

gets out of the service, he is going to settle in Lawrence. We are delighted for this because when he went into the service we learned that the salt spray had reclaimed him for good. He served a hitch in the first World War.

Lieut. Horace Mason dropped in yesterday to say hello. Horace looks fine and has had some close calls. He was describing to me the thrill that he got when he landed an outfit of Marines on Okinawa. The photographic reconnaissance showed the beach to be heavily fortified and the Marines were expecting the worst. And I might add, Horace was also expecting the same. They landed, and without any opposition whatsoever. Just imagine such a situation! Gosh, what a swell feeling a guy must have when he is expecting the Japs to throw all the hate at him.

Lieut. Bill Belt walked in just as I am dictating this and I showed him the communication regarding Howard Engleman, and we are chewing the fat regarding Horace Mason while I am continuing to dictate the Rebounds and entertain Bill all in the same breath. Bill has put on some weight since he has had his feet under his mother's table. Bill explains that he was "on watch and off watch" continuously, and when a fellow can't sleep he can't gain weight. But it was reversed in Kansas City. However, I can still see some lines around Bill's physiognomy which he hasn't erased entirely. Bill tells me he will be here two weeks yet and by that time we expect him to be very rotund!

Lieut. Bobby Haynes came in a couple of weeks ago and had a fine visit with Dr. Bobby Allen. Bobby Haynes and Bobby Allen were schoolmates in elementary grades, in high school and through the University. They had a great time visiting and playing golf together. Bobby Haynes told about a Jap shell that went through three or four decks of his ship and passing through the hull before exploding. Bobby, who is a Naval flier, described some of the suicide swimmers. All the boys want to capture them but not until they have divested these Nips of their explosive luggage.

The Nips have never yet sunk a U. S. aircraft carrier. True, we have had to dispose of some after they were badly damaged, but since the experience of the USS Franklin the boys of the Navy say they will save the rest of them from here on out. Since the war has progressed, damage control has improved so rapidly that it is possible now to save ships that heretofore the Navy had thought was impossible.

Bobby Allen and Jean McFarland Allen are very busy at Bell Memorial Hospital until July 1, when Bobby goes into active service. Jean is one of the receptionists at the hospital, and we are expecting them down to 801 Louisiana about ten or twelve days before July 1 so Bob can get in his allotment of golf. They tell me that these internes at Bell Hospital really give those "muni" courses in Kansas City a good going-over in the late afternoons.

Lieut. E. R. "Hoot" Mons, a Navy flier and the husband of Jane Allen Mons, has his assignment for the Pacific. Jane and Hoot are on the west coast visiting Mary Allen Hamilton and Pete, with their three youngsters, Lee, Jr., Joan and Elizabeth - my "Wibble-Wobble". Grandma Allen and I are keeping Jill, the Mons' six-months-old human bundle of loveliness. It has been said that "there is only one pretty child in the world, and every mother has it", but Grandma Allen says she has it. This feeding schedule is keeping the old folks busy, but since we are the only ones in the house Jill keeps our household in constant animation.

Lt. (jg) Milton P. Allen is home from Boston on a two-weeks leave. His time is up Saturday and he will fly back to begin another four months hitch with