



Ray Evans

Goes to War

By "Phog" Allen

Ray Evans was inducted into the United States Army on March 6th, at Fort Leavenworth Kansas. He was in the ERC and was able to finish the basketball season, going over to Leavenworth after the game.

Ray abstains from all forms of alcoholic beverages, narcotics, and the like. He does not use tobacco in any form, nor any type of alcoholic beverage. He is a perfect trainer, a very modest chap and a man of exceptional mental and physical powers.

He is by far the most popular man on the campus at the University of Kansas and has made both the all-American foot-ball and basketball selections. I have had the pleasure of coaching him for two years and have never had a finer boy on any athletic team.

It is a great pleasure for me to make this testimonial for Ray.



"Phog" Allen

Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, won his nineteenth championship in his twenty-fifth year of basketball coaching at University of Kansas last year. He has never had an offensive machine to compare with his 1942 outfit in his entire 32 years of coaching.

An Athlete Sets the Pace

IN today's blackest headlines, "Yanks" doesn't stand for a baseball team—but for American fighting men in action.

Stars of yesterday are remembered most favorably when we read of this one's promotion in rank, another's well executed leap from a plane out of control, still another's gallantry in battle.

One officer tells of coming upon a familiar name in the list of those whose outstanding usefulness made them look like non-com, perhaps officer, material. Where had he heard or seen the name before? It seemed to have come in from the civilian—perhaps undergraduate—section of his memory.

A sergeant told him promptly that this man had been a track star. He specialized in relays, so he was a good team man. He'd been trained by a coach who doesn't over-emphasize his athletes.

"I recognized the name the second time I hit it on the roll," the sergeant reports. "Another celebrity!" I grumbled. We've had a movie actor, some millionaires, a bridge champ, who couldn't quickly realize that 'this is the Army, Mr. Jones!'

"I took a look at this track man. Nicely built, but green. I figured him

at first for a fellow who'd take a long time to learn our stuff.

"Probably he'd been good in his specialty, but it wasn't an Army specialty. And if his headlines had given him a swelled head or made him crave the spotlight wherever he went, that track-meet prominence might be the worst possible introduction to Army life.

"I decided I'd keep my eyes on my new man—and what a treat my eyes did get!"

Makes His Muscles Obey

For the thoroughbred of the intercollegiate tracks proves to be one who can make his muscles respond instantly to the signals of the nervous system. The non-com finds him to be a man of quick perception, excellent balance and even disposition. This trained athlete could rest standing up. On hikes five minutes of relaxation and breathing routines restore all his vigor. A small amount of food, a few swallows of water, keep him going energetically in hard maneuvers. He's a cool and clever marksman.

"He's really got everything," the sergeant admiringly admits. "He's a better man than the headlines ever claimed he was.

"I'd call him a Grade A soldier, even if I'd never heard the name before."

The sergeant told his officer that the track man has been quietly setting the style for alcohol-free Army life. Mates noticed that the long-gear, unwinded newcomer didn't reach for a "gasper" when time came to fall out for five minutes. Someone asked him if he never smoked. "That's right!" he agreed pleasantly. Casually he made known that he "trained mostly on water." "You can't run on alcohol," he said, "so I got a habit of never using any form of liquor."

"Athlete, eh?" commented his corporal. "I guessed as much. I'd have a squad to be proud of if every man on it could keep up with you on the march, at the range, and in learning new stuff!"

Learn from "Long Legs"

Almost as an afterthought, the sergeant remarked:

"I wonder how many of us that fellow has shamed out of drinking, without preaching, or in fact saying much of anything. I for one took a good look at myself and said, 'Heck, you don't need that stuff—so why not pass it up like Long Legs seems to enjoy doing?'

"I'm glad he came into our outfit—though I don't usually have any use for celebrities on my roll-call."