

Willard L. Winey Jr. PhM 2/c.
Hq. 1st. Bn. Seventh Marines,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California.

4 November, 1943.

Dear Dr. F.C.Allen:

This is Winey reporting to you from an undisclosed position. My time spent in writing notes to those who sponsored interest in me long ago proved it's uplifting value to my general temperment. Not the least successful of these "dividends" has been the "friendly contract" written from the records of our associations. I refer to both your past letters and the popular edition of the "Jayhawk Rebounder". It is in such channels of diversion that this life in strange and remote regions soon becomes instilled with an atmosphere of "Familiar faces and Places". All this is mere repetition; however there has never been established an end for the final goal of gratitude. Therefore most probably you are to have many more "thank you letters" from Bill and a thousand others.

I trust that great golfing weather prevails even with the early chill of October at hand. With much pleasure I often review the many delightful episodes of "L.C.C." I am in fine health, good spirits and getting on well with my "war time vocation. As for my "war time avocations" the same is true. Golf has not been enjoyed for quite some time now. I've a traveling library which refers me thoughts of self-improvement. All in all my life today differs little from that of pre-war times.

Some ten months ago I tossed my ole sea bag over right shoulder and followed the crowd into the quarters of a troop transport. Much has been seen since.

Time is scarce tonite so I'll be heading down the eighteenth. Again let me remind you of the solidarity of our friendship. I am your ever-ready servant.

Golfingly yours,

Willard L. Winey Jr.
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