

March 29, 1945

Dear Dr. Allen;

Here on an extremely quiet watch, there is nothing to do but think-sometimes I don't want to think. Aside from those from Mother, your "rebounds" are the best letters I receive. Each line recalls a steady procession of events-today is always forgotten, the misty tomorrow something awaited for, but the yesterdays at school seem like the only real thing that has happened to us.

I'm quite sure that you new knew me at school. While T. P., Scoot Somers, and Fred Eberhart were making names on the Hill, I was skinning by in classes and trying to push my nose into nearly every activity the Hill had to offer. You were the man that consistently beat Nebraska-although Dad was a K.U. man, '09 or '10, my brother went to Nebraska on through medical school and Ed Weir, my cousin, both constantly dinned into me the invincibility of Nebraska on the football field.

Although it has come to me in black and white to read again and again, it still doesn't seem possible that T.P., Scoot, and Fred are gone. In the spring of '42, with high hopes, I organized the first Flying Jayhawk Squadron, the largest in the country at that time, and washed out at Corpus Christi with ten hops to go before graduation. Guess I didn't have enough on the ball. Why should it be fellows like that die when there are plenty of the rest of us. It certainly makes our job clear that our work isn't finished after the war but goes on in reconstruction of the old world into a new one that these boys wanted and died for. I'm sure they are still living and will live forever for at least some of us to see when we step across the line and sit with the Peers of Time.

You would have enjoyed being aboard the return leg of our last cruise. With a fairly calm sea most of the way, the hanger deck looked like Stillman's Gym with volley ball, badminton, and basketball tournaments in progress even with individuals punching the bag and playing catch-everything but somebody skipping rope. We, in the Air Department, won the officer's championship and in a double overtime thriller at that against the Supply, Gunnery, and Engineering department team. My contribution was that Kansas twist for five points.

Called on Henry Werner's brother for a very pleasant, and charming seems to fit in, time. Sort of have the bug to go there after the war as a vacation on a bicycle tour of the country.

Doc we all know how extremely busy you are and what a great job you are doing. Even with all this you still can put out the Rebound. Humbly, thank you. Could you add Lt. Emmett Park, USNR, USS Stockdale DE 399, Fleet Post Office, N.Y. to the list?

It would be possible for me to send you some gum, but after seeing the boys sweat out the line for it here my conscience won't let me.

Can you tell me where Clint Kanaga is located? I certainly hope he is safe and stays that way-after so long in the Marine Corps you begin to push your luck.

Sincerely,

Joe Brown