

January 9, 1941

Judge Julius Cohn
Municipal Court
Portland, Oregon

Dear Dutz:

Bless your heart, you old scamp, and congratulations to you on your honor.

I feel very much ashamed of myself that I did not answer your letter; in fact, I thought that I had. My former secretary resigned and in between the change of secretaries I imagine that your letter got into the delayed file so long that we failed to give it the necessary attention that we should. Dutz, I am truly sorry and ashamed of myself.

I am not administrator of Dr. Naismith's estate, but I have always helped out wherever I could regarding any financial angle that I could aid then with. I organized and stimulated the Naismith Night wherein each individual gave a penny a head to the Naismith fund. The purpose was to send Dr. and Mrs. Naismith over seas to Berlin to the Olympic games. Mrs. Naismith took ill and did not go, but we raised better than \$7,000 for Dr. Naismith and gave it to him in cash. Besides his European tour he bought Chancellor Frank Strong's home. He was very comfortable until his death.

O.B. Hartley is a good friend of mine and had there been any way of my getting this film for you I would straightway have gone and gotten it for you. However, Dr. Naismith's second wife is housemother at a fraternity at the University of Nebraska and Dr. Naismith's children are scattered over the country and I do not know how I can procure that photograph for you as much as I would like to. I will put a reminder of this on my memo pad and will see what I can do about it, but I am afraid with the way that Dr. Naismith kept track of these details I fear the film may be lost.

I met "Junebug" Moore's son when he was playing on the Stanford team. We called him "Dinty." He is a fine looking chap and I know that he will go a long way.

I did hear of Stan's death. It was sad. I had heard of his domestic and financial difficulties as well as his ill health. Stan was a great old boy and I was sorry to read of his passing.

You will remember it was "Pin" Coble who gave me my name of "Phog" instead of Fog. When it came out in the paper I said, "How in the dickens did you come to spell my name "Phog" Pinhead?" "Well", he said, "I wanted to doll it up a little; "Fog" was too plain." So that is the how of it. I saw Pin about ten years ago and he was looking fine. He had lost one pot of gold and was after another.