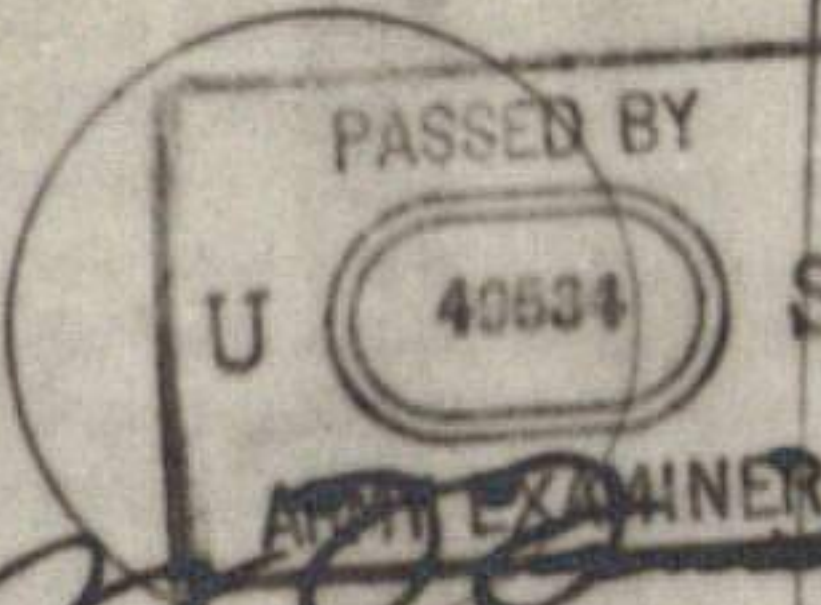


Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

From:



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen
Dir. of Athletics University of KANSAS
LAWRENCE,
KANS., U.S.A.

See Instruction No. 2

Mr. Chas. R. Allen Jr 375 10th St

Ho Bldg 97th Div. Army.

NO. 445 40 PM New York, N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

23rd Friday

Dear Doc "Phog" Allen

Just a v-form to let you know that I can write. One of my shortcomings - not inked.

I want to thank you for your inclusion of me on your mailing list for the Jayhawk Rebounds. I feel that it is a privilege. Your Rebounds has, is, and will be for some time to come, a close bond among the fellows that have left the campus, and they will be ever thankful, I am among them.

Thru the Rebounds, and the folks, and the Kansans I have received, I have been able to, haphazardly, keep up with the week to week news. The basketball team did fine this season, did me good to see the team pull up. You did a wonderful job. Kish Scott, a put broker, seemed like good material to work on. I know everyone is with you 100% and gives power to you.

Hope the town cleanup program is taking effect smoothly. It is an admirable work. The fellows from Lawrence I know are watching the progress and thanking those participating.

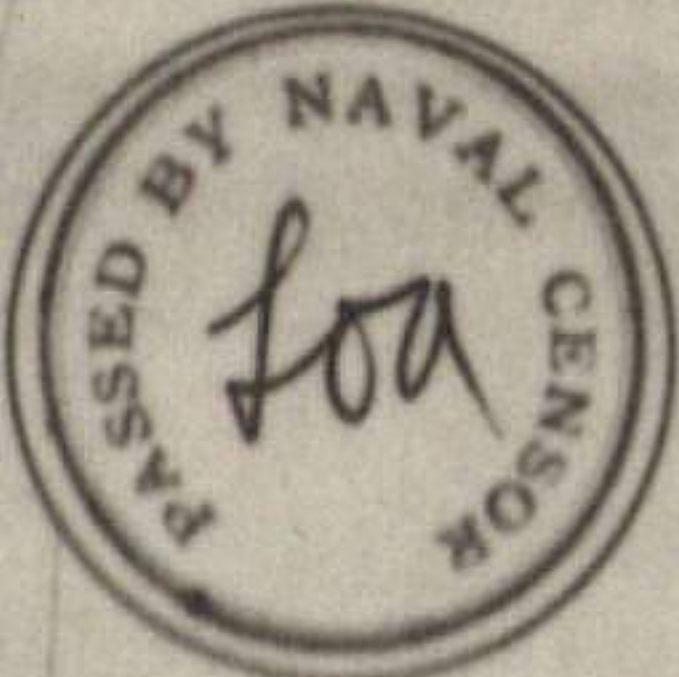
All for now — I hear you are running for council man —
Luck to you

Sincerely
Rag Allen Jr.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V - MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Dr. Forrest C. Allen
University of Kansas
Lawrence,
Kansas.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
Comdr. Lyle C. Arnel
U.S.S. TELFAIR (APA-210)
FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

25 April 1945
(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Fppg:

Just a note to express my appreciation for including me on the mailing list for "REBOUNDS". I thoroughly enjoy reading them. You are doing a great service for the K.U. Boys. While I don't know them, from reading about what they have written you, I imagine I have passed pretty near, Lt. Gerald Barker and Lt. Horace M. Mason.

We sort of lose track of time out on the water and it hardly seems possible I was home about a year ago enroute to get my new ship with a new gang. In athletic parlance, they have whipped into shape and have been giving a good account of themselves. These boys, most of them youngsters are palying a man's game and winning.

I often think that by the time these boys are grandpappies, the experiences thru which they have gone will make swell "listening to" around the old family fireplace when the passing of years will have enhanced their "hindsight."

We are starting the publication of TELFAIR-TALES for both local and home consumption. Will send you an early copy.

Remember me to the folks on the Hill and at the Rotary Club.

Thanks again for remembering.

Sincerely,

Lyle C. Arnel
Lyle C. Arnel

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

18

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1944 12-32140-2

N. Y.'s Gambling Termites Rock Collegiate Cage World

NEW YORK, Dec. 26—Do you detect an odor? Do you smell something funny?

Whether you smell it or not, something's beginning to stink, and it's the bigtime gambling rackets which are moving in on amateur and, in particular, on college sports. A few weeks ago the University of Kansas basketball coach, Dr. Forrest C. »Phog« Allen, popped off again—this time about gamblers who have become a threat to college athletics. Specifically, Allen pointed to the case of the Utah coach, Vadal Peterson, who was accosted in his hotel room

just before a Madison Square Garden (NCAA tournament) game last spring, and asked: »How much will it cost me



'PHOG' ALLEN

to have you see to it that your boys lose to Dartmouth?« Peterson slammed the door.

Allen offered further information, without laying himself open to libel, about two college athletes who already had sold out to professional gamblers for a price.

Lastly, Allen suggested that there's a scandal in the making that will make the Black Sox mess in baseball look like a penny pickpocket affair.

Mostly, what Allen was talking about was Madison Square Garden, where the biggest basketball business in America is being carried on every winter by impressario Ned Irish. Hundreds of thousands of dollars change hands on results of Garden games and wherever there's that much money involved, somebody's going to be approached.

Irish has made an effort to run gamblers out of the Garden, but the fact is if he stamped them out, he would blot out a great deal of the Garden basketball crowd. Not all those 17,000 people were at the Garden the other night because Muhlenberg or St. Francis were dear to their hearts. They were there for the same reason they go to horse races and that ain't to watch nags run.

The hardest question to answer about such gambling is »So what?« It's true gambling leaves a bad stench on any game. Landis did a good job keeping baseball divorced from rackets, and it might be a good idea if colleges attacked the problem of wiping out gamblers in intercollegiate athletics.

Gopher Cagers Nip Nebraskans In Overtime Tilt

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 26—Minnesota's Gophers defeated Nebraska, 55-54, in an overtime basketball game that won't be topped in suspense for a long time.

Minnesota led, 21-20, at the half and Nebraska's Jim Strahan scored six straight points as the regulation time ran out.

Bob Hahn, Cornhusker forward, scored a goal and Clarence Hermensen, Gopher center, tied it on a long heave. Bob Costello's foul put Nebraska ahead momentarily, then Buzzy Lehrman sank two free throws for Minnesota. With seconds left, Costello blew a foul shot that would have tied the game. Hermensen was high for the night with 27 points.

Kansas U. got off to a fine start in Big Six competition with a 63-40 victory over Kansas State. Coach Phog Allen's Jayhawkers were paced by Moffett, who netted 25 points. It was a rough game, K. U. committing 22 fouls, K. S. 19.

Set shots that hit their mark in the second half gave Great Lakes a 60-47 basketball victory over Purdue here. Luke Majorki and Dick McGuire hit the net from all angles to stifle a Boilermaker threat midway in the second half. Paul Hoffman of Purdue was the outstanding performer on the court.

In New York, DePaul's veteran »Blue Devils« defeated Long Island University, 74-47, racking up the season's highest basketball score at Madison Square Garden.

In the first game of the double-header, St. John's of Brooklyn downed Puerto Rico University, 41-35.

The Blackbirds held George Mikan, DePaul's six-foot, seven-inch center, to 14 points, his lowest total of the season, but the rest of the Illinois team took up the scoring slack.

Iowa's flashy scoring machine snapped Notre Dame's winning streak and made it five triumphs in a row by whipping the Irish, 63-46. Vince Boryla, Irish ace, led the scorers with 26 points.

Walter Kell scored 21 points to pace Michigan's Wolverines to a 38-33 victory over Wyoming for their seventh straight victory.

December 27, 1944
Somewhere in France
at the Front

Dear "Doc",

Time is limited tonight because the Coleman lantern is about to go out. I hope you will understand the reason for the brevity of this note.

Tonight I glanced at the Stars and Stripes Sport Page and noted the following enclosed articles. Both of these clippings are from the Dec. 27 issue of the local Stars and Stripes of this area. Am sending for your interest.

Still rooting for you and
KANSAS,

all the best
Fraternally
"Doc"
Warren R. Anderson

Mr. Warren R. Anderson
100th CIC Detachment
APO 447, c/o P.M.
N.Y., N.Y.

Denver, Colorado
March 20, 1945

Dr. Robert Earl Allen
University of Kansas Hospital
Rose Dale, Kansas

Dear Bobby:

I started to write you a letter this morning to tell you that I had written to Mr. C. E. McPride, the Sports Editor of the Kansas City Star. Mr. Alston McCarty, a former varsity pitcher of the University of Kansas back in 1910, '11 and '12, stopped by the hotel and I was prevented from finishing your letter. He brought me out here and very kindly permitted me to dictate a letter here.

I told Mac that we had our tickets for the game for Saturday night, but we were desirous of playing golf Saturday afternoon in Kansas City. I asked him to make provisions if he would at Mission Hills or one of the other Country Clubs so we could play. I am to call him Saturday morning from Lawrence. I wanted you to know this so that you would feel that I had completed the detail as you had it outlined.

I am leaving here tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 for home. I had planned to go to Topeka on the Union Pacific and then double back to Emporia on the Santa Fe out of Topeka. The Union Pacific arrives too early, something like 5:30; so I plan to go on to Lawrence, teach my class, and then take the car and drive to Emporia for the Thursday night high school tournament. I may drive back to Lawrence Thursday night because I have the draft board meeting on Friday morning at 10:00, and then I could drive to Manhattan for Friday night for the high school banquet there. This is all detail, but you can count on my being in Lawrence, Kansas, Saturday morning, and we will drive up according to the plans that Mother has with you and Jean. I imagine you will get away from the hospital about noon, but I will have the morning, Friday, so that we can start early in the afternoon for golf.

Page two
March 20, 1945

My trip out here has not been availing of as much benefit as I had hoped. I will tell you about Yates when I see you. He is rather gun-shy, and when Pralle spoke to him regarding an education he said he did not want to talk to anyone until after the tournament. I saw him play last night, and he is highly nervous and did not show up to great advantage. I think he knew, perhaps, that I was watching him and this added to his nervousness. However, I do think that he has a lot of natural ability. His fundamentals are not of the best, but I think works better into the Iba System than in this system played by Bun Browning, the coach from Oklahoma.

The Phillips Team dribbles a lot--too much in fact. They always bring the ball down from the back court by dribbling. A pass here and there would help immensely. There is no pivoting by the team, and with all I was greatly disappointed in the type of ball played by these fellows. It is not finished by any manner and means. They get a group of individual stars, but the coaching is poor.

However, I think that on the whole the trip was profitable because I met Bob Southerland of the Pratt-Whitney. Clint Kanaga, Sr. had written me about him. Southerland's father works at the J. M. Jenkins Music Company at Kansas City, and Clint desired that I stop by and have luncheon with him and meet the father. Then, there is another boy, Lowther, who played on Andy McDonald's team at Springfield Teachers' College. He has had one year. He is small but very fast. Personally, I have too many small men. We need a few larger ones, but this Lowther couldn't do any harm to anyone even though he is small. Southerland is 6' 2" but eligible for the draft so that will do us no good for this next year.

I have written rather a lengthy communication, but having had the opportunity of a very able secretary, I have taken advantage of it.

Hoping to see you and Jean and to meet your physician friend and his wife, I am

Affectionately yours,

HASKELL INSTITUTE
LAWRENCE, KANSAS
SOLON G. AYERS, SUPERINTENDENT

March 20, 1945

Dr. Forrest C. Allen
Director of Physical Education
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Phog:

"All Gaul was divided into three parts" and "So let it be with Caesar" and this letter.

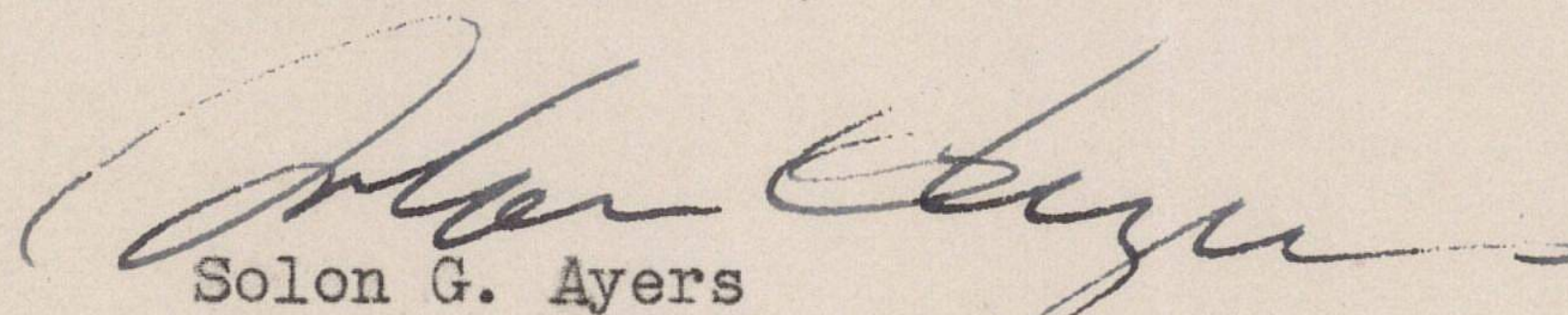
First, I think your plan for handling the Red Cross drive on the Hill was a very good one. Certainly the Navy should be able to get the money if any group can. If the Navy does as well on KU Hill as it did on Capitol Hill yesterday (another 33 billion), the Red Cross won't have anything to worry about. Incidentally, the drive is looking good and we may exceed \$40,000 by the end of the month.

Second, I want to thank you for a very fine evening at the country club. The entertainment was excelled only by the fine food. We were certainly glad to bring the boys out. Anytime we can be of service to you, do not fail to call on us.

Third, we were certainly sorry to lose "Mitt"; but for his sake, I am glad that he finally made the grade. He was so anxious to go and I am sure that it will be a good thing for him.

I send highest regards.

Sincerely yours,


Solon G. Ayers

SGA:mw

1274th AAF Base Unit
APO. 600 8 PM
New York, N. Y.

12 August 1945

Dear "Doc" -

Been ages since I last wrote you but it isn't that my thoughts haven't drifted back many times to old mt Oread, for they have, it's just that letter writing is rather difficult when on the move.

During all this time the Rebounds have been coming in regularly & certainly are enjoyable to read. I find the "special feature stories," such as the one about Bill Johnson, particularly interesting since they occurred long before my time at KU. I had heard of them vaguely but never knew the complete details.

Was not long after V-E day until our bomb group left England. Flew in B-17's down to Casablanca where we were assigned to Air Transport Command & the group de activated. After a month in Casablanca I was sent down here to help build three emergency fields on the new coastal route between Casablanca & Dakar. This particular place, Villa Cisneros, belongs to the Spanish & about

The first time we've used any of their territory. It's a very isolated place with no towns for hundreds of miles. Everything, including fresh water, has to be flown in. I'm picking up Spanish (none of them speak English) pretty fast but conversation is still a tedious process! This is a novel experience but after working with a bomb group for over two years it's sort of a let down to be away from all the activity. From latest reports, tho, it seems there won't be much more.

I was awfully sorry to hear about Howard Engleman being injured. "Rope" was always a great guy in everything & truly hope he comes out of this all right.

My brother is in Germany with the military Intelligence Service & finds the work, as well as the set-up, very interesting. He came thru England & I just missed getting to see him which was quite a disappointment. The youngest brother is at De Pauw University in the U-12 program.

Well, Doc, I hope all goes well for you these days & that the new school year brings in some good basketball projects. With 28 months overseas already under the belt I'm hoping to be back in time to take in some of the games. My personal thanks for your efforts in getting out the Rebounds & all best wishes to you & the family.

As always —
"Andy"

P.S. Please note new address at first of letter.

To Jack Adams 37512893
Atty. A. 777. A. A. A. | A W | B m
A. P. O. 758 % Post Master
New York. New York

Germany
June. 26. 1945.

Dear Mr. Allen.

Just received your most welcome letter. so I'll do my best to drop you a few lines, to let you know that I really enjoyed your letter and the Rebounds.

It looks as if it will be some time before I can drop by and see you, as I have 70 points, and we have to stay and wait after these Krauts.

Germany is a nice country. a fellow wonders how any one like them would want a war.

I've been in the sixth armored divi. I suppose you have heard plenty of it. like Brest. Nancy. Saarbrücken, Frankfurt, and many other places.

Please send me the Rebounds so I can follow you, it is the

finest college paper I've seen so
far. I must close for now. Hoping
I see you by X-mass.

As Ever

Jack Adams.

From Col. D. S. Adams
Hdq 2675 Reg.
APO 394 % PM, NY.



Dr. "Phog" Allen
% University of Kansas
Lawrence
Kansas.

Censored
D. S. Adams
col. c.

SPORTS MAIL CALL:

**Clearing Up The Shoe Sizes;
A Phog Allen Rooter Reports**

By Pvt. MERRELL WHITTLESEY
Staff Correspondent

From the mailbag:

In a rather technical but poignant manner, Lt. William H. Pendleton, USNR, has come through with an answer to one of the questions which stumped our Q-and-A department and was asked out loud in this space last week. The one on the size of Primo Carnera's shoes, which is the subject of a wacky wager by several GIs somewhere in Italy.

Lt. Pendleton, a salesman for a manufacturer of athletic goods before the war, explains that Da Preem's tootsies are fitted by dimensions, not sizes, and he suggests calling the whole thing off.

On the technical side, the Lieutenant points out that the size of shoes varies according to manufacturer's lasts (a shoe form) and to put it mildly, Carnera wears an outsized last. The largest last in the city of Brockton, Mass., had to be built up to Primo's size by tacking on pieces of leather and instead of giving it a size, as it was all out of proportion, they merely painted his name on it.

"We had samples for our distributors to use in window displays and at that time it caused plenty of interest as the sports pages were giving Carnera a lot of undue publicity at a time when boxing needed a champion," the lieutenant writes, "but I can't remember the dimensions."

Lt. Pendleton volunteered the information that Babe Ruth and Ted Williams wore baseball shoes with a size difference between the right and left foot. Probably explains why neither one of them ever batted .500.

In another item from a local APO, Sgt. Bernard W. Brown takes us to task for what he terms derogatory remarks towards Phog Allen, the canny coach of Kansas University basketball. Sgt. Brown comes up with what we think is a masterpiece of understatement in calling Allen's views "somewhat forward edicts." That's not what sports pages have been calling them for a good many years.

"Allen does not solicit publication of what you call his 'popoffs.' More often than not his opinions are sought by the press, not forced upon them. No journal is made to publish his 'publicity seeking blasts,' but his authoritative logic makes them desired by the press and welcomed by both the reading public and his contemporaries, with the exception of those with whom he is currently feuding," the sergeant writes. And we might add that



PHOG ALLEN

the latter group is usually a large one.

Allen does not actually solicit publication of his usually radical views, no, but they are often so far off track they make news. For instance, a syndicated columnist wrote just a few days ago that Allen's latest bellow was to suggest and turn down the ghost post as commissioner of an athletic association that didn't exist at a salary he proposed himself, 25,000 dollars a year.

Phog Allen is a well-known and respected authority on basketball and has a fine record at K. U., the sergeant points out, and he's right on all three counts. Right now they're the best team in the Big Six this year.

But Phog Allen has been ribbed on the sports pages for years and usually he's asked for it. The sergeant's little postscript "I'm not a K. U. alumnus," is explanatory. K. U. alumni don't mind what you say about Phog, just so you spell it A-L-L-E-N. They learned that from Phog himself.

25 Feb - 1945 -

Dear Phog:-

Sunday morning and after finishing my usual omelet (poached egg), toast and coffee, I sit down to enjoy the Sunday edition of the Stars + Stripes. Following the reading custom of most college grads, I take on the "funnies" first then turn to the sport pages to see if Phog has won another game and still topping the "big six"; there looking me right in the face is the "old man" himself. I send it along to you.

Congratulations on gaining the top position and for continued success.

Sincerely,

Dick

Col. D. S. Adams
Hdq 2675 Reg -
APO 394 9/PM, Ny.

July 7, 1945

Mr. & Mrs. Lt. Milton P. Allen, & Judy
#10 Prescott Street, Apt. #11
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mit, Isabel, & Judy:

I was delighted to get your dandy letter Isabel and your fine letter too Judy. I am awfully happy that you had a nice trip and that you are not located so pleasantly. I will write a longer letter when Jayhawk Rebounds #17 is mailed the first part of the week.

I just wanted to let you know that I Expressed your golf clubs postpaid to you this morning and I sent your shoes, Mit, Parcel Post. The Express was \$1.50 and the Parcel Post .42 I tried to find room in the corrugated box for the shoes but the golf clubs, golf balls, and golf bag took up all the space.

Last night I got home from the jayhawk Nibble about 9:00 o'clock. The Nibble is a little feed and dance to welcome new students to the University. By the time I packed the stuff, shined your shoes and shined Bob's it was 1:00 o'clock. You may find some difference in the looks of the shoes because I don't believe I ever saw a "Cornier" pair, mud and Country Club debris was securely fastened to them. I washed them off with soap and then gave them a good polishing. I did the same for Bob.

I might add that when I was a youngster at home there was 6 of us and somehow I got the job of shining all the Allen's shoes every Saturday night for Sunday. You can see why I am very proficient in such a very fine calling. That is the way I got my start in life, and I am continueing it in the very same fine way. My prescription for young men is to take a box of Shinola with a very good shoe brush and apply a copious portion of the Shinola on the cleaned surface of the outraged shoe, with the use of a lot of elbow grease. Then put another coat on and a lot more of elbow grease. Then apply a coat of Shinola on that portion of the shoe between the sole and the upper leather. After you have done all this sprinkle a little bit of water on the shoe for lustre, polish again and then use a rag on the surface of the dampened shoe. You will then have what you are about to receive in that Parcel Post package. Now don't keep old Grandpappy Allen shining shoes all his life, because already Grandmammy and Grandpappy have gone to war by taking care of "Stormy" and Jill and all the other little Jacks and Jills that have come our way.

I had an ideal box for the golf clubs because three years ago I had sent my clubs to Kenneth Smith to have them cleaned and repaired. You remember on the shelf in the garage was a long corrugated box that I had saved for some purpose, and it was just for this purpose apparently, that I saved it, because I don't know where I would have gotten a box that would have filled the purpose any better.

I trust that you will have some good games, Mit, and I am happy that Isabel and Judy are enjoying their life at Boston. Boston is so full of tradition and many interesting things that it is an education in itself if you have a comfortable place of operations to work from and to go places. I put three pairs of athletic sox in the shoes, so you should have a Heaven on earth with those clubs and your shoes. Don't perpetrate any miracles though, Mit.

You heard about St. Peter and St. Andrew didn't you. Well, They had a game of golf. St. Peter told St. Andrew to drive off the #1 Tee. St. Andrew took a spoon and hit a long 200 Yd. shot which fell short of the green, but which bounced up on to the green and crazily fell into the cup. St. Peter took a #2 Iron and smashed it with all his might. It sailed high in the air, and fell snugly on the green then trickled into the cup. Each made a hole-in-one. St. Andrew said to St. Peter, "Now let's cut out the miracles and play golf."

You may think, in your playing some of those tough courses around Boston that you may get yourself into a lot of Hell, but it wont be like the fellow who went to Purgatory and the Devil said to him. "I want to show you a beautiful Golf Course we have here." He took him out and over the hill and the pilgrim's eyes fell on one of the most beautiful golf courses he had ever seen. "My", explained the Pilgrim, "this is marvelous." Then the Devel handed him a driver well balanced and one of the keenest clubs he had ever had a hold of. Then he handed him a tee. The Pilgrim's expectation and joy were unbounded. There the conversation halted and the Pilgrim who couldn't wait any longer to play said, "Give me a ball", and the Devel said "That's the hell of it, there isn't any balls.

I took occasion though, Mit, to see that the balls were safely encased in your bag, so you shouldn't have any trouble with the Devel. With all good wishes and affection, I am

Sincerely,

C. S. KREMER, PRESIDENT



HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENT

July 28, 1945.

W. B. OSBORN, LOCAL MANAGER
J. F. MCCURDY, ASS'T LOCAL MANAGER
333 LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG.
KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS
KANSAS CITY 15, MO.

Dear Phog:

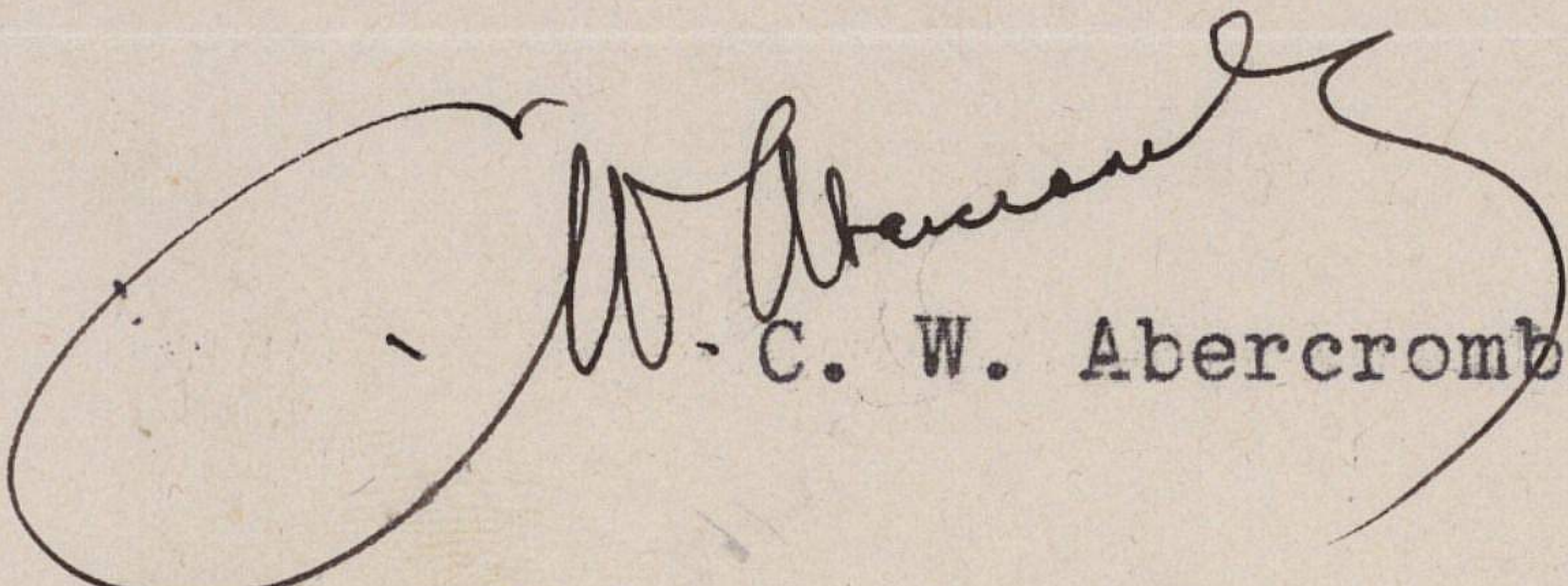
I received the June 25th copy of Jayhawk Re-
bounds and read it thoroughly and with genuine
pleasure. You have wielded a great influence
in the development of so many of our fine
young men.

I contrast this with other sources of influence
of the University.

I am enclosing for your persual, as I know that
you are interested, a pamphlet printed by the
Navy Department in which they use the story of
Warners Squadron for Industrial incentive
distribution.

With best personal regards,

Yours truly,


C. W. Abercrombie

"ONE CAME BACK"





This is the story of Torpedo Squadron Eight. A story of brave men, handicapped by obsolete equipment. Brave Navy men flying to certain death against the enemy.

This is also the story of Torpedo Squadron Eight the Second, flying the newest and deadliest planes in the air, and the vengeance they exacted.

This is, above all, a story for you men and women who build our Navy's planes—Fighters, Bombers, Torpedo Planes and other Navy aircraft—and the thousands of vital parts that go into them.



Thirty men left the carrier HORNET on the morning of June 4, 1942. Thirty men, air-borne in under-armed, under-powered, old-style torpedo planes. They were the best torpedo planes to be had in the South Pacific at that time, but they were hardly equal to the job they had to do. Their orders were to find and destroy the carriers in a Jap fleet reported en route to attack Midway.

Of the thirty brave men who left the HORNET that morning, only one came back.

TORPEDO SQUADRON 8 had its beginning in Norfolk, Va., in the fall of 1941 when Lieutenant Commander John Charles Waldron was ordered to organize a Torpedo Squadron. For equipment he had some Navy-built SBN's, 9-year old planes, obsolete in design and performance. But they were all he had and in those days you worked with what you could get.

His boys came to him fresh out of Navy training bases at Miami and Pensacola, the ink scarcely dry upon their diplomas. Waldron made them fly 4 hours every morning and 4 hours in the afternoon, then had them on duty 4 hours after that. He

kept them in the air as much as he could; meanwhile he continuously hammered into them the importance of their jobs. It was a frantic race against time and despite the difficulties which slowed them up, he managed to whip them into a smooth operating squadron.

The "skipper," as they called Lieutenant Commander Waldron, treated them like a father and they, in turn, went "all out" for him. They used to say of him that he had apparently been flying torpedo planes while the Wright Brothers were still "batting the breeze," and when he yelled at them, "Don't sit there fat, dumb and happy! Do something!" they really moved.

There was far too little time and the boys of Torpedo 8, flying and working under constant pressure, knew it. When the Japs hit Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Ensign William R. Evans, known to his squadron mates as "the Squire," sat down and wrote a sober letter to his parents.



“WHAT A DAY . . . the incredulousness of it, all gives each new announcement the unreality of a fairy tale. How can they have been so mad? Though I suppose we all have known it would come some time, there was always that inner small voice whispering, ‘No, we are too big, too rich, too powerful; this war is for some poor fools somewhere else; it will never touch us here.’ And then this noon that world fell apart.

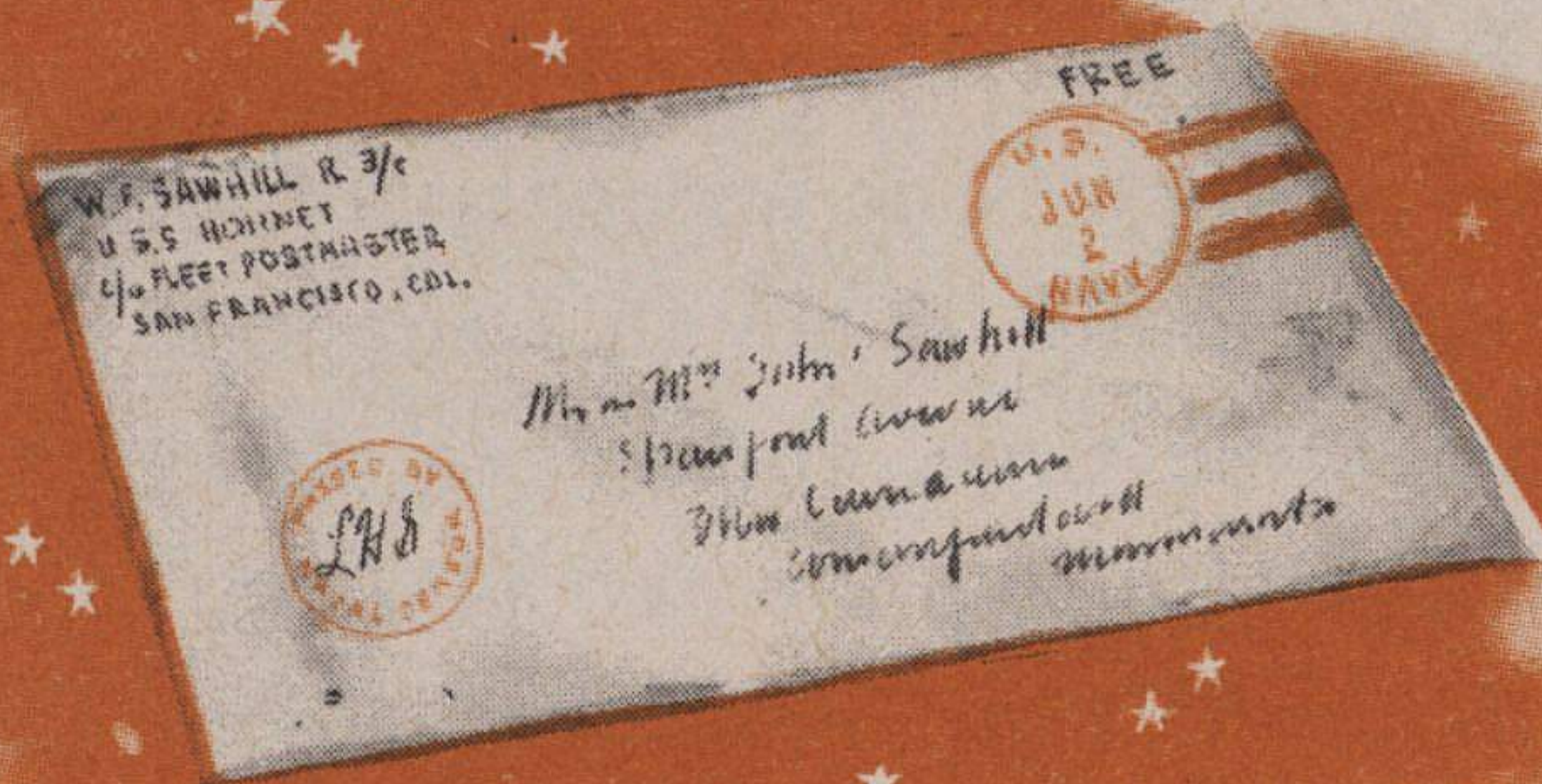
“ . . . The public has come to think contemptuously of Japan. And that, I fear, is a fatal mistake—today has given evidence of that. This war will be more difficult than any war this country has ever fought.

“Once more the whole world is afire . . . in the month approaching Christmas it seems bitterly ironical to mouth again the time-worn phrases concerning *peace on earth—good will to men* with so many millions hard at work figuring out ways to reduce other millions to slavery or to death.

“Let us hope tonight that people, big people, little people, all throughout this great country, have the faith to once again sacrifice for the things which we hold essential to life and happiness. Let us defend these principles to the last drop of blood . . .”

Morning and evening following the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor the squadron spent long hours in the ready room of the U. S. S. HORNET awaiting the word that would send them into the air against the enemy. Afternoons, Skipper Waldron crammed them with tactical knowledge. They knew that when their chance for action came it might be their only chance.

It was with this sober knowledge of what lay ahead that Radioman 3/c William F. Sawhill prepared a letter for his parents. A letter which, if he had returned, he would have never sent.



31 May 1942.

Dear Mom, Dad, Don, and Mary:

This letter will be mailed only if I do not get through battle which we expect to come off almost any hour.

I am making a request that this be mailed as soon as possible after I fail to return.

As you know, I am the gunner and radioman in a plane and it is up to me to shoot first and best. I would not have it any different.

I want you all to know that I am not in the least worried and Mom, you can be sure that I have been praying every day and am sure that I will see you "up there."

Perhaps I have not always done the right thing. Only hope that you do not think too badly of my action.

The best of luck to all of you and be seeing you when life will be much different, "up there."

Be sure and remember I am only one of many and you are also only one of many.

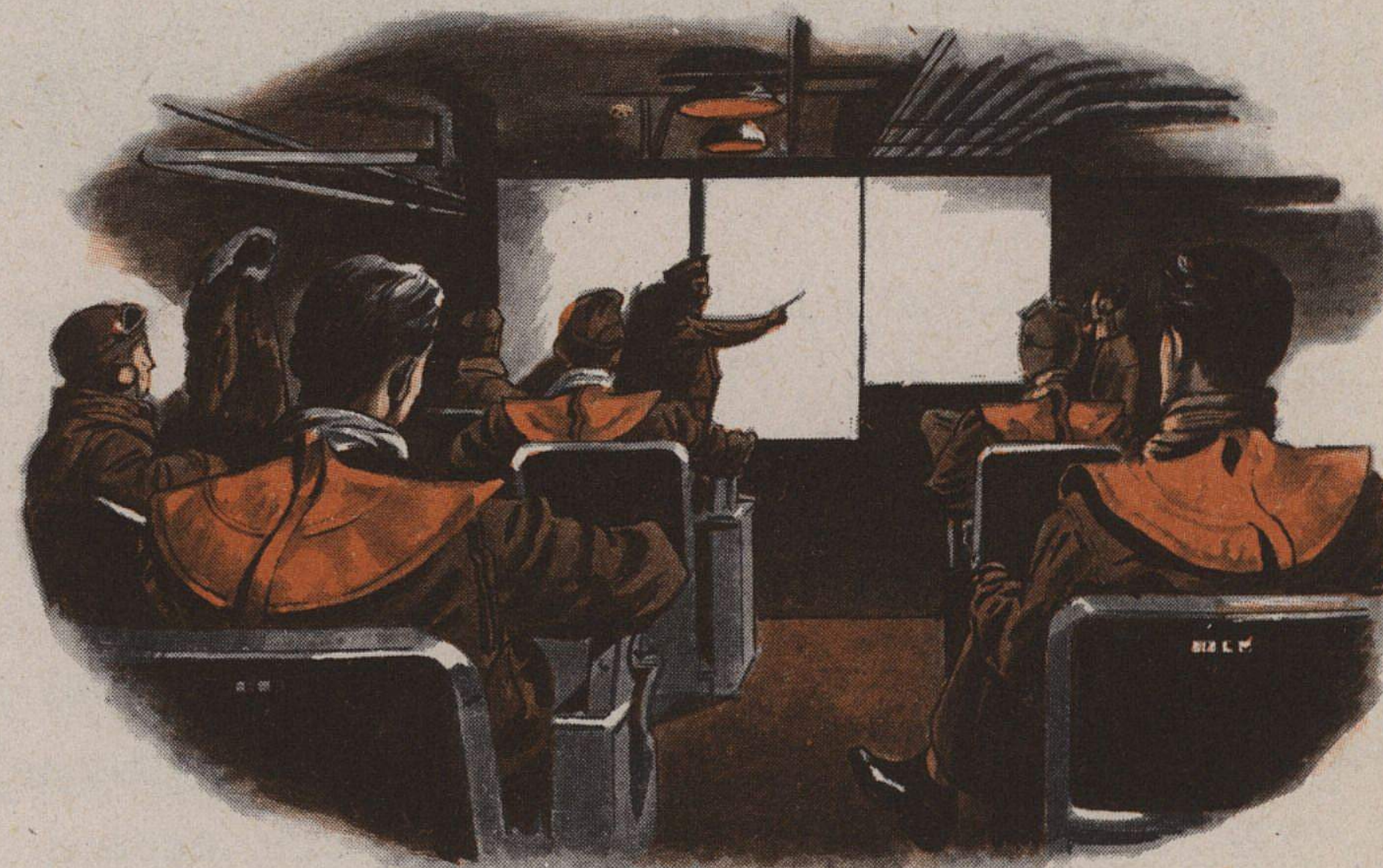
Love,

BILL.

So on the evening of June 3, 1942, the pilots of Torpedo Eight filed into the ready room of the HORNET where Skipper Waldron handed them a mimeographed plan of attack. Jap forces had been sighted heading toward Midway. It looked as though the squadron would soon see the action for which it had trained.

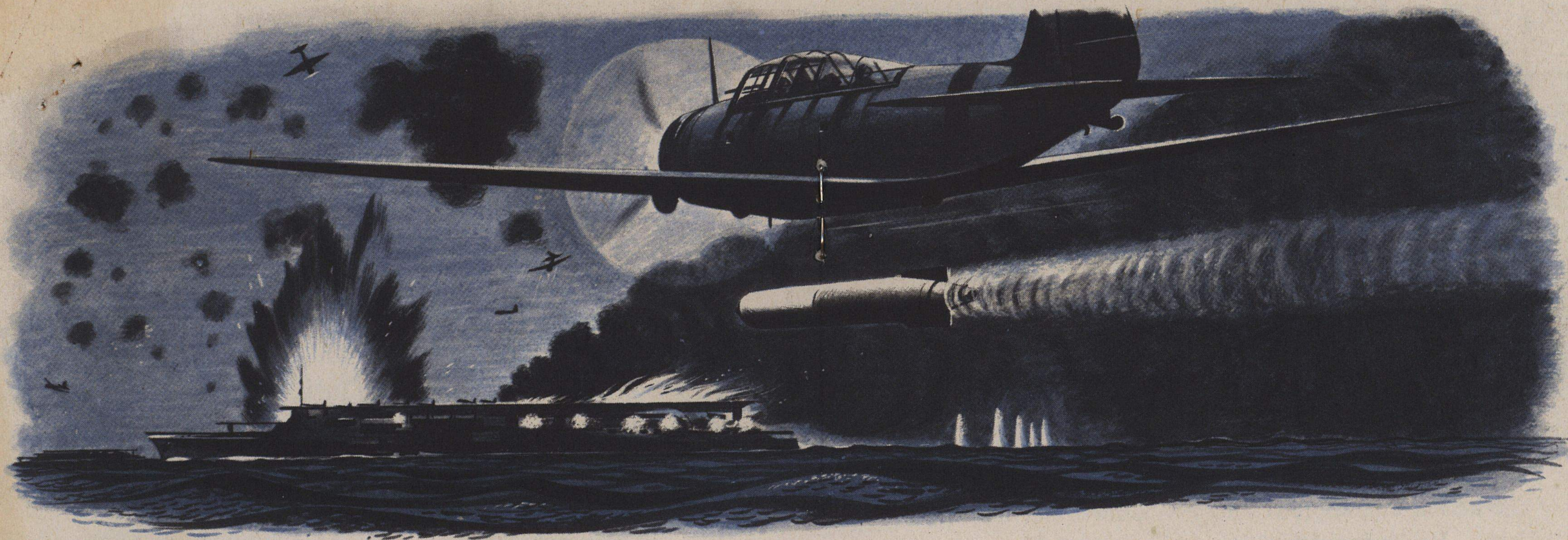
At the bottom of their attack sheets, the boys found a personal message from Skipper Waldron.

“JUST A WORD to let you know that I feel we are ready. We have had a very short time to train, and we have worked under the most severe difficulties. But we have truly done the best humanly possible. I actually believe that under these conditions we are the best in the world. My greatest hope is that we encounter a favorable tactical situation, but if we don't and the worst comes to the worst, I want each of us to do his utmost to destroy our enemies. If there is only one plane left to make the final run-in, I want that man to go in and get a hit. May God be with us all. Good luck, happy landings, and give 'em hell!”



However, it was not until the next day after breakfast that they got their word to go. The teletype in the ready room tapped out the message letter by letter "E-N-E-M-Y N-A-V-A-L U-N-I-T-S S-I-G-H-T-E-D W-I-T-H-I-N S-T-R-I-K-I-N-G D-I-S-T-A-N-C-E E-X-P-E-C-T-E-D S-T-R-I-K-I-N-G T-I-M-E 0900... L-O-O-K-S L-I-K-E T-H-I-S I-S-I-T."

Skipper Waldron's final words to the squadron were, "Just follow me; I'll take you to them."



FLYING LOW beneath broken clouds, Torpedo Squadron Eight went after the Japs. They lost contact with the other squadrons off the **HORNET** during the first hour, so when they finally topped the horizon and spotted the Jap warships moving away from Midway, they were completely alone.

Breaking radio silence, they notified the **HORNET** of the position and strength of the enemy, then dropped to torpedo-attack level. Skipper Waldron wiggled his wings, opened the throttle, and headed straight for the target, the squadron screaming after him.

The sky swarmed with Zeros. Torpedo Eight had neither fighter cover nor accompanying dive-bombers to divert some of the concentrated defensive fire from the Jap warships. The squadron hit the curtain of fire like a pine plank heading into a

buzz saw. Anti-aircraft bursts were searing faces and tearing off chunks of fuselage from the old planes but the Jap carriers were dead ahead, crowded with planes rearming and refueling. Torpedo Eight had a mission and nothing was going to stop them!

The odds were heartbreaking. Plane after plane of the gallant squadron plummeted into the sea; yet the few who were left kept boring in, dropping their torpedoes at point blank range almost under the shadows of the carriers. In this way they made certain for the task force and for the Navy that the Japs' air power was crippled from the start.

One last plane dropped its torpedo, zoomed over the carrier, then disappeared into the sea. Forty minutes later, dive-bombers from the **HORNET** arrived and pounded the confused



Jap fleet into defeat.

The following day, a PBY patrol plane swooped over the scene of the action and spotted a lone wounded flier floating in the oil slicks. He had watched the whole action from start to finish from beneath the shelter of a black seat cushion, a cushion held above his head to hide him from Jap strafing planes. They picked him up and flew him to Midway for hospitalization.

His 29 squadron mates who "did not make it back" were listed as "Missing in Action."

There were 30 empty places at a table in the ward-room as the officers of the HORNET filed in to breakfast.

One of the empty places belonged to Ensign John P. Gray of Houston, Texas.

When he failed to return after being reported missing in action, his mother wrote a letter to a high ranking officer in the Navy Department.

"... He was a good son, and a gentleman, and I am sure a fine officer. If we are to see him no more we can remember with

pride that his was a good life, sacrificed for a cause, which I believe has God's blessings. I have many happy memories of his courage and enthusiasm and knowing him as I did and the things for which he stood, can well believe that his last thought might have been, 'I will open up a hole here and someone else will carry on.'"

... And they did carry on. Shortly after the Battle of Midway, a new Torpedo Eight Squadron came into being. This squadron, under the leadership of Lt. H. H. (Swede) Larsen, flew Grumman Avengers, aptly named, for they were the newest and deadliest torpedo planes in the air.

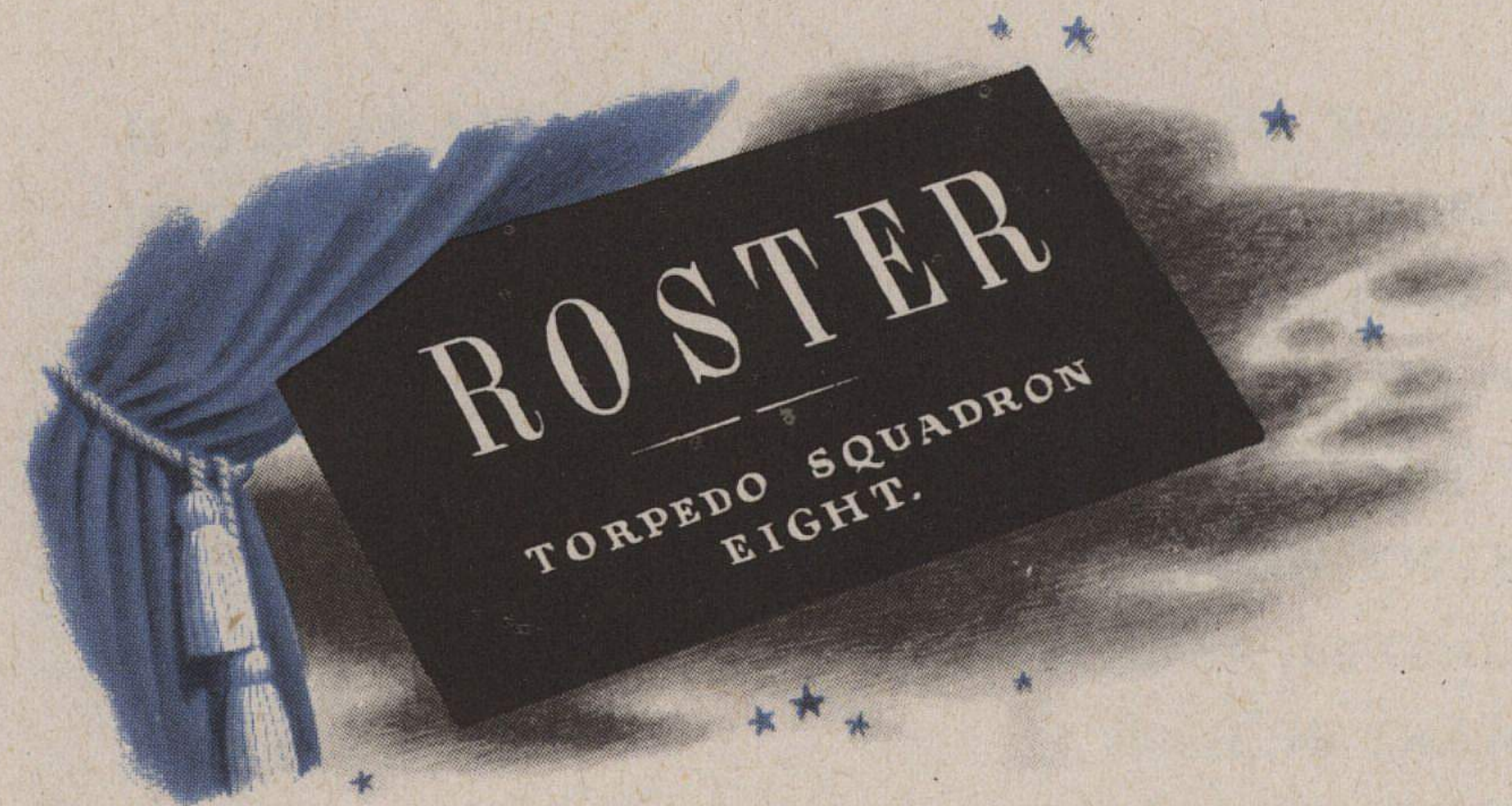
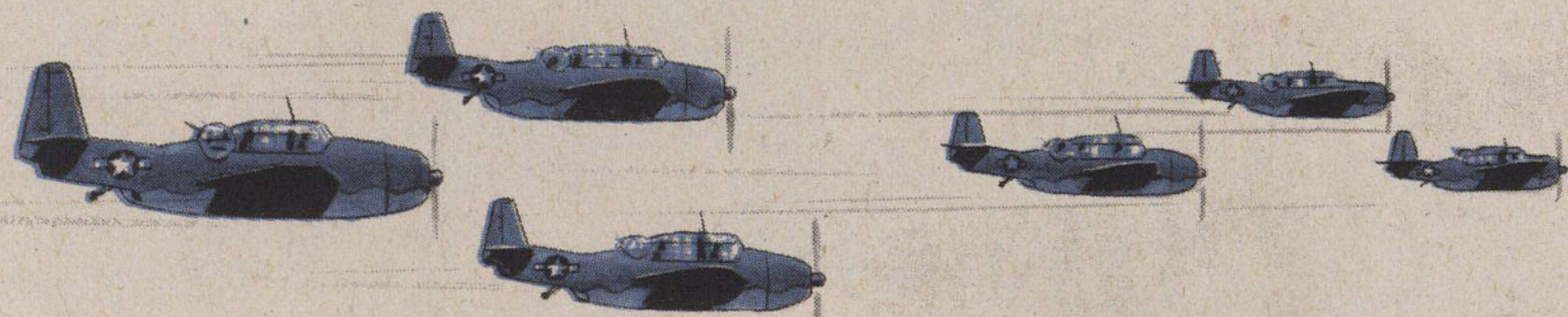
The Avengers added a new page in the history of Naval Aviation. The vengeance they exacted was sure and swift; a vengeance vividly described in a communique from Vice Admiral John McCain, USN, at that time Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, sent to the men and women who built the planes.



AVENGER TORPEDO PLANES RECENTLY HELPED TO EXACT A LARGE MEASURE OF REVENGE FOR TORPEDO SQUADRON 8—THE GALLANT BAND OF NAVY FLIERS WIPED OUT ALMOST TO THE LAST MAN DURING THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY. IN 14 ACTION PACKED WEEKS, A NEW GROUP WHICH INHERITED THE SQUADRON'S NAME HAS TAKEN AN

AMAZINGLY HEAVY TOLL OF JAPANESE SHIPS. THEY TORPEDOED WAR-SHIPS AND AUXILIARY CRAFT AND WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES INTERFERED WITH THIS—THEIR NORMAL ACTIVITY—THEY TURNED THEIR AVENGERS INTO BOMBERS AND ASSAULTED SHIPS, SHORE INSTALLATIONS AND JAP TROOP CONCENTRATIONS. DURING THIS PERIOD THEY EXECUTED 40 ATTACK MISSIONS, 17 AGAINST GROUND TARGETS. FOURTEEN SHIPS WERE HIT WITH TORPEDOES, INCLUDING 2 AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, A BATTLESHIP, 5 HEAVY CRUISERS, 4 LIGHT CRUISERS, 1 DESTROYER AND 1 CARGO SHIP. THEY ALSO BOMBED A HEAVY CRUISER AND A LIGHT CRUISER. VENGEANCE HAS BEEN EXACTED BUT WE CANNOT REST ON OUR MACHINES OR ON OUR WEAPONS. WE MUST CONTINUE TO MEET OUR SCHEDULES: WORKING AND FIGHTING 'TILL THE ENEMY HAS BEEN COMPLETELY CRUSHED.

JOHN S. McCAIN,
REAR ADMIRAL, USN.



ABERCROMBIE, William Warner	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
CAMPBELL, George Marvin	Lt. (jg), U. S. N.
CREAMER, William Wilson	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
ELLISON, Harold John	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
EVANS, William Robinson Jr.	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
GAY, George H.	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
GRAY, John P.	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
KENYON, Henry Russell Jr.	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
MILES, Robert Bruce	AP 1/c, U. S. N.
MOORE, Raymond Austin	Lt., U. S. N.
MOORE, Ulvert Mathew	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
OWENS, James Charles Jr.	Lt., U. S. N.
TEATS, Grant Wayne	Ensign, U. S. N. R.
WALDRON, John Charles	Lt. Comdr., U. S. N.
WOODSON, Jeff Davis	Lt. (jg), U. S. N.
BIBB, Ross Eugene Jr.	ARM 3/c, U. S. N.
CALKINS, Max Arthur	ARM 3/c, U. S. N.

CLARK, Darwin L.	ARM 2/c, U. S. N.
CRESSY, Otway David Jr.	ARM 2/c, U. S. N.
DOBBS, Horace Franklin	CRM, U. S. N.
FIELD, George Arthur	ARM 3/c, U. S. N.
FISHER, Ronald Joseph	ARM 2/c, U. S. N.
HUNTINGTON, Robert Kingsbury	ARM 3/c, U. S. N.
MAFFEI, Amelio	ARM 1/c, U. S. N.
MARTIN, Hollis	ARM 2/c, U. S. N.
PETTRY, Tom Hartsel	ARM 1/c, U. S. N.
PHELPS, Bernard Phillip	ARM 1/c, U. S. N.
PICOU, Aswell Lovelace	S 2/c, U. S. N.
POLSTON, Francis Samuel	S 2/c, U. S. N.
SAWHILL, William Franklin	ARM 3/c, U. S. N.



“For extremely heroic and courageous performance in combat . . .

The loss of 29 lives, typifying valor, loyalty, and determination, was the price paid for Torpedo Squadron Eight’s vital contribution to the eventual success of our forces in this epic battle of the air.”

. . . from the Presidential Unit Citation
awarded Torpedo Squadron 8. April 5, 1943

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U.S.S. TELFAIR (APA210)
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

ARMEL PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN U. S. NAVAL RESERVE

Word has been received that Commander Lyle O. Armel, U.S.N.R. was appointed to Captain in the United States Naval Reserve by the President on June 8, 1945 to rank from March 20, 1945.

Captain Armel was recalled to active duty in July 1941 when the Reserve was mobilized, and has served continuously at sea for the past four years.

Captain Armel was first commissioned in World War I and after its conclusion remained in the Naval Reserve and has now completed twenty-five years of Naval Service.

In addition to the Victory Ribbon of World War I, he wears the following ribbons:

American Defense with star; American Area; Asiatic-Pacific with two bronze stars; European-African with bronze star; the Philippine Liberation with bronze star and the Naval Reserve ribbon with star.

Captain Armel's first World War II service was in the Pacific where he participated in all the Aleutians operations at Adak, Anichitka, Atka, Attu and Kiska. He was then transferred to the Atlantic where he served as Executive Officer of an attack transport in the Normandie invasion.

In August 1944 he was ordered back to the Pacific and given command of a new attack transport, in which he participated in the Okinawa invasion.

Captain Armel's wife and three children reside at Lawrence, Kansas, where prior to the war he was the Executive of the Endowment Association of the University of Kansas.

Butner Soldiers Given Chance To Keep Up Studies

**Maj. Frank Anneberg
Has Charge Of 14
Classes Each Week**

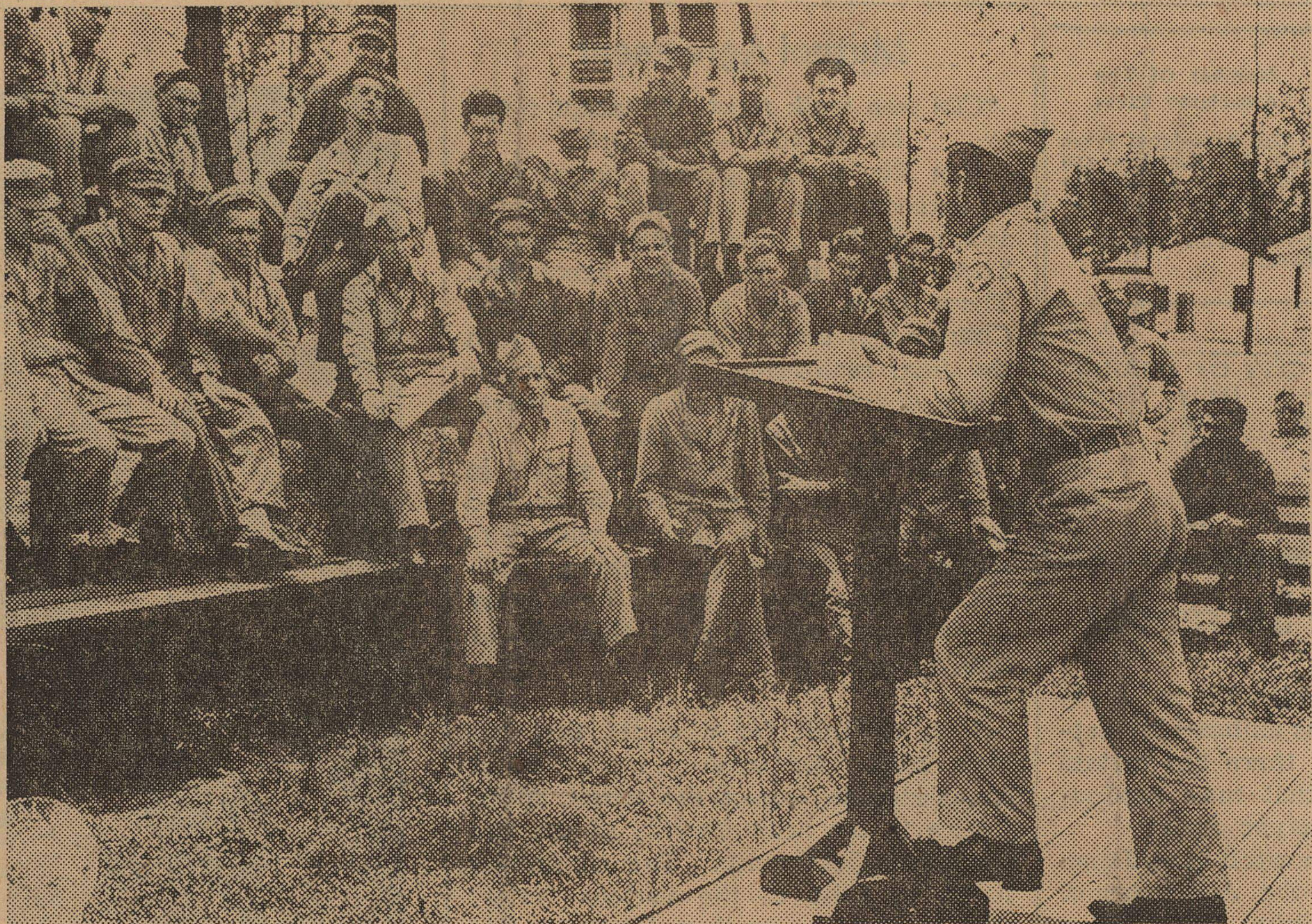
Everyone has heard the saying, 'the best fed, best equipped, best paid and best trained,' when people speak of today's mighty Army that played a major role in the defeat of Germany and is even now regrouping for the final destruction of Japan. Today a fifth 'best' is rapidly being recognized—that of the best informed.

The tremendous job of keeping the millions of GIs up-to-date on what's going on in the world today is the work cut out for one of the Army's newest divisions, the Information and Education Division. On Aug. 9, the I and E Division celebrated its first anniversary.

When the Army started expanding to meet the crisis in 1940, the need for such an organization was noted but until November, 1943, only experimental work was accomplished. On Nov. 10 however, it was established as the Morale Services Division. From that time on the I and E Division gradually improved until it became the smooth running organization that it is today.

Maj. Frank J. Anneberg is the Post Information and Education officer at Camp Butner. The local office operates an average of some 14 classes per week to the permanently assigned personnel, both officers and enlisted men. A separate program by the education reconditioning section under the direction of the Surgeon General office orients the patients of the General and Convalescent Hospitals.

Said Major Anneber, a veteran I and E officer who has handled this type of assignment at Camp Davis and the Asheville Redistribution Station before coming here: "The American soldier wants to know why. They are eager to know about discharges, the point system, postwar jobs, lend lease, what will happen to Germany, the United Nations Charter, the GI Bill of Rights and in the case of the veteran Fourth Division who will begin training here for the Pacific, their next foe, Japan. It's our business to see that the average GI gets the right answer to any question he may ask. Our Army has learned that an informed soldier is a better soldier."



Atomic Bomb Discussed In I And E Class

Maj. Frank J. Anneberg, post I and E officer, discusses the latest secret weapon unleashed on the Japs by the United States in an informal class held Wednesday afternoon. A brief outline explains the latest details to the group and then the soldiers get a chance to give their own opinions or ask questions on the subject. These men are members of the Station Complement Military Police Detachment. The major, in keeping up with the late news flashes, had as his main subject at a 4 P. M. class, the startling news that Russia had declared war on the Japs. (U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo.)

General Eisenhower used all I and E forces at his command in preparing his veterans for the invasion of the Normandy coast. Each week special articles were run in Yank which had a weekly circulation of 550,000 in the ETO. War-week, an orientation supplement was published every week in the U. S. Army daily, Stars and Stripes. The American Forces network and Armed Forces Radio Service provided a series of programs covering pre-invasion material, pamphlets were distributed about the enemy. Tips about German tricks by veterans who had fought them in Italy and North Africa were passed onto invasion troops.

As a result of the campaign came this statement from Gen. George C. Marshall: "From every portion of the line where our men were fighting came reports of aggressive action, skill and high morale displayed by the American soldier. Those engaging in their first combat carried themselves like veterans of experienced divisions. This probably was the most reassuring prospect to ourselves and the most depressing to our enemy."

A chaplain of an infantry regiment serving in Italy and Sicily made this comment on passing information up to the men in combat: "The lack of information and the resultant frustration is one of the biggest handicaps of morale."

Another important mission of the I and E office is the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, better known to GI's over the world as the "Fox-hole University." USAFI (pronounced U-saf-ee) is the world's largest correspondence school. Soldiers who lack but a year or so of the school education have taken courses and received their diplomas while fighting in the front lines. Many others have gained college credits all for the nominal fee of \$2 for the first course. Others who wished to learn a new trade did so in their off-duty hours.

It has been shown that the greatest thing in maintaining morale is to keep the men informed. To this end, the Information and Education Division of the Army has come a long way in convincing the GI that what they are doing is of importance in winning the war.

FROM Major Frank Anneberg

Post I & E Branch

Camp Butner, N.C.

ELIZABETH
AUG 18
1 PM
1945
N. C.

Dear Dr Allen:

The big news was well received in this army camp and my office is a busy place. I have the job of explaining to the men the meaning of the news and its significance to them.

The enclosed clipping explains some of the things we do in the Information and Education Division of the Army.

We are expecting an addition to our family about the first of September. A future Jayhawk about 1962. My wife and daughter Victory Lee, aged 2, are very excited about the big event.

I begin my sixth year of active duty on the 1st of September. Due to the type of work that I do I will probably one of the last to don civilian clothes.

Best of luck for a successful athletic year at K.U. We hope you get some of our boys back in Crimson and Blue. Suppose the Campus will be taking on signs of activity in a few days. I would give a lot to be standing in that "registration line" again.

Sincerely,

Major Frank J. Amberg