

JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

No. 11

September 12, 1944

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Somehow this is the most difficult letter that I have ever attempted to write. Over a dozen times I have begun it and each time I have walked away from my desk because words fail me. I feel such a void. Something has gone from me. Your friend and mine - good, old honest "Teep", T. P. Hunter (1st Lt. 9th Marines) was killed on Guam, July 21, 1944. And yet this morning he feels closer to me than at any moment that I have known him. Across the miles that span Lawrence, Kansas, and Guam, it seems so trivial. This thing we call death has brought him closer to me at this very moment than he has been for years. The glories of his life seem magnified a hundredfold.

A Chinese philosopher once said, "Life seems so unreal at times that I do not know whether I am living dreams or dreaming life." The life here and the life hereafter seem so much a part of all of us that T. P.'s presence is manifest. He will live forever in our hearts. What more love can a man have that he lay down his life for his friend? But T. P., being the man that he was, would embrace for his friends the thought of Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no meaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Charles Frohman, the great playwright, facing death while standing on the deck of the sinking Lusitania and watching women and children taking his place in the lifeboats, said, "Death is life's greatest adventure."

On August 17, T. P.'s sister-in-law called Mrs. Allen from Tulsa conveying to us the sad news. I was in Boone, Iowa, conducting a coaching school for the Iowa State High School Athletic Association, and did not learn of T. P.'s death until Sunday, August 20. Somehow I could not believe it, because I felt that after T. P. had been in Guadalcanal, Bougainville - in fact, all of the tough Marine engagements, that he would make it.

In T. P.'s letter to me on January 1, 1944, you Rebounders will recall that he stated, "Thought you might like to know a little about our game with the Japs on Bougainville. Well, everything was going fine until they got me and my boys in a hot box. I thought for a while they were going to call in the outfielders to get us out. Fortunately for us, however, we got out before they had time."

T. P. was our outstanding pitcher in his senior year and his baseball terminology fit most aptly into this very difficult situation. T. P. continued, in his January 1st letter, by saying, "I have called it a game, Doc, and to me that is just about how it seemed. The same is true for most of the boys that return. The bad part of the whole war is these boys who have to give their lives to win.

"I had some of those and for them it must have been more than a game."

These lines have often run through my mind, and they still do: "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die." This modest, clean, genteel, and resourceful boy, beloved by every teammate and athletic adversary with whom he came in contact, was held in the highest esteem by all. He was buoyant, dominant, yet modest and self-effacing. How many times have I heard some of the boys after a hot game regale some official for either failure to call a foul or by calling a foul that certain players did not think just. In the pitch of the excitement a forceful, kind voice would speak up and say, "I didn't think he was so bad", and immediately the tempest of words ceased. Quiet reigned because there was great respect for the opinion of this quiet man who spoke. It was "T-Hambone" Hunter, as the boys affectionately called him. On trips it was Teep who always took the lone wolf for a roommate. Boys paired off - friendship and affection for each other dominating the selection. Any one of the men would have picked T. P. as a roommate, but T. P. always took the least admirable of the gang as his roommate.

One hard-headed, two-fisted recalcitrant member of the team on a trip seemed to be having difficulty. The boys liked him but little. In fact, they shunned him because this said consistent objector was always putting "his feet in his mouth". He was always doing the wrong thing at the right time. He would complain of the food. He was quarrelsome with opponents, and even derided some of his so-called good friends. This hurly-burly buckaroo believed that the fist was mightier than the intellect. By choice he had been able to fight his way through many battles until this rough and tumble chap believed that he had solved life's problems by resorting to fisticuffs rather than friendships made in the higher way of life.

I recall so well the conversation I had with T. P. regarding this chap. He said, "Doc, this fellow isn't such a bad fellow. You know, I wouldn't want anything said about it because he wouldn't like it, but I had him reading the Bible (Gideon Bible in hotels) each night on trips." And T. P. continued, "Of course he read the most exciting parts, but that wouldn't hurt him any."

T. P. Hunter was a great influence for good, whether on or off the athletic field. He was always living vicariously and constructively. Milton "Mit" Allen and I were speaking regarding the untimely loss of T. P. Mit, always a realist, said spontaneously, "T. P. was too God-like to live long in this world." And then he recounted an interesting episode that made a deep impression upon him.

Mit said, "When Kansas played Great Lakes in '41 in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, our team of Evans, Black, Miller and so forth was not going any too well. Creighton had defeated Great Lakes by an overwhelming score at Omaha and we got them on the rebound. They were taking us in stride, and, Dad, you substituted T. P. for one of your Kansas regulars. No sooner had T. P. reported than he drove in under the basket with his long, gargantuan stride with the ball in his possession. Andreas, the great Indiana U. star a few years back, and who also played baseball in the American Association before he entered Great Lakes, drove in under T. P. and to all the observers it looked like a pretty vicious foul. T. P. got one of the nastiest spills that I have seen any player get. He got up, shook hands with his adversary, and with a smile patted him on the back. But T. P. scored the bucket and went on to get three or four after that, to be

the outstanding Kansas man that evening."

Then Mit added, "It matters not how he got it, I'll bet he took it without a whimper, as he took everything that came to him."

Mrs. Allen wrote T.P.'s mother, Mrs. Mary Hunter at Margaret, Texas, extending our sympathies to her. T.P.'s sister, Mrs. Jimmie Hembree, wrote as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Allen:

My mother received your very kind letter a few days ago. We wish to thank you for this sincere expression of your sympathy. We shall always treasure your letter for its encouragement now and for the future.

Our entire community mourns for T.P. Many have come or written to us to express their sorrow. Among them are the parents of three other boys who have lost their lives - one in a plane crash, one in a Jap prison camp, and one in company with T.P. in the South Pacific.

My mother is trying to be brave as T.P. had told her to be if anything ever happened to him. He was her baby and pride of her life. Though the youngest of us, I sometimes think he was the wisest and kindest of us all.

Yes, T.P. was ready to meet his God. T.P., on receipt of a Christmas card from the Methodist church here, wrote a letter of appreciation to the church not only for the card but for all that it meant to him. The minister read it aloud to the people and said that he would always keep the letter as it was a sermon within itself.

We were so glad that T.P. attended the University and made such friends as you and Dr. Allen. We were glad that he had opportunities to improve his mind and body amid such pleasant friends and surroundings. We wish to thank you for making his college life so pleasant and profitable.

Let us hope that the death of T.P., and others like him will not be in vain but that war will be banished from the face of the earth.

We have not received a letter of details yet, but a letter from Marine Headquarters said that he was killed July 21, on Guam.

I am T.P.'s oldest sister.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Jimmy Hembree

Margaret, Texas
August 25, 1944.

In this morning's mail I received a letter from T.P.'s buddy, Cpl. Charles P. Loar, USMC. It was written from the Naval Hospital at San Francisco, Calif. Cpl. Loar says:

"Dear Mr. Allen:

First of all I want to tell you who I am. I was one of T. P. Hunter's best friends. We were in the same outfit, and I was with Tepe when he was killed. I guess that story will be one of the unwritten tales of this war, but Tepe was a hero, and a great guy. I could write a whole book on his adventures and I think it would be a best-seller. I was also with him on his patrol on Bougainville.

He used to let me read the paper you sent every month, be-

cause I knew lots of the guys from K.U. I expect to be home before long, and I will make a point of looking you up, and telling you all about a swell guy. I can't tell you how much I miss Tepe, - I guess a Marine isn't supposed to have much feeling. I just wanted you to know that I have heard all about you, and I know you are anxious to hear about Tepe. I live in K. C., so when I come home I'll be by to see you."

We are looking forward to Corporal Lear's coming to learn the story of the last great heroic struggle.

This brings to two the number of Jayhawk Rebounders who have given their lives for you and for me - Wayne Nees and T. P. Hunter. Wayne lost his life at Kiska on May 18, 1943. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees of Brazil, Indiana. You will remember that he was a star in basketball and track. He also played football but his time allowance for work and study would not permit his football competition. Capt. Jack Andrews said of Wayne - "Mrs. Nees showed me the letters from Wayne's company and regimental commanders, a captain and colonel respectively. They praised Wayne as an officer and for his gallantry in action. Beside the Purple Heart medal he was awarded the Silver Star."

In my private office will be a place for these immortal heroes. Of course, I would like to have a photograph of every Jayhawk Rebounder that is fighting the atrocious Japanazis, but every one of you are in my mind, I assure you.

As an attestation to T. P. Hunter's wonderful popularity and the deep affection that his friends had for him, I am quoting from some of his buddies' letters asking about T. P.'s exploits and expressing good wishes for his welfare.

Lt. Clint Kanaga, USMCR (c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco) wrote me on September 1, as follows:

"Dear Doc:

Dad has probably informed you of our great loss in a very dear mutual friend in T. P. I just got the sad news today from Norma Falconer and its hard to find words to express my grief. You see, Teep and I spent many nights in May, June, and July -- just chewing the fat and rehashing good old K.U. days. There wasn't anyone he thought any more of than you, Doc - and having similar feelings myself, we played out a lot of basketball games. Remember the night Teep got 5 goals to help nail a Creighton team that had beaten Great Lakes by 15 points, and the night Teep beat the great frosh team of Evans, Black, et al 38-37 in an overtime with a long shot? Eleanor and I were there. We went over those and many more games. We both felt that K.U. had the finest campus in the U. S., and as Teep said to me - 'K.U. alone is worth fighting for.'

Teep was a great Marine and a real leader - his men were crazy about him. He had shown them leadership and bravery on Bougainville. The last night I was with him - a short time before he was killed - he said to me, 'Well, Clint, its liable to be tough but I have a swell gang of men and we'll give them hell.' He added, 'I'll be O.K. If something happens, its part of this game.'

Teep paid the supreme sacrifice - and I believe he would have wanted it that way, inasmuch as it's happened - fighting for the country, and the ones he loved; for the things he valued in life which the aggressor nation of Japan has tried to change and master. There never was a finer man or sweller guy than Teep. He was tops. . . ."

On July 27th, Ens. Delbert Campbell (Fleet P.O., San Francisco) wrote about his visit with T. P. Hunter:

"Again your Rebounds made life pleasanter out here for some more Jayhawkers. About a month ago, just before we started on the job we just finished, I noticed from one of your very welcome letters that ol' T. P. Hunter was in the 9th Marines. Since we had part of that group aboard I investigated and found he was on a ship anchored less than 1,000 yards away. As you can imagine, I got the signalmen hot on the blinker and sure enough, he was over there, so I grabbed a beat and found him lazily stretched out on a bench sound asleep. We really hashed over old times and spent all evening firing questions and answers back and forth. He's well and happy as can be out here and is doing a good job. He told me about his experiences on Bougainville - must have been quite a sensation, but as before he's just the man to get tough jobs done. The next day he came over for lunch and we started afresh on where and what everyone was doing. To top it all off, we discovered Clint Kanaga was on a ship about 1,000 yards the other way, so we barged over to have dinner and spend the evening with him. . . . I haven't been able to find out how T. P. came out but do know he arrived safely on Guam and is doing a big job. We all feel proud that we at last have pried loose the Japs from a former U. S. possession. And, Doctor, you don't realize what a big help your Rebounds are. If it hadn't been for you we would never have been able to have our little reunion. About two months ago while we were in Guadalcanal I had the luck of running into 'Rope' Engleman. He's doing fine and likes the duty on his D.E."

Thank you, Ensign Delbert - we think you are fighting a splendid war.

And from Rope - Lt. (jg) Howard G. Engleman (Fleet P. O., San Francisco), comes this word, written on July 29th: "Received your #9 Rebounds of June 12th . . . so I feel very well informed of Kansas events. I have never enjoyed a Rebounds more and Iswell with pride when I see the names of the boys. You sure keep track of them. As I told you before, I have run into Knute Kresie and the young Haines boy out here. It still looks like a long one from where we are even though the European war seems to be progressing nicely. . . . The second generation, from all reports, is coming along fine now and should be ready for college some time in '62. Hope you're still there, Doc. Tell Bob to get busy or we'll lost that championship in 1964. . . ."

Howard, we will appoint you the director of vital statistics to see that Bob and the rest of that gang do their share toward rehabilitating Kansas basketball.

Maj. Fen A. Durand (Fleet P. O., San Francisco) writes on July 31, as follows: "Upon leaving Hawaii in May our division landed on Saipan on 15 June. I have been here ever since trying to eke out an existence. As you know, the island was finally secured on 9 July, but since that date there have been several thousand more Japs killed. They seem to sneak down out of the hills at night to do what damage they can in our ammo and fuel dumps. I've seen both Bill McKinley and Fred Eberhart on the island and they are both feeling fine. There must be at least ten others from K.U. here and all of us plan to get together soon."

Major Fen, I can tell you honestly you have been the talk of the campus

and the town, with Henry Shenk, Dean Nesmith, Corlett Cotton, Dolph Simons, Mit Allen, Mike Getto, Prof. Guy Smith, and a host of others repeatedly marveling at your miraculous escape on the beach-head at Tarawa. Hope you still hang on to that horseshoe, brother!

Lt. (jg) Roy Edwards (c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco) writes us as follows: "I have received a few added responsibilities since I took over command July 1. It is a very interesting job and we spend very little time in one place. The best part is the different people we work with and with whom we associate. For the past three months I have tried to catch up with Clint Kanaga and it seems as though he is leaving a port as we enter. We have planned a K.U. reunion for some time."

Thanks, Roy, for placing our Jayhawk Rebounds along the highly efficient and much circulated Kansas City Star in the importance of your mail.

We were gladdened to learn that Pfc. Walter "Buddy" Herriman, who was reported missing in action in France, is now reported as being taken prisoner. He was with General Patton's infantry division. We trust such good fortune will come to Lt. (jg) Howard Burnett, Navy Air Corps, formerly of Coldwater, Kansas, who played end and tackle on the K.U. football team in 1936; and Lt. Lawrence "Larry" Johnston, Marine Air Corps, who lettered in baseball at K.U. in '41 and '42. Both of these boys have been reported missing in action over the Pacific.

From across the Atlantic we hear of our boys in France and England:

Lt. John A. Pfitsch (APO 403, c/o P.M., New York) sends a V-mail from France and says: "The towns and villages that we roll through are certainly different than those earlier in the campaign. The people throng the streets and shower the convoys with flowers and fruit. If you stop you are immediately swarmed by people who I believe are sincerely joyous to see us. By the way, Doc, France has many beautiful girls to its credit, and their greeting system isn't just a rumor. . . . The picture is changing fast and we are well on our way home."

Johnny Pfitsch from Pflugerville, Texas, and a Kansas post-grad - you are a first class fighting man. And are we proud of you!

In an earlier letter Johnny said, "The men of the infantry are the boys, Doc. Boy, they have it rough and how they go! You would be proud of them if you could see the teamwork."

Chick Pontius is one of our boys in the infantry over there in France, and we are proud of the things he is doing. Chick was awarded the Purple Heart on July 13. He writes, "I am well now and am back with the company. They released me from the hospital on July 29. I received a promotion to sergeant August 14. I have a great deal more to think about now than I had before." Chick is Sgt. Vaughn W. B. Pontius. APO 4, New York.

Chick, all of the boys at the Country Club will be proud of your achievements over there. Congrats on your promotion. Mit and Bob Allen are both being told that you are too tough for Fritz. Their nicks are not as bad as their blasts.

Maj. Lawrence E. Filkin (APO 90, c/o P.M., New York), who is with the medical corps in France, writes, "I saw Paul Harrington about a month or six weeks ago. He was hale and hearty and glad to see a different face from home. He's still in the same outfit and doing well. Along with Paul were a number of my old classmates from Medical School, and some old internes and profs. It was like old home week. We've been moving along so fast lately that I doubt if Paul's outfit will be able to stay very close to us. In our mad rush I've been several outdoor basketball courts in this section of France. Don't know how much they play, however, because when we pass there is more important business at hand at the moment."

Lawrence, the next time you see Paul Randall Harrington tell him that I told that Harrington-Quigley episode of the basketball court at the Quigley dinner. Quig, you will remember, called several fouls on Paul. Quig interrogated Paul, "Do you understand?" "No," Paul said, "but I am getting used to you."

We were delighted to hear from another "medic" - Maj. George Mandeville (APO 2, c/o P.M., New York), who wrote from France in July, saying, "I have heard about your paper or something called The Rebound, and I wondered if you might send me a copy before the war is over. Most of the betting is that now that we have the first team in it won't be long. This is the roughest contest I have ever had the privilege of being in, and strange as it seems a lot of guys have got hurt. These d---- Nazis are a fanatical bunch. They have a lot of determination but no common sense, and about the only thing they can understand or I should say the best persuader I have seen is the bayonet. Of course when they get in front of our artillery they get pretty well gound up. A lot of them hang on when they surely know they are going to be exterminated."

Mandy, I see often your brother of the 1920 Nebraska-Kansas football "fame" game, score 20-20 - the game that built the stadium. Frank P. Mandeville says that he doesn't have to sell sporting goods. The boys just buy them. Luck to you, George.

Lt. Harold E. Wright (APO 140, c/o P.M., New York) writes: "I'm now in England and am right in the midst of this war. I'm stationed with a medium bombardment group flying B-26 Marauders; I like the plane fine and now have several missions to my credit. Our quarters are fine and the food wonderful. When I stop to think of the boys in the front lines, I realize how lucky some of us are to be in the Air Corps. . . . I'm looking forward to the next copy of Jayhawk Rebounds. I have met some fellow Jayhawkers who enjoy them also."

Harold, if you will give me some of the fellows' names we will be glad to mail them to the boys. This is our desire - to do something for the boys who are doing a lot bigger job than we are here in Lawrence, although we try.

Capt. Harley M. Anderson (APO 557, c/o P.M., New York) writes that he has been in England over fourteen months. He says further, "Really was swell to get the June issue of Jayhawk Rebounds. That's the first one I have received and hope I'll continue to get them as they roll off the press. Found it very interesting to read about where some of the fellows are and what they are doing. I had a good laugh on that paragraph telling of the notorious phone call Engleman made from Dr. Peete's home in K.C. Don't think I'll ever forget it. I

suppose Howard is busy these days teaching little Howard how to throw a ball up and make it balance on a door ledge. If you write him please give him my regards.

Harley, Dr. Peete and his family stopped by the house last Sunday afternoon. His daughter, Virginia Jane, is entering the University here. Dr. Peete often speaks of you boys and the fine time he had when he entertained Engleman, Bob Allen and the rest of the notorious pranksters. Dr. Peete attended the Rosedale banquet last spring when your dad was toastmaster and I spoke. Howard Engleman will read your greeting, and he will get a laugh.

Ens. J. F. "Freddie" Harris (Armed Guard, c/o Fleet P.O., New Orleans, La.) says, "I'm one of Uncle Sam's 'salts' for sure now. Have my ship and gun crew and have been on the sea for several weeks. . . . That's one advantage you have in traveling on a merchant ship - you see and cover lots of territory and yet you get back to the States occasionally."

Freddie, it was good to have you and Mrs. Freddie stop by the office for a little chat. It was also pleasing to get a report on Michael Frederick, the young hopeful for the Jayhawker football and basketball teams of 1964.

Ens. J. P. Turner (c/o Fleet P. O., New York) - "Just a few lines to let you know I'm still kicking. I received the last issue of the Rebounds, and I mean it was really fine to know how all the fellows are making out. They are a great bunch, those Jayhawkers are. Knute told me in his last letter about running into Rope, Hub and expecting to see Swede Linquist soon. It must be a wonderful feeling to run into some of the old gang. I'm always looking for some fellow Jayhawkers but haven't been very lucky so far. . . . Tell everybody back that way hello for me. I sure think a lot of the old times I've had on Mount Oread and am anxious to get back with all the gang."

Jesse Paul, you are one of the best correspondents we have, and we are always glad to hear from you. Tell the gang to fight 'em for me, will you?

Lt. (jg) A. M. "Murray" Brown writes us from the Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, Mich. He says, "Keep those Rebounds bounding this way as I really enjoy them. I have met up with several other Kansas friends here and they enjoy them, too. . . . Three of the officers and myself journeyed to the All-Star football game last week. The Missouri Valley section was well represented in Glenn Dobbs of Tulsa who played an outstanding game. I'm only sorry Ray Evans couldn't have been present because I think he is every bit as good as Dobbs. Both throw hard and very accurate. You catch it or it knocks you down. I saw George Dick in uniform but I don't think he played. I tried to see him but the crowd was too big to get thru, - also it rained very hard. I did see Frank Cramer, Reaves Peters, C. E. McBride, Mike Getto, Gene Johnson and several others. It was just like old home week."

Murray, I am passing on to our mutual good friend, E. C. Quigley your remark as follows: "Just tell him its the Rockhurst Brown. That will clarify the Browns to him. He should know my number as many fouls as he has called on me. Not dirty, Doc, just rough and clumsy." He will get a kick out of it, but you will remember he always told you, "You can't do that!"

From the U. S. Naval Air Station at Memphis - Down in Dixie - comes a note from A/C Frank Stuckey, who says, "A few weeks ago while I was on leave I had an occasion to read a copy of the Rebounder. I met Virginia Ford Sollenberger on the train between Denver and Hutchinson and she had Marvin's copy. I was delighted to hear of the whereabouts of so many of my K.U. friends and happier still to find that I could be put on the mailing list by writing to you. The Rebounder really gives you the 'word'."

Thanks for your compliment, Frank, in giving the Rebounds the credit for being "the word".

Just after the publication of our last Jayhawk Rebounds we were pleased to receive the announcement of the birth of a baby boy to Ens. and Mrs. Robert E. Hunt, on July 21, at Independence, Kansas. I promised Bob that I would mention it in the next issue. Hearty congratulations to Bob and Mrs. Hunt! We hope the youngster is now hale and hearty, and that his mother is feeling fine. I don't have to inquire about the father.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker, at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, wrote on August 21: "It won't be long now before Henry Shenk will be starting football practice there on the Hill. Gosh, what I wouldn't give to be back. Sports are one thing I really miss in the army. Its been so long since I've played any game I've probably forgotten how. . . We will be leaving the States very soon. Our outfit has been together now almost a year, so I guess it is about time we are seeing the other side."

And gosh, Hoyt, what we wouldn't give to have you back. You would perhaps be the very tabasco that any football or basketball team needs. The old spizzerinktum, the pepper and ginegar - that's what you always had. We will take a rain check and count on you for September, '45 - eh, Hoyt? This goes for both the prelate spheroid and the "round ball".

Lt. Chester Gibbens is with the Army Air Forces Tech. Training Command at Orlando, Fla., and says he hopes to be able to get home for a football game or two this fall. His leave is 3 mos. overdue, so he hopes to get home late in Sept. or early Oct. Chet continues, "Denny might get home around that time. He mentioned something about coming back to the States to school. I imagine it would be for B-29 training, but nothing definite has been said by him. . . . I guess I've been fighting the battle on the home front and have released a WAC for combat duty."

Gibby, we are sending the football schedules to you pronto. If you will look at the last Rebounds you will have the complete schedule. This is the way we have of giving all the boys in the service - in the States and overseas - the latest dope on the schedule, and also some feature on the personnel of the team.

It certainly will be good to have Denzil and you back. We hope that both of you can arrive at the same time.

S/Sgt. Waldo A. Miller is doing physical training work at the Army Air Base, Seattle, Washington, and says he still likes it very much. He asks that we send him Major E. R. Elbel's address, and we are glad to give it here for the benefit of all his friends - School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas.

A/T R. L. "Bob" Bock is now at Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas. He says, "Two events that have occurred at K.U. while I have been gone have pleased me very much. The Wm. Allen White Foundation and fun should make for K.U.'s attaining a high role as a school of journalism, and since journalism is my interest, good news it certainly was. Then Ernie Quigley's appointment as athletic director should be a boost to the school. I read the Topeka Capital article reporting his appointment, and I feel quite sure that Mr. Quigley means what he says and will give his all to boost K.U. athletics."

It is always good to hear from you, Sports Columnist Bob Bock. Keep firing your entertaining letters in our direction. E. C. Quigley will be glad to know that you feel as you do.

Chief Specialist Eddie Hall, USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill., says, "Bob Hope said that the boys overseas write their girl friends that a letter from home is like a five-minute furlough. Your Rebounds are thirty-minute furloughs. It is good to sit down and read about the big things some of the boys are doing. Some are doing real well for themselves. I wonder if T. P. Hunter has gotten back into the scrimmage yet. He is probably trying hard if he is physically able. And Knute Kresie is on top as he was on the baseball diamond. . . . Doc, I'm still here at Great Lakes training recruits. I had a short cruise on the Atlantic last winter. Other than that, I've been here all the time. . . . I am coaching the Regimental Boat Racing Crew. What I know about it you could put in a small book but we are in second place out of twelve regiments. It is a lot of fun but takes up all my extra time."

I am glad, Eddie, that you think the Rebounds is a good thirty-minute furlough. You can always bet that Knute Kresie will be on the old mound firing at the brothers in the batter's box. He always looked good to me when he faced the opposing batsmen.

Chief Specialist Theno F. Graves writes, "I'm stationed at the University of Southern California as an instructor in physical education, V-12 program. I have been here since March 20. Prior to that time I was at the naval training station, San Diego. . . . One of your players of last season is here - Homer Sherwood. He is doing well but will have to hurry to make the squad here this year. Have some good men on hand at the present time."

Theno, the next time you see Homer Sherwood, tell him I am betting on him to make the squad. He was slow in starting here at the University, but he got going. Just give him a good chance and he will prove his worth.

S/Sgt. A. George Hulteen (APO 495, c/o P.M., New York) passes his Rebounds around to four or five Jayhawkers somewhere in India. George, I want to say that if you will send me the addresses of these other boys we will be glad to mail each one of them a Rebounds. I imagine, George, the main topic of conversation among your buddies is - when do we get out of this hot spot and get a chance to be shipped back to God's country. Am I guessing correctly?

Capt. John T. Andrews, Adj. Gen. School, Ft. Washington, Md., writes: "Was in Washington a few weeks ago to see the Quartermaster for some items. While leaning over the counter looking for items I glanced up and there stood Lester Kappelman looking like a million dollars. We went into a huddle that was all too short. Great to see him."

Jack, I pass the Gas Office often and every time I do I think of you. And every time we have Rotary meeting at the Eldridge Hotel we miss your smiling countenance.

Dr. H. L. Kirkpatrick, Capt. M. C., Station Hospital, Ephrata, Wash., says, "I certainly appreciate being on the mailing list and enjoyed reading the letters the boys have written in from all over the world. They're great boys, Doc, and you are proud of them, I know. They played the game for you and now they're giving Uncle Sam their best. . . . Was pleased to see that Ernie Quigley was appointed Athletic Director, the for the life of me I can't see why anyone would care for the job unless they really loved K.U. Some of us do that, Phog, and I'm sure no one could ever say you weren't for K.U. first, last, and all the time."

Thank you for the compliment, Doctor. It was awfully good to hear from you. We are waiting for your return to have some of the Jayhawker bullfests.

Capt. Harold E. Johnson, Hqs. 8th Service Command, Dallas, Texas, says, "Last spring in Oklahoma City I talked to Fred Pralle a few minutes and he mentioned the Jayhawk Rebounds which he received and enjoyed. You were kind enough to send me a copy and it was all Pralle said it was. Surely good to read of the fellows."

Harold, when you come back after the war we want you to come and visit us and see the intramural set-up as it is running then. It will be bigger and better, of course, because the past should never lay hold upon the future. And the future is always greater than the past.

Ens. W. A. "Bill" Forsyth is now at Camp Bradford, near Norfolk, Va. He says, "Was taking a physical Saturday with a fellow and it turned out to be Bob Kenney, who played for Rice Institute in '41-'42. We had quite a time talking about the old days. He was inquiring of Engleman. Bob had aknee operation a few months ago and he is almost a cripple. Don't imagine he will play much basketball after the war."

Bill, please remember me to Bob Kenney. He caused us many anxious hours. He was a great athlete and a grand fellow. Ask him if he remembers the little girl that nearly ensnared him. He made several visits to Lawrence, Kansas, to give the little lady a very strenuous rush. In this morning's mail I have an announcement from Mr. and Mrs. James William Thompson announcing the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Byron Wellington Hart, Air Corps, Army of the United States, on Thursday, the 7th of September, at the Church of Our Savior, San Gabriel, California. Ask Bob Kenney how it happened!

Vance Hall, C/P M.A.A.F., Tucson, Arizona: "I want to thank you for sending me the last copy of the Jayhawk Rebounds. I surely do enjoy them and I know how the boys overseas must look forward to each edition. I managed to get a release from the Primary school where I was instructing - it has since been closed - and I am now with the Air Transport Command. . . . I had quite a surprise the other day when we reported to the flight line as there was Ray Nible, one of the instrument instructors. He is a 2nd lieutenant. I took him the latest Jayhawk Rebounds and he sure enjoyed reading it."

Vance, tell Ray Niblo that the thud of the pigskin is in the air. Ask him if he ever gets an urge to get back on Mt. Oread and take one more swing at that old pigskin.

Pvt. Harold Goodwin (APO 140, c/o P.M., New York): "Received your latest newsletter and it is a pip. This is just a note to ask that you change my address. Finally satisfied an ambition I've had since 7 Dec. 1941. I've been promoted to Pvt. Harold Goodwin. . . . And I love it."

Congratulations, Goody, on the thing that you have wanted to do, namely, get into the war as a buck private rather than as a Red Cross field director. You have shown exactly where your heart is in this war.

Major E. R. Elbel, writing from the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, says: "Met 'Kenny' Hamilton at officer's mess the other day. He is now a captain and a fine looking boy. He is stationed at Parren, Texas. Had dinner with Ralph Miller the other night. He graduates from OCS tomorrow (Aug. 5). I never saw him looking better. He has made a fine impression over there."

Major Eddie, we were glad to hear from Kenny Hamilton. I, too, would have liked to have had the pleasure of shaking hands with Ralph Miller upon his graduation from OCS. I will answer your fine letter that called forth many potent points for physical education and its challenge here on Mt. Oread. You certainly presented a challenging situation for the administrators to seriously consider. You definitely showed your interest in a constructive program. Thanks a million.

Dr. George A. Esterly, the patron saint of athletics on Massachusetts Street, wrote me from his beautiful Estes Park summer retreat. "Let me thank you for the Rebounds. I enjoyed it so much that I hope I may be favored again. So many of those boys I know so well, that I enjoyed it more than I can tell you." We will be sending you another Rebounds, Doctor, and your many friends who receive this still count you the number one pepper-upper, when enthusiasm is needed for any athletic team that can beat Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas State or Iowa State. In fact, you started supporting Kansas teams long before some of these schools were ever in the Big Six or the Missouri Valley.

We received a postcard on August 29 from 2nd Lt. Charles B. Black, Jr., giving his APO 16400, c/o Postmaster, New York. Good luck, Charlie, in that streak o' light reconnaissance photographic plane of yours. Take some beautiful pictures of those babies!

We acknowledge with thanks, and with congratulations, the announcement from Lt. Dan Partner, USNR, former Kansas Aggie gridiron luminary and later versatile sports writer on the Sports Desk of the Kansas City Star, the arrival at Iowa City, Iowa, on August 8, 1944, of Ann Cornelia Partner, gross weight 7 lbs. 5 oz. logged aboard at 0208, reporting for duty to Louise Partner, in command. And signed by the skipper of the ship, said luminary and versatile all-sports writer. The ship in which the trio are sailing is the USS Partnership. May their voyage be a most serene and happy one.

Hats off to Pvt. Charles Gordon Stucker, who is now at Camp Fannin, Texas. Gordon added to his laurels won on the gridiron and basketball court by winning the Sharpshooter Medal, with the highest score in his battalion, shooting 149 out of 150. Yet his eyesight was the thing that failed him in his Annapolis try. A clipping from the Tyler, Texas, newspaper says that two contests stood head and shoulders above the rest in the Tyler-Smith County tank championships. The men's 400 yd. free style event, which usually takes a back seat to the shorter dash events, was a highlight of the first two nights of the tournament. A large crowd watched Pvt. Charles Gordon Stucker fall behind Pvt. Richard Hinze in the gruelling 400 yd. event. By the 12th lap Hinze was almost a full lap ahead of Stucker, but a burst of speed in the last four turns gave Stucker the victory. Gordon also won the men's 50-yd. free style.

R. W. Farris, PhM, writes from Seattle - "I was quite surprised but pleased to learn of Quigley being made Director of Athletics at Kansas. I am sure he will be a fine man for the job."

Good luck when your new ship comes in, Dick - the one you are waiting for.

I received a fine letter from Bill Huggins, 709 West 6th St., Coffeyville, Kansas. Bill is a number one sports enthusiast of the Sunflower state. Although an illness has kept him bedridden for a number of years, he knows every athlete and the athlete's record in this country of ours. Bill is a brother of "Teady" Huggins who played on Frosty Cox's championship teams at Colorado. He has been in England since spring, just after he finished the basketball season playing in the National A.A.U. tournament in Denver as a member of the Buckley Field team. When I spoke in Coffeyville last fall at the all-sports dinner given by the classification clubs of that city, I stopped in to see Bill. I had never met a more cheerful shut-in in all my life. Good luck and best wishes, Bill.

When Marine W. L. "Bill" Winey, Jr., former caddy at the Lawrence Country Club and a friend of all the players there, visited us in Lawrence I was disappointed in not having a longer time to visit. But from all I hear, Bill, your many friends were delighted to see you and were impressed with your golf game. Bill has returned from Australia and is now at the Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, Calif., where they are trying to get the rest of the malaria out of him before he reports for active duty.

This is a short story about Pfc. Robert E. Allen (405 So. 40th St., Philadelphia 4, Pa.) and Jean McFarland Allen, who are laboring to extricate an M.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania as soon as possible. You will remember what I once said about the Philadelphians. As a class they are much taller and much fairer than the Chinese, but not nearly so progressive. But in the City of Brotherly Love an accident happened on Market Street that cost Pfc. Bob and Jean better than \$300.

Bob had taken his car down to have it washed - not by a garage but by some energetic colored boys who would do it cheaper than the garagemen. You Jayhawk Rebounders perhaps remember Bob's Oldsmobile job that was given him as a present by his parents for not indulging in the nasty nicotine habit before he arrived at his majority. Bob's car most of the time has been interned on the two gallons of gasoline allowance plus the extra embargo placed in the East against unnecessary driving. The car was shiny, spic and span, but along came a harmless

bee and lit on the anatomy of a colored gentleman's fractious steed. Said steed tore across the street and landed smack-dab in the top of Bob's car, hoofs and all.

Of course, Bob and Jean, luckily, were not in it. The car was a wreck from top to the chassis. Brother-in-law Gil Williams, Eleanor's husband, who is a lawyer, saw the sorrowful owner of the steed and the poor old colored gentleman offered to pay \$10.00 a month until the bill was satisfied. However, Bob writes that the poor old colored fellow has just been returned from the operating table at the hospital and they found a huge carcinoma of the stomach. They sewed him back up, and the tag on his hospital record showed "exploratory laparotomy". That means they just explored and found that an operation was contraindicated.

This means that Bob had a lot of experience out of the episode, but no money. I am reminded of the philosophy of the old colored fellow who had a blind horse and when he died the old gentleman soliloquized, "Dem that has must lose". Too bad, Bob. But for the benefit of Rope Engleman, Johnny Kline, Ralph Miller, Bruce Voran, Marvin Sollenberger, Norman Sanneman, Charles Walker, Bill Hoghen, Bob Johnson, Vance Hall, Maurice Jackson, Don Ebling, Bill Bevan, Jack Sands, Loren Florell, Lyman Corlis, Kirk Owen, Lester Kappelman, Herb Hartman, Fen Durand, and other of your teammates whose names have slipped my mind, they will be glad to know that you came out alive. And with your Army pay as a Pfc. it won't take you long to get the wreck in shape so that you can get back to Bell Memorial Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, where you will begin your internship sometime soon after October 1st. For a country boy from Kansas to serve as president of his medical class is perhaps compensation to offset your other disappointments. Bob perhaps would never mention this, but with justifiable pride the old folks are pretty happy about it.

Lt. Ralph H. Miller has just written me from Drew Field, Tampa, Florida: "Dear Doc,

I just heard of T. P. Hunter's death yesterday and it really struck home. Jean and I felt very badly about it. I think he was one of the grandest persons I have ever known in my life. It's a shame that he should have to go because he is one of the boys who will be needed later on in this world. My hat is off to him because I think he was one of the greatest guys K.U. ever had.

If possible I would like to have his mother's address. I certainly would appreciate it if you can send it to me.

From the heading you can see where we are now stationed. We like it very much and I have a nice assignment. I am the Asst. Base Physical Training Officer. There are a grand bunch of fellows here and I enjoy my work very much.

Have run into two K.U. people here - Jim Sherman of Topeka, and Tom Lillard of Topeka and his wife (Margaret Butler). We had a nice get-together last night and talking of the swell days of K.U. All of us wished that we could be back there.

Dick is in the Aleutians and so far likes it fine. I understand Bob Gilliland was decorated for action against Jap planes. Spike Robertson was in on D-Day and was plenty scared, so he says.

Enough for now. Doc, your newsletter is wonderful and it is really appreciated by all. I don't know of anything you could have done to make plenty of guys happy. Jean and I both send regards to you and the family. Hope you can send me that address.

Ralph, here is the address: Mrs. Mary F. Hunter,
Margaret, Texas.

Your sincere expression regarding T. P.'s passing is exactly what I expect from all of his friends and teammates. Continued good luck to you and Jean.

Rev. Robert H. Hunt, pastor of the First Methodist Church at Salina, who was pastor of our Methodist Church here in Lawrence, writes: "Last night Rev. and Mrs. Ed Price spent an hour with us and in the conversation Ed said that it had been reported T. P. Hunter had been killed. If this is true I would like to have the name and address of his mother so I might write to her. I was very much impressed with T. P. when he was in school. He was a fine character. . . . Best wishes to Quigley. I have met him numbers of times but he will not remember me. I used to watch him umpire in the National League more than 30 years ago."

Capt. W. H. "Bill" Ramey (APO 115, c/o P.M., New York), writes: "Like many of the boys whose letters I read in the Rebounds, I haven't come across any of the K.U. men. Wrote Paul Harrington one day months ago but haven't heard anything from him. In the 26 July 1944 issue Lt. John Pfitsch said he met a Ramey. I wish I could say that it was the same one who is writing to you but I can't lay such claims, unfortunately. . . ."

We too hope, Bill, that it will not be long until all of you old-timers are back with us.

To Leroy W. Archer, Coxswain, USS Trion, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco -
Dear Jimmy: I want to confess to you that when you wrote your letter on Oct. 19, 1943, I made a pledge that I would write you right away. I put the same in my pocket and thought I would write the letter from the office. For some reason I changed coats and did not wear the tan coat that I put the letter in much more because it was a sport coat. This fall when I put the same tan coat on I discovered your letter in my inside pocket. I called your sister at the First National Bank and got your address, and am now writing you this short note in the Jayhawk Rebounds and sending it to you because it mentions your brother-in-law, Chick Pontius. I knew that you would be interested in hearing about a lot of the boys as you were such a rabid basketball fan; yet you did not limit your enthusiasm to basketball - it was all sports. So here's luck to you. Bob and Mit will be glad to know that you are fighting an aggressive war.

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While you boys have been digging foxholes, I have been digging divots at the Lawrence Country Club. Last Friday, Sept. 8, while playing golf with Ogden Jones, the chairman of the draft board, Mr. Irving Hill and Dr. H. T. Jones, I closed my eyes and swung a lusty iron in the direction of the green on No. 2 fairway. Like a blind pig, I had picked up an 8 iron, and I was lucky enough to get a hole-in-one. The sun was in my eyes and I saw the ball light near the green and then disappear. Ogden Jones excitedly said, "You made it!", but not until I got over there and looked into the cup did I find the ball. Oddly enough, two of the foursome were already members of the Hole-in-One Club. Mr. Irving Hill made his on No. 7 and Dr. Jones previously had made his hole-in-one on old No. 4. Honestly, I believe a fellow who sees someone else make a hole-in-one gets more kick out of it than the individual making it. A few years ago I was playing with Bill Hargiss, and on old No. 1 Bill took his No. 2 iron and

swung lustily into the ball which stopped about a foot from the cup dead in line with his drive. On the second nine Bill Hargiss took the same club and the same ball and drove one over identically the same terrain on the green and it rolled deftly into the cup. I know I got more of a kick out of seeing that ball go in than I did on shooting mine because I saw it all the way. And then I thought it took a real golfer to make a hole-in-one!

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The tang of fall and the thud of pigskins are in the air. The blackbirds are on their way south. The leaves come tumbling down, and there is the excited talk of fans concerning our first football game with Washburn University of Topeka, which is to be played at Haskell Stadium Friday night, Sept. 15th. Director Ernie Quigley has assembled his coaching staff which is practically the same as last year with Head Coach Henry Shenk assisted by Coaches Elmer Schaake and Dean Nesmith. Director Quigley has also signed up Lt. H. L. Ware, a former great from Texas Christian University. Coach Ware is athletic officer here for the V-12 and his contribution will be most valuable to the team in general and particularly when they meet TCU a week from next Friday. George Dick, last year's honor captain, is also assisting with the squad.

Director Quigley has also signed Chief Specialist Ralph E. Hayes as coach of the boxing team at the University. This sport will be revived under the very capable direction of this athletic officer who developed Golden Gloves champions at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He is a great fellow and a real fighting Irishman. His work has been outstanding in this sport in developing the boys for combat who still have scores to settle with the Japanazis.

Although we have included the entire Varsity football schedule in our previous Rebounds, we are repeating it for those who may have lost their last issue and for the new boys on the mailing list.

September 15	Washburn (night)	at Lawrence
September 23	Texas C. (night)	at Kansas City
September 29	Denver (night)	at Denver
October 7	Tulsa (night)	at Tulsa
October 14	Iowa State	at Ames
October 21	Nebraska	at Lawrence (Home coming)
November 11	Kansas State	at Manhattan
November 18	Oklahoma	at Lawrence
November 23	Missouri	at Kansas City

Now for the football prospects. Coach Shenk was asked his evaluation of the team and the possible prospects. This summation will pretty accurately give you the set-up as it exists at the present time.

"The 1944 edition of the Jayhawker football squad is beginning to round into shape. Summer practice started August 14, and the regular fall practice began September 1, with very little break between the two.

"About 65 boys reported for the opening practice. Among them were several likely looking candidates and several of last year's team. Of course, many of the boys were newcomers, some of whom have never played even high school football, while others were pretty light for Big Six competition. Seven boys reported weighing under 150 pounds.

"At present the following boys seem to be the most likely candidates for starting berths against Washburn September 15: Right end - Dutch Schimenz and Gordon Reynolds. Schimenz weighs 195 and is a member of the V-12 unit, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He played backfield in high school but shows promise at end. Gordon Reynolds, 6'1", weighing 183, had one year of competition at North Dakota State. At right tackle, a freshman, Sam Hunter, 6 ft., weighing 180 lbs. 17-year-old, is the most promising candidate. Sam was all-state tackle last year in high school. Ivory Bird from Olathe, Kansas, and Darwin Lambkin, from Hudson, Wisconsin, are other likely candidates for the right tackle spot. Wallace Rouse, 217 lb. freshman from Wichita, and Gene "Chief" Long, 200 lb. veteran of former years, are most likely starters at left tackle.

"The right guard position is a toss-up between Dud Day, 165 lb., from La-Jolla, California; Garland Cantrell, 175 lb., from Joplin Junior College; and Fred Daneke, 162 lb., from Topeka. At the center position two experienced men - Wayne Hird, of Lawrence, 200 lbs., and Dan Chase, 194 lbs., are available. Charles Keller who was a regular last year, weighing 200 lbs., is a left guard, with Don Stockdale, 160 lbs., at guard, from Wyandotte, and John McDermott from Wichita East, as understudies.

"At left end, Warren Riegler, who was a regular last year, weighing 180 lbs., from El Dorado, Kansas, and Charles Daigneault, 160 lbs., from Worcester, Mass., are the stand-outs. In the backfield four letter men who were starters last year are available. John Bergin, 175 lbs., at right half, will probably do the signal calling. John is from San Francisco. Leroy Robison, 180 lbs., from Lawrence, will be the blocking back, and Don Barrington, 200 lbs., at fullback. Charles Moffett, of Peabody, Kansas, will be at left half.

"In addition, several other men are showing promise -- Don Faulkner, letterman from last year, at blocking back; Dwight Sutherland from Kansas City, Mo., at halfback; Ted Short from Omaha, fullback; Bob Miller, letterman from last year, at left half; Dick Williams, wingback from Powhattan, Kansas; Kenneth Danneberg, 155-pounder from Kansas City, Mo., Southwest High, and Clifford Brown, 210 lb. fullback who played at Haskell Institute last year.

"Prospects are slightly better than last year, but indications are that all teams will be somewhat stronger this year than last, due to an increase in the number of 17-year-olds and an added year's experience for the 4F's in the camps of some of our opponents who have nothing but 4F students."

With my very best wishes to each and every one of you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Forrest C. Allen
"Doc"

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

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