

July 13, 1942.

Professor Ben Young,  
Department of Zoology,  
Cornell University,  
Ithaca, New York.

Dear Ben:

Mister, I have been intending to write you for several weeks. You completely took me in Commencement week when you were leaving the softball game on the varsity practice field. When you spoke to me I would have sworn you were Ben Young, yet I didn't have nerve enough to say, "Isn't this Ben Young?", because I was expecting to see an older fellow. My, how you have taken care of yourself. You looked like a million dollars!

I do not want you to think that I am as cool and reserved as I was that day, but I was not sure of your identity and of course did not recall those times with the elation I would have had I known then and there that you were Ben Young. I walked on down where the game was in progress and met Fred Ellsworth and said, "Isn't Ben Young in town?" He said, "Yes, he was here just a few minutes ago." I tried to find you at different meeting places, but missed you. I did want to visit with you and recall some of the amusing experiences of those Missouri games.

I remember old Andy Brown. He was a great fellow and I have seen him a dozen times since 1906, and I always recall that pair of baseball games with Missouri. Of course, I did see Paul O'Leary occasionally and we would discuss you, but since Paul is on the gasoline pumps now I imagine we won't see him as often as we did.

This is more of an apology than a greeting, but I want you to know that I can relax a lot better than I did the day of our meeting, and especially much more quickly had I known your identity. I have always thought of you with great pride on account of the progress that you have made. The fact that you were a sterling athlete and I mean a real baseball player, and a fine student, has always caused me to admire you very much.

With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH