January 8, 1946 Pvt. Joe A. Dummire-17137367 Class 548, Squadron V 3704, A.A.F.B.U. Keesler Field, Mississippi Dear Joe: Your dad came over last night to see the basketball game and asked me to send you a Jayhawk Rebound. The last one that I wrote was on August 31 and I have not written one since. However, I am contemplating writing one in the very near future and I will send you the new one when I write it. I believe you might be interested in this old one because it carries a lot of news about the boys and it will make some interesting reading about Jayhawkers past and present. It has a football yarn in it regarding our 1920 season. Lots of good luck to you, Joe, and remember I am putting you on the mailing list for the next Jayhawk Rebound. We were fortunate to whip the Missouri Tigers in a rather listless and loosely played game last night. We will have to do better if we get very far in the conference race. With every good wish, I am Fraternally yours, Director of Physical Education, Varsity Basketball Coach. FCA:MF

P.S. As thorough and exact as Mr. McBride is, he overlooked one of Dr. Allen's important duties. He is a member of the Selective Service board and spends many hours each week helping select the manpower for our Armed Forces. Ogden Jones, a member of the KU faculty, is chairman of the Douglas county board.

FROM THE MARCH 7 ISSUE OF THE KANSAS CITY STAR: awould gold . Johnut

Maybe you've been wondering how long Phog Allen will continue to coach basketball. You've been reading about Phog, very much about him and considerable by him, for lo, these many, many years. Is he going on forever winning basketball championships or running them up? IN Jaroob of Jant won galdyas paich Being curious and unafraid you asked him. And you learned that Phog will be coaching five or six years more. And then no more. Barquera rant ar on that word now one mediance becid "When am I going to retire?" Phog repeats the question as though the idea is something altogether out of the unexpected and unthought about, but you soon know better than that. "I can tell you now when that's going to be," he quickly adds. "When I reach the age of 65. Department heads retire at 65." (Phog is the head of the department of physical education.) "Other faculty members may continue until they are 67, but I'm not hankering for those two years. I do not wish to coach after I am 65. I have no ambitions to break the records of Alonzo Stagg or Connie Mack. " a to varono edt bra erwod anol vram "But what will you be doing, Phog? You can't keep all that restless energy close by while you roll in a parlor chair." provide a construction and a city face-lifting plan by

"Don't let that worry you," says Phog. "I'll use all the energy I can muster. I'm going to play golf and I'm going to write. And say the things I want to say."

Tut! Tut! Phog, as though you haven't been saying the things you've wanted to say, all along.

"I guess I'll have to admit that I haven't been a shrinking violet in that regard," says Phog. "That's right, and I'm going to continue to do the things I've actually wanted to do; play golf and write."

The K.U. basketball coach already is the author of three books. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he is the author of two books and a co-author of a third. His "My Basketball Bible" and "Better Basketball" have had a wide sale. In collaboration with other educational authorities Phog wrote

FROM THE MARCH 7 ISSUE OF THE KANSAS CITY STAR (continued):

"The Administration and Organization of Physical Education and Athletics." President Raymond A. Kent of the University of Louisville was the editor of that book, which had chapters on law by Roscoe Pound of Harvard, medicine by Dr. Cutter of Northwestern, liberal arts by Dr. Charters of Ohio State, student health by Dr. John Sundwall of Michigan, formerly dean of the school of medicine of the University of Kansas.

What will your next book touch on, Phog?

BACK TO THE LOW-BROW "I'm going back to the low-brow stuff," Phog smiles "I'm a going to write a book on the troatment of athletic injuries. ... one some time beforew Inquitatuod ynam abaega bas based entraes evitoeses That reminds you that in the closing weeks of the Big Six basketball season Allen took over the training of his squad of basket shooters. Forced to pass up an opportunity to join the army athletic specialists junket, Phog quickly consented when his trainer, Dean Nesmith, was asked to become a member of the junket. Phog knows the business of training athletes and Mont mending their sprains and bruises and his book on that subject should be the ultimate word. I and word mainebnow need evimor ed As for doing the things he wants to do after he reaches the age of 65, Phog hardly will be able to carry on as heavy a program as he is in those approaching years to 65. and surely he isn't doing anything now that he doesn't wish to do. At the same time he's doing far more than the ordinary man and you wonder how he manages to keep the pace. Last month he gave his fifth blood donation and when you know that he is fast stepping toward 60 you: 11 give him credit for deep-rooted sentiment toward our soldiers. You've seen that demonstrated elsewhere, too. For example, in the Jayhawker Rebounds he writes every month or two, has typed and mails to all his old basketball boys and other K. U. athletes on the world's fighting fronts.

(Phog is the head of the department of physical education:) WHERE DOES CHE TEINDSTHEATIME four suntituos vem stockment vituost ve As head of the department of physical education at K.U. he has a full-time job. As coach of basketball you know he devotes many long hours and the energy of a steam engine. He is a Rotarian and a lively ones He is president of the Civic Action committee of Lawrence, a committee with a twofold purpose -- to provide a construction and a city face-lifting plan by way of . encouraging veterans to return to Lawrence and to provide many of them with early employment. Recently Phog was elected president of the Lawrence Country club, and you can safely bet that he will not be idle on this job. In fact, you cannot picture Phog idle on any job.
Now Phog is running for a seat in the city council (he was elected yesterday). . and so you get the idea that by the time he is 65 he will be fairly well whittled down and quite ready to for leisurely golf and writing, gold of the out of and gold of the Bridge P.S. -- Oh, yes, you want to know when Phog will be 65? His wald next birthday will be Novemberel 8. 1 He 11 be 60 contend U. Nort Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he is the author of

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JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

No. 14

March 14, 1945

Final Big Six Conference Standings in Basketball

	4	*						W	L	Pts	OP	Pct
Iowa State			•	•			•	8	2	469	382	.800
Kansas							•	7	3	448	387	.700
Oklahoma											THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T	.500
Missouri											468	.500
Kansas State.	•			•			•	4	5	445	448	.400
Nebraska	•		•	•	•	•	•	1	9	447	509	.100

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

My, how time flies! That was impressed upon me years ago when I was a teenage youngster as I walked in Heinie Kaboobler's Hot Air Cafe, and staring me in the face was a big clock, the second and minute hands stepped up twenty times, electrically. As those hands went whizzing around the clock, the caption below was, "My, how time flies."

That seems to me literally true now because as the years roll by the second hand and the hour hand seem to accelerate themselves, and now I find that my last Jayhawk Rebounds was written on January 19. And I had promised in my own mind and heart that you fellow Jayhawkers on the seven seas and the many fighting fronts would have a letter from me each month. To err and to procrastinate is human. I guess I am one of those guilty fellows.

The day before we started for Iowa State at Ames on March 1, I was sure that the Rebounds would have been dictated and I would reserve a flash for the result — we were hopeful then; But with the myriad of duties I have deferred until today to write this letter. But this morning — the day when we go to Dean Corder's domicile at Welda, Kansas, where his father, Lee R. Corder, is superintendent of schools, for the purpose of a basketball banquet, — I am going to write this, come hell or high water. You remember the old grandpappy down in Arkansas. When the floods came the neighbors had all gathered on a high hill, and as the river rushed down the narrow valley they noticed a straw hat moving to and fro across the water. The neighbors marveled, and said, "Look at that straw hat moving back and forth, and not downstream! What a peculiar phenomenon!" (although the Arkansawyers used a different word.) One young hillbilly said, "Why, don't you remember, Grandpappy said he was going to mow that lawn, come hell or high water." . . . That is a rotten joke, but I had to make my point.

Now, into the story of the Big Six Conference race. In my January Rebounds I gave you the set-up of the race and the personnel of the team. You will see from the final Big Six Conference standings that Iowa State had what it took. They defeated Oklahoma at Oklahoma City, and Kansas State at Manhattan, on Saturday and Monday night prior to meeting us at Ames and defeating us on the following Friday. They defeated Nebraska earlier in the season at Lincoln. That was the difference.

We lost to Nebraska at Lincoln in one of the hottest games that I have ever seen the Cornhuskers play. Iowa State got a further break in the fact that Kansas played Oklahoma at Morman, and Iowa State played them at Oklahoma City preparatory to the Sooners going to New York. Oklahoma Aggies and Texas Christian played the other end of a double-header in Oklahoma City, and Iowa State won by 2 points. If it is true that the home court is worth from 2 to 6 points, we could say that Iowa State got a slight break in the schedule. But no one is belittling the efforts of that fine Iowa State team. They had the stuff and showed their merit all the way through, so we take off our hats to Louie Menze and the boys in Iowa. They are the real champions.

The three games we lost were to Iowa State, Oklahoma (one point in an overtime) and to Nebraska. In recalling the hot teams of years back, I remember Bruce Drake, Tom Churchill and Vic Holtz, and the fine 1929 team at Norman. We had a pretty good team and they ran over us roughshod something like 47 to 29. I thought that was the hottest team I had seen until 1939 when we met the Missouri Tigers at Columbia. We had a good team and thought that we were in the championship hunt, which proved later we were to tie and then win the play-off, but Missouri poured it on us from every angle, and every shot they took seemed to whiz through the netting in this game at Columbia. Then in 1940 we met Indiana for the NCAA finals in Kansas City and held them to 4 points in the first 8 minutes of play, and then they started shooting. And what a barrage: They couldn't miss from any angle. They hit impossible shots, one after the other. And yet we scored 42 points against them, but it wasn't nearly enough.

Nebraska scored 59 points on us while we got 45, and Iowa State scored 61 while we got 39. Those two games compared with Oklahoma, Missouri, and Indiana, and these are the games from 1929 to 1945, so you can see running into two outfits in the same year was just too much for a very willing, aggressive and hard fighting Kansas team. With every kind word to a dogged and determined Kansas team, we did not have the material that some of our opponents possessed this year. But we gave them everything we had, and I am mighty proud of these boys to be able to take second place, with none of the other four lower teams near the Kansas 7 won and 3 lost margin.

Early in the season I picked Iowa State first, Oklahoma second, Missouri, Kansas and Kansas State fighting it out for ties, and I thought Nebraska would finish last. The only game that Nebraska won was that 59 to 45 shellacking they gave us, so I rather look at their effort in that game as something out of this world. That is the first time that a Nebraska team, coached by "Lew" Lewandowski has defeated a Kansas team, but there must always be a first time for everything, and it happened. It has been six years since Kansas dipped her colors to the Cornhuskers in basketball. But you will remember in the last Rebounds I said, "We are looking for trouble when we go to Lincoln on February 10."

Now for a short resume of Kansas efforts in the Big Six. We lost a heartbreaker at Oklahoma in an overtime game. Kansas had the game sewed up three different times, but our lack of experience caused the boys to shoot long shots when they
should have nursed the ball. In the Iowa State game at Lawrence on January 27, we
defeated Louie Menze's team 50 to 35, although Firebock, one of their stars, was on
the sideline. Then the Kansas-Kansas State game at Lawrence was a typical KansasKansas State game, on January 30. It was a thriller, and it looked as if Kansas
was doomed to defeat, but Kansas won one of the wildest and most exciting games
that a packed Hoch Auditorium has seen in years. The massacre at Lincoln on February
10th has been recounted. On February 13 Oklahoma came to Lawrence and Kansas

stepped out in front and maintained a lead, and looked like near-champions. Kansas played a marvelous game against the Sooners.

Maybe the press dispatches of February 16 gave you an inkling of the Kansas-Kansas State game at Manhattan. Kansas State was very much in the running for the championship. Since they had beaten the Sooners and had run up 70 points on Nebraska, and had defeated Missouri, they were in a championship mood. They had not lost a game on the home court and this was the game that Kansas was to get her licking. Not since 1937 had the Aggies won a game from K.U. Everything was in the cards for Kansas State to break this jinx. And what a ball game it was! The teams were splendid on both sides regarding their sportsmanship and fine attitude. But the crowd had come for blood and they wanted some of the Jayhawker meat. To make a long story short, Kansas won in one of the most hectic games. Atkins, the Kansas State boy, double dribbled in coming down the court and passed to an Aggie boy who shot a goal which would have put the Aggies one point ahead. The crowd was so wild they failed to hear the whistle or to see the double-dribble, and they thought the referees had taken the ball and the game away from Kansas State.

After the game, John Lance and Eddie Hogue, the officials, walked over to the scorers bench to verify the score, which Kansas had won by two points, and in the interval between the time John Lance left the scorer's table he was divested of most of his raiment. A part of that said raiment hangs on the bulletin board here in my office. It is a piece of cloth 3 inches long and 2 inches wide. It has black and white stripes, and at one time was a part of his refereeing shirt. This is once where a referee lost his shirt and almost everything else if he had stayed on the job long, but Coach Fritz Knorr of the Aggies grabbed Lance by the arm and what clothing was still on him and hustled him down the side entrance to the basement. There were only a few trouble-makers. The majority of the crowd were fine, and all the coaches and athletic officers at Kansas State were wonderful. It was just one of those mob scenes that happens when some chump starts to take matters in his own hands. President Milton Eisenhower, Mike Ahearn, Coach Fritz Knorr, and Frank Myers, the financial secretary, were all wonderful in seeing that we all got courteous treatment. But for a while things were exciting. True, some nit wit shadow boxer let all the air out of my tires by taking the valve cores out, but this was done by some distorted brain who thought he was doing something to aid the war effort.

Everything is lovely and I am going down there on March 23 to speak at a basketball banquet at the Manhattan High School. Of course, we will do everything we can to spread the gospel of good will and friendliness between the two Kansas cousins - Kansas and Kansas State. The student body of Kansas State were fine. I think it is a wonderful commentary to make when we think of Kansas and Kansas State, two bitter rivals, playing all these years without any more trouble than has occurred. It speaks well for the leadership in athletics on both sides, - and may it ever thus remain.

We had the surprise of our lives at Lincoln on February 10, when we had a fine visit with Ray Evans. Our Kansas Jayhawkers got a big wallop out of talking with him. Big, fine looking and poised, aggressive, this All-American in two sports was as modest as a college freshman. Ray stayed with us in our defeat and until late at night when we pulled out of Lincoln. He was consoling the boys after the red hot Nebraskans had poured it on them. He met a buck private with whom he had played baseball and he was just as swell to this G. I. Joe as if this private had been a general. That is the thing that makes Ray Evans great; that, and a lot of other things. Ray was on his way to his assignment with the Gypsy Task Force, and after

arriving at his destination he wrote as follows: "This place is an ideal spot for our combat crew training. And before long you will be hearing quite a bit about a couple of our outfits." Ray's address is Lt. Ray R. Evans, Hdqrs. Gypsy Task Force, APO 632, c/o P.M., Miami, Fla.

From Lt. Dean K. Brooks, M.C. (APA 46, San Francisco): "Yesterday I went ashore and visited the spot where T. P. Hunter was killed. I talked to several of the men who served under him. They certainly praised him to the skies. They told me of some of his heroic acts on other fields of battle. John Krum and I are going up and visit his grave in the next few days. . . . Had dinner with Art Nichols (K.U. '43) the other night and while there met another K.U. man, Dean Kipp, M '43, from Junction City. As usual the conversation drifted around to Phog's basketball team, We all figure that if we take O.U. at Lawrence we'll win the championship. How about it? I'll bet those boys would certainly be surprised if they knew how much guys out here are pulling for them. I wonder if they think about the guys out here as much as these fellows do about them."

And a letter from Cpl. Charles Loar, with the Marine Corps in the Pacific, assures us that he is coming to visit us when he returns to the States to tell us more about T. P. We have never gotten anything only the most tender expressions from all of T. P.'s buddies. He was a man beloved of all men.

Lt. Dave Shirk wrote from Benning Park, Columbus, Ga., late in January to say that he expected to report to advance officer's school some time in February, and when he finished there he would doubtless get an overseas assignment. You really have what it takes, Dave, and we are very proud of you. Yes, indeed, I remember Bill Sapp very well; and also Larry Kennedy. I appreciate all the fine things you are doing for these boys, and we hope they will choose K.U.

I received from Rev. Robert A. Hunt, of Salina, a copy of a long letter he had had from Ens. Robert E. Hunt, which concluded with the following paragraph: "There are many things I will explain after the war that I cannot tell now. Even in these back areas, I have had my thrills. It is not all dull. I have flown 7,000 miles over the Pacific Ocean; sometimes in very severe storms. Our trips on these LCT's take 12 to 14 hours and sometimes the seas are rough, so much so that we have to take refuge within the coral reefs." Best of luck to you, Bob.

From Ens. R. F. "Dick" Miller, VS-52, San Francisco: "Am now in the Hawaiian area, but not for long. Expect to leave in the next few days. I haven't run into very many Jayhawkers, but when I do we always have a big time. . . . Please say hello to all who are still there, and to those who read your Rebounds. The news-letter is great. Keep them coming."

Judging from the Camp Butner News (North Carolina), the post special service chief, Major Frank J. Anneberg is keeping busy providing opportunities for recreation for patients of the U. S. Army General and Convalescent Hospital and returnees of the AG and SF Redistribution Station.

Glad to hear from R. W. "Dick" Farris, PhM 3/c, APA 197, San Francisco, formerly of Garnett, Kansas. Dick, we are putting Capt. Forrest M. Chapman on our mailing list.

I received a highly interesting letter from Lt. C. W. "Chuck" Elliott, APO 321, San Francisco, and am really sorry that space forbids me elaborating more fully on his letter. Chuck was in the Philippines at that time, and had 50 combat hours to his credit. But that was over a month ago. Lots of luck, Chuck.

Lt. (jg) Frank M. Bukaty is with the Armed Guard. He played on our football teams of 1938 and 1939, and baseball in 1939. "Buck" writes: "Since coming aboard this vessel a lot of water has gone under my feet. Have visited many foreign ports which was an experience to see but have seen entirely too much water, which I wouldn't say is enjoyable. Not being able to mention the port, I can tell you that I have been to India. It is beyond comparison the worst country I have ever visited. When the good Lord laid it out He surely must have had an off day. Some of the sights you see are hardly believeable unless one witnessed it himself. People by the millions, diseased, undernourished and exploited, mill around the country everywhere. Much has been written about their customs, mores, and religious beliefs, by more qualified men than myself, so I'll not venture into detail in this regard. I am only thankful that we departed from the country before contracting some form of deadly tropical disease. Before returning to the States we will have circled the world covering more than 25,000 miles." Buck, I too am sorry that I didn't get a chance to visit with you when you were home on a short leave.

Lt. Curvin H. Greene sends a change of address to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. He's the guy who told me they weren't going to shoot the Japs - they were going to throw rocks at them!

Sgt. Armand L. Dixon, APO 247, San Francisco, says: "Things have quieted down considerably from what they were a few months ago. The Jap planes have kept pretty clear of these islands, so I don't expect that we will be hampered by air raids. There are still a few snipers on the island, but they are being taken care of very nicely by patrols. Before long they may be cleaned out completely." Armand, thanks for your good wishes regarding the Big Six. We fell just one game short and that was one game too much. Remember, Armand, we are counting on you coming back, along with Schnelly, big Jack Ballard, Ray Evans, Charlie Black, Hoyt Baker, and a flock of fledgling Jayhawkers that are going to be tougher than a boot when this fuss is over.

From good ole "Pappy" Nesmith - "Somewhere in Italy. It is cloudy today but I guess it is the first in a month. The things you see here really open your eyes. People begging for whatever you will give them. They are driven to it by hunger. Women working in the fields and oxen pulling plows and carts. Dirty, ragged, hungry little children playing in the streets and begging for scraps to eat. The Red Cross is doing a fine job. My hat is off to them. Basketball and baseball are the main sports. Chance of men being hurt in football too great. They want them to work and fight. . . . " Dean's address is AFHQ, APO 512, New York.

Dean, I don't know whether you are going to make it back in three months or not. From the time it took you to get over, I'm wondering if you have been mud-crawling in that ocean! How is deep-sea fishing?

We often think of our three Navy "musketeers" - Lt. Ernie Vanek, Lt. Murray Brown, and Lt. Gerald Barker. Ernie is still at Norman, Oklahoma, and is doing a swell job at the Navay Air Technical Training Center. "Bark" is out in the Pacific with an LST. "Bark", your letter was very interesting. Thanks a million. You are a regular guy. I wish I might have opportunity to answer in detail every one of the letters of all you boys. But gosh, I would be working day and night, and you would get tired of reading them. So this Jayhawk Rebounds will take the place of personal letters until this fuss is over.

To Major R. E. Weinzettel, APO 133, New York, my good friend from Medart's in St. Louis, Mo. Congratulations, Roy, on your majority. I knew you had the stuff. I appreciate your sending me the Stars and Stripes, as have many of my other friends. They are always interesting, these overseas letters of yours.

To Capt. S. M. Chambers, APO 339, New York - Stew, I enjoyedyour swell letter immensely. The last report we had Capt. Paul Harrington was with the 77th Evac. Hospital. Hope you can locate this swell guy who played on three Missouri Valley championship teams.

Stew, I will always remember with delight our associations when you were on our varsity, and later when you were off. Mrs. Allen is fine, Jane is married and has a baby girl, Jill. Her husband is Lt. Elwood Mons - we call him "Hoot", and he is a Navy flier. Mit is married, of course, and has a red-head six years of age - Judy. Isabelle is going to be a widow now because Mit is a Lieutenant (jg) in the Navy, and reports at Boston, Mass., on March 23. Bob is interning at Bell Memorial Hospital and will be in the Army Medical Corps July 1st with the rank of first lieutenant. Eleanor will be home from Philadelphia April 9, and Mary with her brood is out at Palo Alto, California.

This past week they nominated me for councilman in the first ward. Besides being in Red Cross work, Selective Service, and a lot of other things, I am keeping fairly busy, but I always like to hear from my boys who through the years have been a great joy to me. I am unopposed in the April 3rd general election, so I think I may win this one!

Good luck to you, Stew, and tromp the dickens out of the krauts.

Capt. Kenneth C. Johnson, APO 557, New York, writes: "Have been receiving your Jayhawk Rebounds and I enjoy it very much. There has been a little delay in its receipt due to the incorrect address. I have been at the above address for a year now and my job is sub-depot engineering officer at a B-17 base."

From Lt. Comdr. W. H. "Bill" Shannon, Navy Supply Corps School, Soldiers Field, Boston, Mass.: "I am glad to see your expanded interest in community affairs. .

Lots of luck. . . Things are per usual with me. I am still at the Supply Corps School - am tied up with the Contract Termination and Surplus Disposal program of training officers. Sea duty or foreign duty look dim, but I still hope to share the hardships with my friends and past students. I have tried so hard, but one must take orders. . " Bill enclosed a clipping from the New York Times, and offered commiserations on our failure to win the Big Six title, but he assuaged our feelings with many soothing words.

From Lt. K. W. "Kenny" Keene, APO 235, San Francisco: "I received the last Rebounds a few days ago and noticed Lt. Evelyn Herriman was with the 44th Gen. Hosp. We have a lot of our boys up there. . . . We came in the assault waves in the first landings in the Philippines. A week or so before landing I ran into Lt. (jg) Dean Brooks, a Lawrence boy. We had a fine chat and he told me that Johnny Krum was nearby so the next day I took a L.C.V.P. over to Johnny's ship. We had a swell time recalling all of K.U.'s ball players and where they are located. . . I've watched K.U. ball games since I was 12 years old and ushered for Sgt. Kollender. Shivers run up and down my spine when I think of that moment of silence before every game. . . There are a number of anti-aircraft outfits here in the Pacific area. We are in third place for total number of Jap planes knocked down and we are only six planes behind the leaders. The boys and myself get a real kick out of seeing a Jap plane burst into flames and fall to the ground. . . "

From Lt. M. F. "Mike" Andrews, Physical Training Director at the Aviation Cadet Detachment, Merced, Calif. Mike played football at K.U. in 1938. Mike writes, "Last January I was attending a two-week Physical Fitness course at San Antonio, Texas, and ran across Captain Gordon Gray. He is Physical Training Officer at Waco, Texas. Seems as the many Jayhawkers are doing a good job in physical training. . . . Just received a letter of commendation from the colonel for our work in physical training. . . . Before I close I want to say after reading the November Rebounds that I am proud to be able to say that I knew T. P. Hunter."

Mike, you bet we are tickled to death to put you on the mailing list. It is not necessary that a fellow play basketball, football or anything else, to get on our mailing list. You fellows are playing the biggest game right now that you have ever played, and any boy in this fuss is more than welcome to one of these Rebounds if he will just let us know his desires, and his address. I started writing these letters, Mike, to just a few of the boys, not necessarily basketeers, but we used the Rebounds name, of course, from the fact that we rebound from the backboard. The biggest hope that I have is that all of these boys rebound from the Japanazis. We will keep them rolling to you, Mike.

I am always glad to hear from my golfing friend, W. L. "Bill" Winey, Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, Calif. Bill, we were delighted that you were able to take in the Oklahoma game and see us beat the Sooners in Hoch Auditorium. A lot of the boys would have given anything to have stood in the auditorium that night and with the lights out to have sung the Star Spangled Banner, and then witnessed a pretty good Kansas basketball team that night humble the Sooners.

Ens. W. A. "Bill" Forsyth, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, who played on a fine University of Pennsylvania team a year ago, writes: "Have been out here in the Pacific for a few months now and will be here too many more months. However, we have the Japs on the run, but they are still plenty powerful and can give us much damage. Some of their battle tactics make you wonder why you should take prisoners or why you should give them medical assistance. But then you remember you are not a Jap but an American and you take care of the little devils."

That is a swell attitude, Bill, but I think you are more Christian than some of us could be. Bill, you are one of the boys that we are waiting on to return to have a powerful Kansas basketball team.

A change of address comes from T/4 Lewis G. Musick to APO 228, New York. Lew played football in '42, and was Armand Dixon's buddy from Redondo Beach, Calif., the most outlying state in the Union. Some fellow from Florida said those Californians could out-lie any state in the United States. But Armand and Lewis are a pair of good guys.

From Sgt. R. S. "Bob" Charlton, APO 374, New York, son of Glenn Charlton, a Lawrence insurance impressario, comes the following: "You've done another swell job on Jayhawk Rebounds. Except for the news of T.P., the edition was swell reading. He was a man's man in every respect. Visited this city (Dijon) and found it most interesting. And by gosh, if they don't have a pretty fair gym with basketball being the favorite sport. We don't have much time for it, however."

We'll be looking for you back to help your dad in the near future, Bob.

From that fighting Texan, Lt. John A. Pfitsch, (from Pfleugerville), APO 439, New York, one of "Blood and Guts" Patton's best: "We haven't been loafing. . . .

I have been in all the countries bordering Germany lately and now am in 'der Fuehrer's backyard'. Before too many moons have passed I hope we are in the front yard with the Russians, and then we can all concentrate on the Japs. . . . Have been following with great interest the gambling incident of Brooklyn College. You really hit the nail on the head several months ago, Doc. I figuredyou knew what you were talking about. . . We are still in there driving, Doc, so keep open a place for us. We won't be gone too much longer."

You bet, Johnny, we have already reserved a big wide open space for you here on Mt. Oread. As far as I am concerned, you can build your house right on this rock.

From Mid'n. H. D. "Sparky" McSpadden, USS Prairie State, New York, N.Y.: "I guess first of all you and the tear are due a great deal of congrats on these victories against Iowa State and Kansas State. Deano and I were out together Sat. night and were thinking of you all at game time. I think Dean said that game against O.U. was the first he had missed in 8 years. We had a great time visiting, and how queer it was that we should be 'bulling' here in N.Y. - this war has caused many a funny meeting, I guess."

And from T/5 Virgil Wise, 123 Gen. Hosp., APO 121 B, New York: "I thought I had better drop you a line to let you know that I am still knocking around this torn up old world. I received your ever faithful and appreciated Jayhawk Rebounds about a week ago and will say that I was very deeply touched about T. P.'s mishap. If you remember, I was one of those small fry, so to speak, that T. P. always patted on the back when things got rough. . . There has been a slight change in my intentions for my post-war education. Due to the experience gained, and the interest which has been built up in me, in surgery, I am planning on transferring from the School of Education to the School of Medicine."

Congratulations, Virg. We will be tickled to death to see you an outstanding medico. You have the ability, and it will be good to call you Doctor Wise. Your name should give you prestige!

From Lt. Horace M. Mason, Transport Division 54, Staff, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco: "Have just been reading over my file of Jayhawk Rebounds and certainly get a bang out of them. It's been a full year now since I ran into a former K.U. athlete and being able to read about all the buys I used to kick around with fills a big gap. Last Jayhawk athlete I saw was Norman Sanneman, your wild man of a couple years back. He's a Civil Engineering officer, and was about to shove off with a Seabees outfit. . . . We're in port for a couple of days right now and are taking it easy. The heat is terrific on this side of the equator, but the nights are wonderful. The tropics have their points, although I haven't heard of any of the guys coming up with the idea that they'd like to stay in these parts after the war. Hope your ball club is knocking them dead this season, as they have done so often in the past. I haven't seen any basketball since March of '43 when I was still at Great Lakes. Am attached to the staff of a flag officer and our mailing address is the division designation, rather than the name of the attack transport we are aboard."

M. J. "Milt" Sullivant sends his change of address to the Athletic Dept., NATTC, Chicago 17, Ill. Milt, if you will send Ed Westerhaus's address we will put him on the mailing list for the Rebounds.

Ens. Michael Gubar, APA 163, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco. Mike, your letter was a masterpiece and gosh, how I wish that we could print the whole thing. It is an epistle that the apostles of journalism should read. I am sure that I read your letter with more interest than you read the Rebounds. When you come back to the States I think you will capitalize on your experience as a reporter for the Kansas City Star. You write a chatty and a dran interesting communication.

To Jim Williams, a sterling athlete at Haskell Institute, who on January 28 was taking his boot training at Parris Island, S. C., and who is a Junior Rotarian, at the Lawrence Rotary Club, - we send greetings. Jim, you asked how Haskell is doing in basketball. When Marvin Vandaveer went in the service Milton "Mit" Allen took them over and he did a swell job. Haskell really made a fine showing this year. As you know by this letter, Mit is now in the Navy. I am glad that you will be back in Lawrence in April and I want you to know that if you are here on any Monday we want you to come to Rotary because you are still a Junior Rotarian. So we will be looking for you. Good luck, Jim.

Ens. R. L. "Bob" Turner, Commander Service Force, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, was back a couple of weeks ago and he looked like a million dollars. He really is an imposing officer. Wish Bob could come back to the University after this fuss is over. He was one of our very dependable guards two years ago. Let us hear from you often, Bob.

To Warren R. Anderson, APO 447, New York - thanks for the clipping, Deacon. That spot at 1100 Indiana Street is still O.K. I know you would like to put your feet under that table tonight, wouldn't you?

And to Jewell M. Campbell, ABCD, Navy 129, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, many thanks for the program of the Poi Bowl Classic, Pacific Ocean Area Football Championship. This was immensely interesting.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees, of Brazil, Indiana, for a picture of the mountain where Lt. Wayne Nees was fighting when he was killed. This peak is the Gilbert Range on Attu in the Aleutians and has been officially named "Nees Peak". The widow of Wayne's captain sent the negative from which the picture was made. Captain Murphy spent several months up there after the battle, and took the picture. He lost his life in the Battle of the Marshall Islands. This photograph of the mountain is being framed, along with Wayne's picture. Fred Ellsworth, the alumni secretary, has borrowed our picture of Wayne to have one made for his gallery of World War II heroes.

Lt. Lester Kappelman, who made letters in varsity basketball and varsity baseball in '37, '38, and '39, returned to the campus for a short but very pleasant stay. Lester was wounded in the Vosges Mountains. A machine gun bullet severed the nerves and broke both the radius and ulnar in his forearm. He is looking fine and is fully confident that expert surgery, which he will undoubtedly get, will restore the arm to practically full use in time after the re-suturing of the nerves.

Lt. Col. Mark Alexander, a Lawrence boy who made a great record with the paratroopers in both Italy and France, was here for some of our basketball games.

Mark graduated from the School of Fine Arts. He has a war record second to none and we were honored to have him as our guest.

Lt. (jg) Hovey Hanna, jr., and Lt. Marion Haynes were on leaves and accepted our invitation to see the Oklahoma game here in Lawrence.

We are visualizing the time when you will all be coming back, and what a sight it will be for sore eyes! Today is a real spring day on Mt. Oread. The temperature is between 60 and 65. A torrential downpour two days ago has greened things until the buds are bursting, we feel, prematurely. The co-eds are realizing that spring has sprung and they have that wistful look in their eyes. Kansas girls are as pretty as ever. For the men on the campus, about all we see are Navy uniforms, with only a few 4-F'ers, many of whom are halt or lame. The faculty has been boiled down to the bare bone. And occasionally now and then you can see one of the men who has made a romance of study weaving his way across the campus, but they are in the minority.

Outdoor track is in full swing. The indoor track team was not as successful as last year due to the fact that Coach Ray Kanehl did not have the material this year that he possessed last season. Henry Shenk and Elmer Schaake start spring football practice Monday. They are not at all sure as to the available material that may report, but they are going to find out.

In a letter this morning from Chancellor Deane W. Malett to heads of departments concerning the budget, the Chancellor says, "The University faces another year of uncertainty. Enrollment will depend somewhat on the progress of the war. We have no assurance of any military program after this semester, and it seems inevitable under present Selective Service policies that civilian student population will continue to decline. These facts should guide you in formulating the requests for your department for the year 1945-46."

So you see we are in a dilemma. In another two weeks we may know what disposition will be made of the Navy V-12 program and whether we have an opportunity to obtain a Naval R.O.T.C. for the University.

Athletics are as uncertain as all other activities on Mt. Oread, but we will carry on and will keep things going until you get back. And when you get back things will boil!

Harold A. Burt, formerly of Eureka, and captain of the varsity football team back in 1924, writes from Shreveport, La., that his son, Duke, is planning to come to K.U. next fall. Duke is a fine football player and an excellent student. He has played football at Sewanee for the past two years. Harold and Mrs. Burt and their family were on the campus a year ago, and what a delight it was to see him with two fine sons and a lovely wife. So the old Jayhawhers are sending their fledglings back to the campus. Harold has ambitions for Duke to get an Engineering education, but of course he wants him to play football as a part of a well-rounded life.

Kansas apparently will have no baseball team this year because the boys are getting mighty scarce. Norman "Whitey" Carlson, a dandy baseball prospect, who was a member of the varsity basketball team, went over to Leavenworth two weeks ago, and he is an A No. 1 soldier now. He was in 4-F due to a bad shoulder, but the Army doctors put their hands on him and he was warm, and they said, Brother, you are in, so he is on his way back home to New Jersey. He will be called from there.

Our 41st Annual Interscholastic Meet will be held in Stadium Field on April 21. Henry Shenk, Ray Kanehl, Elmer Schaake and the rest of the coaches are planning on a little smoker and builfest the night before the Meet in Robinson Gymnasium. Boxing, cider and doughnuts, chocolate freezes on a stick, and so forth, will be served to the coaches and their friends. Just another effort to have the visitors know that we appreciate their coming.

Well do you remember the date of July 21, 1944, when Marine Lieutenant T. P. Hunter died on Guam, the first day of its invasion. Another invasion - Two Jima - cost the life of Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt, another University of Kansas immortal. Fred lettered in track in '40 and '41. I could not depict the unquenchable valor of the man as well as did the Kansas City Star of March 16, so I am quoting this to you in full.

"Out on lonely, blood-stained Iwo Jima, Capt. Fred Eberhardt, one of Kansas University's greatest students lies among the yet uncounted dead, and his year younger brother, who trained and fought beside him for nearly four years, has buried his kin and then from a hospital wrote the parents here (Salina) to break the sad news.

Lieut. Charles Eberhardt, 22, wrote his father, Frank L. Eberhardt. I write you because I cannot bear to tell mother what she must know. I cannot tell you the date and place of his death, but I can tell you that I was there and that he was killed in action leading his men in the way which has made him a near-legend in our regiment. He died instantly, from an artillery shell fragment. . . . As you read this and feel its hurt, think of the ache I felt there on the field of battle. Only my responsibility to keep going in order to lead my men kept me from breaking under a strain which even before Fred's death had seemed almost beyond human capacity to withstand. To me, Fred was more than a prother, he was the best man I ever knew.

"Fred knew well that he might die and he was not afraid. Fred could have had a job with much less personal risk. After his conduct on Saipan and subsequent decoration he could have had nearly any job he desired. He was even given a chance to return to the States, but he could not accept it because of his deep and sincere

conviction that he must do all he could out here.

"Allvofahis actions were judged by their relationship to his own conscience, and that conscience was no vague light, no impetuous intuition. It was the rational judgment of one of the most sincere, imaginative and intelligent men who ever lived. He fought in the front lines of the marine corps because he knew that someone had to do it and that he could do it. Therefore, he would do it. He had only loathing for the rear echelon people who devoted their minds and abilities to saving their own skins and to personal gain.

"Above all, he was concerned with all mankind's suffering, and ignorance and greed and malice, and he hoped some day to be a part of the educational or administrative system which would work toward eliminating those ills. Meanwhile, he was doing the most any man can do in order to preserve the possibility of working for a

better world.

"In the past months we spent many long nights talking, and found that after years of identical environment and then educations in quite diverse colleges we held almost exactly the same viewpoints. Fred's greatness so far was shown only on battle-fields, and the loss of that greatness is a loss which extends far beyond our family, Knowing him as no one else knew him, I ask you to be brave as he was brave and face the world for which he fought with the same hope, the same visions and the same devotion.

"As an afterthought and in a postscript, Lt. Everhardt told his father he had been wounded in action, was in the Mariana islands, and was recovering. The Eberhardts have a third son, Ensign Chris Eberhardt, 24, now back in the States after assignments in the South Pacific."

Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt's legion of friends can recall with pride the words of one who said, "Only those are good to live who are not afraid to die." Certainly he knew this was his lot, his responsibility, and his choice.

Word just arrived yesterday that Lt. John J. "Jack" Griffin, a former student at the University of Kansas, and an athlete of much promise during his school days, was killed on Iwo Jima. Jack was a fine friend of Mit Allen, Fred Pralle, and the gang, and this comes as a shock to his many friends. Jack had a wonderful personality.

A short V-mail letter from Cpl. Jack "Jocko" Ballard, APO 263, New York, in which he says that he is one of the so-called "Blue Star Commandos" or combat rear area plough jockeys. He is in France. "We have enough work to keep us busy, but when we are off we really play." Jack says he is proud of the showing made by the Kansas basketeers. Thanks, Jocko. He also says, "Maybe next year some of the old gang will be back in there racking up the buckets. I certainly look forward to the day when I can come back."

Forrest Randall came in the office a couple of weeks ago while on leave, singing the praises of Lt. Comdr. Roland "Kickapoo" Logan, who is doing a great job at the San Diego hospital in the rehabilitation office.

A V-mail from Delmar L. Curry, S 1/c, Navy 3205, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, has just been received. Delmar was formerly executive secretary to E. A. Thomas of the Kansas State High School Activities Association. He is now in the Admiralty Islands, and says that he keeps up with basketball progress by reading the New York Times overseas edition. He was pleased that Kansas was coming along well in basketball. Delmar said he nad a letter from Mike Oberhelman, Big Six official and banker from Randolph, Kansas, who gave him the dope on the Big Six indoor sport. "Out here we have returned to our rainy season. In between our daily two or three downpours we are winding up our basketball competition with playoffs schedule for April. I've been assigned to the Welfare and Recreation Department and am enjoying my work a lot. My wife wrote she thought Bob was now in Kansas City. I hope so, for that would be almost like having him at home." Yes, Delmar, Bob will be an intern at Bell Memorial Hospital until July 1, when he goes in as a first lieutenant in the Army medical corps. He is anxious to get into the real thing, he says. And I guess the medicos have a reputation for doing that.

From Maj. F. G. Stith, APO 1650, New York - "Just received clippings from Mrs. Stith about the basketball scandal. . . . Barbershop, drugstore and fireplug cowboys have had their day and still are, but not on the scale as brought to light by you. Varmints can't operate in the sunshine -- the rats! More power to you. Such as this really causes one to forget the war." Major Stith was one of my coaching school students years ago, and we are waiting for him to get back to have another one of those bullfests. Good luck to you, Major Forrest.

To Col. D. S. "Dick" Adams, APO 394, New York - Thank you, Dick, for sending along the Stars and Stripes concerning the article, "A Phog Allen Rooter Reports". It is very interesting, the angles that some of these fellows take. Hope it won't be long now, fellow, until you are back with us.

And from Capt. Harry Gordon Gray, A.C., Physical Training Director at the Waco, Texas, Army Air field, - "Saw Ed Elbel in San Antonio a while back. He looked good and is doing a good job with the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. . . My brother Max is still instructing at Advanced School in Stockton, Calif. My brother Bob has been in the Navy over 5 years and has seen a lot of the action in the Pacific and around Italy and France, and has just been returned to the States." Yes, Gordie, I remember Rowsey, one of Hank Iba's boys. He was a great player. Good luck to you, Gordie.

From 1st Lt. Fred N. Bosilevac, Medical Corps, Millers Field, Staten Island, N. Y. - Fred says, "My official capacity is train commander for hospital trains serving the N. Y. port of embarkation for wounded soldiers. I have been practically all over the country riding and delivering these wounded fellows to general hospitals in their respective states." Fellows like Fred Bosilevac deserve a great deal of credit for struggling for a fine education. Here's hats off to him and men like him.

Marvin Vandaveer, athletic director and former coach of all sports at Haskell Indian Institute, writes from Fort Lewis, Washington, that he is in the medical corps taking his basic training. The first and anatomy and physiology are just a review, but the drugs and medicines are tough, he says. He also says he can easily see why the mortality rates have been held at such a low level. "It was estimated that ten minutes after a man was wounded in the European Invasion he was receiving medical attention." Vandy will finish his basic training and then will go to school and come out a reconditioning instructor. He will be placed in a hospital or convalescing camp to give the sick, wounded and crippled corrective and reconditioning exercises and endeavor to restore them to physical health. Vandy says for me to pass his congratulations on to Mit Allen who did what Vandy thought was a wonderful job with the Haskell boys. Good luck, Vandy, and here's hoping we will see you back at Haskell before too many months roll by.

E. C. "Ernie" Quigley is doing a swell job on securing bonds and donations for the liquidation of the stadium debt, which is \$108,000. Ernie already has over \$25,000 and he says by June first he expects to retire a third of the stadium debt. If anybody can get the job done, Ernie will do it. He is busy day and night, making contacts over the state and getting the plaster off the concrete horseshoe which enclosed Memorial Stadium Field.

The Red Cross drive in Deuglas County went over with a smashing bang, having gone over the top of its quota of \$33,000 in four days. I have charge of the Red Cross drive here on the hill and the students, faculty and employees are responding nobly. It is young people who are fighting this war. It is their brothers and friends and sweethearts, and the students here are keeping the faith. In the organization houses the girls spoke to the boys fraternities and clubs, and the men spoke to the sororities and girls organizations. The Jay Janes, under the direction of Mary Olive Marshall, made the collections. The slogan is a minimum of a dollar from every student. The Jay Janes are a tried and true organization and they always deliver the goods.

With the turn of every new day we are hoping and praying that that will be the last for the outlaws of Germany. And after they are finished off, the little brown men out west will be on the hot seat. Keep 'em frying, boys, keep 'em frying!

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Forrest C. Allen "Doc"

Director of Physical Education, Varsity Basketball Coach.

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 sconer 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 mastiest 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,

Margaret, Texas August 25, 1944.

(Mrs.) Jimmy Hembree

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 Bougain-ville.

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 Loar'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 priased Wayne as an office 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 less 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 Pfleugerville, 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. Mande-ville 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 Hemry 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 - ch, 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 Colmnist 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 A lantic 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."