

A

September 13, 1938.

Mr. George Nettels,
Pittsburg Coal and Mining Co.,
Pittsburg, Kansas.

Dear George:

You will remember the fellow that you met in the Palmer House in Chicago a couple of winters ago, one of three sons of a former faculty member, who told you that certain changes had to take place.

Well, this same gentleman saw me at a country club dinner in Kansas City, Missouri, and came over and put his arm around my shoulder in the most loyal and confiding manner, and said, "Phog, how are things? Are you happy?" And I said, "I've never been happier in my life". Then he said, "On the square, are you really?" I want to know. You know I have always been a strong booster of yours, and I want you to know that I am much concerned how you are getting along." I said, "Well, that is just swell. Everything is lovely."

And then he told me that he was playing cards with a fellow a couple of years ago out in Colorado and this fellow said, "Well, we will never have a football team until they get rid of Phog Allen", and my protector rose up and said, "Well, I just want to tell you I am a friend of his, and it won't do any good to talk to me." And of course that fellow desisted and apologized.

So you see, my old friend has come back home, and like the stone that the builders rejected the same has become the head-piece.

I just thought I would write you this note so when you snap out of your dilemma and think you are in a dream, I want you to know that you are really living and breathing and reading words that you can hardly believe. I thought of writing this the other day, but did not want to combine humor with business, so made a separate item of this epistle.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH