

"Dear Mrs. Allen:

My mother received your very kind letter a few days ago. We wish to thank you for this sincere expression of your sympathy. We shall always treasure your letter for its encouragement now and for the future.

Our entire community mourns for T. P. Many have come or written to us to express their sorrow. Among them are the parents of three other boys who have lost their lives - one in a plane crash, one in a Jap prison camp, and one in company with T. P. in the South Pacific.

My mother is trying to be brave as T. P. had told her to be if anything ever happened to him. He was her baby and pride of her life. Though the youngest of us, I sometimes think he was the wisest and kindest of us all.

Yes, T. P. was ready to meet his God. T. P., on receipt of a Christmas card from the Methodist church here, wrote a letter of appreciation to the church not only for the card but for all that it meant to him. The minister read it aloud to the people and said that he would always keep the letter as it was a sermon within itself.

We were so glad that T. P. attended the University and made such friends as you and Dr. Allen. We were glad that he had opportunities to improve his mind and body amid such pleasant friends and surroundings. We wish to thank you for making his college life so pleasant and profitable.

Let us hope that the death of T. P., and others like him will not be in vain but that war will be banished from the face of the earth.

We have not received a letter of details yet, but a letter from Marine Headquarters said that he was killed July 21, on Guam.

I am T. P.'s oldest sister.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Jimmy Hembree

Margaret, Texas
August 25, 1944.

In this morning's mail I received a letter from T. P.'s buddy, Cpl. Charles P. Loar, USMC. It was written from the Naval Hospital at San Francisco, Calif. Cpl. Loar says:

"Dear Mr. Allen:

First of all I want to tell you who I am. I was one of T. P. Hunter's best friends. We were in the same outfit, and I was with Tepe when he was killed. I guess that story will be one of the unwritten tales of this war, but Tepe was a hero, and a great guy. I could write a whole book on his adventures and I think it would be a best-seller. I was also with him on his patrol on Bougainville.

He used to let me read the paper you sent every month, because I knew lots of the guys from K. U. I expect to be home before long, and I will make a point of looking you up, and telling you all about a swell guy. I can't tell you how much I miss Tepe, - I guess a Marine isn't supposed to have much feeling. I just wanted you to know that I have heard all about you, and I know you are anxious to hear about Tepe. I live in K. C., so when I come home I'll be by to see you."

We are looking forward to Corporal Loar's coming to learn the story of the last great heroic struggle.

This brings to two the number of Jayhawk Rebounders who have given their lives for you and for me - Wayne Nees and T. P. Hunter. Wayne lost his life at Kiska on May 18, 1943. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees of Brazil, Indiana. You will remember that he was a star in basketball and track. He also played football but his time allowance for work and study would not