# 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.