

June 24, 1943.

Mr. Don Ebling, C. Sp., USNR  
U. S. S. Farragut,  
c/o Fleet Postmaster,  
San Francisco, California.

Dear Don:

I certainly enjoyed your fine letter of June 10th. You were very gracious and kind to say the things that you did. And, too, I want you to know that I think you wrote a wonderful letter about your good wife, Marge. The next letter I write to the boys I am going to send her a copy. You tell Marge any time that she can come to Lawrence we would certainly be delighted to see her as we consider her one of the family. I expect to be writing another letter real soon and you can bet your life that you will be on the mailing list.

In reading your letter you gave me a great thrill. I can just imagine what one of those destroyers like the U.S.S. Farragut is like - about 110 yards long and 30 odd feet wide. Boy, you really cut the foam, don't you? And I imagine that if the enemy would get a good chance to illuminate you, you would have to do some running.

I was glad to know that you and Marge had such a happy existence. Not all young people have been so compatible as you two have been. The memories of the days that you have spent with her the past five months will always be golden ones, and who knows it better than you.

Bobby has been home a couple of weeks and he and I have been playing golf every day that the weather will permit. He leaves Saturday for Philadelphia to finish his last semester, which will make him a beginning senior in September.

Now, I want to say a word about your failure to receive a commission. Don't you worry about that a minute, and I want you to know that none of your friends know but what you gave all you had, but maybe you just didn't click with the right fellow. It wouldn't be Don Ebling if he didn't plan to try again at his first opportunity. I remember when you came out first for my basketball team. You weren't happy if you weren't giving everything you had, and even when practice was over you still wanted to stay and perfect some of the fundamentals that you had not mastered at that time. Almost every evening I had to send you down because you still wanted to work more, and sometimes you pressed a little too much, but it was your loyalty and your desire to give service that caused you to be dissatisfied with the efforts you made.

And then, too, I remember in your senior year what a wonderful improvement you had made. No one could have believed that