

January 3, 1940.

Mr. Hank Harper,
Plymouth Bowling Center,
West LaPorte Street,
Plymouth, Indiana.

Dear Hank:

It was good of you to write me as you did on the 29th. I am delighted that you are now able to settle down and live with the family every day and night in the year. I know that you and your family must get a great kick out of being together and being in something that keeps everybody happy and fit. Gee, it must be a swell job! I am wishing for you the most prosperous and happy New Year that you and Katherine and Hank, Jr. have ever had.

And am I pleased about the young man's scholarship and his general athletic ability! You know it is a funny thing, Kansas does not have a scholarship in any sport - even football, but you know, Hank, I would do a lot to have your son on my team. I don't know what we could figure out, but I would surely like to have him with us. Bob is a pre-medic and next year is his senior year. He is going to take his degree and then he will go into medicine. It is too bad that we could not have had Hank and Bob on the same team, but Bob will be graduating while Hank is a freshman.

Congratulate Hank and his mother, as well as his dad, on his attaining and maintaining honor roll scholastic excellence. We have a wonderful law school here, but I quite agree with you that study in the east would be in line with parental desires.

We have just had Mary, her husband, Lee Hamilton, and their three children up from Louisville, Kentucky, since the 22nd of December. Milton, the youngster that graduated in 1936 and played three years on my varsity team, drove up from Ellinwood with his wife and red-haired baby, Judy, who will be two years old in the latter part of January. Jane, who is with Ritchie-Cooper, an artist in Kansas City, was also with us. Ritchie-Cooper has a lot of her drawings in the Saturday Evening Post and Vogue, and Jane is in her seventh heaven working with and for her. So we had everybody home at Christmas time and we had a lovely time together.