



Feb. 22 '44

Dear Folks,

Your letters keep coming but I'm afraid mine have been rather few and far between going. I guess I've been lazy, but also haven't realized how good mail facilities can be to and from fairly distant spots such as this. The Quarterly arrived not so long ago, for instance, and was most welcome. I read it all with much interest. It seems funny to have to go back more than ten classes from the last in Alumni Notes for news of one's own form. Well, now one of us is 30 (!) was the oldest who graduated, though both Satan and

A week after  
first combat,  
described in a  
later letter.  
This mentions  
"flying foxes"  
and white terns  
(seen at Ulithi,  
in the Caroline  
an atoll large  
enough for the  
fleet anchored)  
"Liberty" (home  
SB) was at Mogi  
Mogi, an islet.

