Dear Charlie Drew:

The treasurer of the college has told me about the fund you helped raise for my benefit. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this generous act and for what it means in concrete terms—but especially as it expresses so much good will and is evidence that the old days remain alive.

You were and are one of those who make a teacher's life worth while. I have followed your career with great satisfaction and was proud and happy when the College gave
for the bar exam BS. I still wish we might at that time have had a chance to talk. Perhaps our paths may cross again.

As you know many changes have taken place in our department. It has grown in personnel and the outside grants have enabled us to modernize and transform. Though the only other survivor for a few time, we doubt shown from around the desk even since then, there have been further extensive improvements.

As my mind plays over the past, it is curious how vividly certain little things become, things you may not perhaps could not recall. There was the time when as I was walking by, you came tripping lightly down the stairs of Perkins’s emporium. I don’t think
you saw and felt the grace and beauty of your young movements left an indelible impression. Could you do it now? Another thing I cannot forget is the football game during which one of our opponents tried to get you out by tying the twist of your ankle. I saw how that hurt and was glad to see it turn out.

I was relieved this June, but the Trustees have allowed me to reside in the laboratory and I intend to work on unfinished problems and a bag full of manuscripts. It would be more fun to be an American if we were not slaves. Down on the other hand there are happy memories of you are one of them.

Sincerely, Old Elmer