

February 26, 1945.

Mr. Alston McCarty,
McCarty-Sherman,
East Colfax at Gilpin,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Alston:

Somewhere back in my hazy memory I remember your writing about a used basketball for your son, Cleveland, but in going through my file and checking every available source I fail to find it.

On October 25th I had this note from you: "Dear Phog: - Thought you might be interested in the enclosed newspaper clipping. You've got them reeling, Phog, and keep fighting until they mooch out. Regards." But this doesn't say anything about a basketball, yet I do remember something about it.

Basketball season is nearly over and basketballs have been like refined gold. They have been most difficult to get, and harder to hold on to. Everybody has been trying to get a basketball for their son or for even some of the high schools. Many of the high schools have had to use second-hand balls that they purchased from other colleges and universities, so you can imagine the pressure that has been on us. I will get hold of a ball and mail it to Cleveland at 730 York Street, Denver, just as soon as I possibly can make the arrangements. You can count on this.

Thank you for the clipping. I think we called some of the big boys' bluffs o.k.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.