

Like Bill Hougland, the rawboned battler with whom he played in the Red and Blue backline last year, he plays every game as if it meant life survival. He can and does fly through every minute of every contest with the throttle open to the last notch, in the league's most consistently tireless individual effort.

"Don't know why I don't get very tired playing basketball," Kelley remarks with a grin. "You know, in high school I never could run the quarter without about drooping dead. Maybe it's because you get those little moments of flat-footed rest in basketball."

Kelley's "rests" aren't apparent to the naked eye. He comes out of the chute like Twenty Grand and pounds indefatigably the entire route.

"I didn't realize what a dumb basketball player I was when I came to Kansas," is another startling admission. "We were a running, shooting team in high school. I didn't know much about pattern play or defense when I came up here. I am casting no reflections on anybody because we did well with the run and shoot method at McCune, winning second place in the Class B state tournament my senior year ('49). It was just a different style here and I certainly had a lot to learn about it."

Kelley, son of Frank L. Kelley, a health department employee at Parsons...he commutes each day from McCune....nominates Flowers as the toughest opponent he's been assigned to guard.

"He had the best reverse dribble I've ever played against," the McCune youth admires.