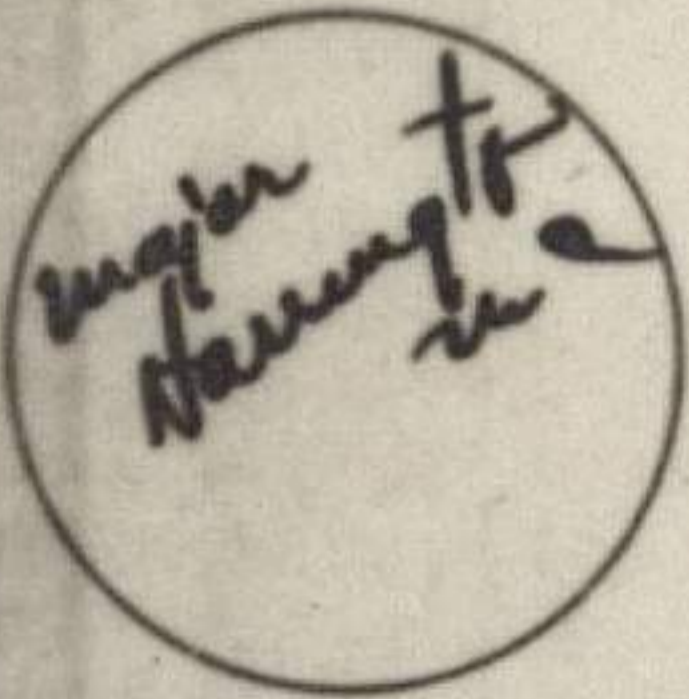


Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Ferris C Allen.
801 Louisiana
Lawrence, Kansas

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

Major Paul R. Harrington

77th Evac. Hosp

HPO 350 NY NY

Mar 29-1945

(Sender's complete address above)

Germany

Dear Dad and Mrs. Allen:-

Just a few words to say hello & that I have thought about you all a lot.

The casualties are flowing in on the Western Front and we are in the thick of it. Thank goodness they are way under what has been expected and the combat boys deserve a great pat on the back. We cannot do too much for them. They are making (as the French would say) "Beaucoup progress." I run into a French "Oiseau" while in Belgium which always reminded me of you two. It runs something like this "Jamais deus sans toi." But now I must say "Das machen zu ver das!"

Hoping this finds you all well & enjoying life as restricted as it may be. We are all looking forward to a happier & fuller life soon.
Paul.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY

V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Send back

Belgium

March 12, 1945

Dear Phog and Mrs Allen.

It has been some time since I wrote you a letter. I have been hearing about you in the papers. I am heartily in accord with the editorial that Doc should be the ~~CZAR~~ CZAR of Basketball. I am very proud of the fact that I have been so well acquainted with you both. If this war continues much longer I shall be an old bald-headed decrepit piece of humanity. It wont be long before my third year overseas will have slipped by.

I am inclosing a post-card of the costume of the Gille This the the name for the personages composing the main feature of a yearly festival in Belgium, It originated centuries ago through the efforts of Queen Mary of Hungary. She conceived the constume from the Inca Indians and introduced it into the festival. The Madi Gras of New Orleans is taken from this festivity which begins the day before Ash Wednesday each year. The Plums are ostrich and around the waist are regular bells which make an awful racket during the dance which is a rhythmic clog. As you see the subject is only a child. The adult costumes have tremendous plums. The figures are the royal Lion of Belgium and are in vivid colors on a bright yellow back ground.

It is surprizing the number of wooden shoes that we see on the civilians. I know why they take their shoes off when they enter the house. They wear something like a house slipper, (felt) insid e the wodden shoes. I tried to wear a pair once with just stockings and I about broke my foot on the first step. I have seen some old ladies who have had their wooden shoes as long as 20 years.

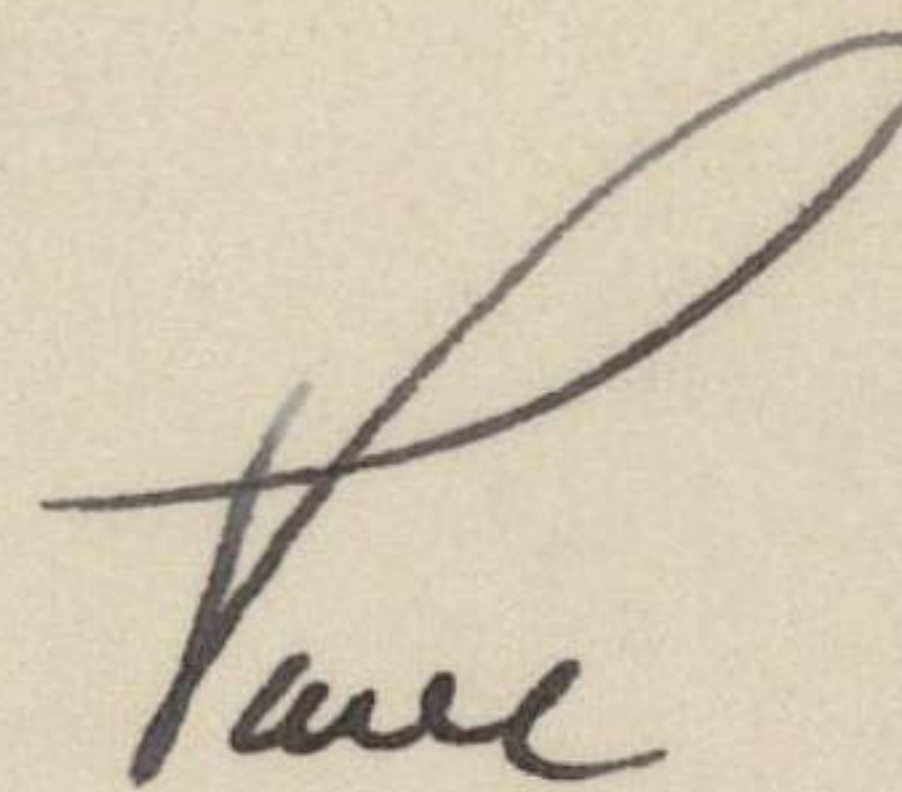
We are taking a well earned rest now after the Belgium buldge

two

and are to go up again to support the boys doing the fighting. The news sounds very good , doesn't it. There isn't anyone who can wish more strongly than I that this affair will terminate in the near future. The job of reconstruction is a tremendous one. In reality we are neophytes in this business. As I recall History has had only two or three such, and all of them have been handled in a very poor way. This world affair is so complicated that the problems are of colossal dimensions. I enjoyed Sumner Welles Book, Time for Decision. It is too bad that such a valuable man should be ousted by a political move.

Well folks, until later I shall say good night, and good luck in your many ventures.

Love

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "W. L. ...".

1st Lt. Harold A. Hawburn - 0924475

1504 Engr. Water Supply Co. APO 75
40 P.M. San Francisco, Calif.

Philippines

April 4, 1945.

Dear Dr. Allen,

Today the thirteenth edition of Rebounds arrived. I am honored and greatly pleased to receive it. For all the time I've been overseas this is the first communication received that came anyway near making me home sick. It is a great little news sheet and so personal. I hope that I'm one of the lucky ones to continue to receive it.

Mother sent me clippings of most of the basketball games but I don't know the Kansas - Iowa State score nor how the season Big Six lineup finished. Up until the last game it was neck and neck with your team gaining in the home stretch. Congratulations on the wonderful team and of course I'm going to assume Kansas won the championship. (I was so elated by the Kansas victory over Nebraska in football that I waste Henry ^{Shure}. It would have been great to have seen that game.) Right now I'm going to wish Kansas a successful 1945 season in all sports. A win to us way out here means as much as it does to the rooter in the bleachers.

Christmas and New Year I spent aboard ship. It was a relief to get away from soggy New Guinea even though our destiny was unknown. Anglesman was right when he said "that Japs aren't human beings." It is very difficult for most of us to understand their philosophy of life and death but even if we did their brutality is impossibly conceivable to a ruthless American. If all the world were only sports minded! After landing we kept busy performing our mission and moving. I can't tell you where we are but suffice it to say we were honored by being one of the first in here.

I never again want to see such suffering and destruction. The sight of hundreds of "skin and bones" milling and fighting about us for a small can or bottle of water is a nightmare. Children begging for scraps of food, we would otherwise throw into the G.I. can, and clothes consisting of patches sewed together, although clean, made indelible impressions. We are all hoping for that day when we can again sail the Pacific with one port of call - San Francisco. However, I wonder if I won't meet Schiller shore face to face before that day.

Things are much quieter now and canyons are being made by 'dozers' through the debris. Life is beginning to flow and given time, money, and materials the Filipinos will reconstruct these beautiful islands.

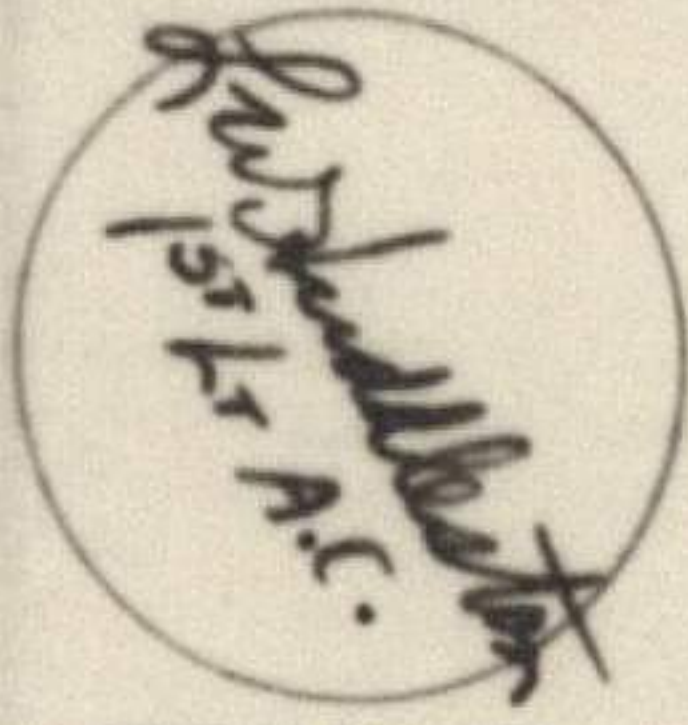
Best of everything to you and Mrs. Allen and may Kansas be ever victorious.

Sincerely,

Harold H. Hawkins
1st Lt C.E.

Print the complete address in plain black letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To DR. F. C. ALLEN
UNIV OF KANS.
LAWRENCE, KANS.

From LT. L. W. HIDDLESTON ⁰⁻¹⁶⁴³⁶⁹⁸
(Sender's name)

343 5th 98th Sts GP
(Sender's address)

APC 520 40 PM, NY, NY

6 MAR 1945
(Date)

Somewhere in Italy

Dear Doc,

The January issue of Rebounds arrived and it was almost (but not quite) as good as a visit on the campus. There'll be quite a few important places vacant at that big reunion after the war with fellows like T.P. and Bill Beven gone, but the rest of us will be there still rooting for those fighting Jayhawkers. That Pfliegerville Pflack is going great guns, isn't he? I now have 10 missions, so I am no longer tail-end Charley in the formation. Sidney Salt has my same APC number and Charley Black is in Italy, but the only K.U. boy I've seen over here is Bob Jehlenik, of Beloit, who played on your freshman '42-'43 squad. The parts of Italy I've seen don't have much to offer, but understand Rome is quite nice. Sorry to see that I-State won, but your boys did a good job. I think every Jayhawker agrees that "Liz" will be a great prize.
Lee Hiddleston

V-MAIL

April 27, 1945.

Miss Margaret Hall,
1625 Edgehill Road,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Margaret:

I regret that I will not be able to attend the spring presentation of your University Women's Glee Club on Monday, April 30, at 8 p.m. It happens that I am attending a City Council meeting, of which I am the councilman from the first ward.

However, I do want you to know how much I enjoyed the singing of your splendid organization. I am trusting that Mrs. Allen and my daughter, Eleanor, can attend, and I am passing the tickets on to them.

Thank you so much for your splendid invitation and the tickets.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS
WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB
IRENE PEABODY, Director
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Dear Friends:

Heigho - Spring is here again! Time for another Glee Club session in Hoch Auditorium. It will be held on Monday night, April 30, at 8:00 p.m. We'd like to see you there to help us celebrate our last appearance of the 1944-45 season which included five shows in Topeka. We are very proud of our reception there. Here are some of the reasons:

"This noon on my way back to my office I ran into a number of fellows who told me how much they enjoyed the program. I am glad that arrangements were made so that the program was given with consequent benefit to the University."

WALTER G. THIELE (Justice, Kansas Supreme Court)

"I have had many nice compliments on the fine work your girls did, and I sincerely appreciated your coming to Topeka for this program."

HUBERT BRIGHTON (Secretary, Kansas Board of Regents)

"This is to thank you again for the very pleasant hour you made possible for us last Thursday evening. You would have been gratified to hear the appreciative comments made by our personnel."

Glada N. Strode (Hostess Service Club I,
Army Air Field)

And Captain Fox and Miss Kral at Winter General want very much to have us back for they felt it was just the right kind of a program for the interest and morale of the wounded veterans in their charge.

We are happy to have the assistance again of Don Cousins as our Master of Ceremonies. He'll play for you, too, on his saxophone and put on a spot of jam with some of his fellow orchestra men.

Besides this, and our own singing, our splendid accompanist, Anne Krehbiel, will offer you some pointless fare on "Mary's Little Lamb" and our comic quartette will render you a version of the "Little Red School House."

Come and enjoy yourselves as much as we will.

Sincerely yours,

Margaret Hall

Margaret Hall, President.

P.S. State and Federal tax must be paid on the enclosed tickets. Please use them yourself or give them to someone who will. If you'd like any more please call K.U. 144 or K.U. 45. Activity tickets admit.



Dance of the Cailles -
costume.



SOUTHWESTERN ART ASSOCIATION
BEAGON BUILDING
FOURTH AND BOULDER
TELEPHONE 2-9295
TULSA 3, OKLAHOMA

VICTOR C. HURT
PRESIDENT AND MANAGER

March 26th, 1945.

Dr. Forrest C. Allen,
Director of Physical Education,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Phog:

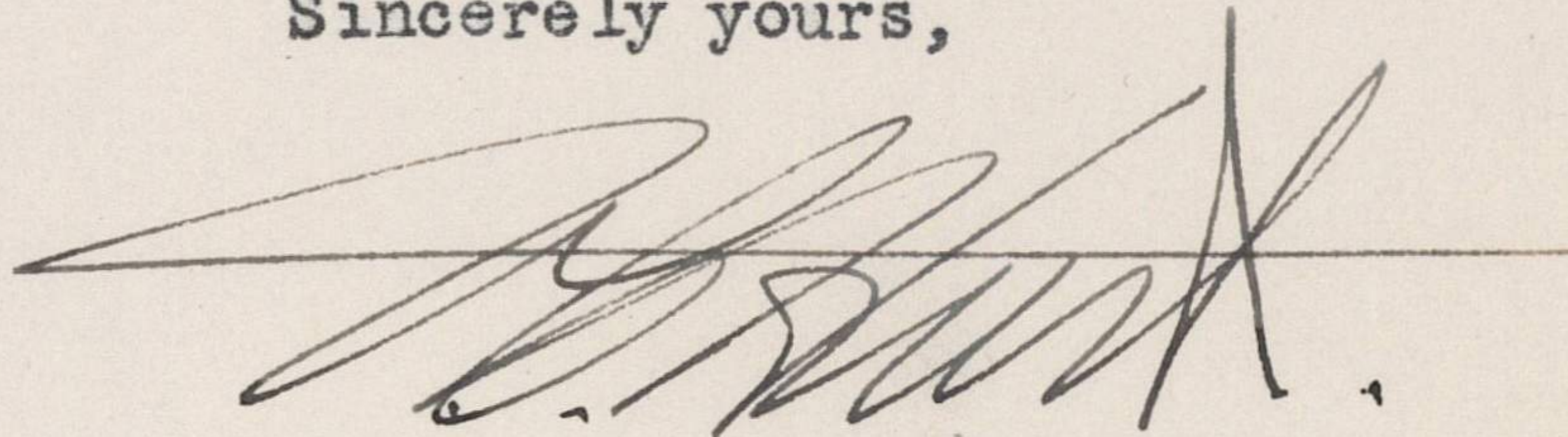
Your letter with reference to the Magnetic Strategy Board was received and I appreciate your forwarding the copy from Mr. N. J. Dodson.

The finish of the Big Six Basketball race was watched by the Hurts with much interest and it is needless to say that we were all pulling for the Jayhawkers in that last game. I will say further that we were all satisfied that the team did everything and more than they were capable of doing and I am sure that Kansas did a great job in finishing within one game of the championship. You are certainly to be congratulated on another fine season of expert coaching.

The Rebounder was received and I noticed that Milton is now in the Navy. There is no doubt in my mind but that he will give somebody plenty of hell if he gets a chance.

With all good wishes and best regards to you and your family, I am

Sincerely yours,



VCH:EG

April 27, 1945.

Mr. Arthur F. Hughes,
The Sporting Goods Dealer,
St. Louis, 1, Mo.

Dear Art:

We had a strategy basketball board about 15 or 20 years ago. I felt that it did not go over big for basketball because the diagramming of a play generally called for a set up first and then the play later. We sold a few, but nothing to justify the expense involved in manufacturing these boards.

Then Vic Hurt had some football boards but I do not believe they created any unnecessary flurry. Frankly, I do not believe that they will ever be a big item so far as sales are concerned. They are novelties and the kids like to play with them, but I am not overly optimistic.

Vic Hurt is now president and manager of the Southwestern Art Association, Beacon Building, 4th and Boulder, Tulsa 3, Oklahoma, if you want to write him.

Thanks, if I ever get in St. Louis I certainly will say hello to you. And I sometimes do get to St. Louis.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

THE SPORTING GOODS DEALER

CHARLES C. SPINK & SON
PUBLISHERS

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE ENTIRE SPORTING GOODS FIELD

HOW TO PLAY
THE DOPE BOOK
BASEBALL GUIDE
THE SPORTING NEWS
THE SPORTING GOODS DEALER
THE SPORTING NEWS RECORD BOOK
BASEBALL REGISTER - THE GAME'S 400
THE SPORTING GOODS TRADE DIRECTORY

SAINT LOUIS (I)

April 10, 1945

NEW YORK OFFICE
535 FIFTH AVE.
CHICAGO OFFICE
549 W. RANDOLPH STREET

Dr. Forrest C. Allen
Athletic Department
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Dear Phog:

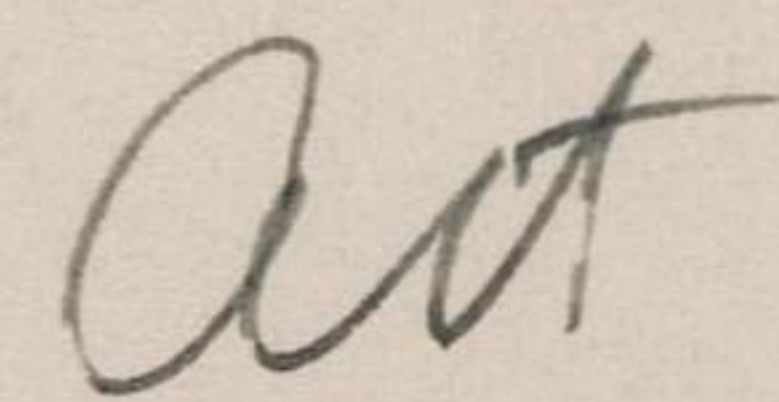
Congratulations on your successful debut in politics, which was duly heralded in the press.

From time to time we have been receiving inquiries from sporting goods dealers all over the country for information concerning game strategy boards etc. for basketball and football. I've been referring most of the inquiries to you, as I understand you put out some sort of a basketball strategy board and that Vic Hurt has some football board. I would appreciate it if you would tell me what the situation is on these boards so as not to burden you with unnecessary inquiries from dealers in the future.

Noted that you didn't have your usual hot ball club this winter, but a lot of others were in the same boat. Trust that when conditions get a bit more normal that you will again be dealing the boys a lot of headaches.

If you ever get over here look me up.

Sincerely,



Arthur F. Hughes

AFH:rr



NATIONAL
FISHERMEN'S WEEK

APRIL 28 TO MAY 5



THE HILLYARD COMPANY

DISTRIBUTORS

Hillyard Chemical Company
BRANCHES AND WAREHOUSES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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ELLIOTT C. SPRATT
SALES MANAGER



CABLE ADDRESS "HILCO"

April 24, 1945.

Mr. Forrest C. Allen,
Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Phog:-

Thanks a lot for your letter of April 23rd, enclosing copy of letter from Alameda Franca, Sao Paulo, Brazil, who requested a copy of our Combination Basketball Chart and Score Book.

Kindest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,
THE HILLYARD COMPANY

Elliott C. Spratt.
Elliott C. Spratt.

HMP:

May 9, 1945.

Miss Ruth Hoover,
Department of Physical Education.

Dear Miss Hoover:

Word has come to me that there has been quite a bit of difficulty with your help in the towel room. Some of the women have refused to return to work, saying that you have been unkind and impolite to them.

If you feel that we should have a conference toward getting someone to help you, I will be glad to discuss it with you.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FOA:AH

Kenneth Gatchell, 6'2"
Washburn Hi

Dick McClelland, 6'3½"
Highland Park Hi

Maurice Martin, 6'4½"
Topeka Hi
Louis Smith, 6'3"
Topeka Hi

Ralph Simmons,
Smith Center

Bertussi ^{Armed}
H. Stoenk

HC Palmer
Football Coach Chandler

April 23, 1945.

The Hillyard Chemical Co.,
St. Joseph 1, Missouri.

Dear Sirs:

The enclosed letter came to another office here at the University, and it was sent on to me. I am now sending it to you for your attention.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH .
Enc.

LACY HAYNES
THE KANSAS CITY STAR
916 NORTH 6TH ST.
KANSAS CITY 12, KANSAS

April 4, 1945

Dear Phog:

Of course you understand and I am sure realize that I understand how Mit felt. And, my old combative friend -- I know how you feel. I am sure you understand that the joy is also mine just to be able to say a nice deserving word about Phog or any member of Phog's family.

I will be waiting until Mit gets back and hope to see him then.

With kindest regards and best wishes.

Sincerely,



Lacy Haynes

Forrest C. Allen
Director of Physical Education
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Ensign R.E. Hunt U.S.N.

LCT Flotilla #6. (Staff)

Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, Calif.



20 January, 1945.
Solomons Is. Group.

Dear Dr. Allen,

It's been a good while since I've received a Rebound, but I realize it will take it some time to catch up with me out here.

I came out to these islands in October and was assigned as a skipper of an LCT (Landing Craft-Tanka) in this area and then later operating my craft in the Ellice Islands. A few weeks ago I got a real break in being ordered to the Flotilla office as Executive officer of all our LCT's out here in Flotilla # 6. I am now in training for the position of Flotilla Comdr. and will relieve the present Commander of the Flotilla in a few months! It's a great opportunity for me and will give me an automatic promotion, so I am working hard now trying to gain a little efficiency in order not to miff the ball when the time comes for me to take over.

Certainly, I miss my wife and boy, but very frankly, I'm extremely glad that I had the chance to get off of shore duty back there and come over here for a year or so. I'm sure I'll be much the stronger for an experience such as this; when I finally return to my family after the war.

Doc - I wish to ask a little favor of you. One of the Flotilla Staff Officers here coached for six years in a N.Y. high school just 25 miles out of New York, and needless to say, we talk basketball every day out here! His school had an enrollment of around 1000 and he put out some good basketball teams, but confesses now that his gravest mistake was not drilling his men diligently in fundamentals. When I heard this, I immediately began explaining all the fundamentals I received from you and this coach, now Lt. (jg) Seth Mantell, is greatly enthusiastic over the possibilities for his post-war teams if he can get across your methods of teaching basketball fundamentals.

I would appreciate it if you would send me some of your material giving the groundwork you lay in first starting out a group of green elementary kids who have never really played touch ball! Mr. Mantell's idea is to start in on some of the more likely basketballers even in the grades, so that he will have a nucleus coming to him in high school each year, well versed in your fundamentals of basketball. His idea is a good one, he is definitely sold on your methods, and realizing that you're the same busy man as always - I'm sure it would be a great help to him in future years if you can send us some of your material to work on out here. Thanking you - Doc - for anything you can do for him,
Bob Hunt.



Note:

Doc - I know you have received many letters from the boys concerning the untimely death of our good friend, J.P. Hunter. My father wrote me about it and I felt this loss at the time more keenly than anyone I had known giving their lives in this war.

But Doc - this notification of J.P.'s passing didn't end my thinking of him. It was partly brought back to me again on this island when, while getting a haircut the barber mentioned being from Tulsa and of knowing J.P. Hunter. He said he cut J.P.'s hair for many years and in commenting ^{on} his losing his life at Guam, this barber said what anyone that ever knew J.P. could say and really mean it - "Everyone liked J.P."

I think about him ^(J.P.) everyday as I pass the barber shop and I'd like to add to this my words, in that I felt that J.P. was a true Christian, if there ever was one.

Another thing - Doc - just probably a coincidence - but my boy was born the day J.P. died - and I like to feel and will always tell wit that J.P. Hunter died that day that he was born so that he might live and enjoy all the benefits of a democracy!

Date July 21, 1947

margaret, Texas
February, 7, 1945

Dear Mr. Allen,

Thank you very much
for the copy of J.P.'s Memorial
service. we have written
Mr. Crafton, thanking him
for his part in this service.

we were glad to
hear that Norma Jean
was present at the
memorial service and
that she had an opportunity
to talk with you afterward.

we have just received
"The Purple Heart" which
was awarded to J.P. after
his death.

with deep appreciation
for your every kindness,
I am

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Mary F. Hunter

760 Deyklow
Lalinda Kanner

R. A. H.

Dec. 29-1944
Wednesday Morn.

(An account of the visit of three L.C.T. skippers -Navy Designs)
to a native village on an island near Nukufetau in the Ellice
Island Group.

One afternoon about 1300 Navy time we requested permission of the Navy Lt. in charge of the Island base to go to a nearby island to visit a native village. We also requested, through an interpreter, permission from the Chief Magistrate to visit this village. The Chief was delighted and sent four natives in his "pow pow" to take us the five mile distance to the island on which the village was located.

The Chief was an old man, quite small, and he had a very pleasant manner. One of the three natives, Frank Satake, could speak fairly good English, so we got along well with him as the interpreter. He had been to school for 5 years to a native teacher under the British rule. The three, one was George, Frank's nephew, -George's father, and a rugged looking native wearing a marine jacket. He had been a sailor on a British ship in the Figis years before. He proved to be a good sailor, and with a stiff tail wind our "pow pow" cut through the water like a destroyer. We made it out to the island in about an hour and a half and anchored a few feet from the shore. The natives insisted on carrying us through the water to the shore-line, so all three of us rode "piggy-back" style on the strong backs of three very fine native physical specimens. One of the Officers with us weighed over 200 pounds but a little native weighing not over 170 carried him with ease.

We waited on the beach, where we were met by droves of little children, while the natives waded back out to the vessel to unload the supplies they had brought out. We gave them some corned beef and some cans of tuna fish as a token of our friendship and our appreciation for the ride to the island.

Ashore on the island and in the village we made a tour of inspection with Frank, whom I have mentioned before, and who was a good looking half-caste native and a very intelligent man. First we saw the Island doctor--a fine looking man who has his own little hospital under a thatched roof, and had the patients on a cot. His chief problem is delivering the many babies--as the sick rate is low. There is no venereal disease or elephantitis, which the natives call "moo-moo".

The Chief's office for the administration of the Island was located in a large well built thatched roof hut with concrete foundation. The area around it was "taboo" to all except on official business. There existed a well organized government--having an assistant, a chief of police, a scribe, etc. They never have any trouble with anyone and the younger generation obeys the elders to the letter. Everyone was well disciplined, talked only in a low conversational tone of voice and the prevailing quiet and peacefulness about the island was noticeable to all of us. We remarked it would be a fine place to send us for a rest cure. There were outside toilet facilities which were kept very clean. In fact the whole village was immaculate in every way due to the efficient police system.

We then moved on to inspect the pig-pen, which covered a large surface, encircled by a two foot fence in which the pigs were kept. There were many very small ones and they were fed mostly cocoanuts after the milk or juice had been removed and consumed by the natives. The pigs looked more like wild ones that had been domesticated, with long thin snouts and rough hair. There were a few chickens running about they seemed to be a mixed breed with a slight trend toward Rhode Island Reds.

The next thing of interest was a large open well from which the women drew their water. Near the well we saw a woman beating some white clothes over a fallen tree, their method of washing--and we had to admit it really made them white--not a sign of the "Tattle-tale gray" anywhere in the village.

The sight that amazed us the most was the church located in a clearing in the center of the village. The pastor had built it and it was undoubtedly the most beautiful study in simple church architecture I have ever seen. It was on the order of our small community churches--all white cement with multi-colored stained glass windows. Inside we found about ten piles of grass mats which they spread out and sit on during the service. There was an altar with a Bible and Hymn book both printed in the native tongue. They have church service every Sunday and are a deeply religious people. The schoolhouse, another cement structure was nearby. It was an old building with just openings for windows and no furniture in evidence. The pastor (as every one called him) was also the teacher of the school, but at this time the school was in recess until after the Christmas holidays. He teaches the little English that he knows, mathematics, reading and writing and the Samoan language, as he went to college in Samoa--a London Seminary College.

Frank introduced us to the Pastor, whose name in the native language I did not get, but in English it is Samuel after the prophet of that name. When I told him I was the son of a Pastor in the states, he grinned broadly and insisted that we three come back at 6 o'clock to eat supper and stay all night in his large thatched house called a "folly".

We continued our tour and were followed constantly by 20 to 30 children of all ages, who kept asking, "You my friend?"--and when we replied in the affirmative they would ask us for chewing gum. They also remarked at intervals, "American--very good" and to our surprise they broke out singing in perfect English, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine" and on key too, although most of them do not speak English. We learned that the Marines a year or so ago had taught them to sing this song. One or two even sang "Shoo-shoo Baby". The small ones up to 3 or 4 wore nothing while the others were dressed as their fathers, in a wrap around cloth called a "lava-lava". The girls reach the age of 12-14 before they start wearing dresses like their mothers. They were well disciplined and we enjoyed having them around. They don't have any toys but learn early to carry things for their parents.

In the village proper the "follies" were thatched huts with the family living and sleeping on grass (thick) mats. An occasional chair was seen and a cot now and then in the "follies" of the prominent families. One family had acquired a large tent and had built a wooden floor. This was Frank (the interpreter) family and he was very proud when he showed us his tent. At one place we saw a half-caste mother holding a baby that was nearly white (most of the people are dark brown). Frank explained in a deeply regretful tone of voice that a marine or two had broken the laws of their people but added with a smile that the Marine Commanding Officer had put them in the brig for their misconduct. There is very little of this happening among these people as they are fairly well educated and are strictly disciplined by their native government. Many of the natives are comparatively light through generations of half castes.

At what we know as 6 o'clock by our watches we went to the Pastor's "folly" but found that their time was just five o'clock and we sat down on the only bench to wait for the Pastor to return from his bath. His family consisted of 5 small boys, the oldest about 12, his wife, a large woman upward of 200 pounds, who didn't speak English but was a congenial hostess, and two older daughters who did the cooking. In our first meeting the Pastor wore the customary "lava-lava" or loin cloth--the brighter the color the more admired it is by the natives. After his bath the Pastor appeared in a neatly pressed white shirt and a pure white "lava-lava" wrapped around his waist and trailing near his ankles. Immediately we slipped down off the bench and sat on the floor mats with our legs crossed and settled down to a nice chat--depending on the few words of English the Pastor spoke. We tried at all times to do things as they did so they would accept us a bit more than if acted distinctly state-side, (American) in their presence.

The Pastor was a large dark ruddy complexioned man--always smiling. He had a large abdominal protrusion which was much in evidence and like the traditional Santa Claus it "shook like a bowl of jelly", when he laughed and that was quite frequent. We had talked only a few minutes when his wife handed him 3 necklaces of mixed shells which the Pastor thanked them profusely but later found that this was not the last of the gifts that the Pastor's wife would be responsible for giving before we left the village.

From this time on they surprised us with one thing after another. Next, he asked us if we would like to eat. We were hungry and were willing to try anything, but it turned out to be a supper beyond our expectations. The two daughters and the oldest son scurried around with the Pastor to fix us a meal. I even suspected during his absence at intervals that he was going around to his neighbors borrowing food. They cooked with an instrument something like a blow torch, in one corner of the room away from the wind. By this time it was dark and the table was brought in--a nice table cloth cover--some beautiful thin china tea cups and saucers and plates, and even one chair was found to give us another seat besides the lone bench. This of course had us flabbergasted to see these fineries of civilization on a native island in the far Pacific, but it seemed that nothing was too good for their American friends--although they themselves ate afterwards on the grass mats on the floor.

The Pastor called us to dinner and we had tuna fish (which we had brought out with us), hot pancakes which resembled our corn fritters without the corn. They were delicious, very rich; and when we had eaten four they still placed a stack of them on the table for us. We drank hot tea with them and there was plenty of sugar if we cared for it.

The greatest treat was yet to come in having the unique privilege of viewing their ceremonial "Seva-seva" dance held in the meeting house. It was given for their soldiers (British Colonial Labor Battalions) which had ridden over from our home base in order to visit their relatives before returning with us today for their duty. Although these soldiers usually wear shorts, they were now in the bright "lava-lava" with beautiful crowns of flowers on their heads, all dressed ready for the great "seva-seva". The women came in bright dresses worn below their knees, and put grass skirts on top of their dresses when they danced. The whole population of the island turned out and after they were seated on their grass mats the dance began. The seating arrangement was--the chief and his officials in the center on one side, we (the three Ensigns of the Navy) on the other, first seated on a bench, (but later we slipped to the floor with them). Then the chorus girls (seven in the foreground; they put on grass skirts every time they danced) and at the other side the soldiers--with a space in the center much like a night club might have,--then with the spectators mostly children all around the outside. The procedure lasted from 8:30 P. M. to 4:30 A. M.. It was something like this: First the natives with the chorus girls would begin one of their chant songs--with four or five men and women beating on a large box covered with mats. I would think their hands would have been blistered after eight hours pounding. The girls and any one else who felt like it, would rise up and begin swaying back and forth, making rhythmic motions with their hands (all of which told a story,) and singing all the time. Near the climax of the song the chief of Police would blow a whistle which was a signal to increase the tempo and crescendo until it seemed that the whole "folly" was whirling around. When they had worked themselves up into a frenzy, they would stop suddenly with a shout and usually drop to the floor exhausted. Then they rested while the soldiers along with a few of the older men would answer them with a song accompanied with a ukelele or guitar.

Frank interpreted some of the songs as "hoping the Americans would keep their enemies out of the Pacific," and others about the history of their people and island. Between several numbers the old men especially the Chief and his council would arise and give lengthy speeches with everyone exclaiming their approval with loud "Awai-Awai!"--meaning "That's good" or something like in our revival meetings with their occasional outburst of "Amen-Amen". At times I had to pinch myself to make certain I was actually in this spectacle and not just dreaming or seeing it all in some Dorothy Lamour South Sea Island picture. I can't describe in words the chanting songs but they were exhilarating to the highest point possible and even the other Ensigns found ourselves shouting out with an occasional "Awai!" or even "Le-le" meaning very good.

At intervals the natives would bring us coconuts, opened at the top, of which we drank the sweet juice. I know I had three or four and learned to enjoy them. They ate sun-dried raw fish with their juice, but we passed that up. About 2 A. M. one of the women came to us and placed brightly polished shell necklaces around our necks and gave each of us a small two-colored grass door mat. We thanked them as best we could and found that the Pastor's wife was again responsible as she was the chairman of the entertainment and visitors committee which presented these gifts. As proof of the point, I made previously of their high regard for authority--when we asked Frank about the gifts he said the Pastor's wife was the chairman and as such no matter what she decided on giving us--they had to do just as she said. I'm sending the two necklaces home later--I want Pauline to have the nice necklace for her or the baby, and Dad is to have the necklace given me personally by the Parson. Pauline is to keep the small mat that the committee gave me, or if you wish, give it to Dad to show around to his people.

At about a quarter to three o'clock in the morning, they were still going strong and the Pastor Samuel asked if we would like to go to bed. I went with him--the others stayed on another hour. It turned out that the "Seva-seva" lasted until 4:30 A. M. and was only stopped then at their request of the chief on one of his speeches because he had to make a trip the next day. At this request, Frank said one of the natives yelled out that he was still a young man and should be able to stand the night life, and of course the whole "folly" rocked with laughter at this remark.

The pastor took me to his "folly" where he had put up (much to my surprise) three cots with mattresses and sheets and pillows. He had moved his entire family (except the oldest son) into the auxiliary "folly" for the night. In the morning he was at our bedside with a can of water when we were awakened. We dipped in and washed our face and hands before getting out of bed. Then we sat down again to eat; coffee and pancakes, while his youngest son was delegated to wave a palm branch over us to keep away the flies. The little fellow got tired, but would change hands and continue.

We bade the Pastor "Tofa" which means goodbye--(Tolafa means Hello) and got back the five miles to our Base in another "Pow-pow". This time we had to paddle the vessel back as the wind was in the wrong direction to use the sails.

The whole experience was something never to be forgotten and today as I look back on those few hours in that village and write, it still is difficult for a Kansas reared boy to actually realize that he could possibly be a part of such a story as this one.

Ensign Robert E. Hunt-U. S. N. R.

The last trip I took before leaving the Ellice Group, we anchored about a mile from the native island-I formerly described-for the night. When the natives discovered us, they came out in their "Pow-pows" and took us to shore. I saw the Pastor (Samuel) again, drank cocoanut milk with them, and stayed until about eleven o'clock in the evening and witnessed another of their "Seva-seva" dances. Then one of our crew rowed into the beach with our little rowboat and took us back to our craft. We could not bring our L. C. T. to the shore because the coral reefs are dangerous at low tide.

After the "Seva-seva" dance, which I have described in a former letter, the women's committee again presented us with necklaces. Now I have 8 or 10 necklaces, a head band and a grass mat, all of which I will send home.

While I was on the island this time, I was sitting on a grass mat on the floor of the Pastor's home visiting with the family, when a bell rang. The Pastor said it was the hour of prayer. I was interested. The two older girls sang a hymn in their native tongue, the oldest boy read a Scripture lesson, and the Pastor prayed a prayer I could not understand, but I could appreciate the fervency of it. He said the same thing was happening in every home on the Island. If these people so far away in the Pacific Ocean without so many privileges we have, can worship God and live in peace, why can't the whole world worship God and live in peace?

There are many things I will explain after the war that I cannot tell now. Even in these back areas, I have had my thrills. It is not all dull. I have flown 7,000 miles over the Pacific Ocean; sometimes in very severe storms. Our trips on these L. C. T.'s take 12 to 14 hours and sometimes the seas are rough, so much so that we have to take refuge within the coral reefs.

Now it is nice to be back in the land of real potatoes and meat and where the seas are calm.

Ensign Robert E. Hunt-U. S. N. R.