

A
April 5, 1943.

Mr. Bob Fisher,
16236 Cheyenne,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Bob:

You have heard of Rip Van Winkle -- well, I am not the original, but I am his counterpart. When your letter written March 9th arrived I was heading up the Red Cross drive here for the University. We went double over the top, and then I had an infected tooth and was laid up. Just at this time our basketball season finished and our boys were inducted into the service. I took them over to Leavenworth.

In the rush of things I entirely forgot your letter, so this morning when I returned from the Central Association of Health, Physical Education and Recreation meeting in Kansas City I told Mrs. Hulteen, my secretary, that I must write a letter to the Detroit alumni for their meeting on the 19th. All the time I was living in a fool's paradise, thinking that if I got it to you by the 19th of April it would be there in plenty of time. But of course it just happened to be March, so I said to Mrs. Hulteen, "Just go ahead and write the letters, the two that I dictated previously," and then I would send you this one to show you how sleepy one can get when they are supposed to be awake.

I would not have sent them only I wanted to show you that I wanted to show you that I had honestly in my own heart carried forth the thing that I desired to do; whereas if I had told you that I had done this you would not have had prima facie evidence of such an act. So just to make good on my statement I am sending these letters to you, knowing that it will take up a lot of your valuable time but at least you will know of my honest intentions.

With all good wishes and appreciation, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH