

June 21, 1944.

Dear Bobby and Jean:

Mother just received a letter from Cliff McWilliams. He states, "This letter will probably be one of my last before an out-bound trip as I am expecting orders any day and have been given the unofficial word."

He states further, "I would like a little information, if Dr. Allen happens to know of any of the colleges that might have a vacancy for an enterprising young fellow as coaching assistant. My older brother, 29, a first lieutenant in the glider infantry division, special services, has been honorably discharged from the army due to an old knee injury. He was a splendid football, basketball and track man in college. He has had two years of high school coaching experience and taught vocational work in agriculture, for which he is well qualified. He is rather at a low ebb because of the Army's sudden action, and I know he would like to be connected in some capacity with competitive athletic coaching.

"If you know of any men to whom I might write I would be most appreciative indeed, as he is a very capable fellow and I have never felt he had the good fortune that it has been my privilege to enjoy."

Bobby, I will appreciate it very much if you will take the letter that I am enclosing to you and send it on to Cliff's brother. Cliff did not mention his brother's name nor where he is living. Therefore, I would like for you to write him and tell him to write to Principal Miller.

Cliff enclosed a photograph and on the back he said, "A snake, me and my car." And the snake is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or 5 feet long. It might be one that he knitted in his spare hours, but it looks real in the photograph. I am not sending it to you because I am sure Mother will want it. She loves snakes!

My love to you and Jean.

Affectionately,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FGA:AH