

E

July 27, 1944.

Mr. Clint Kanaga,
Jenkins Music Co.,
1217 Walnut St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Clint:

Thanks, old fellow, for your extreme loyalty. You are a regular fellow and I feel as if you are in the family so I will tell you some things that I would not say otherwise.

Before starting on this I want you to know that Mrs. Allen and I had Bill down to dinner last night, and how we enjoyed him! And I believe that he enjoyed the fried chicken to the utmost. Mrs. Allen kept insisting that he take a couple of extra pieces and at the end of the meal Bill's side dish looked like a boneyard. Bill drove me up on the campus for the open air dance that we were having, and then returned to help Mrs. Allen do the dishes and visit with her. They came up on the campus later, and Bill said he had a grand evening. And we did, I assure you, enjoy him every minute. And of course you know how we feel about Clint, Jr.

Now to the point, - and I believe this will make it clear. Three years ago, just before the Missouri-Kansas game which was played here in Lawrence, a certain influential fellow in Topeka called me up and said that he was in a conference with a couple of the Board of Regents, and they were willing to offer me a long-term contract and wanted me to take over football as well as direct the other matter. My reply was in the way of a question to him. I said, "It doesn't happen that there is a cocktail party in Topeka tonight, does it?"

He was rather astounded, and rather resented my remark. He said, "Listen, I am talking turkey. I know that if you would consider this you could have a long-term contract with practically double your salary. They will allow so much for football and so much for the administration of the department."

I said, "Now get this straight. If you are a friend of mine you will never mention the thing you have mentioned to me again. And furthermore, you will not say anything to anybody else because if you do some of your friends will think that I am a candidate for this job. I wouldn't have it at any price. I have been through eighteen years of hell, when even some of my best friends said, Well, maybe Phog is spending too much time on his basketball and letting football go. I am now out of it and never want to get back into it. I am enjoying life and letting the other fellows worry while I can limp along with an occasional winner in