

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 it's 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, it's 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, it's 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. . . ."