

fine until one day they got me and my boys in a hot-box. I thought for a while they were going to call in the outfielders to get us out. Fortunately for us, however, we got out before they had time.

I have called it a game, Doc, and to me that's just about how it seemed. The same is true for most of the boys that return. The bad part of the whole war is those boys who give their life to win. I had some of those and for them it must have been more than a game.

Eleanor's wedding must have been a very impressive affair from the way you described it. You and Mrs. Allen are just about back where you started, as far as children are concerned, aren't you? Well, the Bible says, "It is good to marry", and I think I'll try it myself some day. I hope '44 will see them well on their road to happiness.

The athletic situation sounds good. Wish I was in the big middle of it. We may have a little athletic activity around here pretty soon.

Thanks to the boys that remembered me in their letters.

Yours truly,

T-Hambone. "

T.P., they will have a tough time striking you out, brother. When you begin to bat those eyes the opposition had better look out, and I know you are throwing a lot more stuff at them than basketballs and baseballs over there. I remember mighty well when you went down to try for your commission in the Marines. Mit Allen, Bob Allen and a host of other boys that I talked with said, "I'll bet old T. P. makes a great officer", and they weren't missing a bet either on that guess. Everyone of us would put our last dollar on you, old fellow.

The Kansas basketball team played the Fort Riley C.R.T.C. on February 7 at Junction City and we stopped in the bank to see the dad of our former scintillating star in basketball and track, Fen Durand. Captain Fen writes as follows:

Capt. F. A. Durand,
H-S Co., 2nd Amph. Tr. Bn.,
2nd Marine Division,
c/o Fleet Postoffice,
San Francisco, California.

26 January 1944

Dear Doc:

I haven't written lately so I'll drop you a short note. Bill McKinley dropped over for a few minutes this afternoon, and in discussing K.U., I

recalled that I hadn't written for some time. Your news sheets, Rebounds, have been coming in regularly and I really appreciate them.

I was roughly indoctrinated into action on 20 November when I landed in the assault wave against the Japs on Tarawa. After having my landing craft shot out from under me when 100 yards from the beach, I spent nearly two hours swimming in the water before reaching shore. These Japs are worthy opponents and we Marines don't underestimate them. I was lucky to survive since about one-half of those in my craft were killed and several others wounded.

At present we are in a "rest" camp (so-called), where we are again undertaking strenuous training in preparation for the next operation. We man-