless and make you glad.  
Better saddened be than joyful-mad  
With the frivolities of earth,  
Which bring in their train a dearth  
Of inconsequential joys, malign,  
For the mission of sorrow is sublime.

—1925

### **To a Brain Preserved in Alcohol**

My Brain is not I—  
I am a spiritual part,  
That is not meant to die.  
Nor will I die  
When my brain dies;  
This Life is a consciousness  
Between two Eternities:  
Birth and Death.  
My Life is more than  
Flesh and blood and breath.  
Nor am I a mass of animated flesh;  
I am a Spiritual Essence,  
An Identity, a Consciousness  
Which someday, breaking leash,



Will rise in majesty  
That makes Men  
The climax of the Creator's plan.  
—1925

### **To My Indian Friend, Pokagon**

I saw him often, standing,  
A stoic on the spot—  
Gazing into the setting sun  
Absorbed in deepest thought.  
With his blanket drawn about him  
He stood silent and alone,  
While his motionless form majestic  
Seemed a statue carved in stone.  
He was dreaming of the future  
Of his fellow aborigines;  
He was thinking of their past  
Beset with tragedies.  
And while he stood in silence,  
Majestically alone,  
His motionless form impressive,  
Seemed a statue carved in stone.  
—1924

### **Napoleon in Reflection**

The salt, sharp tang of the sea breeze,  
Swept athwart of his haggard face,  
As he stood there beside the sea  
Gazing far out into space.  
The memories of battles  
And campaigns waged in war,  
Brought him rueful recollections  
Of what he had been before.



Then turning to his attendant,  
In measured speech and low,  
He bespoke his heart's reflections  
On the events of long ago:

“Alexander, myself and Caesar  
Have lands and kingdoms won;  
But Jesus, the Christ, by the power of Love  
Has all of us outdone.

“Without armament or battleship,  
Without battery or gun,  
This lonely peasant Prince of Peace  
Has greater glories won  
Than all earth's greatest soldiers  
Within range of human ken,  
For the power of Love more potent is  
Than ten million *armed* men.”

—1925

### **The Rights of Man**

Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
Savonarola on a funeral pyre,  
Saint Paul in a Mamartine dungeon,  
And Huss consigned to the fire,  
All heeding the call of Conscience,  
Selfless, sacrificial and brave,  
Inspired by some Hope Immortal,  
Their lives for humanity gave.

Few know the soul of a martyr  
Branded by Ignominy;  
Few knew the hearts of the heroes  
Who died to make men free.  
But the greatest heroes of a nation



Are not they who march in the van  
Of battling, surging armies—  
They've died for the Rights of Man.  
—1921

### A Way of Life

(Note: This was my father's last writing, penned just  
before his fatal seizure.—R.A.H.)

My Son, stand up and take your part  
Against all manner and kinds of men;  
In your veins flow the blood of men  
Who claimed this gracious country from a wilder-  
ness,  
Who fought and bled to establish it a nation,  
Who died to keep that nation from being rent  
asunder—  
Who fought anew that autocracy might not prevail.  
My Son, I held you in my arms, a little lad;  
And dreamed you would succeed where I had failed.  
I saw in you the fulfillment of all those aims,  
Which, under other fates, I might have known.  
Fears you will know as you pursue life's pathway;  
But only in yielding to Fears will you do wrong.  
Fight the good fight and keep the faith.  
Determine in your mind what is right,  
And having so determined, take your stand  
Though all your friends and all the so-called wise  
men  
May hold otherwise.  
Thus, in so living, you may frequently know failure;  
But you need never fear disgrace.  
And rest assured, that if this talk of immortality  
Be not mere balderdash,  
Your loving father will be with you in spirit, Always.  
—December 1927







November 12, 1941

Mr. H. W. (Bill) Hargiss  
Robinson Gymnasium  
Campus

Dear Bill,

When David L. MacFarlane, governor of our Rotary district, was here three weeks ago, he asked me to convey his very best wishes to you. I saw Scotty at Olathe in August and he asked about you and again when he was in Lawrence he asked me to extend to you his best wishes. When I saw you in Weidemanns the other day, the matter slipped my mind. I am now doing the job that I promised Scotty I would do. He wishes you well.

Sincerely,

FCA/pg

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach



November 19, 1941

Miss Betty Jean Hess  
Kappa Kappa Gamma  
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Betty Jean,

I was sorry that I missed you yesterday when you stopped at the office to see me. I hope that we can arrange for a visit sometime in the near future.

Congratulations on being a member of as fine a group as the Modern Choir. Mrs. Allen and I enjoyed your singing so much at the Jayhawk Round-Up in the Union Building. Mrs. Allen remarked how cute she thought you looked.

Please drop by again, Betty Jean, I certainly would enjoy talking with you.

With all good wishes I am

Sincerely yours,

FCA/pg

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach



December 4, 1941

Prof. V.P. Hessler  
Marvin Hall  
Campus

Dear Professor Hessler,

I have tried several times to reach you by telephone, but have been unsuccessful in my attempts. Thank you very much for calling me regarding the motors for the score boards.

Since I heard nothing more regarding the possibility of our receiving them, I assumed that we were defeated in our attempts to procure them. Thank you very much for your efforts. We will just carry on until such time as we are able to get some.

Sincerely yours,

FCA/PG

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach



December 9, 1941

Mr. Fred Harris  
Senior Supervisor Federal Security Agency  
National Youth Administration for Kansas  
New England Building  
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Fred,

I have been waiting expectantly for a check which is long past due.

The finest credit that a man can have is made by prompt payment.

Sincerely,

FCA/PE

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach



October 13, 1941

Mr. Fred Harris  
Senior Supervisor Federal Security Agency  
National Youth Administration for Kansas  
New England Building  
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Freddie,

Thank you very much for your good letter of the 11th instant enclosing check for \$50 to apply on your note. I'm very glad that your job is highly satisfactory.

Give Miss Laughlin my regards and tell her I was happy to recommend a young man who is making good.

I am happy for you, Freddie, that you are able to see the green light. I'll also tell Milton Allen that you extend your best wishes for success to him. He really is doing a fine job and he is maturing in a manner pleasing to us. He is studying hard and seems happier than he ever has in his life. I predict for him a successful future.

With kindest regards to you and Mrs. Harris I am

Sincerely yours,

*Appreciably  
Appreciably*

FCA/PE

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball Coach



December 11, 1941.

Mr. E. S. Hickey,  
Creighton University,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Eddie:

I am in receipt of a mimeographed copy of  
Suggested Manual For Basketball Officiating, 1941-42  
Season, compiled by yourself, Frank Knapple, Stuart Baller,  
Gaylord Stuelke, and Ab Hinshaw.

We find that a few copies of this manual would  
be very useful to us in connection with our intramurals,  
and if you could send us say, five copies, we would apprec-  
iate it greatly. We shall be glad to reimburse you for  
the postage or any other expense in connection with mail-  
ing the copies.

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.



December 11, 1941.

Mrs. A. E. Hastings,  
605 East 7th St.,  
Coffeyville, Kansas.

Dear Mrs. Hastings:

I am in receipt of your communication of the 4th instant addressed to the Board Members of the Kansas Congress of Parents and Teachers asking for suggestions of candidates for certain offices to be elected for the next term.

Inasmuch as I am not acquainted with possible candidates to be considered by your nominating committee, I would be happy to have you submit a list from which I could make suggestions.

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.





KANSAS CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS, Inc.

Branch of the National Congress

Suite 9, Blair Building

ATCHISON, KANSAS

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Kansas City, Kans.



Official Publication

The Kansas Parent Teacher

Editor—Mrs. J. W. Oursler  
425 N. Walnut  
Wichita, Kans.



December 4, 1941

Dear Board Member:

The Post-Convention meeting of the Board of Managers of the Kansas Congress of Parents and Teachers, held in Independence, April 18, 1941, elected the following to serve as the Nominating Committee for 1942.

Mrs. A. E. Hastings, Coffeyville,  
Chairman  
Mrs. E. E. Miller, Parsons  
Mrs. George Winters, Wichita  
Mrs. Norah Luther, Spearville  
Mr. Harry Dawdy, Topeka

According to Article V, Section I, of the By-Laws of the Kansas Congress of Parents and Teachers, Group Three, consisting of the Third Vice President, Fifth Vice President, Seventh Vice President, and Treasurer are the group to be elected. These officers shall be elected for a term of three years. Those holding these offices at present are not eligible for re-election with the exception of the Third Vice President, who was elected in April, 1941, to fill a vacancy occurring in that office.

Please return this questionnaire, with any suggestions, not later than January 4, 1942. Your opinions will be greatly appreciated by the Nominating Committee, as we do want to nominate to the state offices the best qualified persons available.

Thanking you, I am

Respectfully,

*Mrs. A. E. Hastings*  
Mrs. A. E. Hastings  
605 East Seventh  
Coffeyville, Kansas

State Chairman of  
Nominating Committee  
RSY/



Q U E S T I O N N A I R E

Please name your choice for the following officers:-

Third Vice President

Remarks

Fifth Vice President

Remarks

Seventh Vice President

Remarks

Treasurer

Remarks

Signed



January 2, 1942.

Mr. J. Fred Harris,  
State & Twiss St.,  
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Freddie:

I am enclosing the letter I just received from the Bureau of Navigation, acknowledging receipt of my letter in your behalf. I thought you would be interested in this.

I am also enclosing your note, which I have endorsed, indicating that it has been paid in full.

With kindest personal regards, and best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.



January 5, 1942.

Bob and Jimmy Hirsch,  
Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Dear Bob and Jimmy:

I was extremely happy to receive your two letters of December 30, and to know that you have been enjoying "Better Basketball".

At the end of your basketball season I wish you would write me again - I will be interested in knowing how you come out.

Remember me kindly to your mother and grandmother, and my other friends in Cape Girardeau.

With best wishes to you both, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.



December 30, 1941  
Cape Girardeau Mo.

Dear Dr. Allen

I enjoyed your book very much. I've read all but the chapters on emergencies and medical treatment for the injured players. I found "Tales of Yesteryears" very interesting and Mother and Grandmother were both interested in the stories about Warrensburg. I made a book report to my school class. It proved to be very interesting.

Our school has a basketball team on which I am now playing forward. We were greatly handicapped this year for our coach, Joe McDonald of Cape's MIAA championship team, was made assistant at Central High School. In our city junior high league, we have three schools, Washington, May Green, and our school Franklin. Our first game we lost to May Green 20 to 7. May Green defeated Washington 10 to 7. Our next game with Washington was on our own court and we took it 12 to 6. Two days later we played May Green on our own court. Against Washington we had used a sinking man to man defence and thinking that we were a little green they didn't expect that we might try a zone against them. It was hard for us having very little practice time. But we had an advantage, they were cocky after that 20 to 7 win. Our zone kicked fairly well on our narrow courts and we took a hard fought decision 13 to 10. We have one more game with Washington, there.

Your book has given me much needed help as we missed our good coach. I was very much interested in the section on screening. We used several screen plays this year and scored some points, but on our small courts they sometimes got tied up.

Thanks again for such an interesting and instructive Christmas present.

Y  
Yours truly,

Bob Hirsch



December 30, 1941  
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Dear Dr. Allen,

I want to thank you for your letter and the autographed book, "Better Basketball" which all of us are enjoying very much. Mother, grandmother and I too appreciate very much the nice things you said about their family. I am proud to know such a famous coach as you are and am happy to own the fine book you wrote.

Mother and grandmother ask to be remembered to you and Mrs. Allen.

Bobby and I are typing these letters as we are taking typing lessons.

Sincerely yours

*Jimmy Kirsch*