

**SUBMARINE CHASER TRAINING CENTER
MIAMI, FLORIDA**

October 3, 1943

Dear Doc,

It has been many days since I have received either a personal dispatch or one of the mimeographed circular letters which are so welcomed by all sons of Oread. I trust my name has not been stricken from the mail list, and if it has please add it now.

I am about to be detached from this training center and will be ordered to San Frisco (terrible typing) where I will become the Communication Officer on a new DE vessel under construction at the Bethlehem yard in that city. After several weeks of fitting out, commisioning, shakedown etc., we shall be ~~shipped~~ the good ship USS England, and be assigned to whatever mission the high moguls may decide upon.

I will probably be through Kansas soon but I believe it will fall my lot to be in charge of the crew, and in that event I will be unable to stop in Kansas for any time at all.

Mrs. Engleman and I have enjoyed ourselves thouroughly here in Miami. The Hebrew race seems to predominate but there are plenty of fine young Army and Naval officers here to associate with. In fact I ran into Red Dugan and his wife only the other day at the beach. It was a plesant meeting Doc, and you can be sure you and Lawrence were the cheif topic of conversation.

I don't suppose I need tell you extent of your reputation. Even down here after my statehood is established, its not, "What does Senator Capper think about this, or Do you know William Allen White?" but rather, "What kind of a guy is this Phog Allen?" Honestly Doc, its really a tribute to your fine work.

I read where you are playing Great Lakes this year again. I hope you will send me a schedule of the season, and I would also like to get a copy of that opening letter to all the players which you annually give out. That letter was always an inspiration to me in school and I believe in the months to come a little added inspiration will be just the thing all our fighting men will need.

I hope you have all the success you deserve this year. We Jayhawks all over the world will be with ~~you~~ you ever night. Even yet when I hear the Star Spangled Banner I am carried back to the dimmly lighted Hoch where only the silhouette of your teammates and the lump in your throat drives you on to fight a little harder.