

April 9, 1943.

Mr. Gus Beauchamp,
Holton, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Beauchamp:

Superintendent Swift came into my office last week with a bad shoulder, asking professional advice. I was happy to do what I could for him. This week he went down to see Dr. Francisco, and Dr. Francisco apparently agreed one hundred per cent with our diagnosis. I have Dean Nesmith, our trainer, helping out on the shoulder, and Dr. Francisco said that is exactly what should be done.

I am writing you and Mrs. Beauchamp this short letter of greeting and good wishes. Mr. Swift and I spent a long time talking about the wonderful Beauchamps at Holton. Whenever I think of Holton I always associate it with the Beauchamps because in my mind they stand out above everyone else there, even considering the Becks. Won't you please give Mrs. Beauchamp my kindest regards and best wishes?

Things are moving along pretty rapidly in a naval and military way here on the hill. It is almost an Army and Navy hotel. The step of the co-eds has been quickened by the manifestations of the armed forces here on the hill. You hear their songs and their marching cadences resounding along Mount Oread, and we are just a part of all the environment around us.

At the noon hour I stand and watch the students, and they, watching the naval and military units marching by, immediately swing into a quicker step and a more erect posture. Truly, we are all getting war-minded, and war-minded we must be to whip those squareheads, slit-eyes and spaghetti-benders.

But I must quit now; however, I could not refrain from writing a short note of best wishes to you two grand people.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH