

January 26, 1946.

Dear Mr. Wachs: -

I have reread your letter many times and am deeply touched by your thoughts and regard for our Beloved Koko and it is only those who intimately knew Koko as you, I & so many others, can feel his loss so deeply.

This aspect of life, love for those he considered friends and his desire to help make this a bit better world, give us such precious memories as to almost make it impossible to believe he's not with us. As for us Koko still lives with us on every move we make and we will never be reconciled to his death and try to keep on believing that Koko lives on somewhere and we will be together again.

We are proud of all he accomplished and everything you write or can say about so wonderful a boy, pays him tribute well merited and earned.

He most assuredly loved Temple & all of you men & boys and it is our greatest hope & desire that Koko shall live on

and his character & ideas - an
an inspiration to other Jewish
Boys for years & years to come.

You know Isadore, you may
call me Manny, the letters accumu-
lated by Al were returned to us &
90% are letters from or about Temple,
his fraternity etc. So you have
proof of his love & thoughts.
I am enclosing your letter 4/24/44
which you may like to possess & if
others want mail here, I will gladly
send them to you for distribution.

I am sure the gift will continue
for many years and thanks for
making changes. I have every
confidence the Committee will do well
and so glad you feel as we do
about the sum each year.

I will without doubt, be with
you on some other occasion. My
brother Lt. Jack Kover is located
at Danville, Pa. and will be glad
to attend. Will you kindly let him
have date of exercise & mail to

Lt. J. L. Kover 01557035
9th Library Hall
120 Mill St
Danville, Pa

as well as letting me know too.
I will be glad to read your
letters from Koko, but send to me
at United Liquors, 49 Lansdowne
St Boston Mass so Mrs. will not
get them first.

Your tribute & admiration surely
brings tears to us, yet it is all
these beautiful thoughts that make
us believe one so kind & gentle as
our Alfred, cannot die!

My favorite poem is James
Whitcomb Riley's

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead, - he is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land;
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there,
And you. Oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step & glad return -
Think of him, faring on; as dear
In the low of there as the love of here.
Think of him still as the same. I say:
He is not dead. he is just away!"

Please write again & our
very best regards to you & all the boys
Sincerely
The Kovners over

Alfred left us at the airport &
waved to us just as he entered
the plane, so this poem is so true
and that's how we remember
him, with all other treasures
of a soul so good & noble.

Enclosing check for \$400.

Many thanks Isadore &
to Committee.