

Mother Hopkins still with the Phi Psi's? I've heard that the Navy has recently taken over at 1100 Indiana. Give my regards to Mrs. Allen, your family and Henry Shenk.

Fraternally,

Fen."

Fen, your dad was looking fine and full of pride for the three fine sons that he has in the service. I wanted to call your mother but in the rush of things never got around to it. Saw Attorney Humphrey and his wife when they attended the game.

Jack Ballard played on the Fort Riley team at guard and he stole about half the rebounds off the defensive basket. He played a great game. Old Jack is rough and tough. He looks swell and he is as tough as one of those southwestern bronco-busting cowpunchers. He really is tough, and that is no folling whether you say it in Fo't Wo'th language, way down South, you know, but Jack has the stuff and he puts it out. I was mighty proud of him, even though he did lick us because he has to lick those slit-eyes and he is getting in shape for them.

I know the streets of Junction City would look good to you, Fen, and I assure you that you will always look good to us.

Capt. Paul Harrington,
77th Evac. Hospital,
APO 505, New York.

England Jan. 22, 1944

Dear Folks:

It has been quite some time since these careless hands have submerged their activity in the realm of letter writing. Because of fond memories and that true feeling of friendship they find you first on their list.

You will note the change of address. We have been here some two months and just turned over our hospital. Our mail has been reverse somewhat in the change of location. As a result I must congratulate, late true, on your son-in-law. No man could be more fortunate than he. I am a little jealous. Love to you both. Your immediate family have gone the way of all, but your friends are here.

Paul."

Paul, I will never forget the great part you played in not only playing on three championship Jayhawker teams, but the great part that you played in seeing that they were champions. We will never forget Mr. Quigley's remarks to you when you were a sophomore. You remember, don't you, Paul: "A foul on you! Do you understand?" Quigley to Harrington. No answer from Harrington. "Another foul on you. Do you understand?" Quigley to Harrington. No answer. The third time the same explanation and the same statement, and finally a reply from sophomore Harrington. "No, Sir, I don't understand, but I am getting used to you."

Quigley tells that one with a lot of merriment in his tone. He thought you, Paul, were about one of the best, but I don't believe that was reciprocal, was it?

Thanks for all your good wishes, Paul. We are counting on you when you come back to get used to the larger family.