

from Clint but didn't know Fen was in the same outfit as he. My C. O. knew Capt. Durand when he was in their outfit. Also Bill Jones. My brother that helped me through college is down here, too. Not on the same island, however. Well, Dr. Allen, give my regards to everyone and drop me a line when you can. I know you're busy.

Yours truly,
T-Bone."

T. P.'s address is as follows: 1st Lt. T. P. Hunter, Jr.,
Co. E, 2nd Bn., 9th Marines,
c/o Fleet Postoffice,
San Francisco, California.

His letter was dated September 2nd. No better news could have come to us than this. T. P. was tops with everybody on Mt. Oread and in the Big Six. And is tops with Uncle Samuel, too.

. . .

And to another boy doing it to the Japs - Capt. F. A. Durand,
Co. C, 2nd Amph. Tr. Bn.,
c/o Fleet Postoffice,
San Francisco, California.

Fen writes: "Your June issue of Jayhawk Rebounds just arrived providing me several minutes of interesting reading. If I may use slang, it's a mighty fine dope sheet. Whom should I see the other day but Bill McKinley, now a Marine Corps captain; he has been out of the States for nearly two years but just now arrived in this area. Naturally, we 'batted the breeze' about old times at K.U. and Kansas City. He looks fine but is just as anxious as all of us to see this war through and make the return trip to the middlewest U. S. Bill Jones is in a nearby camp, but I only see him occasionally. . . . Bob Durand receives his commission in a few days at Miami Beach, Florida. He and Dana both made the grade the hard way, i.e. through the enlisted ranks, while I obtained my commission by means of two summers training at San Diego while in college. Its been nearly two years since I've seen any of the family, but we're already planning that post-war reunion."

Fen, we will never forget your versatility and your athletic ability, as well as your musical talent. You've got it, boy. We will be looking for you home at the earliest possible moment.

. . .

Lt. (jg) Horace M. Mason, USNR, Hollis N27, Harvard Yard, Cambridge, Mass. - Horace, have you acquired that Harvard accent? Here's hoping you get your sailing orders sooner than you expect. - Horace says, "The day is growing nearer when I will be going to sea and my only regret is that it still is a couple of months away. I would grab at the chance to sail tomorrow. . . . I am duly impressed by Harvard's ancientness, but can't say much for it outside of that. The dorm I live in, Hollis House, was built in 1763, and you can tell it."

The last address from Johnny Pfitsch was:

Lt. John A. Pfitsch
448 AAA (AW) Bn. Adj.,
APO 184, c/o P.M.
Los Angeles, California