

March 25, 1942. A

Mr. Robert E. Allen,
Room 44 Morris Hall,
University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Bob:

Your very fine letter came this morning, and I want you to know that I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness in writing. Our game was over so late that night - it was ten of twelve when we got back to the hotel, - and too late to send you a wire. It was not because we lost the game that we failed to write, but rather it was because I felt you would be in bed and doubtless you would get it in the early morning paper before a wire would be delivered.

I have had so many things to do here of late that I feel utterly ashamed, and before long I am going to sit down and write you a resume of the season. It is a very interesting one and I know that you will enjoy reading it. But I cannot do it at the present time.

I have been delighted with Milton's work. He is as serious about this team as if he owned the most precious possession in the world. The boys are wild about him, especially Buescher and Black, and he has done a good job of morale building in keeping the liaison of good will ever present. He is a very intelligent observer, and I am sure that he will count among his treasured memories the relationship that he has had with the boys and they with him.

But as I told you, I am tearing from one thing to another so I will make this short and snappy. Continued success and health to you and to Eleanor. By the way, Bob, I received a beautiful pair of knitted Sox from Jean and I wore them at the Colorado game. She called them "victory" Sox, and that is what I tried to make out of them, but I will tell her that this victory string will start next year, and frankly, I think it will.

With love and best wishes,

Affectionately,