

Dear :

It's spring again! Spring has sprung, and with it springs a note of thankfulness from me to you.

Dear :

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 told me once that the boys up there were rough. They played feetball without headgear, and at a feetball game where strenuous scrimmage would ensue the boys would literally grind each other's heads in the same. After the game they would walk around and pick up loose ears, and say, "Who sears?"

So we weren't rugged enough for the Heosiers. 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 teken of friendship and affection you have shown in giving me this wonderful set of golf clubs with its manifold equipment.

