

June 17, 1942.

P.F.C. Clinton Kanaga,
Company C,
Candidates Class,
Marine Barracks,
Quantico, Virginia.

Dear Clint:

It doesn't seem fifteen days since you wrote me a letter from Quantico, but that is the fact. I had a call from your dad regarding one of the athletes in Kansas City, Churchill by name, and I told him of course I would help him in every possible way. Your dad never loses that youthful enthusiasm that is good for everyone to possess.

I like the style of your letter. You weren't asking for anything, but you were willing to give a good stiff fight for a commission and I am sure that you will land one. Here's wishing you all kinds of success, and if at any time I can help you please do not fail to call upon me. I will respond immediately and with due force and emphasis in your behalf.

I see that you have been in Washington several times, and I know how you enjoy that wonderful city. I never tire of going out to the Lincoln Monument and walking up the steps to be stimulated to an unusual degree by the wonderful masterpiece of Daniel Chester French. It seems to me as if that sad face of Lincoln actually speaks to you.

It is a wonderful opportunity to visit Washington, and I imagine that during the stress of war Washington is more than a beehive. It is a hornet's nest. And may it prove to be to the slit-eyes, the squareheads, and the spaghetti-benders.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.