

May 11, 1940.

Mr. Lloyd Sands,
Box 703,
Hays, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Sands:

Yes, I was surprised and pleased to get your letter of May 9th. I can appreciate the deep misfortune suffered by you and your wife in the loss of your lovely son, Don. Jack came into the office a month ago and I told him that I had not written you and Mrs. Sands but was waiting until a time that I could express to you something more than mere words could say on a piece of paper.

You and Mrs. Sands know that we lost our oldest son, Forrest, Jr., in 1925, just when he was in the bloom of young manhood, as was Don. Mrs. Allen and I spoke of your irreparable loss and associated our loss with yours. Words are inadequate, but I do want you both to know how deeply we felt upon this occasion. When I saw you and Mrs. Sands at the ball game I wanted to say something, but it was no time or place, so I waited until a more appropriate time.

I talked to Jack, but he still has not lived long enough to get the full import. Each day that he lives he will miss Don more and more for the companion that he was.

Now, regarding the matter about which you wrote. I will be glad to call Jack in and have a conference with him. I want to help him at every opportunity. Jack is a fine boy, but he has lapses at times that put him behind the eight-ball. You can count on my seeing him very early and you may rest assured that I will make no statement regarding the fact that you wrote me. I am very sure that we will be able to get him placed for next fall.

With all good wishes to you both, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH