

Ralph, here is the address: Mrs. Mary F. Hunter,
Margaret, Texas.

Your sincere expression regarding T. P.'s passing is exactly what I expect from all of his friends and teammates. Continued good luck to you and Jean.

Rev. Robert H. Hunt, pastor of the First Methodist Church at Salina, who was pastor of our Methodist Church here in Lawrence, writes: "Last night Rev. and Mrs. Ed Price spent an hour with us and in the conversation Ed said that it had been reported T. P. Hunter had been killed. If this is true I would like to have the name and address of his mother so I might write to her. I was very much impressed with T. P. when he was in school. He was a fine character. . . . Best wishes to Quigley. I have met him numbers of times but he will not remember me. I used to watch him umpire in the National League more than 30 years ago."

Capt. W. H. "Bill" Ramey (APO 115, c/o P.M., New York), writes: "Like many of the boys whose letters I read in the Rebounds, I haven't come across any of the K.U. men. Wrote Paul Harrington one day months ago but haven't heard anything from him. In the 26 July 1944 issue Lt. John Pfitsch said he met a Ramey. I wish I could say that it was the same one who is writing to you but I can't lay such claims, unfortunately. . . ."

We too hope, Bill, that it will not be long until all of you old-timers are back with us.

To Leroy W. Archer, Coxswain, USS Trion, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco -
Dear Jimmy: I want to confess to you that when you wrote your letter on Oct. 19, 1943, I made a pledge that I would write you right away. I put the same in my pocket and thought I would write the letter from the office. For some reason I changed coats and did not wear the tan coat that I put the letter in much more because it was a sport coat. This fall when I put the same tan coat on I discovered your letter in my inside pocket. I called your sister at the First National Bank and got your address, and am now writing you this short note in the Jayhawk Rebounds and sending it to you because it mentions your brother-in-law, Chick Pontius. I knew that you would be interested in hearing about a lot of the boys as you were such a rabid basketball fan; yet you did not limit your enthusiasm to basketball - it was all sports. So here's luck to you. Bob and Mit will be glad to know that you are fighting an aggressive war.

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While you boys have been digging foxholes, I have been digging divots at the Lawrence Country Club. Last Friday, Sept. 8, while playing golf with Ogden Jones, the chairman of the draft board, Mr. Irving Hill and Dr. H. T. Jones, I closed my eyes and swung a lusty iron in the direction of the green on No. 2 fairway. Like a blind pig, I had picked up an 8 iron, and I was lucky enough to get a hole-in-one. The sun was in my eyes and I saw the ball light near the green and then disappear. Ogden Jones excitedly said, "You made it!", but not until I got over there and looked into the cup did I find the ball. Oddly enough, two of the foursome were already members of the Hole-in-One Club. Mr. Irving Hill made his on No. 7 and Dr. Jones previously had made his hole-in-one on old No. 4. Honestly, I believe a fellow who sees someone else make a hole-in-one gets more kick out of it than the individual making it. A few years ago I was playing with Bill Hargiss, and on old No. 1 Bill took his No. 2 iron and