

November 29, 1941.

Mr. John Bunn,
Dean of Men,
Stanford University,
California.

Dear Johnny:

Joe Bloomer and Mrs. Bloomer came in to see the Kansas-Missouri game last Saturday. Joe lives at Claflin, Kansas, and he is very wealthy. You know he had a terrific struggle for a long time and they tried to sell that old farm out there at Claflin. They had a big mortgage on it and nobody would take it. They tried every way possible to get rid of it. Then you know what happened - they struck oil - the biggest pool in Kansas, the Bloomer pool. Gosh, I was glad that no one had taken it.

Joe and his wife and little girl were by the house and they are lovely people. Joe asked me if I could get him three Rose Bowl tickets. I told him the only fellow I plagued to death was John Bunn, and I would write and see if it would be possible for you to get tickets for good old Joe.

You remember that storybook finish, John. The bases were loaded, Kansas was three runs behind and it was in the 9th inning - and Kansas was playing Missouri. Joe Bloomer was pitching that game. There were two down, it was the last of the ninth, and Joe Bloomer was at bat. The Missouri pitcher wound up and fed a fast, high, outside ball to Joe. He swung on it and it sailed over the fence into Mississippi Street. That was the last game of Joe's intercollegiate career.

I have always thought that some fellows really got their desserts, and I thought Joe got his. I have talked to him often about it and he smiles wreathes his face when he recalls that. Now, John, if you can make him smile again I will appreciate it. He is rolling in oil and I know he would love to see you and would appreciate it if you could do anything for him.

Would you write to Joe at Claflin and give him the dope, or write me and I will carry on?

My kindest regards to you and Bonnie and Mrs. Huff.

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

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