

January 17, 1945.

Major Arthur S. Anderson,  
Mitchell Convalescent Hospital,  
Campo, California.

Dear Art:

It was nice of you to write me as you did. I took your letter down town and let Mrs. A. J. read it, and she seemed to be pleased indeed, as she is always to read a communication from you. You wrote a very chatty letter.

I am now working on my next Jayhawk Rebounds and I will save most of the news for that. Suffice to say that we are always tickled to death to hear from you, and we hope that some time in the not too distant future we will have a chance to clasp your hand and chew over some of the fat that has been accumulating in these too rapidly passing years.

I know you are doing a swell job, Art, and I know that you will raise the morale of many of the boys that you come in contact with. I can just appreciate what you are facing each day and each week, as the casualties roll in from the Pacific. It is a tough job, but our American boys have always been equal to the occasion, and I am sure that this will be no exception.

Please give our love to Irma and Sam, and tell them that we think of them often.

With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH