

19 October, 1944.
Thursday morning.

Dear Dr. Allen,

It seems that every time I write you I'm in a different place. This time it's from a surrounding of cocoanuts and quonset huts and where it's summer all year around! I'm adjusting myself to it in fine shape and only want to put in my hitch out here and get back and see my family again!

My wife, Pauline, is in Colony with her folks taking care of our son - "Mit." Doc, I picked that name because I know my son will be making Kansas athletic history and I believe the name - "Mit Hunt" - will make good newspaper copy on the sports page!! That's quite a way to pick a name, isn't it?

When the victory comes out here, I may go back to coaching for a few years - but almost have my mind made up to try the sporting goods business. I have a little money saved up and may set myself up on the coast somewhere!

My best to your family - and here's pulling for another championship this winter!

Enc. R. C. Hunt

An "aloha" to Bob & Jean.

Bob Hunt.