

he will report for his next assignment. He was wounded by shrapnel from a German 88, and was taken prisoner on March 11. However, he escaped from the Germans and returned to the American Lines on March 23. He has the Purple Heart, the Unit Presidential Citation and another decoration, the name of which we do not know.

There are two other brothers, neither of whom many of you readers will remember. However, many of you Delta Tau will remember my nephew, Robert L. Allen, Jr., at present a major in the Army medical corps, where he is chief of surgery with the 168th Evacuation Hospital. Major Hubert graduated from K.U. in 1932 with his A.B. degree, got his M.D. at Tulane University in 1936, interned at Kansas City General Hospital in 1936-37, and for three years was a resident in Ob. and Gyn. at St. Louis Maternity and Barnes Hospital. He is a member of the American College of Surgeons, and just before going into the Army was a teacher at Northwestern University. His wife, the former Roberta Brabant, graduated from K.U. in 1934. They have two children, Hubert Lee, III, age 7, and Benjamin Brabant, 5.

While attending the International Convention of Rotary in Chicago on June 18 to 21, I visited with my brother, Hubert, Sr., who is auditor for the Northern Illinois College of Optometry, and he gave me a letter from Hubert, Jr., a part of which I quote to show the strong affection between brothers. Major Hubert was writing to his brother William's wife, Claire. Before catching my train, I drove out to his home and visited with William, Signalman 3/c, who had just returned on leave from the Pacific. He was with his wife and baby girl, and we had a splendid visit.

Major Hubert has been in the Pacific two years this July. In his letter to Claire he was attempting to assure her that all was well, but recounted the fact that Bill had lived dangerously. I quote excerpts from his letter:

"We have been working all day and up to 11 or 12 at night lately, and I have little time to write. But I shall write this letter in detail, little by little if necessary, until it is complete. Because, you see, I have seen Bill and talked with him, and I know what it will mean to you and the folks to hear at first hand all about our meeting. In this letter I shall not mention either the name or number of Bill's ship, because I intend to describe certain details which would violate security if coupled with identification. . . . As I approached, I was able to make out on the bow the numbers I had been looking for all over the Pacific Ocean. Imagine what a thrill it was! We came alongside and I hailed the Officer of the Deck and requested permission to come aboard. When he learned that I had a brother aboard, he was most cordial, and called Bill over the announcer system: 'Seaman first class Allen, report to the quarterdeck immediately'. We chatted while waiting for Bill and suddenly I looked up and there he stood! We stood and looked at each other for a moment. I had the most curious sense of unreality. To see that boy, aboard a wicked little war ship, anchored in one of the hottest spots in the world, the straits between two famous islands. We shook hands and sort of embraced each other, and then I stood off to get a good look at him. . . . I of course was acutely conscious of the passing minutes. . . . You will never know my emotions as the time came when I could delay no longer. We shook hands again and looked at each other. I had called the picket boat alongside. Bill's ship is so low and streamlined that all I had to do was step over the rail and onto our boat, which is a converted cabin cruiser. We had talked of plans to see each other today. Either he was to come ashore or I was to return to the ship. But even while we talked, I think we both felt that it wasn't going to happen that way. I can't get out to him, and I know something of his mission and don't expect him to be able to come ashore. That's the way things are out here. . . ."

"Let me tell you what I know of Bill's combat experience. They have been in many campaigns. They were at Kwajalein, at Truk, they were in the great naval