

119 Brainerd Rd.
Suite 5
Allston, 34, Mass.

Dear "Phog":

Ere I forget, permit ^{me} to congratulate you for your courage in focussing the public spotlight upon the cancerous intrusion of gamblers into the halls of collegiate sport.

For the moment I will drift away from evil, and inquire about affairs that tend to accentuate the goodness of mankind. No doubt, the health of your wife and "Doc", himself is superb. If that picture in "P.M." is a criterion of your well-being, then be careful; so dapper and handsome a young man, soon will be absorbed and hired by the Hollywood magnates. To ask if your sons are in military service appears as a question without merit. Of course, many little "tykes" scream "Grand-dad, teach me how to play basketball!" Perhaps, I am too anticipatory.

With a newspaper picture advertising your trim physique, it is fair to assume that "Phog" DRILLED his basketball stalwarts and proteges with the vigor, enthusiasm, and eagerness of yesteryear. Aware that the quintet doesn't win all its contests, nevertheless, I am confident that the K.U. five wins a proportionate share of its engagements.

As for myself, I can merely state that I am in fine fettle. Good food, despite rationing, plenty of sleep, dish washing, wiping them, preparing breakfast, and even starting the supper prods me into good condition. Besides these chores, I manage all the shopping. You know, red points for meat, butter, and canned fishes; coupon #35 for sugar, and of course, blue points for canned goods. Despite these shopping handicaps, I procure a fair share of the available supply. Steaks, those T-bones served at the Hotel Tiger in Columbia, are conspicuous by their absence; only a millionaire can afford it----- not a millionaire with dollar bank balances but one loaded with red points. The above I manage during my spare time.

Occasionally, I work; Monday through Friday between the hours of 8:15 A.M.-----4:30 P.M. My duties tho' multifarious are not exacting. During these hours the variegated assignments roll in, and my assistants and myself complete the tasks before the end of the day. Aren't income taxes wonderful? Only I am with the State Income tax and not with the Federal government, who would tax the shirt off our backs if the laundry would only return them.

One night a week I attend an accounting course at Boston UNIV. In the last course, I rated a "B" ; not an inspiring achievement, yet, encouraging.

Two of my sisters wear the navy blue; the younger one studied at Stillwater for six weeks. When at Kansas City for a stop-over, I requested that she phone you from there. Evidently, coyness overwhelmed her. My brother, Lew, tread foot within Germany--at the breakthrough his outfit sought safer quarters in Belgium. At the time of the news blackout over here, the Yanks over there groped in the dark for information regarding the momentary disaster. At times, he is quartered in a private home--some luxurious, others battered by artillery fire; always, he is not so fortunate. Occasionally, he must brave the elements and bivouac in the bleak outdoors. Oh! I haven't bored you yet.

My wife and I just hung up our wedding picture in the newly rented apartment. Tho' Mother Nature chilled the outside walls, yet the janitor maintains a warm interior. My wife appears lovely in her gown of white and if you peer a little closer, there will I be, erect and brave. Last Sept. a possibility appeared that might have taken me through Lawrence. Then, you might feasted your eyes upon her in person. Did you say this paragraph lacked unity and coherence? That is correct.

Now, let our thoughts recoil to the baser nature of man. Yes, the tempting of man to wobble from his ethical standards by waving a few paltry dollars before his hungry material soul is unforgivable.