

August 14, 1939.

Mrs. Frances Buckingham Richart,  
8 Kuhlman,  
Columbia, Missouri.

Dear Mrs. Richart:

I am ashamed of myself for having lost your letter in a mass of correspondence that engulfed me between commencement time and a very busy and hectic Summer Session. I taught a full load in the summer session and handled the recreation program for the University, and I found it physically impossible to attend to my correspondence. This is a darn poor alibi, but it is the truth.

I did not hear from the University of Washington, but had I done so I would have been delighted to have sent the most pleasing things about you and your personality. I remember you and your dad very, very well, and nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have written one of the best testimonials that I could have produced.

Yes, I remember doing those upsetting exercises that you speak about. I am afraid that I would not be so agile should I see you and your dad at the present time, but I am still having a lot of fun out of this game called life. My chest hasn't slipped too much but those ligaments in the knee wouldn't stand the strain, I'm afraid.

I am delighted to hear from my old comrade, and you tell him that my best goes double for him. Would you desire me to write to the University of Washington? If so, let me know and I will be most happy to do so. If at this late date I could be of any benefit to you, just command me. Yes, we are all well and we hope the same for you and your fine dad.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH