On June 19th I received a letter from Ens. H. D. "Sparky" McSpadden, USS Roche, c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York, whose brother, Ens. Larry McSpadden, has been on duty somewhere in the Pacific. Sparky writes: "Received the Rebounds the other day and as always that adds something to the day. Since I last wrote you, I've really been doing a little traveling. I received my orders on the 3rd of June to report to N. Y. on the 6th -- needless to say I was pretty disappointed that I didn't get some leave because I was really counting on seeing dear old K.U. in the spring before leaving, but somehow the Navy didn't want it that way, so I guess that will have to wait. . . . When I got to N.Y. I found that my ship was over in Brookly, so I breezed right over - they informed me that we were leaving the States the next day and don't be fooled by the return address. . . . . One thing I'm looking forward to is the possibility of seeing Larry before long. I really surprised myself as I didn't get a bit sick and this cooky (known as the Cock-Roche) rides pretty rough. There's one thing you absolutely have to do and that is 'Keep your knees bent' - if you don't, its too bad. I'm getting to be quite the salt now - think I could walk the weather deck in a 90 mile gale and a 60° list (slight exaggeration maybe).

"I imagine that things are moving pretty fast now at the University with graduation coming up. This would be my turn to walk the Hill if things were normal, so my heart will be there in a few days. In certain ways, though, I'm glad that I have to come back, because I'm really looking forward to it. Just in the short time I've been away I've had ample opportunity to do quite a bit of thinking and I believe I'll get a lot more out of my studies when I come back. . . . I have a little work to do so I had better close. Give my best to Mrs. Hulteen, Elmer, George and the gang around the office. I'm going to try to look up T. P. when I get out there -- I'll tell him hello, because I know he will want to hear from you."

Sparky, Alan Fisher sent me a photograph of the cemetery at Guam which was reproduced in one of the newspapers. He thought it was a Wisconsin paper but we looked it up and found it was the Des Moines Tribune. I wrote Sec Taylor to see if he couldn't find it in their feature section, but I have not heard from him. Doubtless they could not locate it in their many files. I wanted to send it to Mrs. Hunter. She and all of us will be thankful for your thoughtfulness. Good luck to you, you fighting Irishman.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker (APO 920, San Francisco) wrote us on June 20 from Biak Island, and he says he sometimes wonders how their mail ever reaches them out there on a small island. Hoyt continues, "The days are very hot out this way and a fellow sure does plenty of sweating. Between the mosquitoes and jungle rot a fellow is kept quite busy. Here on the island we are quite lucky in having such good recreation facilities. There are quite a few basketball courts spread around over the island and it is about our main sport. We even have flood lights so we can play at night. The days are so hot you can hardly stand to exercise much. . . . Our whole family has pulled through this mess all right so far. Ross, my next to the youngest brother, had a pretty tough time with the infantry in Germany, along with many others. I'm just hoping all four of us can make it back home some day, but there is still a job to do. . . . It was too bad about Harlan Altman, wasn't it? These Germans and Japs will never get all that is coming to them. There will be quite a few boys from K.U. that won't be coming back to the hill again and it looks as though one of our toughest battles is still ahead. . ."

Hoyt, I saw Roger Allen Sr., the proprietor of Fritz Company, at his station and he mentioned to me on Saturday, June 2, that Harlan Altman was coming back and would be in Leavenworth the next day and his father was going to get him. Harlan had a 60 day furlough and is now at his home in Wellington, but we don't know where

he will report for his next assignment. He was wounded by shrapnel from a German 88, and was taken prisoner on March 11. However, he escaped from the Germans and returned to the American lines on March 28. He has the Purple Heart, the Unit Presidential Citation and another decoration, the name of which we do not know.

There are two other brothers, neither of whom many of you readers will remember. However, many of you Delta Taus will remember my nephew, Hubert L. Allen, Jr., at present a major in the Army medical corps, where he is chief of surgery with the 168th Evacuation Hospital. Major Hubert graduated from K.U. in 1932 with his A.B. degree, got his M. D. at Tulane University in 1936, interned at Kansas City General Hospital in 1936-37, and for three years was a resident in Ob. and Gyn. at St. Louis Maternity and Barnes Hospital. He is a member of the American College of Surgeons, and just before going into the Army was a teacher at Northwestern University. His wife, the former Roberta Brabant, graduated from K.U. in 1934. They have two children, Hubert Lee, III, age 7, and Benjamin Brabant, 5.

While attending the International Convention of Rotary in Chicago on June 18 to 21, I visited with my brother, Hubert, Sr., who is auditor for the Northern Illinois College of Optometry, and he gave me a letter from Hubert, Jr., a part of which I quote to show the strong affection between brothers. Major Hubert was writing to his brother William's wife, Claire. Before catching my train, I drove out to his home and visited with William, Signalman 3/c, who had just returned on leave from the Pacific. He was with his wife and baby girl, and we had a splendid visit.

Major Hubert has been in the Pacific two years this July. In his letter to Claire he was attempting to assure her that all was well, but recounted the fact that Bill had lived dangerously. I quote excerpts from his letter:

"We have been working all day and up to 11 or 12 at night lately, and I have little time to write. But I shall write this letter in detail, little by little if necessary, until it is complete. Because, you see, I have seen Bill and talked with him, and I know what it will mean to you and the folks to hear at first hand all about our meeting. In this letter I shall not mention either the name or number of Bill's ship, because I intend to describe certain details which would violate security if coupled with identification. . . . As I approached, I was able to make out on the bow the numbers I had been looking for all over the Pacific Ocean. Imagine what a thrill it was! We came alongside and I hailed the Officer of the Deck and requested permission to come aboard. When he learned that I had a brother aboard, he was most cordial, and called Bill over the announcer system: 'Seaman first class Allen, report to the quarterdeck immediately'. We chatted while waiting for Bill and suddenly I looked up and there he stood! We stood and looked at each other for a moment. I had the most curious sense of unreality. To see that boy, aboard a wicked little war ship, anchored in one of the hottest spots in the world, the straits between two famous islands. We shook hands and sort of embraced each other, and then I stood off to get a good look at him. . . I of course was acutely conscious of the passing minutes. . . You will never know my emotions as the time came when I could delay no longer. We shook hands again and looked at each other. I had called the picket boat alongside. Bill's ship is so low and streamlined that all I had to do was step over the rail and onto our boat, which is a converted cabin cruiser. We had talked of plans to see each other today. Either he was to come ashore or I was to return to the ship. But even while we talked, I think we both felt that it wasn't going to happen that way. I can't get out to him, and I know something of his mission and don't expect him to be able to come ashore. That's the way things are out here. . . . .

"Let me tell you what I know of Bill's combat experience. They have been in many campaigns. They were at Kwajalein, at Truk, they were in the great naval

action off Formosa. They went into Lingayen Gulf on S-Day. Prior to that, they were a member of the celebrated Task Force 58. He will have many bronze battle stars on his Theater ribbon when he comes home. . . . There isn't much else that I can tell you. I've tried to report this in detail, but there is much emotion and feeling which are difficult to express and which, I am sure, you will detect between the lines. If one were to think too much about the tragedy of this war and the separations it entails, one could become very unhappy indeed. I think that we had all better remember that this will be over some day, and we will be able to rest easily with our consciences for having tried to do a job, whether or not it is about anything. And most of us out here think it is about something. Some elements at home think we're suckers, and maybe we are. It would be easy to be sent home with a diagnosis of psychoneurosis, and plenty of men are doing it every day. But I prefer as a person one who is able to make the best of a bad situation and who can preserve equanimity and humor while everything within him cries to return to the things he loves but has always before taken more or less for granted. People who have never been overseas cannot possibly imagine the values which attach to everything and anything back home. Your Willie is one of those who can take it and keep all of the little sensitive qualities we all love so well.

"My meeting with Bill will be one of those things we will always remember. You may be disappointed in the brevity of my stay with him. But you can't visualize, because I cannot describe the difficulty of obtaining even that 20 minutes. There is no sentiment about that. Vital shipping isn't used for personal visits. Bill and I know that and are appreciative. . . . When you don't hear from Bill, remember there are dog-tiring watches to keep, heavy seas to bounce you around, rigid blackouts to maintain, little space of one's own -- and a million other things. Bill will be back with you one of these days, and before the war is over, I am sure. Just keep your eye on that date and don't let extraneous factors intrude upon your serenity and happiness."

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Another pair of brothers are Milton P. and Robert E. Allen. Milton volunteered for sea duty and is now doing his second hitch at Harvard University. He is a Lt. (jg). Isabel, his wife, and their flaming-haired 7-year-old Judy, are with him in Boston. They were fortunate to find an apartment for the next three months, then Mit will report for active sea duty somewhere.

Only today Bob received a communication from the War Department stating that because of an immediate need of medical officers in the Navy, an agreement has been entered into whereby a number of doctors in the Army medical corps will be honorably discharged from their commissions in the Army in order to serve in the U. S. Navy medical corps as lieutenants (jg). Bobby is accepting and waiting for his application to fill out. These medical officers will be with the landing craft, landing with assault troops. I am told that in some cases the medical officers, after 7 minutes from the time they hit the beach, have their medical unit set up and are receiving casualties.

So maybe Mit and Bob will be seeing each other in their passing. Had this communication from the War Department not been received, Bob would have gone into active service with the Army medical corps as a first lieutenant the first of July. As it is now, we have three sons in the Navy. Jane's husband, Lt. E. R. Mons, a Navy pilot, is now in the Carolines. He said, when he was writing to Jane and the rest of us at home, "If you notice any unsteadiness in the handwriting it might be due to the vibration of the big guns." Someone suggested it might be target practice! In the next Rebounds we will give you Bob's address, but he can be reached now at the University of Kansas Hospitals at Kansas City, Kansas, and his mail will be forwarded.

Lt. (jg) Howard Engleman (S.O.Q. Navy #10, San Francisco) is safe, although injured. We have had so many inquiries from his friends that we want you to know that we received a letter from Howard dated June 10. He says, "Excuse my handwriting but try putting on a pair of boxing gloves and then write left-handed, and you will see. I am now in the Hawaiian Islands in a swell modern hospital, eating ice cream and drinking malts. (They don't make you throw free throws for them either.) Well, Doc, I thought for a while I was going to see old T. P. but I guess my number wasn't on the ticket. We took a suicide off Okinawa May 8th which put me on the sidelines for a while to come. I can't tell you our casualties or damages other than that she is still afloat and will fight again. I think I will be back in the States soon and if I get home I'll try to drop by and see you, Doc. I've missed the old Rebounds. I hope all the boys will be as lucky as I was, Doc, because there's thousands of lives to be lost yet. Give my regards to Mrs. Allen, Bob and the whole family; also your larger family. I always think of you and the University synonomously. As ever, Rope."

Previously, we had received a letter from Howard's mother, Mrs. Beulah Engleman, 1003 South 2nd St., Arkansas City, Kansas, in response to my letter to her regarding Howard's injuries. It was reported that Howard was burned badly and that he had had four blood transfusions, and we were bombarded by inquiries regarding Howard's real condition. His mother wrote me as follows: "I have just received a letter from Howard dated June 6th saying, 'Well, here I am in the Hawaiian Islands after a 3500 mile flight from the Marianas. This hospital is more modern than most in the States. I have a room and bath and get milk, ice cream and newspapers. But mostly it is heaven because you don't have to worry about Jap planes.' His letter was short and he is still writing with his left hand. He has had no news of his ship nor has he had any mail from home. In closing he said, 'I'm getting plenty salty with this left hand. Glad I'm not from Newton, those guys never could shoot left-Handed.' I was glad for that little spark of humor. . . ."

I have seen Howard Engleman in joy and pain and sorrow, but Howard never forgets his sense of humor. Arkansas City and Newton were always great rivals in basketball and he couldn't pass up this opportunity to pay his neighborhood town a left-handed compliment.

Howard, it would be one of the highlights to have you back here, even for a little while. We would go down in that old supply room -- do you remember when you used to balance those handballs. 12 of them, up on a sill, and I tried for 20 minutes and couldn't get one to stay up. Boy, you were a supervisor of Harley Anderson and all the boys. You were the superintendent, and when I say superintendent, I mean superintendent! And then do you remember when you visited in Dr. Peete's home in Kansas City, you and Bob Allen, between semesters, and you called Dick Harp who was the captain of the team, and told him you were Clyde McBride, sports editor of the Kansas City Star. Mr. McBride wanted to know how Dick Harp felt when he just received word that Ralph Miller had flunked (which he hadn't). You really had Dick Harp sweating! He refused to say a word. Told Howard Engleman, a lot McBride, to call up Doc Allen. He would do the talking.

Then, Howard, do you remember when we were walking along the streets of Philadelphia and I said, "Boys, that is where Benjamin Franklin - - -" That is one on me, Howard!

Capt. F. R. "Rusty" Frink (APO 84, New York) wrote as follows on the 15th of June: "I just received your May 26 Rebounds and really enjoyed it. Your account of Bill Johnson's game against Okla. had me almost as entranced as did the actual game. I was one of the lucky Boy Scouts who got to usher at that game. I shall never forget the tremendous ovation Bill received when he left the game near the end. I was awfully sorry to learn of Rope Engleman's injuries and I, like you,

certainly hope they are minor and wish him a speedy recovery. . . . It certainly looks as if the Army is determined to give us a sight-seeing tour of Germany; we've been shifted from the Nannover area down to the Mannheim-Heidelberg zone where for the present we're occupation troops. Everywhere we go, however, seem to be full of places of historical interest. We stayed several weeks in Hamelin where the Pied Piper raised a bit of ned long ago (too bad he doesn't come around every few years in the 20th century - it'd save the world a lot of grief) and I retraced his route just for the kicks. Hamelin is, for the most part, undamaged and one can see the quaint architecture of the smaller German towns. Hamelin, by the way, has written city records as far back as 784 A.D.

"Heidelberg was almost a disappointment to me, mainly because I suppose I'd expected a beautiful university like K.U. That I didn't see. The countryside is lovely, but so are a million other spots on this globe. . . . Athletics are playing a most important part in our plans to keep the men occupied. We're lucky in having a big modern swimming pool in our area and if it will ever quit raining and warm up the men will really go for the pool. In addition to swimming, we have several ball fields, volley ball courts, boxing facilities, and a string of 20 horses! . .

"Do you remember Fred Wickham, Doc? He went to high school with Bob and me; his father, a major, was up at Fort Leavenworth then and the family lived in the 1000 block on Mississippi Street. Later Fred lived at my home while attending K.U. I got a note from his wife, whom he married after he left West Point, in which she said he was still listed as missing on a bombing mission over Sofia, Bulgaria, on March 1944, even tho the grave of one of his crew members had been located. . . . . I see by the papers where you and Mrs. Allen have left 801 La. That change will be hard to get used to, after so many years of dropping by. . ."

Rusty, we are not moving until September. Mrs. Allen bought a home at 831 Louisiana Street, from Rose McColloch. Mit and Isabel lived there while Mit completed his law course at the University. She has since been renting it to Mr. Lloyd Purcell, the vice president of the Kansas Electric Power Company. We will move there in September, so you come to see us in the bungalow. The latch string is always out to you and our other boys. And the phone number is still the same, 300.

Lt. Stanley Stauffer, AC, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stauffer of Topeka writes a very interesting epistle from Will Rogers Field, Okla. Oscar Stauffer is chairman of the Board of Regents and editor and owner of a chain of newspapers, including the Topeka Capital. Stan writes: "I want to express my appreciation to you for including me on your mailing list of Rebounds and to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading the last three issues. You certainly prepare them well and they really contain about everything that we Jayhawkers want to hear about. I realize how much of your time it must take to get them out every month, but it is certainly time well spent. In your last edition, I especially enjoyed your reply to Wayne Clover's request for statistics on East-West cage competition. For although I practically roomed four years with Clint Kanaga, the Phi Delt's Grantland Rice, I can't seem to remember game scores beyond the current season.

"I wish that I could tell you some interesting yarn about the CBI or the raids on Tokyo, but all the conflict I have seen in the last three years is the Texas grid classic between A. & M. and the Longhorns. From the time I left the University in the spring of '42 until the first of this year I was stationed somewhere in that great Lone Star state. I honestly forgot that they ever named a hotel or a theater anything but 'Sam Houston', 'Davy Crockett', 'Alamo', 'Texas', or 'Lone Star', and if I hadn't been receiving the Topeka paper I would have sworn that they had repealed the draft law in all states but Texas for according to the Texas press accounts, the 'Longhorns' were winning the war for the United States on all fronts.

"I instructed aviation cadets in the advance phase of flying training at San Antonio from April, 1943, until January 1, of this year. Then I went to Frederick, Okla., for a little more of the same thing. Then my luck changed, I talked my way into an assignment in photo reconnaissance in P-38's and out of the training command, for good, I hope.

"During a short interval between stations I went back to N.Y. and was married to Suzanne Wallace, a girl whom I'd known for several years since meeting her in Estes Park. I remember the first time that I met you and your family was when you were conducting the coaching school at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium there.

"We are finishing our training here at Will Rogers Field and expect to leave some time this summer for San Francisco, and points west. A week ago I came up to Lawrence and buzzed the golf course and the campus at a respectable altitude and probably will return soon. So if you see a P-38, or rather hear it whistle by, you'll know that I'm just looking around for familiar faces. Incidentally, in line with your story of Bill Johnson's trip, it takes me just a few minutes less than an hour to fly up there from here in a '38.

"I haven't seen so many of the K.U. fellows since I've been in the army, but right now Don Pierce lives only a few blocks from us. As you probably know, he is writing sports for the 'Oklahoman' here. As you also know, I met Doc Elbel at Frederick when he was on one of his inspection tours. A Paul E. Fairbanks was athletic director there. You undoubtedly remember him as a Kansas State athlete. He is certainly a prince of a fellow and one of the finest sports I've ever met.

"I imagine that you are still shooting your customary good game of golf. I am still trying to keep my woods in the fairways and my irons from pulling on the Oklahoma City Country Club course, so if you get down this way before too long I hope you will let me line you up for eighteen with some of the better golfers out there. Incidentally, they say they have some fine courses in Bombay and Calcutta."

Stan, were you tipping us off regarding Bombay and Calcutta? Here's wishing you lots of good luck. Your letters are always welcome and interesting, I assure you. And by the way, we are glad to know that your younger brother, John, is coming to K.U. this fall.

As many of you readers know, Stan was editor of the University Daily Kansan, president of Sigma Delta Chi (journalism fraternity), and active in intramurals on the Hill before his graduation in '42.

Cpl. Ted Lins, a nephew of Dr. Beatrice Lins of the University Hospital, writes from Auxerre, France, kindly questioning my memory regarding the N.C.A.A. championship games in 1941. In my last Rebounds I mentioned that Stanford defeated Dartmouth in the finals. Ted was right - this was in 1942 that Stanford defeated Dartmouth for the championship. In 1941 Wisconsin met Washington State in Kansas City for the national title, and was victorious, 42 to 36. Ted is a Wisconsin man and how vividly he remembers the great play of Johnny Kotz and Kirk Gebard, of the Washington State Cougars, at guard. Ted says, "I well remember waiting with my girl (now my wife) till 2 o'clock Monday morning with 11,000 other fans for the team to return to Madison." You are right, Ted, and I am glad you corrected me. Ted adds further that in any case, Lt. Clover is right in saying that the West doesn't have to bow to the East.

From Lt. W. D. "Dan" Partner, U.S.N.P.F.S., Iowa City, comes a note on his desk memo pad. "As a booster of the state of Kansas, I heartily recommend that Professor Allen Crafton be kept in Lawrence." Dan read Prof. Crafton's speech,

"I Give You Kansas", which Prof. Crafton delivered in Des Moines before the Ad Club. Dan is one of the Kansas State star footballers of other days, and before he went in the service he was C. E. McBride's right hand man on the sport desk of the Star. Thanks, Dan, we are fond of Allen Crafton, but I have heard his talk and it is very humorous. But it does look different in print. We are waiting anxiously for the time until you can return and give us some of those newsy articles about Big Six athletics which flow from your pen.

From Col. Karl F. Baldwin, former commandant of the University R.O.T.C., and now at the office of Military Attache, Melbourne, Australia, comes the good news that after being in the hospital for 25 days he is again back on full duty. "When I had a similar case in my right shoulder 18 years ago I was 6 weeks getting out of Walter Reed. So I think I must be in pretty good general health. At any rate, I am still giving Rotary addresses and speaking to other organizations. I think Angus Mitchell has heard my talk on 'Those --- Japanese' 26 times. I am on for a short talk on the 4th of July at a theatre here. My contacts are pretty much everybody from the Prime Minister down, all in all its a very healthy existence. I took time off to visit Manila with the retiring minister, Mr. Johnson, and it was a rich experience.

"The Australian football season is on here and showing extremely good form. Much better than previous years due, I think, to the return of certain soldiers and less control by the manpower authorities. I do like the Australian game. Meanwhile, if you continue to play the American game, chalk up another victory over Nebraska. I wasted a lot of perspiration and cheering trying to stimulate victory over that team during my five years at K.U.

"I have no late word of my boy, and do not know whether he ever reached Japan or not. Members of my family are all well otherwise and I still have some hopes of Mrs. Baldwin coming out, though I am not too optimistic of the Department approving of such a visit. Give my very best to the good people of Lawrence, including especially the Rotarians and your fine lady. There are no better people in the world than those who live in Lawrence on the Kaw."

Emil Heuer, one of our Physical Education students before he entered the Army in '43, dropped in the office after his return from Germany. He had been wounded two different times in the right arm by German machine gun bullets, and was on his way to O'Reilly General Hospital. I told him to be sure to look up Andy McDonald, who is basketball coach at the Southwest Missouri Teachers College at Springfield, and who is also doing rehabilitation work. Andy played on my basketball varsity in 1921-'22-'23, and was a member of the 1923 ever-victorious team, as wall as a member of the 1920 varsity football team. Emil Heuer writes today that he has seen Andy McDonald, and continues, "I was very much impressed with his hospitality and friendliness. He is really a swell person. . . . It was really good to discuss sports and events we were both interested in."

From Ens. W. R. Fitzgerald (USS ATA 186, San Francisco): "Just a note to let you know how much I appreciate your newsletters. We haven't had mail for a couple of months, but I'm looking forward to another one or so when our mail does catch up again. Doc, the one dedicated to T. P. Hunter was certainly a masterpiece. I only knew him by sight, but anyone who knew him must really treasure that letter. You remember Jean Thomas from Waterville, don't you, Doc? You and Sully (Nelson Sullivan) and Jean and I were on an intramural broadcast over KFKU one night. It was really a shock to everyone at home when she was killed in a plane crash near Sardinia. She was with the Red Cross. . . ."

Yes, Fitz, I remember her, and know what a shock it was to all of you.

Our office of Physical Education is receiving a great disappointment in the resignation on July 1 of Mrs. Alberta Commons Hulteen. It will not seem natural for her not to be with us, although she is doing what every good mother should do - devote her time to her young family. Mrs. Hulteen was Chancellor Lindley's secretary from 1925 to 1936. When we took over the Department of Physical Education Mrs. Hulteen became the secretary of our department. It would be difficult to describe what she has meant to the efficiency of this office. With perhaps the best knowledge of the working of the University, of any secretary, Mrs. Hulteen has been a wonder. She made friends for us through her at all times pleasant approach. This applied to telephone calls, inquiring visitors, or in the pell mell of administrative affairs. She always had time for everybody.

From all of the boys who acknowledge their copies of the Jayhawk Rebounds her name is always mentioned among the first, which testifies to her great popularity with them, to her pleasing and courteous personality. Mrs. Hulteen's husband, S/Sgt. A. George Hulteen (APO 495, New York) who is now in India, got his B. S. in Business in '32 and his LL.B. in '35. The Hulteens have two children, Bobby, 8 years old, and Margaret, 4½ years of age. We wish for an early return of George and a very happy family life for these deserving young people. The office will never be the same, but life must go on, and the office is the loser while the home is the gainer, which is as it should be.

Mrs. Norma Nesmith just called Mrs. Hulteen and asked that I be told that Dean arrived in New York City last night and is expected in Lawrence on Thursday or Friday of this week. We will be mighty glad to see "Ole Granpappy Dean" back, although in reality he is just a pappy, the father of Leslie Wallace, age 4½, and Ida Louise, age 3. The family was down to the house last week and I can testify that they all looked lonesome for the head of the house. And I can further testify from his letters that Dean is darn lonesome! So we will have a happy homecoming in the Nesmith household this week-end, and we will be delighted to have Dean back on the job, because he can take over treating athletic injuries which we have carried on in his absence.

And another one of our prime favorites is our Gibraltar at the stadium, Dell Davidson. I can remember how I came to hire him in 1920. We were buildingthe stadium and we were selling the out-buildings to get rid of those things so that the stadium construction could start. These buildings were loaded on a flat top wagon and as it went down the ditch it hit a rock and the wagon turned over and the buildings all tumbled into the ditch. I noticed some civilian hurriedly run over to help right the wagon and aid in re-loading the buildings back on the flat top wagon. I said, "Who is that man?" , and some fellow said, "Dell Davidson", I immediately hired him, and he is another one of our indispensables at the stadium. He has had four children graduate from the University, two daughters and two fine football players, Allen and Howard. All the children are doing splendidly, and tomorrow morning Mr. and Mrs. Davidson are leaving for Chicago for a two-weeks trip with their children. This trip was made possible at the insistence of a birthday gift from the children to their parents.

Certainly when efficiency is reckoned, Dell Davidson will stand high on the list. And when it comes to friends of the boys of all the teams, no man could be held in higher esteem by the athletes. So I want you to know about your old sidekick and ardent supporter, Dell Davidson. He still works too hard, but that is a part of his make up. And like Tennyson's brook, Dell's chief helpmate, Bun Rogers, goes on, and on, and on, - not babbling, but talking to Dell, quietly and in a monotone that it is just as well, at times that Dell cannot hear. They make a great pair, indispensable to the worthwhileness of their ingenuity and labor.

Dick "Skip" Williams, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Williams, has arrived home from Germany. It was he who liberated Walter "Buddy" Herriman from the German prison camp, and he is now enjoying the home cooking at his parents' home on Crescent Road. Buddy Herriman is also in Lawrence, and I am sure that Buddy will never fail to be grateful to his fellow-townsman, Skip. There is another interesting sidelight. Years ago Buddy's mother worked as secretary for Dick Williams at the Watkins Bank. Mrs. Webster is now one of the secretaries in Chancellor Malott's office.

Buddy's sister, Lt. Evelyn Herriman, is back in the states after spending 18 months in the Pacific as a Physiotherapist with the 44th General Hospital. Right here I might mention other young women who were majors in our Department of Physical Education who have entered the service. Marge Rader is also a P.T. and at present is at the ASF Replacement Depot, Camp Beale, Calif. Margaret Van Cleave, a graduate in 1939 (now Mrs. C. E. Standish, Jr.) was a member of the WASP group at Sweetwater, Texas, but since they have disbanded we understand she is still a member of the Army Air Corps. Ruth Baker, S1/c Sp(S) is enjoying her work with the WAVES at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

We have received a note from Lt. Curvin Greene, also at the N.A.S., Pensacola, Fla., in which he says, "I lunched with an old K.U. man, Frank Bangs, who is under instruction here in the Advanced Aviation Gunnery Officers School. Perhaps you will remember him better as the Phi Delt representative at Carls." Curvin and John Halberg, the 6 ft. 8 in. midget from Kansas City, were on our freshman basketball team in 1939, and to us it seemed as if they were Mutt and Jeff.

From Lt. Comdr. W. H. Shannon, N.S.C.S., Boston, Mass.: "I was greatly concerned over the report of Howard Engleman. I certainly trust that his recovery is speedy and permanent. Well do I remember Howard as a student, a basketball player, and most of all a real gentleman. . . . . I see Milton Allen every day. It is pretty warm for study now, but I do believe the boys are able to gain considerable personal benefit from the course. . . . I have played a couple of rounds of golf, the Winchester course (McSpaden was pro back here at one time) - it is an excellent course. I also play softball a couple of evenings a week, and am still able to get around with the boys."

Commander Bill, you are a great guy and a real friend of youth. We will be pulling for your return to Mt. Oread.

From C/M M.R. Arrowsmith, "Rex", at King's Point, New York: "I am now going to school at King's Point, the United States Merchant Marine Academy. This is really a swell place. Not much has been heard about King's Point yet as it is the newest of the academies. The athletic schedule here is really something. We play all of the big Eastern schools, including Army and Navy. . . . I don't believe there are any other K.U. men here. However, most of us are college men."

Ens. Ralph Schaake, big, fine and handsome, dropped in the office to say hello. He has matured, has a world of confidence, and when this war is over he will make a great coach and director of physical education. He wants to go on and get his master's degree and then eventually his Ph.D. I predict a splendid future for this very durable citizen of German ancestry.

Ens. Joe S. Brown called me from Washington, Kansas, his home, to tell how much he enjoyed the Jayhawk Rebounds. Then he stopped in the office on June 21. He is now detached from the USS Card, after hunting submarines in the Atlantic, and is now on his way to N.A.A.S., San Clemente Island, Calif., for duty involving flying. I was in my class teaching Kinesiology and as he opened the door I invited

him in and asked him to speak for five minutes to the class. He made a big hit with them, but the way he started out I was not sure whether the girls were going to like it or not. He said, "I have never seen such young looking children on the campus. It seems to me as if I can almost hear the patter of little feet." But he ended up with a swell parting gesture and the class gave him a big hand and a hearty goodby. I might add that Joe is not bad looking and some very furtive glances were exchanged in those parting moments.

Lt. Maurice Baringer (APO 926, San Francisco) writes from the Moluccas: "I was deeply sorry to hear about Fred Eberhardt. He was one of the finest. Men of his caliber will be missed immeasurably in our postwar planning and living. There must be several K.U. Navy men around here but we seldom see any of them. I did see Ens. Bill Schultheis and 'Buzz' Robbins several weeks ago. Down here the war is pretty quiet right now, so we're playing lots of basketball, softball and volleyball. We have lights so we can play at night while it's cool."

From Lt. (jg) J. Fred Harris, Armed Guard, New Orleans, comes this word - "Since I left Panama I've seen a lot of water pass under the keel of the ship I was on. We went to the Philippines and I don't have to say its a long trip on a tanker. . . . I was surprised and pleased to find Gordon Schaeffer aboard as steward. He and I pledged Kappa Sigma together and were thru 'hell week' and initiated together. Gordon is Bub Schaeffer's cousin from Russell. He knows Mit and a lot of the boys."

I received a long and interesting letter from S/Sgt. Elon Torrence, written on June 12th. I enjoyed every bit of it, Elon, and note that your address is now 3018th AAFBU, Kingman Arizona.

I also have received changes of address for Major James K. Hitt, Officers School, AGF RD #2, Fort Ord, Calif.; Lt. Ed A. Palmer, APO 350, New York; Glenn Oatman, Cox., U. S. Navy School of Music, Washington, D. C.; Larry Winn, Jr., 8822 Minnehaha Lane, Kansas City, Mo.; and 1st Lt. Fred N. Bosilevac, Separation Center, Ft. Dix, New Jersey.

S1/c Jim Mordy is now at the Theodore Herzl School (Pre-Radio) at Chicago, and says, "Before coming here I met Warren 'Granny' Riegle at Great Lakes and then ran into him again at the Servicemen's Center down town. We spent a couple of hours talking over K.U. activities together. He's stationed at Wright Jr. College here in Chicago in the same Radio Technician program which I'm in."

S1/c Frank Pattee is at the Navy Hospital, Oakland, Calif., and wrote on June 15 as follows: "I ran across Chief (Bill) Replogle out here this week and we had a nice visit about Kansas U. and K.U. athletics. He was just back from a leave home and I can't tell you howmuch I envied him. He is giving the patients out here a light athletic program to help them get back on their feet and in condition again, and is doing a mighty fine job. I just missed Ens. Frosty Hardacre in San Francisco last week. He had shipped out two days before I looked him up. He is an old home town boy and was coach with Bill Greene when I went through school at Smith Center. . . . Give my regards to Henry Shenk and Elmer Schaake. I wish I could get back this fall, but maybe it won't be too long before we are all back for good. I will be looking forward to the next issue of the Rebounds."

1st Lt. Wesley R. "Dick" Channel (APO 238, San Francisco) writes that he is on Luzon, and has made several trips to Manila. He reports that the town is badly torn up.

Just after the last Rebounds was written we received a long, interesting letter from Cpl. Jack "Jocko" Ballard, describing his tour through Germany. And today I received a V-mail asking that we send him no more mail until further notice.

We were grieved to learn the sad news of the death of Cpl. Caryl "Jack" Dodds, the son of Caryl Dodds, manager of the Kansas Public Service Company. Jack had graduated in Engineering in '44, and had been on New Guinea a very short time. His father was one of the early K.U. graduates, finishing on Mt. Oread in '04. Jack had been only recently married. We extend our sincerest sympathies to the bereaved families.

On May 12th R. T. "Bob" Fairchild, MM 2/c, USS Wharton, San Francisco, wrote as follows: "You asked me to tell you where we have been. In the past 2½ years that I have been on this ship I have missed only a very few of the islands in the entire Pacific Ocean. We've been everywhere from Alaska to New Zealand, including the Philippines. We've also seen a little action but I can't say much about that."

Lots of good luck to you, Bob, and we are glad that you liked old Mt. Oread even though you were here just for your Navy training.

1st Lt. Chester C. Gibbons (APO 246, San Francisco), writes on June 21: "As you see, I am on Guam. It is a pretty little island and from what I see it could be developed into a wonderful resort spot. . . , Our set-up certainly isn't any Park Avenue pent house, yet considering what the Marines had when coming in, I guess we are living in the lap of generous luxury. . . . Doc, you might read of me in the newspapers or even see me in the newsreels. Just how the story will turn out I don't know. But at least it has large possibilities even though I'm not permitted to write of them. The Army will release the story if and when they see fit. . . . Denzel is now at Houston Texas. After finishing his tour of overseas duty he was sent to Ellington Field for a refresher navigator course. He was offered the opportunity of remaining as an instructor but turned it down. He is now taking what is termed 'redeployment' and as he says, 'searching for a four-engine desk job'. I don't see how I can make it back for any football games this fall, but just in case, I'll sure be pulling. . ."

Congratulations, Gibby, on the promotion to first lieutenant. We'll all be happy to see you when you do come back.

To Pvt. Louis F. Smith, Camp Fannin, Texas - I am mighty happy to get your letter of June 26 and it arrived just in time to get your name and address in the new Jayhawk Rebounds that I am writing at the present time. I am sending a copy of this Rebounds along with the other one to your mother and dad. I have his address as Central Building, 7th and Kansas Avenue, Topeka, so we will also put them on the mailing list. We hope that you will have your furlough during the time of one of our football or basketball games. If so, you are invited to be my guest at the game. Trust by now that you have snapped out of your illness and that you are feeling fine.

I have just received a letter from Lt. Lloyd J. Svoboda, 4005 Holly, Kansas City 2, Mo. We mentioned in the last Rebounds that Lloyd had stopped one of the krauts bullets in the frontal cranial region, but he snapped out of it and he is doing a swell job. Don Ettinger saw Lloyd and said he would like to get one of our Rebounds. Don is back in the States, but Lloyd writes, "I have searched for Don Ettinger's address and can't seem to locate it. I'm sorry to have lost it since I'm sure Don would have enjoyed reading your Rebounds." If anybody knows of Don's address, write me and I will be happy to send him one of the latest Rebounds.

I have letters from two of the Haskell Indian boys - Pvt. Jacob Seevers, at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, and Pvt. James E. Williams, Camp LeJeune, N. C.

Private Seevers played on Mit Allen's Haskell Indian basketball team last

winter. Pvt. Seevers writes as follows: "Dr. Allen, I would like to have coach 'Mit's' address because we may meet in the southwest later on. . . . Our company commander is a captain who has fought Japs and he was left for dead on the field. He received what they diagnosed as a broken neck in combat. He's out there leading us through everything. All the boys like him."

Jake, you will read elsewhere in the Rebounds about Mit, and I am asking Mit to write you because he now has your address. He of course gets a copy of this Rebounds.

Marine Private James E. Williams, who was a Junior Rotarian, was an outstanding student athlete at Haskell just before joining up with the Marines a few months ago. Supt. Ayers told me that Jim was the outstanding student at Haskell when everything is considered - leadership, scholarship, athletics, and incentive. Jim was captain of last year's Haskell football team. He writes, "My old platoon that I came thru boot camp with at Parris Island is already on Guam. I've heard from several of the boys over there and they are getting their 6 months training at a training base there. I guess I'm rather lucky as I got in the Engineers, just what I wanted, and am going to Engineering School now. On my furlough I spent two days in Lawrence visiting Haskell and friends there in Lawrence. I was up on the Hill one Saturday evening, I believe, and you were out of town. I'm sorry I couldn't have been in Lawrence on Monday so that I could have attended Rotary meeting. I surely enjoyed going to Rotary and I got a great deal out of it."

Jim expects to enter the University of Kansas when he returns from the Pacific. We are wishing you lots of luck, Jim, along with your teammate, Jake Seevers. Jake also played on the Haskell football team, which made a great record.

Previously we have printed the Kansas football schedule for this fall, and we will cover the games as they are played. The revised Big Six basketball schedule is now ready and we are printing it herewith, feeling that many of you Jayhawk Rebounders will be fraternizing with some Cornhuskers, or some Tigers, or perhaps some Sooners; maybe an Iowa Stater, or your cousin, a Kansas Stater from Manhattan. You may want to pass the Rebounds on to them so they can copy their team's schedule from this Big Six list.

Nobody knows what material we will have in either sport until the arrival of the Navy, the V-12ers, on July 1, and the Naval R.O.T.C. boys November 1.

Big Six Basketball Schedule - 1946 (Revised June 19, 1945)

Jan. 2	Wed.	Kansas State vs Nebraska at Lincoln
Jan. 5	Sat.	Iowa State vs Kansas State at Manhattan
Jan. 7	Mon.	Missouri vs Kansas at Lawrence
		Nebraska vs Oklahoma at Norman
Jan. 9	Wed.	Kansas vs Kansas State at Manhattan
Jan. 11	Fri.	Iowa State vs Missouri at Columbia
		Kansas vs Nebraska at Lincoln
Jan. 12	Sat.	Kansas State vs Oklahoma at Norman
Jan. 14	Mon.	Nebraska vs Iowa State at Ames
Jan. 15	Tues.	Missouri vs Kansas State at Manhattan
Jan. 18	Fri.	Nebraska vs Missouri at Columbia
		Oklahoma vs Kansas at Lawrence
Jan. 25	Fri.	Kansas vs Iowa State at Ames
Jan. 26	Sat.	Oklahoma vs Missouri at Columbia
Jan. 29	Tues.	Kansas State vs Kansas at Lawrence

Feb. 2	Sat.	Iowa State vs Oklahoma at Norman
Feb. 8	Fri.	Iowa State vs Nebraska at Lincoln
Feb 9	Sat.	Kansas State vs Missouri at Columbia
Feb. 11	Mon.	Oklahoma vs Nebraska at Lincoln
Feb. 12	Tues.	Oklahoma vs Kansas State at Manhattan
Feb. 16	Fri.	Missouri vs Iowa State at Ames
		Nebraska vs Kansas at Lawrence
Feb. 18	Mon.	Kansas State vs Iowa State at Ames
Feb. 22	Fri.	Kansas vs Missouri at Columbia
Feb. 23	Sat.	Oklahoma vs Iowa State at Ames
Feb. 25	Mon.	Missouri vs Nebraska at Lincoln
		Iowa State vs Kansas at Lawrence
Feb. 28	Thurs.	Kansas vs Oklahoma at Norman
		Nebraska vs Kansas State at Manhattan
Mar. 2	Sat.	Missouri vs Oklahoma at Norman

We are delighted to announce the appointment of Ogden S. Jones, Jr., as a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Ogden, Jr., was in the thickest of the scrap against the Heinies up to the last day, but came through unscathed. He was flown back to the States and after undergoing a rigorous examination passed that with flying colors, as he did also the aptitude test. Ogden's dad is chairman of the Selective Service Board of Douglas County, and is also secretary of the Civic Action Council. He is vice president of the K. U. Memorial Corporation and is on the board of the Union Operating Committee as an alumni member. He is Geologist for the Health Board of the State of Kansas (Water Lab.) here at the University. We are happy that this rare distinction has come to the Jones family.

Another one of the Jones boys of Kansas, Dr. H. Penfield Jones, is at present hunting on one of the King's hunting preserves in Pisa, Italy. This information came to me yesterday from Dr. Hiram T. Jones while we were golfing at the Country Club with Irving Hill and Ogden Jones.

Steve Hinshaw stopped me on the street yesterday and asked that I send the Jayhawk Rebounds to his two sons in the service, which we are very happy to do. The boys are both sons of K.U. Wallace B. graduated in '43, Business, and is on overseas duty, and Stephen C. III, a former student, '45, has been with the 327th glider infantry in France.

Just as we are closing this Rebounds we receive the good news of the return of two Lawrence boys -- Pfc. Roger Allen and Pfc. "Ship" Winter. Rog Allen went overseas early this year and was in combat during the fighting in the Ruhr pocket, and after his furlough will report to the 97th division before going to the Pacific. "Ship" Winter, Jr., was wounded by mortar fire on the Remagen bridgehead on March 23. He was with a battalion of combat engineers with the 99th division of the First Army, and will have a thirty-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M.S. Winter.

Dr. Andrew Mitchell, interning at Bell Memorial Hospital, did Dr. Robert E. Allen a fine service in substituting for him yesterday in Bob's hasty departure. Bob is being sworn in the Navy medical corps today. He is ordering his uniforms, and four days from the day he is sworn in he is supposed to report to San Francisco for a short, intensive course before joining up with the assault forces.

Things are moving fast and furiously these days. With boys come in for a short leave the handwriting is clearly on the wall. There is an air of expectancy

for the big things that are going to happen in the near future.

As Grantland Rice portrayed the fighting spirit of the competitor in athletics, his splendid poem can be used synonomously in this the greatest of all fights. In that spirit may we re-dedicate this to every one of you boys.

"As to Gameness"

"It isn't the flame and the rush and the dash,
It isn't the charge and sweep and the crash,
It isn't the sudden emotional thrill of the heart
That's ablaze with victorious will,
But it's just coming on--coming on--coming on,
In the face of all hell when the last hope is gone;
Regardless of score and the break of the game,
The raw lash of fate, the echo of fame;
Still plugging and plodding--whatever the load,
Coming on--coming on--to the end of the road.

There's only one reason for games strewn about,
Not winning or losing but playing them out;
Not merely to pick up the cheers that are due,
Forgotten tomorrow when others break through;
Still plugging and plodding and groping away,
Through fogs and through shadows that hold one at bay,
Well knowing how little it matters if one
Keeps pounding along to the end of the run."

You may not realize it, but a day never passes but what there are thoughts of you and your incomparable service over there. We are trying to justify our existence by making your load a little lighter, if possible.

With all sincerity, I am

Cordially yours,

Forrest C. Allen

Director of Physical Education.
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

J A Y H A W K R E B O U N D S

August 31, 1945

No. 18

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

This Jayhawk Rebound was started on July 25, just thirty days after I wrote Jayhawk Rebound No. 17. I dictated the start of the Rebound to my secretary at that time.. She received a wire stating that her mother was to be operated on for some emergency operation. She left, stating that she would wire me the next day when she would return. I have had no reply to this date, two weeks thereafter, and since my present secretary cannot read the other's notes, me thinks that I had better make a new start. Perhaps the surgeon may have extirpated the cranium of my promising secretary instead of operating on her mother, because no word has come from her as yet. The FBI is too busy for such menial tasks as locating a Jayhawk Rebound dictation, and I think that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has better plots for his Sherlock Holmes stories, so we'll let the matter drop.

I do remember stranger things happening than this. I faintly remember that Aimee Semple McPherson, the Angelus Temple Evangelist from Los Angeles, California, once dived into the Pacific Ocean at Carmel on the Sea, and disappeared for three days, but finally came up on dry land in a small town in New Mexico. So, stranger things have happened than the disappearance of my secretary.

The significance of "rebound" was to be my starting theme, i.e. the conception in calling this the Jayhawk Rebound. Recalling how our Big Six Basketball Champions rebounded from the backboards, and thinking of how you champions in all arms of the service have rebounded from the Japanazis, and, too, thinking of how your letters have rebounded from all parts of the world and from the seven seas to me and from me to you, with excerpts of your very interesting letters sent to other Jayhawkers over the world, I decided to name the original epistle the Jayhawk Rebound.

The tang of fall and the thud of the pigskin is in the air! The blackbirds are on the wing. "Believe It or Not!" This is the eighth of August and if you were here now, you would be experiencing the like of a chilly early fall day. Head Coach of football, Henry Shenk, closes football practice next week. After a three weeks layoff uniforms will be issued August 31 to football candidates and pictures will be taken. Regular fall football practice will begin September 1. The coaching staff lost the services of Elmer Schaake who resigned to take over a high school athletic directorship at Dinube, California. The loss of Coach Schaake was a blow to Headman Henry Shenk who counted on the smiling Dutchman, Schaake, to handle the backfield. As yet no coach has been hired to take Schaake's place.

Thirty-five to forty boys from the V-12 unit have been reporting regularly for summer practice. These and other available candidates will report for next fall's gridiron edition. Due to the heat, most of the time has been spent in light workouts in shorts, with an occasional scrimmage when weather conditions permitted. After viewing summer practice, Coach Shenk does not look exactly like mournful Gil Dobie used to look; in fact, he has a more pessimistic attitude than Dobie, expecially when he thinks of this fall's campaign. He opines that the material is going to be shorter than some of the French bathing suits recently pictured in Life Magazine.

Only three letter men are reporting for practice. Charlie Moffett, All Big Six halfback, has been reclassified and will soon be in the armed service. Gordon Reynolds, All Big Six basketball forward and end on football team, was not reassigned to K.U. for medical training. His loss will be a severe blow. Doc Lambkin, tackle, was assigned to fleet duty and also will not be back. The three letter men around whom the coaches will have to build a team are Leroy Robinson, fullback from Lawrence High School, Tex Langford, center from Texas, and Dud Day, diminutive guard from California. Frank Pattee, a member of the freshman squad in 1942, has been discharged from the Navy and will undoubtedly be an important cog in the grid machine of 1945. That is the story as far as experience is concerned. The coaches will have to rely upon 17-year old freshmen and inexperienced Navy boys for the football wars. Every time Coach Shenk looks at his fall schedule coming up, he ages considerably.

The schedule is as follows:

Sept. 22	Texas Christian	Kansas City Ruppert Stadium (night)
Sept. 28	Denver	Denver (night)
Oct. 6	Iowa State	Lawrence
Oct. 12	Washburn	Lawrence, Haskell Stadium (night)
Oct. 20	Oklahoma	Norman
Oct. 27	Wichita	Wichita
Nov. 3	Nebraska	Lincoln
Nov. 10	Marquette	Milwaukee
Nov. 17	Kansas State	Lawrence (homecoming game)
Nov. 24	Missouri	Kansas City Ruppert Stadium

The coaching staff at present consists of Henry Shenk, Head Coach, Dean Nesmith, Assistant Coach and Trainer, and Ralph "Red" Huffman, a new addition to the staff from Fort Hayes, State Teachers' College, who will act as assistant line coach. George Dick, former star end of K.U. has been helping with the summer practice.

"Way Back When"

A quarter of a century ago! It was just 25 years ago this season that I was coaching the Kansas Varsity football team and faced as drab an outlook as Coach Shenk faces this season. I was running over our Kansas Varsity football record of 1920. Kansas, with an average weight of but 162 pounds per man, was the lightest team ever in Jayhawker history. Scanning those games, I thought it might be interesting to some of the old-timers to list the schedule with the results of the games and the coaches of the teams who were then coaching football. Bill Hargiss was at Emporia and he is now in Italy with the Army Specialized Training Program. Ernest Bearg, after his turn at coaching Washburn, went to Illinois to help Bob Zuppke and then became head coach at Nebraska for several years, later returning to Washburn as head coach with the promise of putting the Ickabods in the Rosebowl. But this never materialized. Bearg is now an insurance man on the West Coast. Dwight Ream, Bearg's co-coach, is now an insurance man in Topeka. Dr. "Red" Payne was coaching the Iowa State team for the Dream Touchdown game on which we outdreamed him. Dean Johnnie Bunn of Stanford University, California, has an interesting comment in this Jayhawk Rebound regarding Dr. Payne. Charlie Bachman is now coaching Michigan State College at East Lansing, Michigan. Bennie Owens is Director of Physical Education at Oklahoma. Big, genial Henry "Indian" Schulte has passed on to his reward after serving Nebraska football and track at Lincoln for a generation. Jimmy Phelan, who was at Missouri after the first World War, had outstanding success at Perdue and at the University of Washington at Seattle.

Following is the 1920 football record of the Jayhawkers together with scores and the opposing coaches at that time. George Nettels was Captain and Howard "Scrubby" Laslett was Assistant Coach.

					Coaches
Kansas	47	--	Emporia Teachers	0	H. W. "Bill" Hargiss
Kansas	6	--	Washburn College	0	Ernest Bearg-Dwight Ream
Kansas	7	--	Drake University	3	Ted Banks
Kansas	7	--	Iowa State	0	Dr. "Red" Payne
Kansas	14	--	Kansas State	0	Charlie Bachman
Kansas	9	--	Oklahoma	21	Bennie Owen
Kansas	20	--	Nebraska	20	Henry Schulte
Kansas	7	--	Missouri	16	Jimmy Phelan

I mentioned the average weight of the Kansas team, 162 pounds per man. The Cornhuskers had nineteen men on the squad who weighed better than 190 pounds. The scarlet-clad Nebraska Cornhuskers had just returned from New York City where they defeated Colgate 20 to 0. Kansas had but one man on the squad who weighed better than 190 pounds and that was Edwin Sandefur.

Nebraska football statistics rated Dale - 208, fullback; Hubka - 206, substitute fullback; Swanson - all western end; Pucelik - great tackle; and our own Governor, Andrew Schoeppel - all two hundred pounder; plus fourteen other two hundred pounders too numerous to mention. Among our boys, all of who played a phenomenal game, Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg, basketball coach of Northwestern University, was our regular quarterback. John Bunn, of Stanford, was our other outstanding quarterback. Frank Mandeville, of Lowe and Campbell Athletic Goods Co., was the man who caught the three forward passes for touchdown scores against the Cornhuskers. Andrew "Andy" McDonald, coach at Southwestern Missouri State Teachers' College at Springfield, Missouri, played a stellar end, as did Tad Reid, now a major in the Armed Forces, and Harl Ivy and Arnie Bell. Gordon Saunders, Red Hart, and George Hale were the centers. Warren Woody, Severt Higgins, and Wint Smith were the guards. George Nettles and Ed Sandefur were the tackles. In the backfield we had Lonborg, Mandeville, Harley Little, John Bunn, and Kenny Welch. Welch was a powerful diminutive fullback weighing exactly 133 lbs. Carl McAdams caught a long forward pass that set up the last touchdown pass. Time has taken its toll. George Hale, Severt Higgins, Arnie Bell, and Carl McAdams are deceased.

But, let us give a quick summary of that season in which Kansas possessed the lightest and one of the scrapiest teams in our history.

H. W. "Bill" Hargiss had just returned from the Oregon Agricultural College and was attempting to build the Emporia Teachers' College into a winning aggregation. Dr. "Mal" Stevens, the old Yale sensation, was quarterback for Washburn College. Drake University had Brindley, who was later proven to have played with the Rock Island Professional Team prior to his entering Drake. Captain Brindley drop kicked a field goal from the forty-two yard line early in the game for Drake's 3-0 lead. Later in the game, a pass from Lonborg to Mandeville resulted in a touchdown for Kansas. Charlie Bachman, the present Michigan State Coach had just come from Northwestern University to Kansas State. This was his first year at the Aggies. Arnold "Arnie" Bell, the right end for Kansas, swooped up an Aggie fumble and ran sixty-five yards for the first touchdown. A forward pass from Lonborg to Mandeville resulted in the second touchdown. The goal was kicked after both touchdowns.

The Kansas team as yet had not been scored upon except by a field goal, but Bennie Owens' Oklahoma Sooners, which proved to be the champion team of the

Missouri Valley Conference, took the Kansan's measure at Normal 21-9. It was one of the toughest games ever played at Norman, so the followers of the Sooners said.

Nebraska had withdrawn from the old Missouri Valley Conference at the end of the 1919 season, due to a disagreement between the Conference and the University of Nebraska. Nebraska contended that they had a right to play their football games at Omaha because the Medical School of Nebraska was located there. The other schools objected to this ruling, stressing the rule that all games should be played on the campus gridiron. Therefore, Nebraska withdrew from the Missouri Valley Conference.

And, although the other schools of the conference had a two year agreement which carried over from 1920, they refused to play their 1920 games with the Cornhuskers. However, Kansas kept her agreement and was the only one of the Missouri Valley schools to play the Cornhuskers that year.

The game was played on old McCook Field with her wooden bleachers with a crowd of 10,000 risking their lives and their chances on the Jayhawkers.

It was that thrilling come-back of the Kansas team, from a 20-0 deficit, that warmed the cockles of the student body and the followers of the Jayhawkers, and that game, in fact, built the Kansas Memorial Stadium.

The game was played on Saturday, November 13, 1920, and on Monday morning, November 15, 1920, a wild and joyous Kansas student body, meeting for convocation in Robinson Gymnasium, pledged $160,000 toward the building of the Kansas Stadium. The evaluation of the completed stadium at present is $660,000. The Athletic Association completed the building of the giant Kansas horseshoe, the only completed stadium in the Big Six at that time, and the largest and most beautiful in this conference area. Kansas with a fighting, midget team, the lightest team in the history of Kansas, scored in every game that she played. Kansas scored 117 points to her opponents 60. She won 5 games, lost 2 and tied Nebraska in the game that built the stadium.

Until Coach Shenk's Kansas Jayhawkers of 1944 defeated Nebraska 20-0, Kansas had not achieved this feat at Lawrence since 1896, so Kansas shattered an old jinx, and the Jayhawkers of 1944 will long be remembered as "<u>the team that beat Nebraska in football at Lawrence in 1944</u>."

Maybe this fact that Kansas had not defeated Nebraska at Lawrence since 1896, made a good jinx story, and caused even the local newspaper correspondents to play up that unusual feature. It always appeared to me as a bit of underselling of a courageous Kansas team who did the impossible in winning a Kansas triumph to gain a tie with the vaunted Cornhuskers of that year. Further, it seemed justifiable to me to lionize this doughty band of Kansans. It was this irrepressible band of young Kansans who exploded the Cornhuskers hopes and sent a frenzied and loyal Jayhawker following on a hilarious victory march. It is with this in mind that I am reprinting one of my stories from the "Tales of Yesteryears" regarding that great Kansas comeback in the game that -----

<u>Built a Stadium</u>

Swooping down from the north, as did Attila's Huns of old, the scarlet-clad Nebraska football giants of Coach Henry ("Indian") Schulte ran roughshod over the light but scrappy Kansas Jayhawkers, during the first half of the 1920 Homecoming Day game, at Lawrence, Kansas, 20 to 0.

Kansas, outweighed 27 lb. to the man, was no match for the powerful Cornhuskers, who pounded their way thrice across the field for touchdowns in the first half, overpowering the hapless Jayhawkers, who fought doggedly to hold them to a 0 to 20 first half score.

Nebraska possessed a gang of stalwarts. Nineteen men on their squad averaged 189 lb. to the man. While the Kansas average for the starting line-up was 162 lb. to the man.

Governor Henry Allen of Kansas, as well as a great crowd of loyal Kansas followers, were astounded by the sheer driving power of this superhuman Nebraska Juggernaut.

Trooping exultantly off the field at the end of the first half, the happy Huskers shouted to the small boy who was marking up the scores (in those days, with crayon). "Say, sonny, you had better lay in a fresh supply of chalk. You are apt to run out during the second half." These remarks furnished a suggestion for some remarks to the team between halves, but to all appearances we let the challenge go unnoticed.

The Kansas players threw themselves upon the floor in their dressing room, heartbroken, many of them weeping openly. They felt that they had disgraced themselves and their school. Fear and depression possessed them. Dutch Lonborg was one of the men most troubled.

Between halves it was our custom for the players who had seen action to lie still and close their eyes, relaxed. All substitutes were to assume the role of trainers, sponging the faces and necks and hands of the players who had been in battle. As a mother sponges the hands and face of a fatigued and nervous child, so did these self-appointed trainers supervise the care of these worn and frayed athletes.

During these minutes of recuperation, I went quietly from man to man, patting them on their backs, whispering words of encouragement. In this way, I was endeavoring to drive out the fear and shame of their seemingly certain and overwhelming defeat. While I was about this task, an alumnus of earlier football fame broke into the dressing quarters, swearing, "Blankety, blank, blank, etc., you boys are a bunch of white-livered so-and-so's, and won't fight those blankety blank Nebraskans, like our oldtimers did."

I cut him short, with these words, "Shut up! No one except a fool or a mule can be cursed. I am running this team, and I am darned proud of these boys, even at this stage of the game."

Turning to my men I said, "Boys, I am not afraid of you or of this game. Governor Henry Allen, Chancellor Lindley, and ten thousand loyal Kansas rooters are out there praying for you to come through!

"Did you hear those cocky Cornhuskers as they strode off that field after the first half, saying that the boy on the scoreboard would run out of chalk? They think that they have you down and out.

"We have just begun to fight. And I mean it. Dutch, I want you to play just two plays, this next half. Do you hear me? Play formation Y and formation X. Of course, you will use some decoy plays, but stick to these two forward-pass

plays. Call nothing else, but these two plays at the right time! And if you are licked fifty to nothing on this program, we will still be proud of you for giving the best you had. But you are not going to get licked! You are going to win! It's going to be a last half of brain against brawn!

"Andy McDonald! Ed Sandefur! Warren Woody! George Hale! Captain George Nettles! Tad Reid! Dutch Lonborg! Harley Little! Frank Mandeville! Johnnie Bunn! Kenny Welch! Severt Higgins! and Carl McAdams! You are the men I am counting on! Out and after those red-shirted devils, who would run us out of chalk in the second half!

"Captain Nettles, lead your men to victory! I know that you can do it! Out and at 'em!"

Nebraska kicked off to Kansas. Kansas lost 7 yards in the first two downs. On the third down, Kansas punted. Captain Nettles, who had been taken out of the game just before the first half closed, remonstrated against his withdrawal, saying that he could never face his men again.

Yet it was Captain Nettles who was now to turn the tide of the battle. Going down under the punt, even before the ends, he drove into the Nebraska punt catcher so ferociously that he dropped the ball, and Nettles recovered for Kansas on Nebraska's 35-yard line, and this was the same Nettles who a few minutes before was so sure that he had disgraced himself by inferior play.

Kansas lined up on Nebraska's 35-yard line and lost 7 yards again, on two line plays. The two previous plays had been decoys. Lonborg now called formation X, a lateral running forward-pass play. Lonborg threw to Frank Mandeville for a touchdown. And Kansas had scored and kicked goal. Score, Nebraska, 20 - Kansas, 7.

Now, at least, Kansas could not be whitewashed. Truly, this was the best that both players and rooters were hoping for. But a taste of blood was dangerous.

Kansas grew confident. Nebraska looked worried. Game history was ready to repeat itself, and in a matter of a few minutes, another pass from Dutch Lonborg to Frank Mandeville, had scored another Kansas touchdown. The old formations X and Y were working. The goal was kicked after touchdown and the score now stood Nebraska, 20 - Kansas, 14.

The Kansas stands went wild. Anything could happen now. The Kansas team was, in a few fickle moments, transformed to supermen. The Nebraska giants were becoming impotent and uncertain.

Kenny Welch, Kansas' stocky and diminutive 133-lb. full back, in the final quarter, crashed through the massive Cornhusker line for 23 yards. Dutch Lonborg, sensing the Cornhusker confusion, called the "dead man" play, and Warren Woody, 158-lb. Kansas guard, received this sucker-play assignment from Lonborg, who had received it from snapper back, Hale, and Woody sneaked away for 28 yards more, barely being snared by one lone and alert Husker.

The ball was now on the Huskers' 32-yard line, Kansas' ball, on the right side of the field.

Kansas smashed the Husker line for a short gain. Had Dutch forgotten his mystic X formation? Johnnie Bunn was quickly sent into the line-up to call the favored play, with a pass to the left side of the field. The ball was snapped back to Bunn, who whirled back and ran laterally to the left, and, being protected by one lone pass defender, he shot a 35-yard pass to Frank Mandeville, who dashed over the goal line for the tying touchdown.

Pandemonium broke loose! A delirium of Kansas fans! They were weeping, shouting, and crying for sheer joy. Cursing, pummeling, and hugging! There was no reason manifest now. The score was Kansas, 20 - Nebraska, 20, and still the goal after touchdown to be kicked, and with it, the lingering possibility of a long-awaited victory over the redoubtable Cornhuskers. It was a courageous little team that this mad crowd was worshiping. A g: er one never wore the cleats.

But a bit too overanxious were these Kansans, and they missed the point in their kick after touchdown that would have meant victory. And, indeed, as the years have sped on, Kansas is still waiting for that extra point against the Cornhuskers that will bring a football victory.

Pall and gloom shrouded Nebraska's followers. Nonpartisan spectators, who came only to see the great Nebraska machine grind into fine bits the underdog, Kansas, now swung into great ovations for the boys who had done the impossible. Kansas had won a great 20 to 20 moral victory.

During this autumn of 1920, a World War Memorial Stadium Drive had been smoldering in prospect, awaiting only a propelling stimulus to set it into motion. This stadium to be was to immortalize the 129 Kansas men and women who had died in the war service of these United States. These Kansas football men were the spark igniting the fuse that exploded one of the greatest student demonstrations in the history of the school.

On the following Monday morning, at a great mass meeting, the students pledged $160,000 to this splendid World War Memorial Stadium.

A few weeks later, at the end of the season, a school holiday was granted for the purpose of razing the old athletic plant on McCook Field. The men of the university, some two thousand strong, donned overalls and jackets and, with axes, hammers, and saws, razed the frail old wooden bleachers, while the women of the university, in equal numbers, put on aprons and went to the field of action to serve sandwiches and hot coffee to the working men.

This practical picture of university men and women at work strengthened one's faith in the rightness of things. But, over and above, like a majestic prelude to a powerful symphony, was the persisting picture of that fighting group of boys who were down and out and who had the indefatigable courage to come back and to prove that "a champ belongs."

We owe the beautiful $660,000 Memorial Stadium, which nestles in the bosom of Mount Oread at the University of Kansas, largely to this valorous team.

Speaking of Nebraska games would not be complete without quoting a part of Alan Davidson's letter received on August 13, 1945. Alan was one of the outstanding guards on Kansas' football varsities of '21, '22, and '23. In our Jayhawk Rebound we paid a fine tribute to Dell Davidson, superintendent of the stadium, who has saved the Athletic Association more money than any other man. I had

the good fortune to engage Dell Davidson, Alan's father, as superintendent back in 1920. Dell, being a great athlete in his own right has always been fond of all forms of competitive athletics. Hence, several boys on our Jayhawk varsity teams speak with affection of Dell. So, naturally, blood being thicker than water, Alan was gratefully acknowledging the understated tribute we paid his dad. Alan writes; "I was very much pleased to receive your letter the other day with the No. 17 copy of "Jayhawk Rebounds." I was especially happy to have this copy because of the splendid tribute given to my Dad. His faithful efforts and loyalty are simply a part of his make-up, but I do know that they have been further inspired by you and that his life has been happier and more complete because of his association with you and the other fine men with whom he has worked.

"I realize that putting out "Jayhawk Rebounds" is quite a chore but I see it is good and I'm glad you have me on the list to receive future copies. Your story of the dream touchdown is really something. But say, do you remember the time we dedicated NU's stadium at Lincoln in '23 with a score of 0 to 0? I recall how we were not allowed the usual warm-up on the field but the eleven of us to start were placed in a corner of the locker room and of all the crazy (?) things, you started reciting poetry to us and there we sat absorbing your thought and stewing in our juice. It was time for the kickoff!! Finally we were released, fighting, bawling mad and eager. Eleven players made a dive for the door - what a jam. I'll never forget the white heat of that pent up energy and determination. "Potsy" Clark came out on the field, apparently to say something, but took one look at his eleven and walked off without a word. A team was never keyed up to a tighter pitch. The records may not bear me out but as I recall the Cornhuskers had the ball inside our 10-yard line four times and we had the ball inside their 10-yard line an equal number of times. It was the toughest, hardest game in my three years of football. One time NU had the ball on our one-yard line and four downs to go. Four times they gave the ball to the big NU fullback, Noble. He was big and fast and started away back and came with a terrible crash, but in the end, we took the ball and they had lost six inches in four attempts. Well, anyway, that's the way I remember it. Once again, thanks for the letter."

We mentioned previously that "Potsy" Clark will be with Nebraska this year. To the old timers, it will seem strange to have him across the field on the opponent's bench instead of sitting on the Kansas side.

Major Tad Reed was in on Friday, August 17, to see me. He was on his way to Kansas City. I am sorry that I missed you, Tad. I will never forget the great game that you played against Nebraska, but yours were all great games, Tad. You gave everything you had.

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We are indebted to the Official Navy Publication, Industrial Incentive Division, Navy Department, Washington, D.C., for the Navy's exceptional tribute to William Warner Abercrombie, Ensign, U.S.N.R., "For extremely heroic and courageous performance in combat. The loss of 29 lives, typifying valor, loyalty, and determination, was the price paid for Torpedo Squadron Eight's vital contribution to the eventual success of our forces in this epic battle of the air." --from the Presidential Unit Citation awarded Torpedo Squadron 8, April 5, 1943.

"This is the story of Torpedo Squadron Eight. A story of brave men, handicapped by obsolete equipment. Brave Navy men flying to certain death against the enemy.

Thirty men left the carrier Hornet on the morning of June 4, 1942. Thirty men, air-borne in under-armed, under-powered, old-style torpedo planes. They were the best torpedo planes to be had in the South Pacific at that time, but they were hardly equal to the job they had to do. Their orders were to find and destroy the carriers in a Jap fleet reported en route to attack Midway.

Of the thirty brave men who left the Hornet that morning, only one came back.

Flying low beneath broken clouds, Torpedo Squadron Eight went after the Japs. They lost contact with the other squadrons off the Hornet during the first hour, so when they finally topped the horizon and spotted the Jap warships moving away from Midway, they were completely alone.

Breaking radio silence, they notified the Hornet of the position and strength of the enemy, then dropped to torpedo attack level. Skipper Waldron wiggled his wings, opened the throttle, and headed straight for the target, the squadron screaming after him.

The sky swarmed with Zeros. Torpedo Eight had neither fighter cover nor accompanying dive-bombers to divert some of the concentrated defensive fire from the Jap warships. The squadron hit the curtain of fire like a pine plank heading into a buzz saw. Anti-aircraft bursts were searing faces and tearing off chunks of fuselage from the old planes but the Jap carriers were dead ahead, crowded with planes rearming and refueling. Torpedo Eight had a mission and nothing was going to stop them!

The odds were heartbreaking. Plane after plane of the gallant squadron plummeted into the sea; yet the few who were left kept boring in, dropping their torpedoes at point blank range almost under the shadows of the carriers. In this way they made certain for the task force and for the Navy that the Japs' air power was crippled from the start.

One last plane dropped its torpedo, zoomed over the carrier, then disappeared into the sea. Forty minutes later, divebombers from the Hornet arrived and pounded the confused Jap fleet into defeat.

The following day, a PBY patrol plane swooped over the scene of the action and spotted a lone wounded flier floating in the oil slicks. He had watched the whole action from start to finish from beneath the shelter of a black seat cushion, a cushion held above his head to hide him from Jap strafing planes. They picked him up and flew him to Midway for hospitalization.

His 29 squadron mates who "did not make it back" were listed as "Missing in Action."

Bill Abercrombie was a member of the Kansas Freshman Football Team in 1936. Mike Getto tells me that Bill Abercrombie was a good football prospect and a great fellow. Bill's father, C. W. Abercrombie, is with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Kansas City Stock Yards, Kansas City 15, Missouri.

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Your Commander-in-Chief, and mine, Harry S. Truman, was a boyhood friend of mine. He grew up in Independence, Missouri, where we went to school together. Bess Wallace Truman lived three blocks from me, and Harry Truman lived an equal

distance. An equilateral triangle would describe the location of the homes of the Allens, the Trumans, and the Wallaces. Harry Truman was not an athlete, and many of the boys thought of him as a sissy because he could not compete in athletics due to the fact that he wore thick magnifying glasses. Harry Truman had no enemies, but many friends among the boys of his home town. He always attended to his business, was efficient to a high degree, and was extremely courteous to all with whom he came in contact. Bess Wallace was at that time characterized as a tomboy. She could play baseball, and that wasn't the soft ball kind. She swung a bat effectively and could throw with the best skill of the boys. She could ride a bike as well as any of the boys in the neighborhood. Mrs. Allen, nee Bess Milton, went with Harry Truman's brother, Vivian. Charlie Ross, the Presidential Secretary, was also an Independence hometown boy. He did not lean to the athletic type, but was a brilliant student, as was all of the Ross family. He was fond of sports and always a great fellow. Charlie graduated at the University of Missouri and majored in Journalism. Harry Truman did not go away to college but he was always a purposeful and energetic young man who commanded the respect of everyone in the community. He studied for the bar at the Kansas City School of Law.

When the Mexican imbroglio broke out, and Villa, the Mexican bandit was on the rampage at the border, my brother, now Colonel Harry B. Allen, (seven years Commandant at Stanford University), Harry Truman, Present Mayor Roger Sermon, of Independence, Missouri, who was a candidate for Governor of Missouri last fall, and Ex-Senator Bennett Clark; each organized a Battery of artillery and were shipped down the border to quell the insurrectionists. From the Mexican border these officers were shipped to Germany, and President Truman, "Pete" Allen, Roger Sermon, and Bennett Clark, after commanding Battalions E, F, G, and H, were returned to the States with the rank of Captain. Your President has proved himself an able officer, administrator, statesman, and an exceptional person in the emergency. He has been equal to this unusual situation and you will always be able to observe in him a cool head, a determined purpose, and a real man's man. The president is the most lonesome man in the world, and I am sure that each of us realizes the great debt that we owe to him in this hour.

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<u>This Is the Day</u> - <u>August 14, 1945</u>

When President Harry S. Truman made the announcement at 6:00 P.M. of the Nips' capitulation, a sensation of mixed feelings ran the gamut of our emotions. Of course, we thought of your homecoming. But uppermost in our mind at that time was the tender sympathies that we felt for those brave parents, wives, sweethearts and relatives of our boys; our boys who will not return when the troops come marching home again.

I could not utter a word. Something deeper than the mad cheering and the honking of horns gripped me. It seemed as if a vast symphony of silence omnipotently was rendering a benediction to those hero dead, those loved ones who actually were more the direct cause of this great moment that we were experiencing. Those stricken parents, wives and sweethearts were glad for us and for others who had not traveled the Golgotha road. Only a fierce pride in the possession of their loved ones who had made the supreme sacrifice could compensate these parents in this sad and glad hour.

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Lieutenant Robert A. Haynes

On July 30, 1945, Lt. Robert A. Haynes went down with the proud cruiser, Indianapolis - just fifteen days before peace came. This sad news has struck K.U., and all of Lawrence, a body blow, for personable Bobby Haynes was a great favorite, a brilliant student, and a worthy friend.

Lt. "Bobby" Haynes was very dear to our family. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Haynes, our neighbors and friends for more than a quarter-century, lived and raised their three sons just around the corner from us.

Bobby Haynes and our Bobby Allen were the same age - 26 - with birthdays just a month apart. The two boys were friends even before Kindergarten days. They began their Kindergarten days together here in Pinckney School, and were never separated in grammar school, high school, nor in college until war came. Even after war cast its shadows, these two boys never lost each other. After "Bobby" Haynes entered the Navy in 1940; and "Bobby" Allen continued as a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania, their furloughs, by sheer incident, seemed always to tally. More than thrice they happened home at the same time. There were never two better friends.

I remember so well Lt. Haynes next to the last visit to Lawrence. Bobby Allen, Bobby Haynes, and I had a fine game of golf at the Lawrence Country Club. I noticed with great satisfaction the maturation of the two boys. They had grown up. Yet that same boy's friendliness between the two had remained the same; mellow, friendly, and enduring. It is these durable satisfactions with which parents are always immensely pleased.

Even in San Francisco, before Lt. Haynes sailed with his noble crew on their last important mission of delivering the first atomic bomb, the two Bobs missed seeing each other only by chance.

Our daughter, Mary Allen Hamilton, who has just arrived from California for a visit, said that our Bob had wistfully remarked to her the night before she left, "I sure hope Bob Haynes makes it home this time. He certainly has been a game little guy and he deserves to get through."

Lt. Haynes' father, in speaking of this tragic finality this morning, said, "If this had to be, I would rather have had Bob live the fearless, questing, purposeful life he did and die at twenty-six, than to have him live an impotent, inconsequential life, and die at eighty." Then he added, "But I'm glad they delivered their bomb." It takes brave men to rear brave sons.

The Haynes have enjoyed the significant honor of having had three sons in the fight in the Pacific: all Naval Lieutenants - Jean, Robert, and Marion - and all K.U. men.

Our hearts go out to this family in the inevitable loneliness which comes with such finality. Bobby has now, "outsoared the shadow of our night."

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We are indebted to Lt. (j.g.) Delbert L. Campbell, U.S.S. - L.S.T. 241, F.P.O. San Francisco, California, for pictures which he took of Marine Lieutenant T. P. Hunter's final resting place on Guam. Delbert said, "As you can see it is a pretty well kept little graveyard." Thanks Delbert, as you suggested, we sent a print of a close-up of T. P.'s marker to his mother Mrs. Mary Hunter at Margaret, Texas, and to his fiancee, Norma Jean Falconer in Kansas City, Kansas. T. P.'s marker is designated as U.S.M.C., Hunter, T. P., Jr., First Lieutenant, and then there is a picture of the cemetery showing all the crosses row on row.

I am indebted to Mrs. Mary F. Hunter for the two fine photographs of T. P. with his buddies, taken with his outfit in the Islands, and the other showing him firing a rifle. This will add to our valued collection.

Delbert states that his mother has the negatives if we need any more prints of T. P.'s marker. Her address is Mrs. Lewis W. Campbell, R.R. #3, Hutchinson, Kansas. Thanks, Del, I am sure that some of the boys who loved T. P. so much would want one. Del states, "Had a pleasant evening with Bill Forsythe up at Leyte, P.I. not so long ago. Of course K.U. and all it means to us was the topic of a several hours bull session.* We now have on board two Oklahoma U. men and even though I can't convince them that K.U. is better in every way, we do agree that the Big Six and the Middle West colleges can't be beat."

"Dr. you have no idea the good your Rebounds have done out here. It's like a letter from all your friends you have been wondering about. I have passed them on to different K.U. men I have seen, and even though they may be a little old when I give them away, you should see them scour the pages, just like they were cramming for an exam."

"It was a great blow to hear that Brother Bob Bellamy was killed at Okinawa. I was close by when he went ashore, but didn't have the chance to see him. Bob was a great man. He too, like T. P., was proud to be a marine. If we had never lost another man in this war we would have suffered a great loss to a future America in which they would have played a great part."

*Note: In the Middle of July, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Forsythe from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, the parents of Ensign W. G. "Bill" Forsythe, one of our star basketeers at Kansas and later of the University of Pennsylvania; dropped in to say hello. We had a great visit. Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe said that Bill, with his L.S.T., was on his "milk run" regularly delivering the necessary material to the boys. Bill had been at Leyte, Iheshima, and Ulithi, and he had talked to Ernie Pyle just two days before he was killed. Mrs. Forsythe also said that Bill Forsythe and Bill Stowits had a great time at a dance on the ship. Bill Stowits played some awfully good basketball in intramural competition before he left for the service so we are expecting the two Bills to do some good for basketball when they return to their alma mater.

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Wayne "Bill" Replogle writes from Oak Knoll Hospital, Oakland, California, where he supervises Physical Training for the wounded, "Fewer wounded arriving and that's fine. I've seen my fill of men who were shot up. Hardly seems possible that autumn is creeping up, although it's a good feeling to know that soon will come happy voices which one finds only on a good campus."

"Some day I hope that you make the Rebounds into a book for I'm sure that it's the finest work of literature of its kind ever compiled. It has a value that cannot be estimated for the University of Kansas."

Thanks for your kind words, we have some good news for you Bill, and Bill has good news for us. Enough said, be seeing you soon, Bill.

Bill also inclosed a letter from his brother, Lt. Max Replogle, VF-47, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, Navy flier, and a star halfback in football, winning the varsity "K" in '36, '37, and '38, and his track letter in '38. Max was also a valuable member of the varsity basketball squad. Max recited his experience in being shot down, and floating in the cold water of the Pacific for hours:

"Our group is in the fast carrier task force. We've been in on everything since the Kyushu raids in the middle of March. I've been over the Japan mainland three or four times now. The A.A. gets a little thick but so far no fighter opposition. I reckon that will come though. We supported the Okinawa campaign. During that time we got 67 Jap planes. I got two. I sat in the water for about three hours one day after chasing a Jap. I burned up my engine and it finally quit. Another fellow finally got the Jap. It was very quiet and peaceful while in the water. My boys knew where I was so I didn't have a thing to worry about. A Dumbo picked me up later. They treated me very nicely. Both the Franklin and Bunker Hill were in our group when they were hit. I saw the Franklin but not the Bunker Hill. The latter one was the day I went swimming.(?)"

I just now discovered that Lt. Max Replogle wasn't on our mailing list. I thought surely that we were sending this to Max all the time. For this I am truly sorry, but it is just another indication that you are bound to miss some of the boys. It is just another bit that I missed.

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Captain M. F. Griffin, U.S.M.C.R., Marine Hq. Sq. 4, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, California, a great football and track star in his college days, writes, "After being without mail for fourteen days, your No. 17, Jayhawk Rebound arrived, being forwarded from Edenton, N.C. On July 17, Uncle Sam decided he needed a Special Services Officer for this wing. So, after sixteen days of traveling only a mile or two from land, we arrived on this island. We actually saw land once on our way here."

"Our wash pan is a helmet and the sun heats our shower water, but the food is good and the tents are waterproof, so we are not faring so badly. Any time we want fresh coconuts all we need to do is pick up one or knock it off the tree."

"The natives seem to be very friendly with the Marines. We saw a King last week and to let you know the Marines have things well in hand, the King was wearing a Marine G.I. summer helmet, G.I. shoes, G.I. Khaki trousers, and a white shirt."

"Home was the main topic of discussion until the "wee" hours, the night it was rumored Japan had surrendered. It was encouraging to learn so many of these boys are planning on returning to school. I surely hope that they get to come back soon and have some fun in athletics, as they have earned that right."

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Ensign H. W. Stowits, U.S.N.R., U.S.S. Donaldson (D E - 44), c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, says, "I received two of your "Rebounds" recently. They were much appreciated. Everybody is hepped up over the war news. The boys are betting on the months instead of years to the end now. The last time in port, I ran into another Kansan, Lt. (j.g.) Pettey, who was coach at Turner High School. I received a letter from Frank Pattee and he informed me he is out of the Navy and returning to K.U. this Fall. Thanks again for the "Rebounds", all the officers have been reading them and even though not Kansans they enjoy them."

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Major Frank Anneberg, Post I & E Branch, Camp Butner, N.C., received his masters in education here in 1937. He made Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column by an acrobatic act of standing on his head and drinking one quart of water in that position from a quart jar. Frank is now the post Information and Education Officer. He inclosed a newspaper clipping with a photograph which shows him in class discussing the latest secret weapon unleashed on the Japs by the United States in an informal class held Wednesday afternoon. A brief outline explains the latest details to the group and then the soldiers get a chance to give their own opinions or ask questions on the atomic bomb. Frank writes, "We are expecting an addition to our family about the first of September. A future Jayhawk about 1962. My wife and daughter Victory Lee, aged 2, are very excited about the big event. I begin my sixth year of active duty on the first of September. Due to the type of work that I do, I will probably be one of the last to don civilian clothes. I would give a lot to be standing in that "registration line" again."

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Captain Harley L. Anderson, O-1575680, 1274th A.A.F. Base Unit, A.P.O. 600, c/o P.M., New York, N.Y., in his letter reveals this information. "Been ages since I last wrote you, but it isn't that my thoughts haven't drifted back many times to old Mt. Oread, for they have. It's just that letter writing is rather difficult when on the move."

"During all this time the "Rebounds" have been coming in regularly and certainly are enjoyable to read. I find the "special feature stories," such as the one about Bill Johnson, particularly interesting since they occurred long before my time at K.U. I had heard of them vaguely but never knew the complete details."

"Was not long after V-E Day until our bomb group left England. Flew in B-17s down to Casablanca where we were assigned to Air Transport Command and the group de-activated. After a month in Casablanca, I was sent down here to help build three emergency fields on the new coastal route between Casablanca and Dakar. This particular place, Villa Cisneros, belongs to the Spanish and about the first time we've used any of their territory. It's a very isolated place with no towns for hundreds of miles. Everything, including fresh water, has to be flown in. I'm picking up Spanish, (none of them speak English) pretty fast, but conversation is still a tedious process."

"I am awfully sorry to hear about Howard Engleman being injured. "Rope" was always a great guy in everything and I truly hope he comes out of this all right. One of my brothers is in Germany with the Military Intelligence Service, and my youngest brother is at De Pauw University in the V-12 program. Please note new address."

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Harold H. Howey, Sm 1/c, Naval Operating Base, Navy 3256 - B-4F, c/o F.P.O. San Francisco, California, former Iola High School star, and certainly one of the scintillating stars for the Olathe Naval Base, writes that he is longing to get out of the service and to complete his college education. Here's wishing you all kinds of good luck Harold, and may your intercollegiate career be as promising as were your high school and service records.

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Captain John Pfitsch, formerly of Pflugerville, not Ft. Worth, (we do not have his address but he certainly did not have a chance to get over to see the Nips before peace was declared. He was all hepped up on going.) dropped in on us from overseas. John called us from Syracuse, N.Y.,where he had been to pay his respects to the wife of his closest buddy who was killed in Germany near the close of the war. John's buddy left a baby whom he had never seen, and John was doing his soldier duty to tell the young wife of the associations the two had together in Europe. John came on to Lawrence and spent the night with us. A student mixer, "The Corn Meal Shuffle" was taking place in front of Bailey Hall out on the concrete driveway. John had a fine time visiting with Dean and Normal Nesmith, Denzel Gibbons, and a host of friends who greeted him with great joy. Capt. John Pfitsch has been a real officer and has an outstanding war record. He is the same unspoiled Texan who came up here to get his master's degree in education. As soon as John can get mustered out, he is returning for his doctorate here at Mt. Oread. It was swell to see you John, and you have lost none of the winsome personality and engaging conversation.

On the heels of John Pfitsch came personable Howard Engleman whose hair is darker and straight. He had it all burned off at Okinawa. Howard is a little thinner, but his twinkling eyes speak the same human Engleman as he was when he was on the campus. When a Japanese Kamikaze suicider hit Howard's ship, Howard was entirely engulfed in flaming gasoline. He jumped into the ocean and was in there five hours, coming out badly burned. After a half a dozen transfusions, Howard made the grade. They later flew him from Okinawa Hospital to Oakland, California, at Oak Knoll Hospital. On July 5, Engleman was sent to Norman, Oklahoma and he was on a thirty day convalescent leave from July 30 to August 19. At Oak Knoll, "Rope" saw Wayne "Bill" Replogle and Eddie Hall. Howard's wife and son, Howard Dodge Engleman, are at Salina. To demonstrate that "Rope" has lost none of his wise-cracking, Howard stated that his brother, who is an engineer with Phillips Petroleum Company, had a son while Howard was on sea duty. Howard stated that his brother had named the son, Howard John, fearing that Howard would not return, and he would have a namesake for him. Then, with that famous twinkle, "Rope" smiled and said, "I bet he is darn sorry of it now."

Howard is expecting to come back to take his Law Degree as soon as he is discharged from the hospital.

We then discussed the war seriously. Howard said he nor any of the other boys, could see how the war was going to end in less than three to five years, even right up until the last. He said when you are out there seeing your buddies being killed all around you, you naturally think the next one may hit you. And there isn't any way that you could see a short termination of the war. I talked with Captain Johnny Pfitsch about the war's horrors, and he said that the most terrible experience, so far as he was concerned, were the bombings. Johnny said, "You just never could get used to them and that I dreaded them more than anything else." And Johnny was just speaking of the ordinary bomb, not the atomic bomb.

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The atomic bomb blew the Nips into perdition, blew Uncle Joe Stalin off the fence, and gave the Japs an atomic-ache.

Then on the heels of Howard, came big smiling Jack Ballard. This big altitudinous basketeer of Kansas Jayhawker champions of 1942, brought with him two buddies. They dropped in on a class which we were teaching on the Theory and Practice of Athletic Injuries. They audited about ten or fifteen minutes of it, and that's about all they could take. Then they were again on the move. Jack is visiting his folks in Kansas City and waiting for his reassignment. The previous Jayhawk Rebound told of the prowess of Jack on the Football Field, and Basketball Court. Jack is as big as all out of doors, and he certainly looks like the first-class fighting man that he is. Welcome home "Jocko" after a victorious and hazardous campaign.

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On a letter from 1st. Sgt. Wilmer R. Shaffer, 37006650, H. & S. Co., 1535th Engr. Constr. Bn., A.P.O. #245, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California; on August 3, "Bub" Shaffer, a member of our victorious 1936 championship basketball team, wrote from the Ryukyus group of islands, "Having finished reading the Jayhawk Rebound #17, I thought since my heart and mind was centered on KU, I would take time out to drop you a line and let you know how much I appreciate receiving them. I had received all the back copies just before leaving the States so they were read and reread many times while I was aboard the ship on the way over here. It certainly was good to hear about the Hill and of many people who I had known there. As I have been in the service for a little over four years, I have found that a good many things have happened on the Hill which I have not had a chance to keep up with. The rebounds have brought many of these out. While aboard ship I ran into James O'Reilly, a Phi Gam from KU who was in school the same time I was there. He is a lieutenant in the communications branch of the Navy and was also headed for points in the Southwest Pacific. We really enjoyed talking about good old K.U. I gave him the copies of the Rebounds that I had with me and he too enjoyed them very much."

"I see that both Mit and Bob are in active service now. Perhaps our paths will cross sometime. If only I could tell where I am located, undoubtedly I would get to see some folks from K.U. We may be close to some K.U. men and not even know it. When you write to Mit and Isabel give them my regards."

"My mother had written and told me that my cousin, Gordon Shaffer, and J. Fred Harris were on the same ship together. That is fine for them for even one old acquaintance make a big difference. I am anxiously waiting for the time when I can get back to the Hill for some more football and basketball games. I would like to buy some bonds for the stadium debt. What is the set-up?"

Wilmer, I am glad to know that all the boys can now reveal their location so that there will be more happy Jayhawker reunions. We hope that the one in the not too far distant future, will be here on Mt. Oread.

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Following Jack Ballard's visit to us, we were agreeably surprised and pleased to have Captain Charlie Black and Mrs. Black call on us last Sunday afternoon. Charles had returned to the States and gone to Santa Anna, California, at the redistribution center. They had sent him back to Coffeyville, Kansas, (where they are living at 512 West Fourth Street) for temporary assignment. It was during this interim that Charlie, Mrs. Black, (Terry) and John Beuscher of the Dow Chemical Co. at Midland, Michigan, stopped by. John was accompanied by his wife, nee Ada K. Kirchoff. Both Charlie and John were members of the ever victorious Pig Six Basketball Champions of 1942. During the visit we discussed all the boys of that great outfit. We were speaking about when the boys came back again with their

wives, and how many apartments and small cottages we will need to house the families of the fighting Jayhawkers. Then I told them of the marriage of Lt. Otto C. Schnellbacher to Theresa Elizabeth Renner at the Post Chapel in Hondo, Texas. Theresa Renner's home is in Alexandria, Minnesota. Otto Schnellbacher was a "K" man in football in '42, and a member of the N.C.A.A. Basketball Champions the same year. What a celebration these big strapping fellows put on! They said, "Now Ray Evans will have to be the next guy in line." "We did not think that they would get old Otto, but they sure got him."

From an earlier letter received from Otto Schnellbacher before he received his commission he writes, "Again I'm on top of a commission, feel sure make it. The more I am around a B-29 the better I like it, and guess I'll see plenty of it from what they keep telling us. Guess I should tell you I'm taking on a new boss- getting married in a short time from now, the 28th of this month. In fact it is a very few days from now, ten of them - what you know Doc, I'm even counting them."

"I hear from Armond Dixon quite regularly, and he seems to be still kicking around. When I left college I figured I would be back in 1945, but it seems as if we should move that date to about 1947. Anyway I'll be back no matter when it is. I am always glad to receive the Rebounds - enjoy them tremendously." Congratulations Otto on receiving your bars!

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The many friends of Warren Rex "Deacon" Anderson, of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army, will be happy to know that "Deacon" has taken to his bosom a blushing bride. Mary Jane Keller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bruce Keller of Pittsburg, Kansas, is the fortunate young lady. The wedding occured on Monday the twenty-third of July, 1945, at the First Methodist Church in Fort Worth, Texas. We are wishing Otto and Mrs. Schnellbacher, and Warren and Mrs. Anderson, all of the health, happiness, and wealth that can come to these deserving young couples.

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Major James K. Hitt, O-327485, Hq. 14, A.A. Command, APO 75, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California, writes to me giving change of his new address as above. Major Hitt was the Registrar of the University before going into the service. Jim, we shall be wishing for your, and your families, early return.

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At Sea, Lt. (j.g.) David Francisco, (MC) USN, USS President Adams, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, writes, "Your very kind letter of May 4th, together with the Rebounds Number 15 and 16 were included in my last mail call on the 9th of this month, when we received about three week's mail. In the same mail I had a letter from Dr. Latimer and from several of my classmates and friends, including Dean Brooks. I saw Art Nichols' ship recently, but have not had a visit with him in some time. Major Carl Lindquist, MC, '27, of 51st General Hospital, APO 75, c/o Postmaster San Francisco, Calif., is a loyal Jayhawk who practiced in Kansas City before the war, and I saw him recently. I know he would greatly enjoy the Rebounds, as would my cousin Lt. C. L. Francisco, MC, AVS, who is very busy with orthopedics at Beaumont General Hospital Annex, El Paso, Texas." We are very happy to comply with your request, David.

"Very many times our peaceful surroundings and quiet sea have appeared to preclude possibility of hostilities within hundreds of miles. And again we have seen ravages of war on cities and populations. I am passing on my Rebounds to Lt. (j.g.) "Duke" Wellington, son of the managing editor of the Kansas City Star, who lives in an adjoining cabin."

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S/Sgt. A. G. Hulteen, 37227031, Army Mail Clerk, APO 495, c/o Postmaster New York, N. Y., who was a member of the varsity baseball team in '31, '32, and '33, writes, "Your June 25th Rebounds arrived in Gauhati, Assum, India, last evening! As you can probably imagine, I didn't even skip a comma. That's one publication I digest thoroughly. I have a very fone desire that some day, my son, Bob, can be one of Doc's boys. I realize it will be some years before he is ready for K.U., but hope he can know you as he develops."

"One of these fine days I am going to stroll into your office and drag you out for a round of golf. Along with hammering the golf ball, we can bat the breeze for a while."

George, we shall be mighty happy to see you walk into the office, and I assure you it will not take too much persuasion to get me out to the aforementioned golf game. Just try it one, You will be my guest for these games.

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From Dean of Men, J. W. Bunn of Stanford University, known to Kansas athletic followers as "Johnny" Bunn, back in the '20's, comes a very interesting letter. John said that the re-reading of the story of the Iowa State game was real fun. He refers to the "Dream Touchdown Game" in Jayhawk Rebound #17. Then John says, "Did I ever tell you the sequel? One day in the office I received a call from Glendale, California. In identifying himself, he said, "I am "Red" Paine, the coach at Iowa State in 1920 when my team got dreamed out of a football game by that lucky psychic "Phog" Allen." From that point on we had a great time over the phone at his expense. And if you think "Red" does not, to this day, suffer as a result of that game, just kid him about it sometime. He is a good scout, but it's a serious matter and I think he feels a humiliation to be "dreamed" out of a game. Dr. Paine is practicing medicine at Glendale, California.".

"I am sitting here awaiting transportation for Europe, which may be the beginning of my return to an active part in athletics. I can't get it out of my blood. Sorry to see Mrs. Hulteen leave."

When you read the story of the Nebraska game, you recalled that Johnny Bunn threw the last touchdown pass to Frank Handeville, which that day, defeated Nebraska 20 - 20. It was Johnny Bunn who was coach of Stanford's basketball team when he developed the incomparable Hank Luisetti, the All-American choice in anybody's book.

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Lt. W. D. Partner, U.S.N. Pre-Flight School, Iowa City, Iowa, writes, "The dear old Navy soon will start mustering out some of its members and I'm hoping to be out in time to see your Jay-Jay-Jaywawkers in action at Lawrence this season--and maybe before your schedule starts. So in anticipation of returning to my job for Mr. Mac, I'm brushing up on my rules, nomenclature, etc."

Before he went into the service, Lt. Partner was Clyde E. McBride's assistant on the Sports Desk of the Kansas City Star. Lt. Daniel not only writes interestingly, but he knows his sports from the inside out. He was a star tackle on Kansas State teams years ago and we are delighted to have him back in our territory again because he believes in clean, hardy, wholesome, vigorous, he-man sports. He is a man after our own heart.

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We have just gotten word this morning from Corinne Oyler that her husband Lt. Robert B. Oyler, O-2000896, Hq. 20th Corps, APO 340, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y., one of our varsity basketball Jayhawkers of '34 and '35, has not received his Jayhawk Rebounds. We are checking back on our old files, and making an effort to bring Bob up on his Jayhawk Rebound reading. Uncle Sam has done a good job of delivering the Rebounds, but for some reason he has failed in delivering, to the Judge Advocate General's Office, this sport dope. Bob Oyler was County Attorney of Douglas County, and a successful practicing Attorney at Law here when he entered the service. He has made a fine record, and Bob, we are doggone sorry somebody shorted out on you.

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Lt. Lester B. Kappelman writes us from the Hammond General Hospital at Modesto, California.

"This evening I have the old southpaw warmed up so thought it would be a most opportune time to attend to a matter about which I have been most delinquent. A very short time ago, among a bundle of letters which followed me to Europe then back again to California, arrived your nice letter to me in France, dated January 3, 1945. Believe it or not, some of the letters I've been receiving are over a year old. But, I still enjoy reading them and catching up on all the news I missed."

"You mentioned sending me the Rebounds, but I still have never received them; and if the mailing list hasn't already exceeded your supply of paper, I'd sure appreciate one next time you go to press. Outside of a very few of the fellows whose names appear from time to time in the Journal-World, I've just about lost out on their whereabouts."

"'Rope' Engleman must have received some nasty burns in his mishap. I sure hope he is coming along in good shape. As for me, I think I have about six more months in the hospital. Since I was home last winter, my arm has been worked on twice, but to date the median nerve has not been successfully sutured. Altogether, about six centimeters of scar tissue have been removed from it, and "next time" the neuro-surgeon says he will be able to get good nerve bundles for a permanent suture. Today I removed a cast I've been wearing for five weeks, so celebrated it with a swim in the pool."

"We have quite an extensive reconditioning program here -- a fine big well-equipped gymnasium, beautiful swimming pool, and various diamonds and courts, plus fishing and hiking trips in the mountains. Oh yes, out by the swimming pool are two Goal-Hi courts. I never shoot out there without thinking of you. My left-handed shooting and passing, like Englemen's penmanship, is improving slowly but surely. Sure wish I could have had this left-handed shooting, a few years ago."

"With the Athletic Department in its straightened financial condition, I hope the Training Table menu won't have to include a provision for "Dago" Nesmith with special diet of garlic and red peppers this Fall, to get him back in shape after his Italian athletic invasion!! Or would spaghetti do it, Dean?"

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Lt. Richard P. Brown, O-1321320, Co. L, 137th Inf., A.P.O. 35, c/o Postmaster New York, N.Y., the son of Dr. Earl G. Brown, former commissioner of Health for the State of Kansas, writes from Belgium acknowledging receipt of his Jayhawk Rebound and stating that he still enjoys following the goings on in Kansas. The 137th Inf. was part of the Kansas National Guard. Lt. Brown states that his first sergeant was a former Lawrence boy - Muzzy.

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Captain Francis Kappleman, an "ever victorious" Jayhawker basketeer of '36, big, fine, and handsome, dropped in the office to say hello. "Kap" has been recruiting WACS in Chicago from October 1943, to May 1945. His next assignment was but for two months in physical training work at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois. On the 13th of August "Kap" left for Mather Field, California of the Air Transport Command. He planned on seeing his brother Lester, and wanted to check up to see whether Lester could shoot a "hook shot" or throw a man out from "deep short" position. Captain Francis says it is pleasing to know the whereabout of the ex-Jayhawkers and of the great part they are playing in this big fuss.

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Ensign R. L. (Bob "Abe Lincoln") Turner, USNR, 10th Nav. Constr. Brigade, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, a star guard on our varsity basketball team of 1944, writes at sea, "Sorry to have taken so long between letters, but circumstances were against me. I received the March Jayhawk Rebound in Hawaii, but since I haven't received any mail for three months, I'm behind on the news."

"Haven't met many Jayhawkers, even though I have been all over this ocean. Have one traveling with me now named Judge Sloan. He was head Sachem a year ago." Then in a letter dated July 19, Bob writes, "Lt. Henry Northberg is also in this outfit. He is from Kansas City and graduated from K.U. a few years back. The Mechanical Engineering Dept. can well be proud of this man. He really knows his stuff."

"Ensign Judge Sloan (K.U. '45) who was the big shot of the V-12 unit last year is in the Engineering Dept. of the 10th Naval Construction Brigade. He is another very brilliant boy."

"Got into a pretty fair ball game the other day. I found out that laying around on a ship doesn't help your physical condition any. Hits you in the legs pretty badly." You asked about Mr. Quigley coaching at St. Benedicts. That was not Ernie Quigley, our Athletic Director, it was his brother, Larry. Keep your knees bent, Abe, a fighting animal always crouches before he springs. Bob, we would like mighty well to see you come back to the University and graduate. You have what it takes, mister.

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On July 12, 1945, I received in the mail, a Navy Bag with a blue sheet, (an artist's conception) with a cherub face and head saying, "It's a boy!" Lt. and Mrs. John R. Kline announce the arrival of Robert John on July 3, 1945, weight 8 pounds, 8½ ounces. The announcement came from Mrs. John R. Kline, 3022 Philip St., New Orleans 19, La. Congratulations to the Kline family, the grandparents and all. July 3, 1945 is Bob Allen's birthday, so John you should expect something from Bob Allen, celebrating this wonderful occasion. We shall always remember Johnny Kline for the great games he played at guard for the Kansas 'varsity basketball team. He belonged to the gang that beat Southern California for the Western N.C.A.A. championship in 1940.

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We acknowledge with thanks the "Telfair Tales" from Commander L.O. Armel, U.S.N.R., U.S.S. Telfair (APA210), Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California. Lyle, you put out a very interesting brochure. I would be tickled to death to quote from your spine tingling recitation, but I notice on the bottom of the "Tales" this admonition. "NOT FOR PUBLICATION." FLASH-- We are delighted to announce that we just received word that Commander L. O. Armel has been promoted to the rank of Captain. Congratulations, Lyle!

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We were pleased to receive a letter from Lt. (j.g.) J. N. Lysaught, USS Corregidor (CVE-58), c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, California, On July 23, 1945, written at sea, he writes, "I met Bob Hunt and Frank Allen ashore. Both are looking fine and we expect a big reunion when my ship next gets into port. The same day I ran into Ralph Preston, Giles Freeman and Harold Law, all medics of 1944. By the way, what is Fred Bosilevac doing now?" Docotor asks that we note his new address which we are passing on to his friends.

1st. Lt. Fred N. Boilevac, MC, 1247th S.C.U., Miller's Field Staten Island, N.Y., has been transporting wounded soldiers to the various hospitals. I know Frod would be glad to hear from you.

Lt. (j.g.) Robert (Bobby) Earl Allen, U.S.N.M.C., U. S. Naval Receiving Hospital, Genova Ave. and Moscow St., San Francisco 12, California, my son, is doing the same thing for the Navy temporarily before being sent to the islands.

I am glad, Dr. Lysaught, that you got to see my nephew, Frank Allen, and Bobby Hunt. The next time you three meet I bet you will put on even more of a celebration now than you did before the good news came through.

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We were happy to receive a letter from Mrs. Wayne Clover, asking that the address of Wayne Clover, Jr., Lt. (j.g.), be changed to 1446 West 61st. Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri. Mrs. Clover says, "I am terribly excited about Wayne's coming home. He hasn't seen our little girl for over two years, and she is four now. They will have a lot of catching up to do -- and according to her, there will be numerous trips to the zoo!"

We are hoping for many thousands of such wonderful reunions in the near future.

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Pfc. Ross W. Fisher - 17125536, 507th Air Mat. Sq. 90th Air Co. Gp., APO 334, c/o P.M. San Francisco, California, writes from Guam that he has been trying to find "Chet" Gibbons, but we did not give his address so he hasn't had any luck. Here it is Ross. Lt. Chester C. Gibbons, Jr., Intelligence Dept., Recog. Section, AAFSAT, Technical Training Command, Orlando, Florida. I have seen your brother Alan out at thecountry club, and he seems to enjoy his golf. I am sorry that this Rebound has taken so long for its construction, but we are making some progress. You asked the question, just what did happen in 1920 Nebraska game? Well, we are telling you in this issure. I hope we will be seeing you back in Lawrence soon.

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Pfc. Joseph J. B. Ryan - 37755009, Hq. Co. 1st. Bn. 131st Inf., APO 38, c/o Postmaster San Francisco, California, discloses the information that he is on Luzon, about to take Nawa Dam. Quoting part of his letter, "I am a lost dog in the 38th Division. Practically all are from Indiana and New York. In the past issue of the Army Times, I noticed in two of them that Dean Nesmith and Bill Hargiss were giving the athletic training in Italy. It gave me great pride to show people where the brains are from. We are trying to get up a regimental football team. We haven't much equipment but we may try and rough it. I may help coach it along with playing, if the deal materializes. I noticed in the Rebounds that I am not far from Dick Channell and Harold Hawkins. One of these days I might get a chance to see another fighting Jayhawker."

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Ensign Jesse Paul Turner, USS Aquila, AK-47, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y., informs me that he is not an old veteran at this married life, but he thinks it is the biggest institution there is. Paul states, "After my leave expired, I took Dora May back to Portsmouth, Va. with me where we were in the yards. We were fortunate enough to get a very nice three room apartment through the Navy all furnished. We moved in one afternoon, and that evening when I went home from the ship, my better half had dinner all cooked and ready to set on thetable. Believe me, she's a good cook too. I mean I was a mighty lucky guy the day I got her for a wife, and I like so many others am ready for that big day to come around when we can really begin to live the kind of life we have dreamed and planned so many times in all the wishful thinking we've had time to do."

We second all the good thoughts that you expressed in that letter, Paul. Now you and Dora May will have your inning. I am glad that you had time to polish up on your golf game. Forty is a good score for a fellow who is shooting on a par thirty-seven course. Watch that weight of 201 pounds, Paul. That's a lot of weight without any of your clothes. That equatorial diameter will have to receive some attention.

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M/Sgt. Donald E. Blair, Hq. 1289 Engr., C Bn., APO 408, c/o P.M., New York, N.Y., writes from Marseille Area, France, that he is anxiously awaiting news on the condition of "Rope" Engleman. He writes, "Rope Engleman is one of the finest, both on the court and off, in my book. Guess a lot of us will never forget the night in Kansas City in the Southern California game when he and Bob Allen put the game on the ice. Be sure to include any thing you know about the accident in the next Rebound."

"I presume that you have read what a beautiful place this is here in Southern France. If you don't believe me just read the newspapers and they will tell you what a heaven it is. The troops here, along with my outfit, are waiting to (you know what, and it would be censored if I told you), and they have set up a "vacation ground" for the men to enjoy while waiting. Sports program is up to the maximum. There are such sports as softball for those men who have ancestral traits of mountain goats, expecially the outfielders. An infield bunt with the aid of the rocks, can be converted into a home run. The entertainment program is a lot better. Micky Rooney and Bobby Breen had a show here several weeks ago, and Bob Hope was here today. He had a good show and is an excellent showman. I was very fortunate while down here to locate my brother who was located in a camp about five miles from here.

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I am inclosing a copy of a letter from T/Sgt. F. H. Bell, 17064111, 468 Ftr., Sqdn. APO 959, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California, and my reply to him. I am in hopes that it may provide interesting reading.

"I suppose that this is quite out of the ordinary, but a friend of mine and myself have been arguing about the relative I.Q.'s of athletes and non-athletes. He claims that Non-athletes have, on the average, a higher I.Q. than the athletes. It seems to me that in the days when athletic games, particularly football were merely games of brute strength, this trend of thought might have had some backing. However, the modern athletic games namely, basketball and football, have become a science. I believe that the athlete, as a rule, is keener than the average student. Sir, the question I want you to answer is this, 'Are athletes, in comparison with non-athletes, duller or brighter, and do they tend to be thickheaded?' I thank you for any light you may be able to throw on the subject."

My reply to T/Sgt. Bell w as as follows:

"I do not know what I am letting myself in on when I answer your quorry of a recent date.

"First, I think that it is a general conception that athletes as a whole are dumber than non-athletes. However, it must be considered that an athlete spends two hours a day on intensive training which many times fatigues him and makes him less comprehensive on intensive study. An athlete in order to be eligible for the varsity teams must be passing in more than the average hours carried by a non-athlete.

"In 1930, I collaborated with a number of other educators on the text by Ginn & Company, "Higher Education in America," my chapter being on Organization and Administration of Physical Education and Athletics. May I quote from phases of my contribution on pages 592 and 593.

'We hear little of the thousands of athletes who have graduated and have taken their places as worthy citizens, but we hear much about the undesirable athletes who sift into the institutions and bring them no credit. Many men graduate from college and become prominent in the professions and in business because of their athletic inclinations. Athletics and the urge to play kept them in high school and led them to college. Even though such a primary motive is insufficient, in many instances it helps the boy to the place of larger vision and truer motives.

'Of other undesirable students who matriculate and fail to live up to college standards, however, we hear very little. A recent survey was conducted in one of our Mid-Western universities to determine what percentage of the student body was eligible for athletic competition under the present ruling of twenty-seven hours of passing work the preceding semesters. The findings were interesting. Out of a total enrollment of 4,082 students, 2,197 were found to be eligible and 1,992 ineligible. But it was the average of the women in class standing that brought the average of the student body a little past the 50 percent mark. Of the men students, 1,240 were eligible and 1,461 were ineligible; of the women, 957 were eligible, and 531 were ineligible. Perhaps it is unjust to the athlete to focus so much attention upon the undesirable reflection that he brings upon his school when his class grades render him ineligible for intercollegiate competition.

'In spite of a mass of such statistics which might be compiled there are those who see no remedy for theevils of the system except the abolition of intercollegiate athletics and the establishment of an extensive system of intramurals which will engage the entire student body in a program of play in their stead. The organization of the American college is such that a spirit of rivalry in intramurals could not be sufficiently aroused to take the place of intercollegiate competition. In spite of the fact that nature has endowed us with wonderful powers of substitution, we should have difficulty in finding something else to take the place of our great team games as they are not enshrined in our competitive civilization. Intramurals will always be more or less "fooling play." Competitive athletics will always be serious play. Even if intramurals could supply, in the physical education program, the need for recreation, and at the same time build up the physical body so that it can successfully meet life's demands, with therevenue from athletics taken away, there would be small chance for an appreciable system of intramurals to exist. The sole source of revenue for athletic and play purposes in many of our colleges is from the gate receipts of football games. Especially is this condition true in the colleges of the South. It seems

unjust to say that commercialism isabroad in college life when the extermination of one sport would mean the curtailment of the possibilities of play. When it is a matter of making sports pay for sports, the plan is not commercialism.'

This survey was made at the University of Kansas. You can see that the women students brought up the average. That is because they did not have that extra two hours of intensive, fatiguing, fundamental exercise.

Coaches today do not want the duller or the slow thinking athlete, so at the present time I believe that the best athletes are the brighter ones. But, we still have the thick-headed boy who does not want to work hard and wants to coast through college. Frankly, I think you will find that the opinion varies as to the individual."

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"I hear from Armond Dixon quite regularly, and he seems to be still kicking around. When I left college I figured I would be back in 1945, but seems as if we should move that date to about 1947. Anyway I'll be back no matter when it is. I am always glad to receive the Rebounds - enjoy them tremendously.

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Ramie Beims, Sp. (A) 3/c, Ship's Co. Div. 5, Mil. Tr. Inst. Batt. 9, San Bruno, California; "K" man in basketball in 1940, writes, "Received the June 25th issure of the Rebound today, which reminded me of my neglect to send you my new address.

"I was almost sure I saw Bob Allen at the California Golf Club a week ago Wednesday. His foursome was about four holes behind mine. The distance was always considerable and besides he was in the Army Medical Corps at Bell Memorial, but this fellow had on a navy uniform."

You are right Ramie, that was Bob. Your eyes are awfully good if you can pick a native Kansas out at that distance. Or, do Jayhawkers emanate a fragrant odor that you can tell that species from other species that abound in California. Bob finished his internship at Bell, July 1, 1945. Six days from the time he signed an inquiry from the War Department stating the Navy's need for medical officers, on account of amphibious landings--he had been sworn in, bought his uniforms, made his will, and was on a Union Pacific Pullman headed for Frisco. Bob was staying at my daughter Mary's home, Mrs. Lee Hamilton, 869 Center Drive, Palo Alto, California. Doubtless you have already made contacts with him. You also state that Doc Yokey, pro at Whitehill golf course in Topeka, is instructor and coach on your base. Say hello to him for me.

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On July 19, 1945, S/Sgt. Bob Charlton, 37526424, 598 BMB - Sq. 397, BMB Group, APO 140, c/o P.M. New York, New York, sent a postcard from Saint Quentin, France, showing a beautiful recreation park. I could not identify him as one of the bathers, but he said that he was Carl Knox recently, who is athletic officer from the old bomb group, 320th. Bob says, "He is doing a bang-up job with his usual enthusiasm." Bob passed on a couple of Rebounds to Carl and, they "got homesick as hell together." Bob said that he looked for Dean in Paris, but missed him.

We are glad to state that Bob is back in the States. He and his father are vacationing together in Alexandria, Minnesota. They will return about September 1, when Bob will go into business with his father, Glen Charlton, in the Charlton Insurance Agency, which is one of the oldest firms in Lawrence.

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Both World War I and World War II has been a very interesting experience for Colonel Adrian H. Lindsey, O-200836, Hdq. 96th Inf. Division, APO #96, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. It is unnecessary for anyone to introduce "Ad" Lindsey, as he was so well known on the Kansas Varsity in 1914, '15, and '16. It was Ad's punting that beat the Cornhuskers at Lincoln 7-3 in 1916. Then Ad Lindsey, George "Potsy" Clark, and Howard "Scrubby" Laslett, played on the 89th Division A.E.F. championship football team after the close of World War I hostilities. Upon his return to the States, Ad was assistant football and baseball coach at the University of Kansas, played professional ball for a few years during the summer, and then coached Bethany College, the University of Oklahoma, and then came back to the University of Kansas as head football coach for seven years. "Ad" was in the insurance business before hostilities began and then entered the service in World War II. Before hostilities ceased, Col. Adrian Lindsey was in charge of operations for the 96th Division. In other words, G-3 on General James L. Bradley's staff. He was promoted to the rank of full Colonel on May 20th, 1945. He received the bronze star the month he landed on Okinawa. A year ago last April he was sent with the Fourth Marines as an Army Observer to Saipan. He also has seen action on Leyte with the 96th Division. His wife, Helen Friend Lindsey, together with his daughter, Nancy, is residing in Lawrence for the duration.

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While thinking of old timers, I ran across an old sporting comment of the Jayhawker baseball team. Fred A. Deichmann led the Jayhawk Sluggers with a batting average of 346. The Kansas line-up included such old timers as Hutch Walker - pitcher, Ward - 3 b, Wilson - 1 b, Deichmann - c f, White - s s, Buzick - 1 f, Coolidge - 2b, Davis - r f, Ogden and Benkleman - catcher. "Dike" was described as "The midget who hit them a mile." Fred is one of the most enthusiastic of Jayhawkers on the west coast. His agency is the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. He resides at 607 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 14, California. Fred Deichmann has a son, John, who has been with "Blood and Guts, Patton". John is a Notre Dame man and we have carried on a rather interesting correspondence regarding the outstanding players and teams of the country in basketball. John certainly knows his basketball.

Fred Deichmann wrote saying that he had seen Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ober. Bert and Mrs. Ober have moved to 338 Tamarack St., Carlsbad, California. We regret seeing the Obers leave Lawrence, because for forty years or more, Bert Ober and his clothing store has been a real institution in Lawrence.

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From Lt. Comdr. W. H. Shannon, SC, U.S.N.R., Navy Supply Corps, School Soldiers Field Station, Boston, Massachusetts; comes acknowledgment of the receipt of the Rebound. Commander Shannon never never misses with his usual good cheer. He writes, "Milton is getting along fine in school. We (the faculty) play his softball team tomorrow evening -- he is an excellent pitcher. I saw the Red Sox defeat the Tigers last Sat. P.M." Bill, we shall be anxiously awaiting your return so we can have some more good games of the ancient game of the Scotts at the Lawrence Country Club.

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We in Lawrence were immensely pleased to have Shipman Winter, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Shipman Winter, and Roger Allen, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Rober Allen, home on their furloughs. Shipman had been wounded by shrapnel fragments, and it was a great delight to know that these two boys would not be facing the hell that we feared might await them. The Nip's capitulation did the job for us.

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August 23, 1945---This was a red letter day for all of us at the Allen household. About eleven o'clock, I was busy dictating to my secretary, Marjorie Dinsmore, when the phone rang and Mrs. Allen informed me that Major Fenlon Durand, U.S.M.C., 2nd. Amph. Trac. Bn., FMF, Pacific, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, was at 801 Louisianna with his personable and lovely wife, Katie. "Fen" has seen everything, even up to the last invasion of Okinawa. Perhaps no man in the service has seen any tougher "go" than Fen, and yet he is still that grand fellow with an innate modesty so characteristic of Fen. When he was here at the University he established a Big Six record in the javelin and was one of the forwards on two fine Kansas 'Varsity Basketball teams. Kind, courteous, and forceful, Fen Durand has aged somewhat, but he is not the least bit "hard", nor does he impress you with all the honors that he has won. He and Mrs. Durand were here on their way to "Mrs. Fen's" girlhood home in Fayette, Missouri. It is wonderful to have Fen back with us after he has gone through fifty-seven different kinds of hell, and yet be unscathed in body and soul.

I was scanning a letter that Fen wrote on June 26, 1945. "I have been negligent in writing lately, due primarily to the fact that our censorship has been rigid. A few days ago, however, restrictions were lifted and now I can write of my activities of the past few months."

Fen tells about his leaving Saipen and ready to support the main landings on Okinawa. Since the initial landing was comparatively easy, they returned to Saipen for another few weeks, then re-embarked and landed on Theya Shima and Aguni Shima, which are small islands off the west coast of Okinawa. They embarked again and came back to Okinawa proper.

"We participated in the tail end of the fighting before the island was declared secure on June 21, 1945. At the present time we are camped on a beach near Naha, the capital city of Okinawa, which formerly had a population of 75,000 and in which not one building is intact now. It is difficult to visualize a city approximately the size of Topeka completely leveled by bombs, artillery fire, and flame throwers. Even these people out here played basketball, as evidenced by some remains of basketball courts, gymnasiums and equipment. Dana is still in Europe with the 7th Army. He was hospitalized for about two months with shrapnel wounds in his right leg, the result of an enemy mortar burst. At the present time he is back on duty and undoubtedly will remain in Europe for some time, since it has been indicated that the 7th will remain there.

"Two issues of your "Rebounds" just caught me here on Okinawa. They certainly make excellent reading and they are the only media for keeping up with what many of my buddies are doing. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Allen, your family, and Coach and Mrs. Shenk."

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Lt. (j.g.) G. K. Barker, U.S.S. LST 792, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, writes from Okinawa on the 28th of June, that he and an old Ottawa "buddy", Dave Laury, who is attached to a marine outfit as a doctor, during the discussion found that Dr. Laury's C.O. was Major Fen Durand. They set out in quest of the Major, missed him, but on the second try, contacted Fen. What a bull fest they had! Gerald said, "You can well be proud of that boy Fen Durand, Doc. He is every inch a fine officer and a gentleman. He looks fine and hasn't added any excess weight to that sinewy frame. I found out he is highly respected as a man and officer, and as one of his junior officers related - 'Major Durand is one officer who became a C.O. and didn't cease to be a human being.'"

"Bark" wrote on, "Fen says the two most important pieces of equipment in the Pacific war up to date are the LUT's (amphibious tractors) and the LST's."

"The April 26th issue of "Rebounds" arrived this week and as always I was eagar to read it all. I think they get better all the time, but to paraphrase in the vernacular, "Howinhell do you find time to get everything done?" "I continue to hear from Ernie Vanek and Murray Brown."

"The C.O. of our flotella is a Kansan from Galena, Comdr. Stringer, USNA (1928) and upon meeting him he asked me from whence I came. I stuck out my chest and loudly proclaimed my native state. He immediately replied, 'I knew it, you look prairie bred to me,' and I solemnly assured him he paid me a very high compliment."

"I would appreciate you conveying my regards to Mitt and Bob, also Doan Nesmith and Mr. Quigley. Thanks so much for keeping me supplied with the "Rebounds." "By the way, I thought you might be interested in knowing that even though this island was just declared secure, I saw some fellows playing on a newly constructed basketball court today. Maybe the war time spread of your game is an indication of things to come."

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From Major and Mrs. John M. Stratton at 642 Oak Street, Cincinnati 6, Ohio, Mrs. Kathryn Stratton writes on July 16, "Your latest copy of Rebound has just arrived, and both John and I wish to tell you how very much we enjoy each new issue. Although we are about five years apart in our school associations, there is always something of interest for John and myself. You are really doing a marvelous job with your newsletter! There is only one bit of news which we can offer. John has received his majority on June 30, and is still stationed at Ferrying Division Headquarters here in Cincinnati as Assistant to the Division Flying Safety Officer."

"We are always glad to read the news concerning the Allen family, and send our congratulations to Bob and Mitt on their commissions. John was hoping he would get to see them, but now it looks as though our leave won't materialize until September. We are looking forward to seeing you and Mrs. Allen at that time."

Congratulations Major John and Kathryn on your well-earned promotion. We shall be happy to see you when you come to Lawrence.

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Captain Jack Ballard, 17082781, Troop A. 93rd Cav. Ren. Sq. Mecz., APO 263 c/o Postmaster New York, New York, writes from Simbach, Bavaria, on June 21. "Just a few lines from me and then I will have to run. I received the last copy of the Rebounds, and I want to thank you for Don Eblings address. I sat right down and wrote to him."

"I was more than sorry to hear about Howard Engleman. The same day I received your letter, there was an article in the Starts nad Stripes about how many blood transfusions, plasma injections, and the various shots he had had to sustain in his recovery. I hope that he is back up and on his feet soon."

"There was also an article in the Stars and Stripes about Charley Black getting the DFC. I really think it was swell that he got the high award. These Jayhawkers are really making a name for themselves in this great war. Speaking of awards, I was on the receiving end of the Bronze Star Medal for some action up around Cologne that the General said was heroic action against an enemy of the United States. There really wasn't much to it, and I didn't think that my actions warranted a decoration, but that is how it goes."

"Doc I am late as usual, but if by chance I miss out on seeing Charlie Black, please extend to him my heartiest congratulations on his promotion, and decoration, and above all "congrats" to both him and Terry on that new baby. Here's hoping that I get to see him!"

"We are having a great time over here with our athletic program. Baseball is the predominating game at the present time, but football and basketball will follow in their respective seasons. We are allowed 50% of our time for athletics, and the fellows really eat it up. Isn't that swell?"

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Pvt. T. Bean, 15109155, A Btry, 232 F. Q. Bn., APO 411, c/o Postmaster New York, N.Y., was one of the best basketball players that I have seen in years when he was here with the Army A.S.T.P. He wrote me on the 20th of June from Austria, that he was still receiving our Rebounds and that he was glad of it. He says, "I've lost most all contact with the basketball world here in Austria, and your paper serves as a good intermediary. I was particularly interested in your story about the all big six center, Johnson."

"I'm sitting down here near Kufstein, Austria now with the 42nd Division and I guress we will occupy this country until they set up their own government. I get to shoot a few baskets now and then on an outside court, but how I do miss that sport! I can't wait to get back to the states and to school. I hope I'm lucky enough to play three more years of ball under you. I had a great time while I was in Kansas and I hope to return there. Best of luck to you and your ball clubs."

Ted, nothing would make us happier than to see you enroll at the University of Kansas. You really can handle that casaba in the most approved fashion. Don't forget the station, Lawrence, Kansas, U.S.A. It would be a great delight to shake your paw and welcome you as one of our adopted Jayhawkers.

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Lt. (j.g.) Glen Cunningham, U.S.N.R., Training Department, Civic Center Room #355, San Diego, California, the fastest human and one of the finest fellows that I have ever met, writes on July 4, from his bivouac thanking us for the Rebound and says, "It is always a real treat to get any bit of news from or about friends and the University. My duty here in San Diego has been very pleasant but is rapidly coming to an end. At present I'm awaiting orders to move out of here. In fact I thought I'd be gone before this. Don't know where they will send me but it will probably be sea duty or some advanced base.. It's time they gave the boys who have been out there several months a chance to come home and rest, and give those of us who have had shore duty, the experience of facing the enemy. Fortunately my family have been with me most of the time. They left only last Thursday."

"Since entering the service I've met many Kansans. Several are in the District here holding down responsible positions. I frequently meet others as they come in off their ships. Walt Steiger, Lieutenant who is in the transportation office, arranged for reservations for my family back to Kansas via Banners Ferry, Idaho, where they will visit my parents before going on to Kansas. Roland Logan, Lt. Comdr. is head of the Physical Rehabilitation Program at the hospital and is doing a splendid piece of work. Several of the men he has trained have been advanced and taken to other hospitals to head the programs there."

"Wherever I go from here I'll look forward to receiving the Rebounds. From varied sources I've kept somewhat informed of your many activities. You're doing a grand job on the home front. I can't see where you get all the energy for all the things you do."

"I'll be extremely happy and I know all the others will be when this horrible mess is ended and we can return home. Kansas is and always has been the grandest place in all the world to me. The weather herehas been a bit unusual. There have been a few mornings of liquid sunshine. The others have been foggy. What I wouldn't give to see a Kansas sunrise."

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Lt. (j.g.) Clifford M. Shenk, USNR, Armed Guard, S. S. Sam Jackson, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, a brother of our head man of football, Mr. Henry Shenk, states, "It has been better than fifteen years since I graduated from good old Lawrence High and enrolled "on the Hill". However, it seems only a few years since I was playing football on that school's team, first under Severt Higgins and then under Melvin Griffin, two of the finest men and coaches I ever know. I was indeed fortunate to have had them for coaches. They stood as powerful examples of the success of the athletic department of Kansas University."

Note: Severt Higgins was one of the Kansas football immortals who played in the 1920 Nebraska game, but who died while coaching the Lawrence High School.

"I was interested to hear about my former coach, Mel Griffin. I had talked to Mrs. Griffin over the phone last Fall while in Long Beach, so knew he was an officer in the Marine Corps. There is no question but that he is doing a lot to make that the splendid fighting outfit that it is."

"I am getting to see a great deal of the Pacific. Have visited a great many ports both in New Guinea and the Phillippines. As a commanding officer I have the good fortune to be allowed ashore in many places where it would be impossible otherwise. I have not run across many of the fellows I knew at K.U. but hope to do so. I went through indoctrination at the University of Arizona with Carney Smith and Bus Burchamm. Ralph Graham of K. State was one of my buddies there also. I was surprised and pleased the other day to bump into him on the street in a port in the Phillippines. Ralph is doing an All-American job as recreational officer at the Navy Base there. I need not tell you, I guess, that he is a splendid athlete, a fine sportsman, and an all-round swell guy. We had a good visit and I hope to see him again while out this way."

"Apparently you think that the prospects for football for this Fall are pretty good. Naturally I am vitally interested in the success of Henry's teams. I know that with a fairly even break his teams will come out on top. (Maybe I'm prejudiced). By the way, you might do me a favor and cast a hint to him that his kid brother in the Pacific would like to hear from him a little more often."

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Mrs. Allen and I were happy to hear from R. T. Fairchild, Mch/2c, USS Wharton, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, on August 4. Bob wrote at sea, saying "It would be nice if your son Bob were stationed on my ship. Don't be surprised when this mess is over to see me come bursting in, HA!"

Bob Fairchild was stationed at the University of Kansas with the first contingent of Machinists Mates. Mrs. Allen and I met him and several others at church service, and asked Bob home to dinner with us. We are glad, Bob, that you plan to come back and visit us "for old time's sake."

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Ensign Russell J. Chitwood

On Friday, the 24th of August, we were shocked and grieved when we learned of the death of Ensign Russell J. Chitwood, Navy Ferry Pilot and star end on the Kansas 'Varsity Football team of '37, '38, and '39. Russell was killed Tuesday in the collision of his plane and an Army B-25 training plane near Rodeo, New Mexico, the 11th Naval District announced. "Russ" was flying a Navy Fighter based at San Pedro, Cal. His widow lives in Long Beach, California. Russell was the sone of R. A. Chitwood of Conway Springs, Kansas.

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We just received a letter from our Bob Allen this morning, Aug. 27, stating that he has left his hospital at San Franciscowith 263 patients for Camp Lejeune, New River, North Carolina. He will fly back, and if possible, if he is lucky, and the breaks come his way, he may be able to drop off a few hours to visit his wife, Jean in Topeka. We are trying to make arrangements whereby we can pick him up and all of us meet at one central point for a short few hours' reunion. Bob thinks that it is a cinch that he will be in the service of the Navy from 18 to 24 months from the present.

Note: August 29, 1945 - We just received a wire from Bob from Washington, D. C. He will fly to Kansas City tonight where we will meet him and drive him to Topeka where Jean, his wife, is not well. The good Dr. Pfuetze would not let Jean travel.

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Mrs. Allen and I also received a letter from one of our, and of our whole family's very good friends, Lt. (j.g.) H. C. "Cliff" McWilliams, USS Nehenta Bay, (CVE-74) Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, dated June 13. Long time no see, Cliff.

Cliff says, "Where there is smoke there is fire, and you've probably heard via the grape vine that I was on my way to the Pacific. This I speak of in the past tense. I am now there, and have been for over two months. In fact I am now salty enough to have a slight bow in my legs. The passageways are much too low for a man of my stature, (6ft. 4½"). I have a head that is slightly out of proportion due to the numerous knocks on the noggin. I have been seasick twice. And, like Mark Twain, I felt that if I lived through those periods it would be tragic. but now my equilibrium seems more adapted to that of the roll and pitch idea. There have been many occasions when I have muttered to myself - home was never like this - or - man's place is in the home beside woman - or such similar sweet sounding phrases. And incidentally this brings up a subject which is so often discussed but never is a reality. Women! Most of the boys are married and they certainly do miss their wives. For us single men, I believe we find solace in seeing Lana Turner at the Cinema which has a time lag of about two years in current features. We have seen the same movies so many times we anticipate the actors' lines. I have come to the point where I find Laurel and Hardy sure academy award winners!"

"Well, I will close by saying that in the test of stern reality there is still a sense of humor that exists. The utter fantasy of some of the events through which we have, by God's grace survived, the fantasy of these have on occasion somewhat bewildered me. Through all the days and night's activity, however, there runs a strain of mental reflection and a gradual formulation of a certainty of purpose and an awareness of just what is the better life."

"My hair should be turning gray, but it isn't. However it has a tendency to stand up pretty straight at times. I would give up a week's leave and Sunday deserts to see you people now. I plan on darkening your door again so instruct the local militia accordingly."

Cliff, the Mayor, chief of police, and the leader of the town band have been notified to be on the alert for news of your coming. We will welcome you with open arms.

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Commander R. E. Laub writes to thank us for disseminating, as he describes it, interesting news of former K.U. boys who are now in the armed forces. He says, "I have enjoyed it so much that I want to give you my change in address so I will continue to receive it. My new address is: Commander R. E. Lamb, 2367 North Quebec, Arlington, Virginia, and my new duty station is at the Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Washington D.C. I have just recently been promoted to commander and had transferred to the regular Navy shortly before the war, so I expect to remain in the Navy for as long as they will have me. I have just completed a two year post graduate course at the U. S. Naval Academy in Radio Engineering and expect to be doing radio engineering work in the Bureau of Aeronautics for a good while. We just bought our house here in Arlington and hope to be in Washington for awhile. If you have the occasion to visit Washington, I would be honored to have you look me up. You can reach me at the Navy Department, Bureau of Aeronautics, Radio and Electrical Section, or at my home.

Thanks Commander R. E., I will make a notation, and hope to see you sometime. We are very proud of you.

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Lt. W. C. "Dub" Hartley, Control & Planning Division, Bldg. 201 Ft. Mason, San Francisco, California, writes that he is enjoying the Rebounds, as is Lt. F. B. Park of Cha nute, Kansas, USS Stockdale, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

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Lt. (j.g.) Wm. Murray Brown, NAS Theatre, Corpus Christi, Texas, writes that he is curious to know if we are still continuing, Dr. Allen's "Happy Hour on the Hill." Murray says, "Lucy is still here and trying to enjoy this insufferably hot weather. The humidity of this country is terrific and you can just stand around and perspire. Sam Barry, famous basketball coach at the University of Southern California, has been transferred to Chicago, and Lt. Commander Larry Mullins is our new athletic officer." Murray, an old Warrensburg Teachers and Rockhurst College star, took his masters degree here at the University.

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I have two letters from two very fine Haskell Indian Institute boys. Pvt. James E. Williams, 1005995, Recruit Depot U.S.C.B., Sea School, San Diego 41, California, was a Junior Rotarian in Lawrence, and one of the all-around athletes and leaders at his school. Jim says, "After only two weeks of training I was transferred here for Sea School. I never thought I would be a Sea School Marine. Our basic training here is much like Officers Training."

"The way the city of San Diego is camouflaged is really amazing. There is a huge net completely covering the city and most of the buildings that are not covered by nets are painted four or five different colors to blend in with its terrain. Our roof tops and parade grounds are so painted that they look like streams and bushes from the air."

"How is the Rotary Club? I got a lot out of those meetings getting to meet all those swell fellows and shake their hand."

Pvt. Jaco Severs - 37812257, Co. "C", 114th Bn., 78th Regt., Camp Robinson, Arkansas, writes, "I feel I am a former Jayhawker, which has always been my wish. I want to attend K.U. when this is over. I wrote to Coach Hitt Allen. He'll be shipping out soon I guess."

Pft. Severs played on Lt. (j.g.) Hilton Allen's Haskell basketball team last winter after Kansas varsity "K" man, '40 and '41, Coach Marvin Vandaveer entered the service. Jim Williams was a star on both the football and basketball team but enlisted in the marines immediately after football season.

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Delmar L. Curry, Y3c, NSD -- Navy 3205, FPO, San Francisco, California, tennis great, and "K" man, '34, '35, and '36, writes on July 31, from the Admiralty Islands. "Arrival of your Rebounds certainly provides one of the mail highlights of the month. Seems grand to hear about all the fellows we haven't been able to see in years."

"Our main duty here at the Naval Supply Depot continues to be the same-- to see that the Fleet gets the million and one things needed to keep the Fleet trains operating. However, we have just opened a new Recreation Center which is supposed to be the fanciest in the Southwest Pacific. We have five quonsets given over to a library, writing, reading and game rooms with indirect lighting, stained built-ins and other comforts of stateside duty. Our library has a newspaper section that really rivals the one at the University except that we're about five weeks late in getting them. We get all the leading papers from throughout the country and we keep up pretty well on the Kansas news through the Kansas City Star and Topeka Daily Capital. I have general supervision of the Welfare & Recreation program and as you might guess I'm enjoying it thoroughly. We are completing an elaborate athletic field with three diamonds, basketball courts, handball, etc. Just had Johnnie Bradley added to our staff. He's from San Francisco and knows a lot of our boys--Ebling, Pralle, Wells, etc. having played against them in National AAU tournaments when he was with the Olympic Club."

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1st. Lieutenant W. L. Hough, O-551460, Co. "E", 32oth Inf. Regt., APO 35, c/o P.M. New York, N.Y. writes as of July 29th, "Looks like we'll be taking off for the States pretty soon. It certainly gives a person a grand feeling to know he's getting back to God's country. Because no matter how much of Europe I have seen, there isn't anything here that can compare with the U.S.A."

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Cpl. James R. Harris, 37722660, Hq. Co., 2 Bn., 343 Inf., APO 450, Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, famous miler and two miler, and "K" man in '39 and '40, says, "I have seen a lot of Europe since my last letter to you. It started in January when I went overseas with the 86th Infantry Division. After six weeks of training I was on my way with the Blackhawks. I was not giving Physical Training, but was glad to be in condition from the work. It was quite a let down to go from the Air Corps to the Infantry. The work in the E.T.Q. soon kept me busy and I forgot my past experiences I was placed in the Hq. Co. and the I & R section. The important duty - reconnaissance, which placed the section out on patrol. It was interesting and exciting sometimes. I was in Mannheim, Germany after peace came, and at that time read about Bill Hargiss and Dean. I was going to attend the school, but we shipped to France and then back to the states."

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Ensign Paul L. White, U.S.N.R., VB 4-2, Jak Municipal 1, Jacksonville, Fla., swimmer delux, graduate, and "K" man in swimming '38, '39, and '41, writes on Aug. 7. "At present I am in Jacksonville, Florida, but expect to be sent to the west coast and from there to the war zone very shortly. In my present duty I am flying the new Navy PB4Y2, which is a lot of airplane."

I am happy, Paul, that you will not be required to go through with the assignment that was planned for you and for the other boys.

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Chief Specialist Stephen L. Meade, Receiving Station, Naval Station, Seattle, Washington, incloses a tear sheet from the Great Lakes Bulletin showing, "UP IN THE AIR IN A GOAL-HI GAME. Two Service Schools Goal-Hi teams playing Goal-Hi." He wrote, "Goal-Hi has become one of the Service Schools Athletic Department's most popular sports and now has a leading spot in the department's extensive intramural program. Here you see four men in the air simultaneously, count the feet, not the men."

Thanks, Steve, for sending me a photograph of the men in action. When I first invented this Goal-Hi game I, of course, was not thinking of the great demand for this type of game in the service. The incentive that caused me to originate this game with a circular court, was stimulated by the thought of the possibility of the heavy outdoor basketball goal board being blown over on the children and on the playground. We had such a goal in our back yard, and I was always fearful of a fatality to the youngsters. When the war first broke out, we shipped a couple of them to Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, and they liked them so well that the game spread rapidly. To date I have received five clippings similar to the one you sent me, which shows the widespread interest in this new game. Thanks to you "Fella."

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I was pleased to receive a letter from Major K. E. Wilson, 0-917704, Hdqs. 30th Fighter Group, APO 374, c/o P.M. New York, N. Y., from Rhiems. The Major, a college of Emporia graduate, wrote asking that I be an arbitrator in settling the old argument. "Which state or section of the country plays the best basketball?" In that way the Rebound came into his reading habit. Thank you Major for your cooperation in sending me the name of a fine athlete, who we hope will matriculate at the University of Kansas after he has been released by the point system. I certainly shall remember you to "Ab" Hinshaw, or any other of the old Emporia crowd when I meet up with them in the near future.

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On the sixth of July we had the pleasure of entertaining Lt. Co. Jose Baudean, of the Uruguayan Army, who was attending the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. First Lieutenant Karl E. Gay, George Washington University alumnus, '37, was Col. Baudean's interpreter. The Colonel came over and spent the day with us, studying our system of American physical training and interdollegiate athletics. He was sent to this country by his government to study the American athletic system, and he has sole charge of incorporating into the Uruguayan system, his conception of these activities. He thinks our system will be most helpful to the youth of his nation. It was a great pleasure to have this distinguished guest with us.

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Speaking of brothers, here's one for the books. On July 19, J. F. Gilliland, the principal of Hutchinson High School, and the father of three sons in the service, Bob, Charles, and Don, writes me as follows:

"Bob and Charles were both stationed at Pearl Harbor for two or three months around the last of the year." Mrs. Gilliland has two sisters living in Honolulu. The boys were able to spend quite a little time during their leaves at the home of one or the other of these aunts. About the middle of January Don, on a B-29 on his way to the Mariannas, stopped in Honolulu for 48 hours. He managed a pass and the three boys spent some time together at the home of one of thier aunts.

"Both Bob and Don are stationed in the Mariannas; Bob about half way between Guam and Japan. On a return trip from Japan Don stopped at Bob's station for gas. Having three days' rest period coming up, he was permitted to spend 48 hours there.

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Glenn A. Oatman, Cox'n. USNR, XVJ-25, FPO - New York, N.Y., was the Big Six Champion golfer in '36 and '37. When I went to Chicago to attend the meeting of Rotary International I was pleasantly surprised en route to find Glen Oatman, who was on his way from the Pacific to Washington, D.C. I told Glenn to have a visit with Brig. Gen. Julius Holmes, an old Lawrence boy. Glenn reports that he had a nice visit with our fellow townsman and writes, "We were in Washington only a short time when I was transferred to XVJ-25, Atlantic Fleet for duty. I had a long talk with Lt. Comdr. Shannon at the Harvard Supply Corps School in Boston. I hope to be sent back to Boston for discharge proceedings, which I should be eligible for soon under the 44 critical point requirement."

"If I am discharged in the near future, Beth and I will probably return to Lawrence for a short visit with my Dad. While there I will endeavor to see you and my other old friends. I might even play a round of golf with you at the Country Club, though I probably couldn't break 80 after three years of absence."

I fear that is an understatement Glenn, because I remember your fine exhibition on the K.U. Golf team when you won your letters in '36 and '37, and later when you won the Kansas Open Amateur and the Missouri Open Amateur Championship. At any rate, we shall be immensely pleased to have you back with us for some of our varsity games this Fall.

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T/S Jack Adams, 37512893, Btry. A. 777 A.A.A. (AW) Bn., APO 758, c/o P.M. New York, N.Y., writes on June 26, from Germany, "It looks as if it will be some time before I can drop by and see you, as I have 70 points, and I have to stay and watch after these Krauts. Germany is a nice country. A fellow wonders how anyone like them would want a war. I've been in the sixth armored division. I suppose you have heard plenty of it, like Brest, Nancey, Saarbrucken, Frankfurt, and many other places. Please send me the Rebounds so I can follow you, it is the finest college paper I've seen so far. Hope to see you by Christmas."

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Just this morning, August 28, 1945, I am happy to acknowledge a letter from Lt. A. D. "Don" Cooper, USNR, U.S. Navy Pre-Flight, St. Marys College, California, who was a brilliant half-back on the Kansas varsity, in '27 and '28. Don writes me that it looks as if he will soon be in civilian life one more. Don states, "I have been in the Navy now for over three years. During this time I was eleven months at Iowa Pre-Flight, as an instructor in Gym and Tumbling - coaching, etc. I served fourteen months in the South Pacific and have spent the rest of my duty here at St. Marys Pre-Flight. I am teaching Gym and Tumbling and Relaxation here. This Relaxation is a course put in to teach the Cadets how to relax. As you probably know, I have my Masters in Physical Education from Ohio State University."

"This Navy life has been a wonderful experience, but I am eager to get back in my field. Regards to Mrs. Allen.

Clyde Coulson stopped by on Aug. 28, 1945. He came to see his family in Wichita and was on his way back to his base in Batavia, N. Y. He is hoping for his discharge soon.

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On August 24, 1945, I received a letter from an old Kansas loyal alumnus, A. N. Murphey, Assistant Trust Officer of the First National Bank and Trust Co., in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. "Murph's" son is Lt. A. N. Murphy and was on the mailing list and it had been returned. So, we had to write to his papa to get the correct address. We sent Lt. Murphy's Rebound to his father and in acknowledging it he said, "I thank you for your letter of August 22nd and the copies of Rebounds which I have read, enjoyed and forwarded to my son. You will be interested to know that Cob Burnside returned home this week and that he is out of the Navy."

Welcome home "Cob", things will seem natural now again when we take our Jayhawks to play the Oklahoma Sooners, and we see your familiar and amiable countenance at the hotel and also on the sidelines of the Sooner-Jayhawk game. Things have not been the same without you "Cob," and too, I know your family will enjoy the return to their familiar haunts.

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In our Jayhawk Rebound #17, dated July 25, 1945, we related that Mary "Mimi" Nettels was one of the 334 Kansas seniors who marched down Mt. Oread for her commencement exercises. Just a week after graduation, "Mimi" was stricken with Anterior Poliomyelitis (Infantile Paralysis). She has been at the Bell Memorial Hospital since that time. I received a letter from George Nettels, her father, former captain of the 1920 Kansas Football Team. He stated that "Mimi" was getting along as well as could be expected and that she would be happy to see any of her friends, either in the morning or the afternoon, as her type of illness would not call for restriction of visitors. "Mimi" I have been expecting to drop by and see you but haven't been out of Lawrence since your temporary illness. I am coming up to see you real soon. I assure you that we are pulling for your speedy recovery. With the characteristic Nettels' fight, I am sure that you will definitely make the grade.

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We received a letter written on Sept. 6, by Capt. Forrest M. Chapman, O-1297497, R.O.T.C., High School, Leavenworth, Kansas. He writes, "I was sent here to Leavenworth High School as PMS & T. Being so close to home and K.U. is almost too good to believe. You can bet I'll be present for those basketball games. Also Coach Shenk will get another spectator. I haven't seen a football game for four years. I haven't seen a Shenk Coached team since I played for him as a freshman at Paola High."

"Have had letters from Harold Hawkins from Manilla and Dick Harris from the U.S.S. Lubbock, recently. Hope they can join me in spectating soon."

"Alice and I just moved in to a beautiful little house. We must be living right to have such luck. If you are in Leavenworth look us up at 411 Elm."

"I'm hoping some of the boys will call me and drop in when they are separated here. With best wishes for a championship club."

We are delighted, Capt. Forrest, that you got a break in obtaining that beautiful little home. I assure you that you have got some breaks coming to you. We hope this will be symptomatic of many more to come.

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We just received a clever bit of news showing a caricature of a youngster upside down, announcing the birth of Frank John Anneberg, Jr. on August 29, 1945. Where's the quart of water, Frank? The announcement reads that his fighting weight was seven pounds eight ounces. Congratulations Major and Mrs. Anneberg!

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In our golf foursome last Friday at the Lawrence Country Club, with Dr. H. T. Jones, and Messrs. Irving Hill, Ogden Jones, and myself; Dr. Jones gave me the very pleasant news that Major Hiram P. Jones had received his orders to report to Naples on Sept. 4, for embarkation to the good old U.S.A. After three years of exceptional service we will all be mighty happy to welcome Dr. Penny back to his old stomping grounds.

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Saturday morning, Sept. 8, we were very pleasantly surprised, in our office here in Robinson Gymnasium, by a call from Major Paul Randall Harrington. Major Paul played on three of Kansas Varsity Champion basketball teams in the years '32, '33, and '34. He also won letters in track, tossing the javelin in a winning way. Dr. Paul, still has the winsomeness and the personality that made him one of the most popular men on Mt. Oread. He captained the Jayhawkers in basketball in his senior year. Dr. Paul was stationed in England, France, and Germany, and he has seen a lot of service. His speciality is orthopedics and when he came through Saturday, he was making a thousand mile trip to the Gulf, and coast states with a view of establishing his practice at some seaside location. He has gone nautical in a big way. Paul said, "The seaside breezes for me, with a nice yacht." So, Paul, we are putting in our bid for a cruise with you when you are established. Don't forget the priority in reservations from your old coach and his family.

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At any moment we are expecting thereturn of Colonel Lyle S. Powell, who is returning after four years service in India with the Chinese forces. I think I am correct on Dr. Powell's service location and his years of tenure. Col. Powell is a veteran of two World Wars, and he has done outstanding research service for this nation and for others. Another Lawrence Physician is Dr. Powell, who had made a great contribution.

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I received a very pleasant telephone call from Mrs. Margaret Stratton, the mother of Major John Stratton, saying that Major John is to be discharged from the Air Transport Command in which he has served so well. We are expecting Major John and his wife to return to Lawrence in a very short while.

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On Monday morning, Sept. 10, Major Forrest G. Stith, of Jefferson City, Missouri, (a brother of one of our standbys in the Journalism Department) surprised us with a visit. Major Forrest is an old friend of ours, he having coached at Monroe City, Mo. Coach Stith in those days was a very ambitious and successful coach. He came to the University to take work under Dr. Nesmith, Potsy Clark, and Karl Schlademan. He also took my basketball course and we enjoyed the association very much. Major Stith is a veteran of both World War I and World War II. In World War I he was a member of Company H, 4th Missouri Infantry. This Infantry, with Co. H of the 3rd Kansas Infantry, formed the 139th of the 35th Division, which was President Harry Truman's Division. In World War II, he served with the 486th Bombardment Squadron, 340th Bomb Group, as an Intelligence Officer. The 340th supported the British 8th Army through Tunisia, the American 7th and British 8th across Sicily, and from the toe of Italy through the Brenner Pass, the British 8th and American 5th.

Major Stith's victory ribbon of the first World War shows three battle stars, and his Mediterranean-European theatre ribbon of Worl War II, shows eight campaign stars. He also wears a unit citation awarded to the unit for outstanding work in close support of the infantry in Tunisia and Sicily; and an oak leaf cluster for sinking a Gorman battleship in La Spezia harbor.

Major Stith is now on thirty days leave and reports for duty at Santa Ana, California.

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Mrs. Hulteen just phoned and said not to mail George's Rebound to him; and that looks to us as though he might be coming home soon!

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The day that you boys have been fighting for since Pearl Harbor is here. I do not know how many more Rebounds will be necessary. Certainly I have made up in bulk what I have lacked in promptness in getting this Rebound to you. I have had a very difficult time getting it out, but I assure you that we will not let any of you boys down, even though you do not return to the states for quite some time. These communications, of necessity, will be more brief, but we will give you boys, (on the various occupation areas) the news as it comes to us.

But, the home front is not all rosy. The peace, for which we are all so thankful for, came so suddenly that it disjointed business in its kaleidoscopic change. It is predicted that eight million men will be out of work by the time snow flies. But, the phychology of business, by this time, is firm and optomistic. Your Commander in Chief is doing a great job in dropping many controls and clearing the track in a splendid reconversion program. In the next month, we will have millions back for work, so you boys who are still in the service, don't race your motors. I know how you feel, naturally you will say, "Who are these guys to give us this kind of advice?"

When you do get back and take advantage of the educational angle of the G. I. Bill of Rights, you doubtless will have the "best go" so far as the benefits to the servicemen are concerned. That much talked of two thousand dollar loan is largely a myth. It sounded good, but practically, you can't borrow two thousand dollars from any bank, or anybody else, unless your individual credit is good for two thousand dollars. Your service record may be good for some things, but these bankers won't loan money on that. But the educational advantages will pay off.

The authorities say that we will have a depression, but the pall for much mental anguish will not be like the 1930-33 depression; not as bad or as pessimistic, but it will be plenty tough on people while it lasts. War orders were cancelled so rapidly and so many factories were closed that naturally millions of people are out of work. About nine months from now the authorities think that we will be on the biggest upswing of prosperity that we have ever faced, and this prosperity will continue for at least five years.

Howunlike the period following the last World War. The boys came back, they were out of jobs, prices were high, and they had to pay twice as much for a suit of clothes as when they entered the service, and there were no jobs to be had. This time it has got to be different.

New automobiles will be pegged at their 1942 prices. Of course, the black market boys are reaping a bonanza now, because people are paying any price for a car.

Labor will fight for a higher wage rate. Industry will ask for higher ceiling prices, but government will hold them off for a while.

But why should I endeavor to describe to you something that may not exist at all? Ed Howe, the deceased sage of Potato Hill, said, "I spent most of my life worrying about things, 90% of which never happened." But when we on the sidelines think of Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oak, and San Francisco, these names mean so much to us that we pull at the work ahead. Certainly there will be plenty of things for you boys to do, things that you will want to do, things that you have a right to do. So, when you come back to old Mt. Oread, go to the west door of Robinson Gymnasium, walk straight south to the end of the hall, and turn into the office for a great big welcome which awaits you. Gosh, it will be swell to have you back.

Most sincerely yours,

Dr. Forrest C. Allen

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:MED

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt announced the National Defense Program, college men and organizations all over the country voiced their desire to help in the preparedness of the Nation by a larger physical education program. After the football season the Big-Six faculty representatives and athletic directors emphasized their willingness to cooperate in this venture. During the Christmas meeting in New York the National Collegiate Athletic Association reemphasized it.

The action of the faculty representatives and athletic directors of the Big-Six Conference in cutting the basketball squads to ten men for travel and home games seems not only discriminatory but paradoxical. In football 33 men is the limit; in basketball 10 men. Three times as many men that comprise a football team are taken on a trip while but two times as many basketball men are permitted to go on trips.

In the Mayo Clinic's research at Rochester, it has been discovered that the peak of fatality after operations occurred during the months of January and February, owing to the fact that the sun's rays are the shortest at that time and the vitality of the individual the lowest. Flu and the common cold have taken a great toll and have weakened the individual beyond resistance.

Flu runs rampant all through the basketball season, weakening the players' heart action and subjecting them to strain in addition to the vigorous game of basketball; therefore, it is necessary that the coach substitute frequently to conserve the health and strength of the boys. With this limit on the number of players there are not enough men on the squad to do the job satisfactorily. Not only is it discriminatory but it is paradoxical when our athletic leaders say to the Nation that they desire to increase the number of participants, when by counteraction they decrease the number of participants.

The Big-Six faculty representatives and athletic directors further went on record by saying that in case of a tied championship, the like of which happened last year when Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas ended in a triple tie, the best offensive and defensive record of the team will be taken into account and no actual play-off will be necessary.

By this rule they will force the coach to play already fatigued players for the sake of percentage, when the game is already actually won or lost. Under the old plan, a fresh substitute on the bench could get his reward for his many hours of patient practice by getting into the game. But under the present plan of comparing the best offensive and defensive record of the teams, then there is nothing for the coach to do but to [redacted] the players who can make the best record. This of course applies only when there is a tied championship, but from the time that the season starts until it finishes, the coach will be laboring under the feeling that he has an opportunity to win and therefore he will not play his substitutes who might deserve to get into the game but who might allow the opponents a percentage advantage.

can't win the game

Coach George Edwards of Missouri states that his faculty representative informed him that but ten men could be suited up at home and therefore eligible to play in the home game. The only hope that many players had was to get into a home game that was already won or lost, and if this rule is put into effect than it will naturally discourage the players who have come out for practice in the hope that they might get into some home game, although they might not be valuable enough to be taken on a trip. Therefore this rule is actually discouraging the number of students who indulge in physical exercise rather than encouraging them to do so.

Further than this, the Big-Six this year cut the allowable number of games from 20 to 18, while the Big-Ten, the larger organization that the Big-Six was patterned after, has for years permitted their schools to compete in 20 games. Again, instead of allowing greater athletic participation they are curtailing it.

Basketball does not incur a deficit. On the other hand a tidy net profit above equipment and coaching expenses is assured, ~~for this game~~. Consequently, the same economies that might be practiced in a sport showing a deficit would not necessarily be imperative here.

Summing up all the legislation that has happened in the last year, it seems as if there is discouragement in physical participation and also a definite danger to the health in the legislation made in regard to basketball numbers and participation.

At the present time I find myself absolutely ~~impossible~~ unable to pick the first ten men that will make the trip to Norman. Influenza riddled our squad on the eastern trip and we have at the present time three or four men definitely weakened from the effects of flu. Therefore, it is necessary to take a larger squad on account of this illness than the rules permit, and with the beginning of the season and an inexperienced squad I find that this rule definitely works a handicap. Of course, we will follow the rules, although I think they were discriminatory and not thought out fully, especially when we consider the health and welfare of our boys.