

fine to see you at Nerman, Ernie, but I'm sorry we couldn't win the ball game.

Lt. (jg) Norman B. Sanneman (c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, California) sent an interesting picture of the sights on New Guinea. Norman writes: "Howard Engleman, now on a D. E., dropped in to see me one day and we had a wonderful time chatting over old times. I think he wrote you and sent some pictures; however, in case he didn't, I'm going to have some made up and send them on to you. You see, he brought his baseball team over to play mine. Of course, I had to beat him but both the men and "Repe" had a great time. I don't know just where he is now but he has a great ship and has downed 6 subs. already. He's still the great old "Repe" and is well liked by all his men and officers. He still has that fighting spirit you taught him and he makes a wonderful officer. . . . I have been doing construction work but find enough time to help in recreation. I have built a nice baseball diamond and installed lights so we can play at night. As far as I know, it is the only one of its kind in the Pacific. I also have a basketball court, volleyball court and aerial dart court. It's too hot to play much basketball but now and then we play enough to keep the old eye."

Shortly before receiving Sanneman's letter, I received one from "Repe" (Lt. jg H. E. Engleman, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco), who says, "Can't tell you too much about what we are doing but as you probably have guessed, it all concerns the Philippines. The old England has been lucky so far but you never know when that next one will fall on you instead of the ship next abeam. Believe me, these Japs aren't human beings. . . . Since I've written you last, the ship got 10 days in Sydney and a chance to re-orient ourselves to civilization. The necktie almost choked me and I got seasick walking on solid ground. . . . Mary Beth and son are doing fine, I hope, and so are Mother and Grandmother, I believe. . . . Since seeing Sanneman and Jim Bausch, I've run into Bill Bevan's brother and another Jayhawker named Harold Edwards. I heard T. P. shot his last goal. Is that true? What a shame. Enough eulogies can never be written about that boy. Well Doc, a lot has happened since we all sat in the old Strathaven Inn retreat in Pennsylvania and listened to Roosevelt's first fireside chat. I'm afraid you were the only one there who realized the seriousness of the moment. I can remember yet Bob and John and I laughing and carefree. Well, we know now. . . ."

Lt. Lester B. Kappelman's Christmas greeting, mailed December 3, arrived just a few days after we had had a nice visit with Capt. Francis Kappelman. Francis is still stationed in Chicago, and Lester was at the 3rd General Hospital, APO 423, New York. Lester writes: "Through a misfortune I had last month I have been laid up in a hospital here in France and would appreciate any news from the boys. A machine gun bullet, which I forget to duck, passed through my right forearm and took a small portion of the anatomy in the immediate vicinity along with it. Consequently, I get a beautiful stenographer to handle my correspondence for me. . . . I hear Ernie Quigley has been added to the staff at the University. Here's hoping you have a good team this winter and that I will be home in time to see you play."

Lots of luck to you, Lester. We hope your recovery will be speedy, and that you will be home in time to see us play.

We were happy to have a short visit with Thene Graves, C.P.O. with the V-12 unit at the University of Southern California. Thene stopped in the office the other day to say hello, and said his wife is trying to get him to live in California after the war is over. I told Thene to tell her that California is the most out-lying state in the Union!

I have just this morning received season's greetings from Lt. Bruce Reid,