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April 15, 1940.

Mr. George Dunkley,
628 Maine Street,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear George:

Another very pleasant basketball season has come to a close. Sure, we got licked emphatically by Indiana, but those Hoosiers are an older state than we are. Knute Rockne once told me that the boys up there were rough. They played football without headgear, and at a football game where strenuous scrimmage would ensue the boys would literally grind each other's heads in the sand. After the game they would walk around and pick up loose ears, and say, "Whose ears? Whose ears?"

So we were ^{not} rugged enough for the Hoosiers. But we are thankful for all the friends we have, and when I say friends I want you to know how deeply we appreciate your spirit of giving by the token of friendship and affection you have shown in giving me this wonderful set of golf clubs with its manifold equipment. Every divot I dig, every slice or every hook that I make will be softened by the fact that these perfect clubs were given me out of the goodness of your heart.

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

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