

February 15, 1945.

Mr. George Esterly,
School of Business Administration,
University of Newark,
Newark, New Jersey:

Dear Brother George:

Yes, I did get your letter of October 25th and am ashamed of myself that I did not sit down immediately and write you, but I didn't, due to procrastination and other alibis, using the busy schedule idea, perhaps, as one that might excuse me. But I should have written you because you have been so darn nice upon so many occasions that I feel very apologetic.

Hy Goldberg had the dope. When you sent me this last clipping as of January 31, I thought, Well, I will write George right away, but here we are just answering it the day before we start to Manhattan, - perhaps to get knocked out of the conference spot. Thanks a million, Mister, and when and if I get a moment to breath I am going to write you a long, lengthy epistle. Most of my days have been taken up here lately by well intentioned people and politicians endeavoring to get me to run for mayor here against Charlie Russell. This is confidential, but I hope I have enough sense to stay out of it.

The town certainly needs somebody to do something in the way of a clean-up job, both civically and physically. But that is what basketball and the collegiate sports need, too, and I don't know which will succeed.

Give my kindest regards to your wife and that center of all attraction, the youngster in your home. I talk to your Dad quite often and our thoughts and conversation always stray your way.

With every good wish, I am

Faternally yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.