

makes it small and futile to try and thank you. It is larger than that, it means more than just "Thank you" to me. My first impulse was to write and thank you, the moment I read your letter and I knew that if I did, I would tell you what is uppermost in my mind and I was reluctant to do so, because I do not want to bore you but I can't help it, so please blame the following on that abundance of personality that you sealed in your letter to me, an unknown. I had a happy boyhood in my home in La Junta, Colo. with my parents, brothers and sisters. My Dad was a railroad man so we were not wealthy but I was enjoying a reputation in High School as the best athlete ever turned out there and had an opportunity to go on to College and higher education and it was my greatest ambition to do so, but that was in 1918 and I was just 18 years old. Both of my older brothers enlisted in the army, and a college friend of mine had enlisted in the Marine Corps came to me and told me that if I enlisted and played football that when the war was over, that the Government was going to make it possible for former students to attend College, I thought that would be a wonderful opportunity for me, so I enlisted in the Marine Corps and did play a lot of football, but I never got to College when I came out as all the jobs had been given to students who were supposed to have been wounded or injured in service and overseas, I was neither, in the lapsed time my Mother became sick and