

of some of the sorties against those slimy, slit-eyed Japs. He is convalescing in the Olathe Naval Air Base Hospital. He looks fine at times, but the old malaria has got him again. So it may be some time before he sees active service again. He told me one Jap lieutenant who was a graduate of the University of Oregon and spoke English fluently, said, "You will never get Hawaii back. You know we have already landed on the California coast." Clint said he didn't argue with him because he knew the Jap would think he was lying to him. Who knows but what some of those monkeys without tails over there believe that some of their ilk have already established a bridgehead in San Francisco now?

By the way, Bill Replogle gave me his brother Max's address. It is:

Lt. Max Replogle,  
Naval Air Station,  
Miami, Florida.

C. Sp. Freddie J. Harris, of the Naval Air Station at Richmond, Florida, writes as follows: "Max Replogle flew in at this base a week ago to see me. When he landed the captain of our station met him at his plane, ASNJ3, and brought him to the recreation building to see me. We had a fine visit and enjoyed ourselves a great deal rehashing old times. He had to back me up on the calibre of basketball played in Kansas. Before this visit I was all alone in my arguments but since Max backed me up I've heard little comment. Max is a senior grade lieutenant and looks fine. They consider him the best fighter at Opalock air station." Max is doing in air fighting what he did in football here at K.U.

Av/C Jack M. Werts,  
Group 20, Squad. D., Flight 3,  
Bombardier Wing,  
Ellington Field, Texas.

Delighted to hear from you, Jack.  
Jack was the University Daily Kansan reporter. He would have been eligible for baseball in the spring of '42, but his transfer from Emporia Teachers

College would not permit his eligibility. We will be expecting you to try out for the varsity baseball team on your return, Jack.

Midshipman H. J. Ulrich,  
Room 204, Tower Hall,  
820 Tower Court,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Hub, we called the young lady several times so that we might return to her your All-Big Six gold football and chain which the little colored bootblack, Jimmy Thompson, found and gave to us.

Guess we will have to mail it direct to you, as the lady seems to have flown these parts.

Pvt. Wilson R. Fitzpatrick,  
Co. B, 1st C.W.S. Trng. Regt.,  
Camp Siebert, Alabama.

Bob is in a chemical warfare camp. Make a lot of that lethal stuff, Bob. We want to be ready with more potent poison than Adolph possesses.