

bee and lit on the anatomy of a colored gentleman's fractious steed. Said steed tore across the street and landed smack-dab in the top of Bob's car, hoofs and all.

Of course, Bob and Jean, luckily, were not in it. The car was a wreck from top to the chassis. Brother-in-law Gil Williams, Eleanor's husband, who is a lawyer, saw the sorrowful owner of the steed and the poor old colored gentleman offered to pay \$10.00 a month until the bill was satisfied. However, Bob writes that the poor old colored fellow has just been returned from the operating table at the hospital and they found a huge carcinoma of the stomach. They sewed him back up, and the tag on his hospital record showed "exploratory laparotomy". That means they just explored and found that an operation was contraindicated.

This means that Bob had a lot of experience out of the episode, but no money. I am reminded of the philosophy of the old colored fellow who had a blind horse and when he died the old gentleman soliloquized, "Dem that has must lose". Too bad, Bob. But for the benefit of Rope Engleman, Johnny Kline, Ralph Miller, Bruce Voran, Marvin Sollenberger, Norman Sanneman, Charles Walker, Bill Hoghen, Bob Johnson, Vance Hall, Maurice Jackson, Don Ebling, Bill Bevan, Jack Sands, Loren Florell, Lyman Corlis, Kirk Owen, Lester Kappelman, Herb Hartman, Fen Durand, and other of your teammates whose names have slipped my mind, they will be glad to know that you came out alive. And with your Army pay as a Pfc. it won't take you long to get the wreck in shape so that you can get back to Bell Memorial Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, where you will begin your internship sometime soon after October 1st. For a country boy from Kansas to serve as president of his medical class is perhaps compensation to offset your other disappointments. Bob perhaps would never mention this, but with justifiable pride the old folks are pretty happy about it.

Lt. Ralph H. Miller has just written me from Drew Field, Tampa, Florida:
"Dear Doc,

I just heard of T. P. Hunter's death yesterday and it really struck home. Jean and I felt very badly about it. I think he was one of the grandest persons I have ever known in my life. It's a shame that he should have to go because he is one of the boys who will be needed later on in this world. My hat is off to him because I think he was one of the greatest guys K.U. ever had.

If possible I would like to have his mother's address. I certainly would appreciate it if you can send it to me.

From the heading you can see where we are now stationed. We like it very much and I have a nice assignment. I am the Asst. Base Physical Training Officer. There are a grand bunch of fellows here and I enjoy my work very much.

Have run into two K.U. people here - Jim Sherman of Topeka, and Tom Lillard of Topeka and his wife (Margaret Butler). We had a nice get-together last night and talking of the swell days of K.U. All of us wished that we could be back there.

Dick is in the Aleutians and so far likes it fine. I understand Bob Gilliland was decorated for action against Jap planes. Spike Robertson was in on D-Day and was plenty scared, so he says.

Enough for now. Doc, your newsletter is wonderful and it is really appreciated by all. I don't know of anything you could have done to make plenty of guys happy. Jean and I both send regards to you and the family. Hope you can send me that address.