He says, "I have just returned from about 18 mos. in Hawaii, and I have been assigned to a school here. Two of my instructors were with T. P. throughout his career in the M.C. - and left him just before the Guam campaign where he was killed. . . They told of T. P.'s popularity with his men and officers. Of course, T. P. didn't always do things in the prescribed military manner - but he always got them done - and well done. They chuckled about the way T. P. would mother and worry over the boys in his plateon - according to them, "Tepe was like an old mother hen with a brood." And naturally his boys loved him for it. They told of several instances when a man who was causing trouble in another outfit would be transferred to T. P.'s, and T. P. would make a good man out of him.

"As you probably know, T. P. was recreation officer for his battalion, and Fairfield told how on Guadalcanal, when everyone else was taking a siesta, T. P. would get his boys out for a fast game of basketball - and play himself, too. You remember how religious he was - they told of one night in their hut in N. Zealand - a gunner was saying some things about religion that T. P. didn't like - he tolerated it just so long - then calmly rose - socked the gunner right on the jaw and broke it in three places. This might sound a bit out of line, but these two assured me that the gunner really had it coming. .

It is a tragedy that T. P. Hunter won't come back, but it is up to the rest of us to make ourselves deserve sacrifices such as his."

The great leve that T. P.'s college chums had for him is evidenced by the fact that I received a letter from one of his dear friends, enclosing a check for \$100.00, the same to be used as a living memorial in honor of this great Marine. A committee will be named to work out this memorial.

T. P. Hunter, in every man's language, was a first class fighting man, a practical Christian, an athlete that any ceach would qualify as tops in his book. He was afraid of nothing. Men followed him for the power that he possessed and for the tenderness and kindnesses that were his.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all of the world, 'This was a man!'"

When I see so many boys from the battle fronts who drep in my office here in Rebinsen Gymnasium, I feel very much as Frances Burns did in describing a Lt. Jenes when he said that he would be sitting at 12:30 talking to one of his squadmen and at 2 o'clock he would be dead. "In all, 72 of those 94 men died in action. They meant more to me than anybedy I'd ever known, and now when I dream I get all mixed up. They are the living and I am one of the dead. I have to turn the light on and look at their pictures to know where I belong." As I look at T. P.'s picture each morning on my dresser, I wender if this isn't the state of mind of most of our beys who have been in mortal combat. A thousand times more do I realize how you beys on the many fighting fronts, in those bitter battles, count the living and the dead and be confused. When you come back you will want to be left alone to work out your own adjustments. The men who are fighting are only concerned with getting home again. They will get back in the groove if the home front will give them plenty of time.

Of course, you will want your old job back, as good or even better than the one you had when you left. It is up to the Selective Service boards to show the same fidelity in serving you now as you showed to your country when you served them and the rest of us here at home. Of course, most of you boys will want to continue your education, and rightfully so. The G. I. Bill of