

March 17, 1945.

Dear Harold:

I humbly beg your pardon. On February 5th you wrote me a fine letter and I pledged myself that I would answer you at once and assure you that I would be tickled to death to get Phi Psi, Sigma Chi and Phi Delta dates, for Duke, and I will do it, but in the rush of the basketball season, the Red Cross drive, the Infantile Paralysis fund drive, together with my Selective Service work, and about six other things, I failed to answer you.

I have both of your letters here before me now and although I am leaving tonight for Denver to be gone most of the week, swinging back through Emporia and Manhattan for speeches, I promise you that I will take care of this matter at once upon my return. It won't be necessary for you to write Laurence Woodruff because I will make each and every one of these contacts.

I will also contact Henry Shenk and Elmer Schaake, the football coaches, and we will give Duke a real welcome. I should have written Duke myself, but I will also do this upon my return. He will get a swell rush, and further than that we will be delighted to have him with us. And not only on your account, but on his account.

Duke is a sterling boy and a fine student, and I know he is going to make a swell football player for us. Those boys down south play for keeps. I really believe that some of them play harder and tougher than the boys here, because the competition in those states is a little more rugged.

So you just count on my doing the job for you one hundred per cent. And feel, too, that we appreciate your interest and your loyalty to Kansas, in desiring to interest him in your old alma mater. From the way I have acted, it doesn't appear as if I have