

June 17, 1942.

Private John A. Pfitzsch,  
Camp Callen, California.

Dear John:

Murray Brown came in the office yesterday and told me that you were stationed at Camp Callen. He further told me that there was some sort of a letter-receiving contest on at your place. Now, this is not the primary purpose for which I am writing you, so that you can win a contest of that sort, but my prinal purpose is to tell you that we are proud of you in the service and that we wish you well in landing a berth for a try-out for the officers' training.

You have fine qualities of leadership. You are amiable, cooperative, sincere, and aggressive; and, I should say, fair in all things. So I am expecting you to get a commission.

If at any time you can use my name in furthering your progress, please feel free to do so. You did fine work for us here, John, and I want you to know that we appreciate it to the extent that we are wanting to help you in every possible way.

When you write your mother and dad give them my kindest regards. I am a little pushed for time, else I would tell you some of the gossip on old Mount Oread. Suffice to say, however, that it is pleasant here. It has rained almost every day, and it is as cool as Colorado weather. In the terminology of the Californians, "This is unusual weather" in Kansas.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.

FCA:AH