## JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

April 26, 1945

No. 15

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

I have just returned from KFKU where I reviewed for Professor John Hankins of the English Department of the University, John R. Tunis' book on "Yea! Wildcats!" published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is Mr. Tunis' first basketball stery. Previously he had written baseball, football and tennis sport stories. But this, I believe, is his first effort with a basketball story.

About ten years age I had a very interesting experience with Mr. Tunis. He wrote for Harper's, "Badminton, The Fastest Growing Game in the World." I challenged Mr. Tunis' authenticity on badminton as being the fastest growing game in the world and wrote him giving authoritative statements to the effect that basketball was the fastest growing game in the world. I contended that ever 52 nations played basketball, numbering 20 million players among its participants. And in the United States alone there were a hundred million spectators attending the games annually - this according to the U. S. Chamber of Commerce reports to the federal government.

Mr. Tunis and I had a very interesting and heated series of written communications, and finally he came out to Lawrence, Kansas, for an interview. I found him a very highly entertaining and provocative gentleman. We soon settled our score, much to the pleasant reaction of both of us, and new since he has written "Yea! Wildcats!" I feel that basketball made a definite impression upon him. I found that he had been to Europe sixteen times and had never been west of the Mississippi ence. He had Harvard affiliations and at that time was sending a nephew through Harvard University.

He was greatly delighted with the campus of the University of Kansas. It was just as if he had stepped into a new world so far as his previous experiences were concerned. Mr. Tunis said, "Will you take me over the campus?" And I said I would be delighted. So we get in the Buick and as we drove a long I pointed out the buildings with their traditions. We drove around Watkins Memorial Hospital and I showed him the beautiful hospital and the home of Mrs. Watkins, the benefactress. We had just gone past Mrs. Watkins' residence and swung in front of Watkins and Miller Halls when a young woman with muscular frame, red hair, square face, and a straightforward glance came north from the old Spooner-Thayer library. Mr. Tunis said, "Stop!", jerked open the door and jumped out with a wild exclamation to this young woman, "Who's the President of Czechoslevakia?" I will never forget the glance of that girl from the Western Kansas plains when she looked at that young would-be masher, in her opinion. To save the day, I jerked open my door and said, "Pardon me, this is Mr. Tunis from New York. He is visiting our campus and interviewing our students." With the great est air of disdain and a casual summing up of the individual, and with a quick snap she said, "Why, Benesch, of course."

With great glee he raised his arms in exclamation and said, "Good! Good! Good!" He thought he was mixing among primitive people! He was so surprised and delighted to think that a student walking across the campus would know

international affairs to such a marked degree. But it wasn't outstanding at all because the radios were blazing forth the crack-pat Hitler's wildly inflammatory remarks preparatory to taking over Czechoslovakia.

Then he asked me to take him down to one of the girls' fraternities (sererities). He was going out on the Santa Fe noon train, so this being just before noon I stopped at the Pi Phi house on the way down. We entered and went down to the basement to the large lounge where a dozen girls were passing the half hour before lunch time. These girls will remain anonymous, but I remember each and every one of them. First he asked, "What papers do you read?" And this well-read girl said, "The New York Times and the Chicago Tribune." That opened his eyes further. The next one he asked, "Would you marry a negro?" That remark was quite satisfactory. And so we ran the gamut of a dozen questions to the girls, and with each answer the intelligence of the girls rated A plus with Mr. Tunis.

Now he wanted to see one of the boys clubs (fraternities). You know they do not have fraternities and sererities in the eastern schools. Woodrow Wilson abolished all fraternities at Princeton when he was president of Princeton University. The Phi Psi house was our next stop because it was conveniently close to our route to the railway station. It was now 12 o'clock and the 18 boys assembled in the sun room at the Phi Psi house were hungry, but affable. The boys, reading Mr. Tunis' mind, came up to the high mental standards that he found to exist among the girls.

Never was a man so much elated, and I might add, as agreeably surprised as was Mr. Tunis. He said, "Allen, this is one of the most wonderful places in the world. I would like to come back here in a month and stay. I could find a story that would be marvelous." It is not necessary for me to tell you what a bang I got out of his coming because he quickly learned how little the easterners know of the wonders and the advancement of our country. He said, "The students here are fresh - fresh, I mean intelligently affable, responsive. They've got everything." (As if we hadn't known it before!)

I have traveled from one end of the country to the other and I find the people in this section have the best health, the best physiques, and the best gumption, generally speaking. In the first World War Kansas excelled the nation so far as rejections were concerned. Kansas had the fewest of any state in the union per capita. In the second World War only Oregon rates ahead of her. You will pardon this burst of justifiable pride.

Now, back to Mr. Tunis. Mr. Tunis is a debunker of intercollegiate sport. Several years age he wrote for Harper's, "The Great God Football", which was a typically debunking story, and he has followed through consistently. Formerly he was tennis expert for the New York Times. He is a brilliant writer and a worthy protagonist. I have a very high regard for his intelligence and ability as a writer.

I thought I might briefly review this basketball story, "Yea! Wildcats!" for you because fittingly Mr. Tunis has chosen as the setting for his story the state of Indiana, with the climax taking place at the famous state basketball teurnament in Indianapelis. Basketball season is ever, we do not have any catchy track stories. To Mrs. Allen, who is an expert on book reviews and other literary achievements, goes the credit for this dissertation.

The story hinges on a characterization of Don Henderson, a basketball coach in a small town, springfield, in central Indiana. He was asked in mid-season to take charge of the Springfield Wildcats. Out of a second-rate team he builds up a basketball five that becomes a strong contender in the State finals at Indianapolis.

It is in this struggle of an idealistic ceach to remain true to his noblest convictions, regardless of all opinion to the contrary, that the purpose of the story unfolds. Don Henderson begins and ends his coaching career true to the finest traditions of his spectacular profession. But, after he came into bigtime Indiana high school basketball competition, he coached but one year. Whether or not he would have emerged from a longer coaching career with his idealism unscathed is problematical.

Mr. Tunis thus gives his stery a happy but rather improbable ending. Den quits ceaching after his defeat at State to join the editorial staff of Springfield's newspaper, a crusader for right, and stays in Springfield to lead in community reforms and to help displace men like boss J. Frank Gray, from interference with the best ideals of youth in sports. The fact that Don makes this decision to go into the newspaper business in the little town of Springfield on the very heels of an attractive offer for the position of coach of basketball at Yale University, makes a reader who knows something of the impelling forces of coaching swallow a bit laboriously. If Don had given up his coaching career after winning the State at Indianapolis, it seems that Mr. Tunis could have borne out his forceful characterization of Don Henderson a bit more successfully.

In Springfield, Den seen finds that the pewers-that-be want a winner at the State teurnament, and that they aren't going to bend over backward being too ethical in finding ways and means to produce that winner. To them, winning is all that matters. The same ethical standards prevail with every prospective State title-winning high school team in Indiana. Competition to win the State has grown so keen that basketball has ceased to be a sport. It is a disease.

In Springfield the new ceach, young Don Henderson, finds in J. Frank Gray, the tewn's business-boss and incidentally a school beard member, a crafty, unscrupulous man - a man who might be typical of a type of go-getter in any tewn. Success is all that matters to J. Frank. Any means to that end is justifiable. He thinks it perfectly within the law of clean sport to get a star player to move from another tewn and high school to Springfield if he can offer the boy's family an inducement for the migration, a better-paying job. In fact, he comes to verbal blows with young Don Henderson over just this situation. J. Frank Gray thinks it good sport to place money and plenty of it on his favorite team. He feels, as do many Indiana eldsters, that this attraction of state high school basketball is for middle-aged amusement, rather than for the spirited happiness of youth. As a result, for lask of seating space, the high school boys and girls do not get to attend the regionals and semi-finals and finals in Indiana in great numbers. Most of the seats are bought up in large blocks weeks before by the middle-aged, the types of J. Frank Gray.

J. Frank finds it difficult to tolerate a young, hard-headed coach, whom he has helped to hire, but who has stubbornly refused to take dictations from him, or to favor him with a group of hard-to-get seats for the important contests.

Don Hendersen runs his ewn team, in spite of the fact that Tem Gray, his star player, is J. Frank's sen. And in spite of the fact that, through seme reverses ever which he has had no centrel (sickness and the like), he has been forced to play the tough competitive season through with but five men - absolutely no substitutes.

Mr. Tunis has a happy gift as racenteur of a thrilling basketball game. He carries his readers with him. They hang on to the edge of their seats. And his game situations are nicely varied: Springfield 43, Marion 42, in a wild ball game where Marion led by 1 point 45 seconds before the final gun.

At Muncie, Indiana, Springfield beats Fort Wayne Tigers in the semi-finals by freezing the ball for the last minute and one-half -- 29 to 27. When Springfield beats Anderson in the first game at the State Tournament at Indianapolis, Springfield Wildcats win 21 to 20. But listen to the last six minutes before the final gun. I quote from Mr. Tunis' story:

"Then seconds tick eff, minutes went by and Tem Gray faked, piveted, and shet from the side to bring the score to Springfield 23, Anderson 21. Then the Anderson Indians reared down the court and Erskine rushed in to sink a one-hander and tied the score.

"Then a Wildcat fouled and Anderson Indians went ahead 24 to 23.

"The Wildcats were spent, their feet were sore and hot, their legs were rods of iron, their thighs ached with every step, their lungs were leaden bellows that crucified them each time they pounded the boards. They were through. They were beaten. They couldn't.

"Tom Gray waves his fist in their faces. You're genna quit, are you? Genna quit, you guys ... just ... when we have it wen ... almost ... genna quit en Don .... A fine gang you are ... a fine team ... call yerself Wildcats! C'm en, gang ... let's give 'em all we get! A gang that wen't be beat can't be beat can't be

"Eleven thousand people were watching this game: firewagen basketball, chances taken, wild recoveries made, spills and tumbles and falls all ever the floor, with the outcome of the contest and the Tourney, too, yet to be decided."

But Tom Gray, the young tall weaving lad who played for his coach and his team with all of the finest traditions of idealism in sport, in spite of his father's attitudes, led his team to victory by 1 point in the last 50 seconds of play.

Then to the last game at State Tournament, where Don Henderson's Wildcats are to battle with Bosse High School of Evansville, whose great star, Jerry Kates, is already nationally known. And Don with his five good average players who leved their team and who had wen thus far on grit and spirit, and with not a substitute worth mentioning!

In the last minute in this crucial game, Don and his scrappy team come from behind to tie the score only to meet defeat by a single point. This is a glorious climax to Mr. Tunis' recounting of games. In three brief chapters he tells the story of this great game. A basketball player, a coach, or any basketball fan, once into Mr. Tunis' account of this game would be glued to its pages. We read:

"The tension tightened, increased, became taut and unbearable. There was no world but this. Reality was that heated enclosure. Space was the confines of these four white lines. Time was the electric cleck overhead. Life was that intense, thrusting surge below.

"The final seconds. The last seconds of the game, of the day, of the Tournament, of the entire season. On the floor the ten beaten figures wrenched for victory. Or defeat.

"Then Kates leaped in and stele the ball. With a quick break, the little blend figure was out in the clear, dribbling furiously down upon the Bulldog goal."

Thus Den Hendersen, the young coach who had brought Springfield up through the season to the State, lost in the final game by one point.

Mr. Tunis knows what boys say to each other in the heat of battle. He knows all of the various psychological devices that coaches use to drive or to quiet men-according to their various needs, before or during or after a game.

He knows exactly what coaches say in the dressing rooms. He has observed carefully and his dialogue is good. He knows how to watch a basketball game and how to report it afterward. He knows that the great contribution of a sport to any boy's education is its correlation of his physical, mental, moral and spiritual values into the development of the whole boy -- the complete personality.

There is nothing intricate about his plot in this sport story. In fact, it is based upon so much fact that it might easily cease to be fiction. But for lovers of basketball, boys, girls, women or men who love to follow the pounding feet up and down the maple boards, I'll guarantee that "Yea! Wildcats!" will give you some thrills - clean, wholesome ones.

Mr. Tunis is to be congratulated for choosing to put into the hands of youth, clean, realistic spries of America's fine amateur sports. He is doing his bit in a worthy field - one that he seems to love.

Now, for varsity track - track at K.U. looked quite rosy from an early inventory of men on the campus. With such star performers as "Ike" Issacson, 1944 Big Six champ in the 100 and 220; LeRoy Robison, 1944 Big Six champ in the javelin; Tom Scofield, 1944 Big Six champ in the high jump and broad jump; Harvey Morrow, second place winner in the pde vault; Jim Sargent, third place winner in the high jump, and with Lynn Leigh, Bill Schell, William Stewart, John Hawley and Rolland Hamilton, returning lettermen in the middle distance runs, we had a nice nucleus to build around.

New men en the campus included Bill Wygle (freshman), 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs. shet putter who ranked third perfermance in the National High School Hener Rell in 1944; Ernest Bauer, Navy med. student, 6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs., with a creditable record in all three weight events (incidentally, Ernie was captain of the Great Lakes football team in 1944 until fransferred to K.U.); John Jackson, vet., a good middle distance man from Shawnee Mission; Owen Pick, a springer from Wyandette High; Richard Hudson, a man with no former experience in track, but with a let of potential ability.

It should not be forgotten that first of all several of these fellows had a job to do for Uncle Sam. Most of them were V-12 trainees. With a few transfers, inductions and special requirements, the picture has changed considerably. The remaining men are doing a creditable job but are lacking in number to be effective enough:

LeRey Rebisen, V-12, is still tops in the Big Six in his special event, the javelin. He has been working hard with the shet and discus, and is by no means a bad high jumper. His outstanding scering spree was to cop 18 points by winning the shet, discus, javelin and tying for first in the high jump at O.U. outdoor meet on April 14.

K.U. had a very ordinary indoor season, losing to Nebraska 54 to 42 on Feb. 3, and to Missouri 74 to 30 on Feb. 17, beating Oklahoma 62 to 41 on Feb. 10, and dropping to fifth place in the Conference meet. These scores were - Iowa State 40, Nebraska 33, Missouri  $28\frac{1}{2}$ , Oklahoma 19, Kansas 14, Kansas State 0.

The outdoor season started at Oklahoma in a downpour, on April 14, O.U. winning 75 to 51. At the Drake Relays last week Kansas was a bly represented by two relay teams and LeRey Robison in the javelin and the shot. The sprint medley team - John Jackson, Owen Peck, Kenneth Danneberg and Richard Hudson, placed third; the mile relay team - Richard Hudson, John Jackson, Lynn Leigh and Kenneth Danneberg, placed third. Robison placed fifth in the shot and

fourth in the javelin.

May 5th will see Kansas entertaining Nebraska. Things look bright for a Kansas victory. On May 12th the team travels to Missouri for a meet. The Tigers have a well-balanced and powerful squad, which will be tough for any team. The Big Six Conference meet will be held on May 19th at Nebraska, as usual. The men are pointing for a much better showing than they made in the indeer meet.

Fritz Knorr, the basketball coach at Kansas State, is inaugurating spring basketball practice for his Wildcats. During the war we have foregone the idea of having spring basketball practice because the boys are tied up with so many details that we feel no extra emphasis should be placed on basketball. We are carrying on until this fuss is ever, and then we will hit them with a powerful aggregation. The nucleus of our 1942 ever-victorious team, if and when the boys return from the service, will be a real threat to any of the teams in this sector, - we hope.

We get many queries as to when Dean Nesmith will be back. I am reprinting some of Dean's remarks regarding his stay in Italy. He may be addressed in care of the Special Service Section, APO 512, New York. Dean says: "The other day I had dinner with Chas. Black and then we went to a hospital to see Bruce Voran. We really had a Jayhawker gab-fest. Bruce had a scrap with a jeep and was bruised a bit, but he is getting along fine. Then I had dinner with Dr. H. Penfield (Penny) Jones. He was very anxious to hear of Lawrence, Kansas. He is as pink-cheeked as ever. I have been over most of occupied Italy and have visited many hospitals and have seen things that pictures nor words could ever describe. My regards to Mrs. Hulteen and the gang. How about the Rebounds? As ever, Dean."

You bet, Dean, immediately upon receipt of your inquiry for the Rebounds we fired one to you. And I want you to know that Dr. "Penny" Jones gets our Rebounds regularly, or as regularly as we write them.

Bruce Voran, we are tickled to death that the jeep didn't gyp you any werse. I still remember, brother, when Mr. Heracek of Kansas State, fouled you while you were in the act of sheoting in a Kansas - Kansas Aggie game here in Lawrence, just five seconds before the final gun, with the score tied. It was the usual nerve-racker between the Kansas State boys that anually happened here in hectic battle. And the jinx still holds, Bruce, - they haven't won a game since, or even before that shot. Good luck, Major Voran. I commission you a major for winning that ball game.

New, back to Dean Nesmith. Here is some additional information that was printed in the University Daily Kansan on April 10: "Fifty American soldiers and efficers recently inaugurated classes of the Mediterranean Theater's central sports school in Rome. The school provides refresher courses in athletics to Army personnel who will serve as instructors and coaches in a post-war sports program for soldiers. Classes are held in the gymnasium and a thletic grounds once used by Musselini to train Fascist troops. . . . Eight civilian athletic consultants, each an expert in his field, have been assigned by the War Department to administer the coaching program. The classes will be given over a period of three months with a new cycle of students every 12 days. At The end of each cycle the soldier-students will return to duty with their outfits to begin an expansion of the unit's athletic program. . . ."

Dean's original homecoming date was in April, but we learn now it will be later. We called Dean's wife to confirm a rumor that he would be home June 1, and she has no idea when he will be home. He is listed on the faculty of the Kansas State High School Ceaching School, which school will have Henry Iba as

basketball ceach, but the feetball ceach will not be announced. Dean will handle treatment of athletic injuries, according to an announcement by E. A. Thomas. So he should be home by August, if he is to appear on Mr. Thomas's August school.

Four weeks of spring feetball practice were held in unusually good spring weather, only one day being lost because of rain. About 35 men reported regularly, but some of these men have already been inducted into the Army or Navy since the close of practice. Several letter men from last fall's squad reported, including Gordon Reynolds, end, Charles Moffett, all-Big Six halfback, Dud Day and Don Stockdale, guards, Tex Langford, center, Dorwin Lamkin, tackle. Several squad members who did not letter last year were also out. Among the most promising of these beys were Milford Cellins, fullback, Clifford Hargis, end, Tom Bailey, tackle, and James Sanders, halfback. LeRoy Rebison, fullback, is an outstanding performer on Coach Ray Kanehl's track team and will be available for heavy duty next fall.

To wind up spring practice, a game with the alumni was held under the lights at Haskell Stadium. Charles Moffett, who has been in the hospital with pneumonia for three weeks, was unable to play with the varsity, leaving us with no letterman in the backfield, and only one back, Milford Collins, who had any experience. The alumni beasted such former luminaries as George Dick, Hub Ulrich (who was home on leave from his PT beat in the South Pacific), "Chief" Long, Charles Keller, Garland Cantrell, Dan Chase, Bob Miller, Bill Mowery, and several others. In a hard-fought game the alumni beat the varsity 7 to 0 on a pass completed in the last quarter of the game from Bob Miller to George Dick. The varsity got some good experience, the coaches got a line on their athletes, and the alumni had a lot of fun as well as getting a lot of charleyherses and sore muscles.

The Navy has just announced that a new group of perhaps 100 men will come into the V-12 unit July 1. Undoubtedly there will be some football talent in that group. We are going to hold a summer practice after the first of July, and regular practice will start September 1. Coach Henry Shenk's boys are enthusiastic, and with some breaks should give a good account of themselves next fall.

The 1945-46 football schedule is as follows:

Sept. 22 T.C.U. at Kansas City, Me. Sept. 28 Denver University at Denver

October 6 Iowa State at Lawrence

October 13 Open date

October 20 Oklahoma at Norman

October 27 Wichita University at Wichita

Nevember 3 Nebraska at Lincoln

November 10 Marquette at Milwaukee

November 17 Kansas State at Lawrence

November 24 Misseuri at Kansas City

Information has come to the Chancellor's office that we are to have a Naval R.O.T.C. beginning Nevember 1. Our V-12 unit will continue until that time, and may continue on. But this Naval R.O.T.C. unit is bound to increase our athletic officiency. Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Kansas have been notified of Naval R.O.T.C. installations at these places. Iswa State has always had by far the strongest Naval unit. It looks as if only Kansas State will be without Naval personnel athletically. This past year the thing that made Kansas State stronger than usual was the fact that veterinarians who were ASTP students were returned to civilian status and at the same time deferred for their continued study but without Army pay. This made them eligible as civilian students,

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and increased the athletic power of the Aggies.

This Naval R.O.T.C. should pep up and strengthen Kansas' football prespects. We do not know where the boys will come from, but presume they will come from our own state, as a great many of our V-12 students came from Kansas.

Ernie Quigley is still going big on his bond drive to reduce the stadium debt, which has now been reduced from \$113,000 to \$83,000. Ernie is in Kansas City contacting the Kansas Jayhawkers of the large income bracket with a view of further reducing the indebtedness. He is working with his characteristic fervor and enthusiasm, and those in the knew say that before the year is out the indebtedness will be liquidated.

We have received word that our swimming pool in Rebinson Gymnasium will be remodeled and greatly improved. The new features will be the graduated depth, with scum gutters and many of the new modern improvements. The old pool will be entirely tern out, a new concrete shell built to retain it and then a new swimming pool built in the shell. The sad part about the thing is that the width connet be increased, but instead of a 50 ft. pool we will have a 60 ft. pool which will be regulation for competitive matches. However, the footings for the gymnasium preclude our widening it. Work will start about July 1.

Many of you boys swam in the old rectangular pool with the water 8 feet deep, with no graduation, which was built under Dr. Naismith's he-man theory. He said a graduated pool was silly. Just throw them in and let them swim out. They will learn to swim that way. The old pool was built back in 1912, so it has seen a let of splashing, and I am glad to see its passing.

We are happy to announce that Capt. Charles B. Black, with a Photo Reconnaisance Group in Italy, has recently been awarded the Distinquished Flying Cross. We do not have a copy of the citation, but we know, Charlie, that you are still a champion. Congratulations on your captaincy, the DFC, the Air medal and two eak leaf clusters! And last, but not least, congratulations on the baby daughter born to Charlie and Terry Morgan Black on February 20. Mrs. Black and Sheryl Lee are living with Charlie's parents at 1709 Louisiana St., Lawrence, Kansas. Charlie has completed his fifty missions, and we are all hoping that he will soon be in Lawrence again.

A very mature and distinguished, mustached gentleman appeared on our desk by proxy day before yesterday. This photograph of Captain John Pfitsch (APO 339, New York) as one of Uncle Sam's often decorated and cited first class fighting men. You would never know the captain behind all that handle-bar shrubbery that adorns his upper lip. Gosh, John, you took tough! And a great big sign adorns the picture thus: Happy Birthday to the Pfleugervill Pflash! - none other than our old amiable Johnny from Texas.

John recently wrote from Germany as follows: "Our morale is tops now because we're on the move. If we can keep it up for a while this war wen't last too long. We are clicking, so you can expect anything. I don't think I have told you before, but recently I changed grade again. Hope I can live up to all expectations. At least I'll be in there trying. We had opportunity lately to play some softball. I think I had the first organized softball league in Germany. We won, too, Doc, so I'm happy. Now we're back slugging it out and I think we have the power to do the whole job this time. Give my regards to everyone."

"Sparky" (Bowling-Alley Grip) McSpadden visited the office with his ensign's commission a couple of weeks ago. Boy, he covered Lawrence, El Dorado and all parts of Kansas in a very short while. I should not leave out the

vicinity of Kansas City, Mo. I am using my imagination now because when we played basketball, Kansas City was a hallowed spet for Sparky. I den't know about his lady friend, but from the gleam in his eye I think he is still in love. Sparky said he just couldn't get used to New York City - it was too big for him. Sparky is now at the Hotel Everglades, Miami, Florida.

Captain Dean Martin, who played a bang-up center field for our varsity baseball team a few years ago, dropped in the office to say hello. While on the hill he also stopped at the Endowment Office to leave a check for \$20.00 for the living memorial fund honoring T. P. Hunter. T. P. played first base and pitched on the same varsity that Dean played on. You could always count on Captain Martin for a timely single or double if there was a man on base. His batting average is still high with us in any league.

Right after basketball season we started on the "grapefruit and lettuce leaf" tour - basketball banquets to you. The Co-op Club of Lawrence, Kansas, gave the basketball team their usual highly entertaining basketball banquet. This was held at the Colonial Tea Room on March 8. Co-captains were elected for the year - Gordon Reynolds of Tacoma, Washington, and Kirk Scott of Newton, Kansas. The followers considered the record of the season very good, considering the inauspicious start that Kansas made. Then on March 14th I journeyed to Welda, Kansas, for the first of my basketball banquets. On March 18 I was in Denver for the AAU games, then to Emporia, to Manhattan, and on to Kansas City, for the N.C.A.A. finals on Saturday night, the 24th. Then followed banquets at Effingham, Shawnee-Mission, Parkville, Mo., Pawnee Rock, Wyandotte High in Kansas City, Kansas, Burlington, Stockton, Grinnell, Salina.

The only date we missed, through flood and high water, was the one at Galesburg, Ill. The Santa Fe was washed out below Topeka but the Santa Fe authorities said there would be a train made up in Kansas City so that I might arrive at my destination. The planes were all grounded and the Santa Fe could not assemble the train, so we had to call that date off the morning of the trip. We made a trip to Anthony, Kansas, the next day, and then on to Bedford, Iowa, following the Galesburg cancellation.

It was a highly interesting and very strenuous undertaking, but we lived through it. Salina won the Class AA championship and Anthony won the Class A. Halstead repeated with the Class B championship, and Ernie Quigley spoke out there. So we covered all the Kansas championship basketball tournaments in good shape.

On April 21 the Athletic Association entertained the 41st annual Interscholastic Track Meet. About 800 Kansas boys participated in a splendid meet under perfect weather conditions. Few records were broken, but it was a great turn out.

Now my commencement dates are starting, and on May 9th I go to Circleville, Kansas; en the 15th, Reading, Kansas; en the 16th, Lane, Kansas; en the 17th, Beattie, Kansas; en the 18th, Summerfield, Kansas; and on May 22nd I speak at the Russell, Kansas, Retary Club who are entertaining forty senior boys there who have been Junior Retarians during the year.

Circleville, Kansas, is S/Sgt. Ralph N. "Red" Dugan's old home town.
Red, I will tell the citizens of Circleville regarding your fine record that
you made here at the University and of the record that you are now making
with Uncle Sam at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Last Monday night I attended my first City Council meeting and was immediately initiated into some exciting episodes. Mayor Russell appointed me,

among other committees, to the Police Committee. There was an Indian bey from Haskell who get into some difficulty at the Varsity Theater when the pelice were called, and before the bey was taken to the station some blows were struck - not firearms, but fly arms. An article appeared in the daily paper which caused great excitement and a lready the Police Committee has had three meetings with the public, some taking sides with the police and some with the Indian bey.

George Snyder, who was the campus patrolman for a great number of years and who was perhaps the best loved officer on Mt. Oread, was one of the officers arresting the Indian youth. Ralph Hubbell, the highly dependable and efficient officer on the police force, was the other. It is interesting just how many sides you can hear to a story. This morning Mayor Russell and Chief Bliesner and I went out for a conference with Mr. Solon Ayers, the superintendent of Haskell, Mr. Morelock, the principal, and Mr. Madison Coombs, the boys' advisor and athletic director at Haskell. You remember Mr. Coombs was formerly principal of the University High School - Old Oread, to you.

Se many weird statements have been made about this peisode that I felt constrained to tell of an incident that happened in our home some ten or fifteen years ago to show the fallability of eye witnesses to an exciting situation. Our statements are often colored and prejudiced. Never before have these officers been criticized for brutal treatment. But when the Indian boy struck, one of the officers' night clubs came into play and some damage was done to the defendant. But back to the story. At the time I mentioned, squirrels were a drug on the market in Lawrence. Rabies were reported among them, and although the squirrels are considered pets of Lawrence, they became a nuisance, at least they were a nuisance in my yard because we had a shellbark hickory tree in the front yard near the sidewalk. It was along in July and the hickory nuts had just begun to form and fill out. The squirrels descended upon that shellbark hickory in droves, and in chewing the green outer covering off the nuts they made the worst mess imaginable. It did no good to sweep the sidewalk, even every hour, because this debris rained down on the pedestrians, and as the squirrels would chew some of the nuts would drop down. I wen't try to describe what I heard from the pedestrians.

So I made up my mind that I would eradicate, so far as possible, the muisance. Realizing that a fellow who would shoot a squirrel in broad daylight before the sympathetic public, might receive severe treatment, I used the upstairs bathroom window as a point of vantage to exterminate some of the tree rodents. I lowered the bathroom window and stuck the muzzle of the 410 shot gun out of the northeast corner of the room, the muzzle being pointed toward the squirrels. When I fired the squirrel came tumbling down into the front yard and fitfully fought its way to the north parkway before expiring. I put the gun down in the hallway and walked outside in our front yard to recover the dead squirrel.

In the interim an automobilist passing down 8th street by the side of our house heard the shot and immediately clamped on his brakes, got out and walded aroung and looked at all four of his tired for a blow-out. The motorist did not see the squirrel lying dead on the parkway. He hazily got back in his car, wondering what in the world had happened.

John Tom Reynolds lived in the house where Hevey Hanna new lives across the street from me. He was lying in a hammock, toetling (should I say?) on his saxophone. He was one of those fellows that believed in protecting the squirrels. He came charging across the street and said, "Did you see that guy?" I said, "What?" as innocently as I could, although feeling a little guilty. He said, "Did you see that guy get out of that car and shoot that squirrel?"

I said, "No, I didn't, John?" He said, "Well, he did." I picked up the squirrel and said, "The squirrel is dead now, John. Do you want it?" He hesitated, and then said, "Why, yes, I'll take it."

To this day, John Tem Reynolds does not know that I was the culprit, and the meterist was the confused individual wrongly accused by John Tem who definitely saw him shoot that squirrel.

When I hear people make statements now in the hour of excitement I always think of my experience with the squirrel. I still have great confidence in the officers and the police department. It is a queer thing - when an officer can be killed in line of duty we will say it is too bad. But the moment an officer clubs someone resisting arrest the entire public wants to punish the officer. So this is another incident in my young life.

As chairman of the Civic Action Committee we met at the Country Club last night until just before 11. At 11 o'clock we were called down to the police station where the Chief of Police, Mr. Pine and Mr. Bushey were meeting and we went over the situation.

I do not believe that I teld you boys I was elected as District Governor of Retary District #123. There are thirty clubs in our district, and the District Governor is supposed to visit each of the clubs once a year. But one thing I am thankful for - my term as president of the Country Club expires October 1, and someone else can take over that duty. So by the time basketball season rolls around next year I am hoping that I will be able to devote a part of my divided time in an endeavor to recapture the championship we lost to Louis Menze at Iswa State on March 2. Now - if there is anything you would like to have done, you just let me know and I will "let George do it".

I have received so many wonderful letters from you beys overseas that I will try to quote only a paragraph or two from each so your buddies will know of your whereabouts, and they in turn can communicate with you. I do not believe that I mentioned that Mou Hui King, who came to the University from Peking, China, through an acquaintanceship developed between his father and Chanceller Lindley, made a \$5.00 contribution to the T. P. Hunter memorial fund on March 30. Mou Hui is a graduate of our School of Engineering and is now with the Allis-Chalmers Co. in Milwaukee. Many of you boys will remember him as an outstanding student in Engineering. In a letter to Fred Ellsworth, he says: "I see that good ol' K.U. is coming along all right and our Phog is really getting his name in sport pages all over the country. A Nebraska man, whenever he hears that we have won a game, always kids me by saying, 'Well, they must have laid a little money on the game'."

From Ens. Ralph E. Schaake, USS LST 338, N. Y.: "I have had another change since I last wrote to you and I am more than just well pleased with the duty that I now have. . . This ship, with her efficers and men, has been everseas for two years now. That is too long but they have stood up well under the strain of three invasions in the Mediterranean and Normandy. At least they know what the score is and that means a lot." Thanks, Ralph, for sending the copy of Stars and Stripes containing the article about Ray Nible who played football for Gwinn Henry and Vic Hurt.

Ralph, your cousin, Pvt. Carl L. Schaake, who enlisted in the Marine Corps along with Charles Taylor, writes me from Parris Island, S. C.: "We get the news about the President tonight. It was quite a shock because it was the first news they have ever given us down here. When we get out of boot camp we will probably get more news because we will be more on our own. This is quite a place down here but I like it." These two boys appeared

before the Draft Board and enlisted. They did not want to wait to be drafted.

Mrs. Margaret Masoner, Paul's better half, writes from Garden City, Kansas, to give us Paul's new address, which is: Lt. (jg) Paul O. Masoner, USNR, 7th Fleet, Fleet Tr. Command (Sonar), San Francisco. Mrs. Masoner says; "We had three weeks in San Francisco before Paul left. Saw Helen and Jack Richardson. We tried to call Bill Replogle and Ed Hall in Oakland but they were out when we called. We also ran into Ed Lindquist. He went out about the same time Paul did."

From F/O Vance L. Hall, APO 433, New York: "For some time I have been traveling but am new about ready to settle down a while at a permanent base. I have been in South America, Africa, and am new in India. . . . I am always on the lookout for a Jayhawker and I may see somebody yet as the boys are certainly scattered all over the face of the globe."

Vance, I passed through Downs the other day on my way to speak at Stockton. The tie rod went out on my Buick and I limped on in to Osborne at ten miles an hour and had them wire the thing up so that I could make myappointment on time. But the thing that really saved me was the mountain time that Stockton goes by, else I would have been late.

I received a letter from my nephew, Ens. Frank S. Allen, Comd't Navy 128, San Francisco, who used to efficiate a let ef intramural games here. "I am at present attached to the Hawaiian Sea Frentier. . . I get into Henelulu eften but have not succeeded yet in reaching Bert Itoga. I saw Bill Lenhart and alse Fred Harris, from Ottawa. They would like to receive your Rebounds if you have any extra copies. I come acress many fellows I knew out here. Athletic events are good places to see them. I am beginning to efficiate ball games here next week so I should be able to see others. The basketball here is tops. The Navy have the best of the island. Some of them you will remember - Jim Pellard and Dana from Stanford, Bill Closs from Rice, and others. Pollard is truly great. Give my congratulations to Mit on him commission. He will theroughly like Harvard, and if he is in Communications he will like that too. . . Independence is really in the news with Truman's rise to the presidency. It only seems like yesterday when we used to tease his daughter, Mary Margaret."

An interesting letter has come from Lt. (jg) Den Phelps, USS Copahee, San Francisce, who says: "I have been on this same ship for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years now during which time I've seen just about everything there is to see in the Pacific. Frankly, I'm just a bit tired of so much water and so little land, and believe I'll never be dissatisfied with Kansas again. My ship is an escort carrier (baby flat top) and when we have the space available the hangar deck is turned into a fleating gymnasium. Its not at all unusual to find a boxing match, 2 velley ball games, 2 badminton games, a basketball game and men working on the trampoline and punching bags all going at once. Its a wonderful boon for both the mental and physical welfare of the men and helps immeasurably to combat the overwhelming beredom caused by weeks and weeks at sea."

A short letter from Sgt. Curtice Jenkins (50 Se. 5th East, Salt Lake City, Utah), who played football for Gwinn Henry, says: "Had the pleasure of talking with Lt. Jack Richardson, who is now stationed at the Station Hospital here at Kearns. Gave me a copy of Jayhawk Rebounds which I read very thoroughly. Would appreciate it very much if I could get on your mailing list. Its good to learn where the gang is and what they are doing. Had seen in the Yank about Dean Nesmith being in Italy. Don't think they could have picked a better man."

gard from Lt. Ray R. Evans, APO 632, Miami, Fla. - "Just a word or two in re-

I played against this boy and he is very good. He is about 6'2" and has a big pair of shoulders. He likes to play ball, and is a fighter - the type you like. . . "

I acknowledge with a debt of gratitude Ray's fine letter. He always has the old K.U. spirit, whether in the States or with the Gypsy Task Force. There is hardly a day passes that some fellow on Massachusetts Street doesn't say, "Won't you be glad to have Charlie Black and Ray Evans and Otto Schnellbacher and Armand Dixon, and the rest of the boys back?" And you know what my answer is - a big affirmative YES, with an exclamation:

From Major Paul R. Harrington, MC, APO 350, New York: "The casualties are flowing in on the Western Front and we are in the thick of it. Thank goodness they are way under what has been expected and the combat boys deserve a great pat on the back. We cannot do too much for them."

Congratulations, Major Paul, on the new rank. We are certainly proud of you, as we always were when you played on the three Big Six championship teams and captained one in your senior year. And too, you worked your way through school and made a wonderful record, then went on to get your M.D. at Rasedale with an outstanding record behind you.

Miss Maude Elliott and her mother, Mrs. Sam Elliott, were hostesses at a "cinema party" at Mr. Fred Montgomery's Visual Instruction Bureau in the basement of Fraser Hall about three weeks ago. The animated celebrities and salubrities were none other than the family of Lt.(jg) W. C. "Bill" Johnson.

Bill was the chief character in a sport story that I wrote entitled "Listening For a Droning Plane". Bill flew from Oklahoma City after being taxied from the cemetery, the occasion being the burial of his father, and the plane that carried him was grounded at Ottawa because the Lawrence airport was not lighted. So he taxied in to Lawrence and arrived just a few minutes prior to the Kansas - Oklahoma game which was the game for the Big Six championship in 1932. In next month's Rebound I will reprint this story of the droning plane and the fight that Bill waged on that historic night.

The pictures that Miss Elliott showed were of Bill, his wife, Ethel, and their two lovely children, Billy and Jo Ann. They were in Jacksonville, Florida, and it seems as if we spent hours with that famous Bill Johnson smile. His lovely wife and children gave us a glimpse into their very happy home life.

Thank you, Miss Elliett, for giving us this opportunity to visit with Bill and his family. We have always been expecially fond not only of Bill's own family, but of all his fine brothers and his wonderful mother and dad.

In February I received a letter and clipping from Helen Filkin Fox, a sister of Major Larry Filkin. Helen's husband, John F. Fox, is president of the Punahou School in Honolulu. She writes: "You see, you even crash the Honolulu papers. You and John should get tegether. He's been waging a crusade against the gambling at high school football games here. Have seen Twink Starr and John Wall, and hear Potsy Clark's here. ."

Yes, Helen, I remember when I saw you on the campus that I promised to put you and Mr. Fox on the mailing list and I am sending you this Rebounds I am just now writing and the one previous to this, although it is rather belated.

Majer F. A. "Fen" Durand, FMF Pacific, San Francisco, writes: "I saw Chris Eberhart recently when he was on his way to Iwo Jima and we had a nice evening discussing K.U. I haven't heard anything about how he made out yet. . . . I managed to see a movie last night and who should appear but Craig Stevens (Gail Shikles). The movie was 'Dough Girls'.

Gail Shikles was a freshman at the University of Kansas where he was starring on the fresh basketball team until Hellywood nabbed him. He was just too good-looking, and a movie scout located him. The fact that he was photogenic and personable get him a contract.

We are still pulling for you that your luck continues, Fen.

I believe that Otte Schnellbacher, HAAF, Harlingen, Texas, is one of the best correspondents that we have representing the ever-victorious 1942 team. And that is not saying that Otto is not busy, because he has been the backbone of football and basketball teams wherever he has been stationed. Schnelly mentions having seen Phil Borello who played on the football team here in 1931. Otto, be sure to give Phil my kindest regards. He was one of the great athletes at the University, but sickness cut his tenure short here. Tell Phil if he will send me his address we will be glad to send him the Rebounds.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker, APO 72, San Francisco, who played brilliant football and basketball for Kansas in 1942, writes from the Philippines. You bet, Hoyt, we are glad to have Joe Roberts on our mailing list and have sent him the last Rebounds.

Capt. Ray D. Tripp, APO 413, New York, writes that he had an interesting "spare-time hop the other day, having breakfast in London, lunch in Paris, afternoon tea in Brussels and supper back in London. I don't get much flying time in these days and enjoyed it particularly as I'd never seen these cities from less than 20,000 or so feet."

Lt. Lee W. Huddlesten, APO 520, New York, wrote from somewhere in Italy in March, saying, "The January issue of Rebounds arrived and it was almost (but not quite) as good as a visit on the campus. There'll be quite a few important places vacant at that big reunion after the war with fellows like T. P. and Bill Beven gone, but the rest of us will be there still rooting for those fighting Jayhawkers. That Pfleugerville Pflash is going great guns, isn't he? I now have 10 missions, so I am no longer tail-end charley in the formation. Sidney Salt has my same APO number and Charley Black is in Italy, but the only K.U. boy I've seen over here is Bob Jehlinek of Beleit, who played on your freshman '42-'43 squad. The parts of Italy I've seen don't have much to offer, but understand Rome is quite nice. . ."

From Pfc. Charles R. Allen, Jr., APO 445, New York: "Through the Rebounds, and the folks, and the Kansans I have received, I have beenable to haphazardly keep up with the week to week news. The basketball team did fine this season. Did me good to see the team pull up. You did a wonderful job. Kirk Scott, a frat brother, seemed like good material to work on. I know everyone is with you 100% and more power to you. . Hope the town clean-up program is taking effect smothly. It is an admirable work. The fellows from Lawrence I know are watching the progress and thanking those participating."

Rog, I am going to take dinner with your father at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, of which your dad is the efficient and retiring president. We talk of you often.

Lt. (jg) Francis M. "Buck" Bukaty has taken unto his bosom a blushing bride. We reprint the announcement: Mr. and Mrs. Clarfay Simon Simoneaux

announce the marriage of their daughter Dorothy Rita to Lt. (jg) Francis Michael Bukaty, USNR, on Wednesday morning, March fourteenth, 1945, at eleven e'clock, St. Vincent de Paul Church, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Congratulations, Buck! May your life after the war be a succession of home runs and touchdowns!

W. L. "Bill" Winey, PhM8/c, keeps me informed regarding the Yard Dispensary at Mare Island, California. He states that he is well and happy and hoping for the opportunity to get back to the Lawrence Country Club.

From Lt. Edgar P. Schmidt, APO 758, New York, comes a highly interesting letter which I quote in parts: "It was interesting to note in our travels through war-torn France that basketball goals still stand at many schools. It is apparent that the game is becoming international in character. Of course, some of the backboards had gaping holes in them from shell fragments. . . Quite some time ago the 79th Division, of which we are a part, enjoyed a short rest period. A school building with a better than average gym was used for billeting. It was interesting to note that the men preferred to bunk up closer so the floor space could be used for basketball and other games. It is not unusual for one to see a couple if enlisted men playing catch only a few miles back of the front lines. Due to this keen and enduring interest in sports, the problem of finding some worthwhile off-duty leisure time sports is not too much of a problem. I am still trying to double up as Special Service Officer for the battalion, as well as Information and Education Officer. . . I should like to send my best regards to those on the hill that I know, with special regards to Mrs. Allen. I believe Dr. Guy Smith mentioned that Mrs. Hulteen is still in your office. It will be a happy day when Ican again drop in and pick up some tickets and watch the younger generation in a peace-time sports program."

"Schmitty" was a star football and baseball player here during the years of '28, '29 and '30. He hails from McLouth.

Congratulations to another McLouth boy, Charles Chapman. I am sorry that I missed you, Charles, when you tried to see me. I see your dad every week and we always discuss your welfare. We are mighty proud of you.

To Major M. R. Richter, 44th Gen. Hosp., - we were happy indeed to get your hello message with a friendly thought. Dr. Latimer and I often talk about you. Dr. Canuteson is off on a trip to minneapolis to preside at a business session of the Council of the American Student Health Association. And Dr. Elbel was by the office for a visit about a month ago. He is to return to his work here in our Department of Physical Education starting in the fall term. We hope it won't be long until you are back with us.

To 1st Lt. Harold H. Hawkins, APO 75, San Francisco - Harold I will always remember you for your loyalty on the Relays Committee. No one individual worked any harder or more conscientiously than did you. When the Kansas Relays blossom into full maturity after this second World War you can always remember that you had a let to do with the budding growth of an activity that gives Kansas more athletic publicity nationally than any other athletic event. Harold writes from the Philippines as follows: "I was so elated by the Kansas victory over Nebraska in football that I wrote Henry Shenk. It would have been great to have seen that game. Right now I'm going to wish Kansas a successful 1945 season in all sports. A win to us way out here means as much as it does to the rooter in the bleachers."

Mrs. Deris Channel has written us giving the new address of Lt. Wesley R. "Dick" Channel, 5th Repl. Depot, APO 711, San Francisco. We are always glad to

get these later addresses because it facilitates the handling of mail. Thank you, Mrs. Channel.

Lt. (jg) Roy Edwards writes: "After three months back in the States I was assigned to this ship (P.C. 1083) on the Atlantic side. Quite a contrast from the blue Pacific." We're glad to have your new address, Roy.

Harry W. Frazee, Jr., AMI/c, USNAS, Nerfelk, Va., writes: "The ether day I ran inte Bill Bunsen, Phi Delt (K.U. feetballer of '38 and '39). He had just returned from a year in England and North Africa. Bill's an AM2/c in the Navy. He was anxious to get a leave to see his wife and son, who was born while he was everseas. Enclosed is a little piece from an eld N.Y. paper. You certainly had the right dope about the betting on college basketball, despite the newspaper denials of some alleged sports men."

Thanks, Harry, we are glad to get the clipping and glad to hear from Bill Bunsen who was a great football player when he starred for Kansas.

Pvt. Max Falkenstien, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Falkenstien, writes from Fresno, Californis, to give us his new address. Max says, "We're assigned to operational training at this signal air warning base, after which we expect to be assigned to crews. This part of California is sunny enough for anyone. In two days we've all obtained beautiful burns." Max has finished his training at the Royal Candian Air Force Radio and Radar School at Ontario. He was Honor Man of his class, and was one of five men who received special distinction for their proficiency. Congratulations, Max, we are very proud of your accomplishments.

From Pfc. John Deichmann, APO 89, New York - "I know you will be pleased to learn that sports are a favorite topic among overseas servicement. And out of all the different fields of sports, basketball is one of the main topics of discussion. Whenever we discuss the cage sport, the talk always turns to what section of the country has the best teams. Even though I have been living on the Pacific Coast for the last eight years there is no doubt in my mind that the midwest produces the greatest number of outstanding teams of any section of the country.

"There are a let of fellows that claim the east has the best combines, some fewer stick up for the far west, and still others argue for the southwest and Rocky Mountains. Here are my opinions and evaluations regarding the different sections of the country. The brank of ball on the Pacific Coast as a whole is strictly mediocre. The outstanding team every year on the coast is perhaps as good as any team in the country; however, there is usually only one good team each season. Teams like Stanford with Luisetti, Southern California with Jack Hupp, were tops, but they are few and far between. The same thing holds true for the Southwest and Rocky Mountains. Each year they field one outstanding team, but the calibre of ball played by all the schools is not exceptional.

"This boils the comparison down to the East vs. Midwest. The east has a host of top clubs, L.I.U., N.Y.U., St. John, Dartmouth, and others, - I think, however, that the midwest, taking everything into consideration, is the top section for the casaba sport. With states such as Indiana, home of Purdue. Indiana, Butler, and Notre Dame, representing the section, it is hard to beat. Whenever I mention Notre Dame in a basketball discussion most of the fellows claim that the Irish are strictly a football school. Am I prejudiced because my brother went to the South Bend school, or are they actually rated as having good cage teams year in and year out like I think? . . . . I am now in France, living in tents, and in general becoming an outdoor man in all ways."

No, John, you are not prejudiced regarding your rating of the Irish from

South Bend. Notre Dame has one of the top teams of the country in basket-ball. I mean by that that they are always up there with a cracking good team. They rate with the best in the Big Ten. You ask about Kansas and her position in basketball. We finished second. Iswa State and Kansas were in the play-off with Iswa State licking us. Before the season started I would have sold out for fourth place and would have been happy. I was expecially proud of the boys because I believe they gave everything they had. Iswa State was just a better ball club that night.

I just received a letter from Louis Menze this morning, in which he says: "We had the best night of the season against you. It wasn't that Kensas was playing poorly, we simply were hitting for once in the season. We made 35% of our attempts, against a season's play of 24%. We would have been tough for anybody that night." You will remember that Louis Menze was one of my stars in early days, and if we couldn't win I was tickled pink that Louis could do the job.

I am happy to receive a communication from Capt. Mel Griffin written from the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D. C. Captain Griffin, Mel to me, has been on a tour of duty at Edenton, N. C., for fourteen months. The highlight of his course was a letter of commendation from the Commandant of the Marine Corps Aviation on the Recreation department, which was Mel's department. Congratulations, Mel! You have always been a winner, whether playing, coaching, teaching or fighting.

Mel states that he is he hoping his next orders read west, and he hopes it is further west than California. Much to the contrary of what we hear about Washington, I quote what Mel says: "Washington, D. C. is a very nice city. Even with all the big business and politics represented here it has a very calm, friendly and unhurried attitude that is felt as one goes about this business of war. The trees are at the height of their beauty and the well-kept lawns and parkways have an inviting look." When a man lives in Washington and can give such a beautiful description, my verdict is that he is at peace with the world - with everyone except the Japanazis.

I had the extreme pleasure of speaking in Burlington, Kansas, the old home town of Mel Griffin and Clarence Douglas, at their football and basketball banquet. Ray Pierson, an outstanding barrister of the law (but in Burlington he calls himself a lawyer) called me up and said that I was dated up for this banquet. Ray and the men cooked the meal and they did a swell job. The banquet was held at the Methodist Church and a group of 150 men turned out to honor these boys who had done themselves proud in a football and basketball way. It was a pleasure for me to recall the wonderful record that Mel Griffin made upon the fields of friendly strife and in the class room, as well as out among the affairs of men.

When I have experiences with some pampered athlete I like to go back to the days when Mel came up here without any money and a lot of ambition, and finished with a great athletic record as well as a fine scholastic record. He made a great reputation here at Lawrence High School where he had champienship teams in several sports, and since he has been at Long Beach, California, with Bert Smith, another Kansas stellar athlete of other days, he has done a wonderful job in the Junior College out there on the coast. Mel's name is acceciated with winning teams and fine merale among his boys. I am always proud of such men.

Ens. Michael Gubar, APA 163, San Francisco, writing from somewhere in the East China Sea, gives a newsy account of the UAA Eastland in the Okinawa invasion. Mike reports something of the suicide tactics used by the fanatical

Japs in the Pacific. He says, "Pilets deliberstely attempt to crash dive ships, rather than make a bombing run, strafe and scram. To meet such an attack you literally have to knock 'em out of the skies, otherwise they keep on coming. Happy to report that the APA 163 is still undamaged and afleat. We have experienced many close calls, but are still fighting! . . . I just had a visiter - Alvin McCoy who is covering the Pacific war for the K. C. Star dropped in for a visit. . . . You might also be interested in knowing that I ran into Lyle Armel, who is skipper of APA 210, which is operating in our transport division. Visited with him recently. Boy, it was sure good to see a familiar face from K.U."

Lyle Armel is a top favorite with us all. He has done a sterling job and is still doing it. He did a great hitch in the first World War and it appears to us that he has earned his early return here to Lawrence, to the University, and to the State of Kansas.

I have just today received a V-mail letter from Commander Lyle Armel, APA 210, San Francisco, in which he says: "We sert of lese track of time eut on the water and it hardly seems possible I was home about a year ago enroute to get my new ship with a new gang. In athletic parlance, they have whipped into shape and have been giving a good account of themselves. These boys, most of them youngsters, are playing a man's game and winning. I often think that by the time these boys are grandpappies, the experiences thru which they have gone will make swell 'listening to' around the old family fireplace when the passing of years will have enhanced their hindsight."

About two menths age I received a very interesting letter from Dr. Earle G. Brown, who made a great record as director of the Department of Health for the State of Kansas, before being lured away to more lucrative fields in the east. He is now the Commissioner of Health of Nassau County at Mineola, New York. Dr. Brown writes of his two children, Richard and Josephine: "Josephine finished her course at Presbyterian Hespital School of Nursing on December 20, wrote her State Board examinations the last week in January and returned to Presbyterian on the 2nd of February, where she is on duty in Sleane Maternity Hespital. The day she finished she made application for the Army Nurse Corps and expects to be called to duty about May first. Richard received his second wound on the 17th of December, this one a shell wound on the left forearm. . . . Apparently he received this wound in fighting in or near Sarreguemines. A telegram from the Adjutant General said that the wound was received in action in Germany.

Dr. Brown's many friends will be happy to read through the Rebounds of his interest in Kansas athletics. Dr. Earle, we have covered our failure to win the basketball championship in another section of this letter, but we want you to know how very proud we are of you and of your childrens' accomplishments. I am sending you the last Rebounds which tells about Milton's Naval affiliations. And Bob is going into active duty in the Army medical corps July 1. He is finishing his internship at Bell Memorial Hospital.

I should have mentioned earlier in my letter that the K Club put on a big dance in the ballroom of the Union Building to entertain the visiting high school athletes who were here for the Interscholastic Meet on April 21. Les Brown and his well-known band thrilled the swerling Terpischereans who swayed rhythmically to the beautiful music. Gordon Reynolds and Dan Chase were the K men who carried the lead of responsibility, and Governor Schoeppel crowned the queen, Polly Rae Staples, from Ft. Madison, Iowa. And it fitted perfectly into the scheme of things because Polly is Gordon's girl. Gordon is a lien with the ladies, veted by them the best-looking man on the campus. The K men picked the queen.

Beb Malett came up from Stillwater, Oklahoma, where he is stationed at A. & M. college in radar. He had to have a personal explanation from me as to why Iowa State licked us in the final game. He said he would have bet a month's Navy pay on our taking Iowa State. I still haven't recovered from the het streak of Iowa State to fully explain it to Bob's satisfaction.

We were delighted to have a communication on April 2nd from James Alan Coogan, Director in Brazil of the United Press Association. He says, "If Jayhawk Rebounds already has been folded up for the season, could you have sent to me the numbers from No. 13 onward through the last number for the 1944-45 season? And then make sure I get them for next season, too."

We were delighted to hear from you, and I am sure Pat Maloney would too. He is now at Tulsa, Oklahoma, directing the Maloney Tank Company. Pat has been bedfast for the last month due to sciatic rheumatism or something worse, but we hope nothing worse. Last fall I was in Tulsa at the Tulsa-Kansas football game and Pat was a grand host. I played golf with him at one of the most beautiful country clubs that I have seen, and Tulsa sports several of them, but this was the swankiest.

I am passing on your good wishes to Dolph Simons. He will be happy to hear from you. Tonight Dolph is the teastmaster for the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, which all the classification clubs - Rotary, Kiwanis, Co-Op and other civic-minded organizations, will attend. The banquet is a testimonial dinner to the national officers of the Hercules corporation and other people who are running the rocket powder plant here, called the Sunflower Ordnance Works.

You state that you talked to Ted from New York. Do you mean Ted O'Leary? We certainly have put your name on the permanent mailing list of Jayhawk Rebounds. I wish I had time to write you a longer epistle, but we will let the names of these two and a half other fellows that you recognized in the last Rebounds suffice. I will try to dig up some more of your acquaintances so that it will be more interesting than the previous one.

I just saw Dr. H. T. Jones at the Country Club and he gave me a new address for Dr. H. Penfield Jones who is with the 24th General Hospital, APO 379, New York. He reports that Dr. "Penny" thoroughly enjoys the Rebounds.

Pfc. Ogden S. Jones, Jr., with the 14th Armored Division in General Patten's 3rd Army, writes that his division released the large prison camp near Moosburg in which some 50,000 of our men were held. His unit was also given a Presidential Citation for some of the best defensive action of the war. He reports good health, but lack of sleep because they have moved so fast and so far.

Maj. Geerge Baxter Smith, former Dean of our School Education before he entered the service, is with the 15th Army Hq., and desires to get in touch with Lawrence boys who were in the R.O.T.C. at the University. I am sure he will be glad to geet 2nd Lt. Williamson T. Hough - "Bill" to all of us, who is with the 9th Army. Bill was a junior in the School of Business before his induction, then was in anti-aircraft artillery before his transfer to the infantry. He went overseas and joined the 9th Army in January, '45. Lots of good luck to you, Bill. I see your good dad often.

From our good friend, Lt. C. O. Burnside, Galveston, Texas: "Doc, there'll come a day - but it is still hull down on the horizon - when the young and the old veterans will return to their native haunts and we'll be ready for a few sports, a bit of quiet living, and best of all the old-time friends who have stood the test of years." Cob, that sounds exactly like

you, and we will be looking and wishing for your early return.

To Capt. F. R. "Rusty" Frink, APO 84, New York - Rusty, we were delighted to get your letter. It came just before we were finishing our Rebounds, so I am using a part of your highly interesting letter. It came just in the nick of time. The Rebounds wouldn't be complete without a recital of some of your harrowing experiences.

Rusty says, "From my particular front I have little to report; things have quieted down now that the trapped krouts in our rear areas have been corralled and our supply lines reopened. We have been sitting here on the Elbe River for some time, straining our eyes for a glimpse of the Russians, who are very close since we were given a no fire order not 15 min. age. . . It was quite a rat-race getting here from the Rhine; more often than not we moved day and night, sometimes meeting stiff resistance, sometimes none whatseever. . Spring has hit morth Germany in force now; we're all getting the usual fever and just plain lazy. I imagine spring has reached the campus. I can picture how levely it must be at home, and hope that somehow we can manage that last trip. . . . I imagine Bob has developed a fine bedside manner. Isn't he in Kansas City?" Yes, Rusty, as you will read elsewhere in this letter, Bob is at Bell Memorial.

My first hitch at this letter was a week ago. We do a part of it, then we have interruptions and a day passes, or maybe two, and then we write again. Things on the international front have happened so rapidly that we are enomored of the idea to carry this along hoping that the grand finale in Europe would happen before we finished the letter so we could say, Selah! But enough has already happened for us to philosophically gaze back two thousand years and think of the lewly Nazarene who taught fellowship, leve of one's neighbor, and equality. And then to move our sights forward and think of a group of men who in an era less than two hundred years ago and up to the present time kicked a let of those theories temporarily into discard - Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Bismarck, Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, and the rest of the outlaw gang are as impotent as their teaching. A limerick runs through my mind which expresses it aptly: The mother bee is a very busy soul...She has no time for birth control.....

Perhaps that is the reasen in times like these....There are so many sens of b's......

With V-E Day fast approaching may we offer a teast to our all-American java-drinkers when we say, "Let's dunk Deenitz, and let's clip the Nips, leering at us through these inhuman slits. And when Russia's Uncle Joe, whose limitless maelstrom will everflow quaking Tokyo, then hell-center will be no mo'".

To all of you Jayhawk Rebounders, we are anxiously awaiting your return in the same spirit as these beautiful lines:

"Home is the sailer, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hills."

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education, Varsity Basketball Coach,

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With bild , with the cold of the cold and decided in the decided and the cold of the cold of the Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

I have just returned from KFKU where I reviewed for Professor John Hankins of the English Department of the University, John R. Tunis' book on "Yea! Wildcats!" published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is Mr. Tunis' first basketball stcry. Previously he had written baseball, football and tennis sport stories. But this, I believe, is his first effort with a basketball story.

About ten years ago I had a very interesting experience with Mr. Tunis. He wrote for Harper's, "Badminton, The Fastest Growing Game in the World." I challenged Mr. Tunis! authenticity on badminton as being the fastest growing game in the world and wrote him giving authoritative statements to the effect that basketball was the fastest growing game in the world. I contended that over 52 nations played basketball, numbering 20 million players among its participants. And in the United States alone there were a hundrod spectators attending the games annually this according to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce reports to the federal government.

Mr. Tunis and I had a very interesting and heated series of written communications, and finally he came out to Lawrence, Kansas, for an interview. I found him a very highly entertaining and provocative gentleman. We soon settled our score, much to the pleasant reaction of both of us, and now since he has written "Yea! Wildcats!" I feel that basketball made a definite impression upon him. I found that he had been to Europe sixteen times and had never been west of the Mississippi once. He had Harvard affiliations and at that time was sending a nephew through Harvard University.

He was greatly delighted with the campus of the University of Kansas. It was just as if he had stepped into a new world so far as his previous experiences were concerned. Mr. Tunis said, "Will you take me over the campus?" And I said I. would be delighted. So we got in the Buick and as we drove along I pointed out the buildings with their traditions. We drove around Watkins Memorial Hespital and I showed him the beautiful hospital and the home of Mrs. Watkins, the benefactress. We had just gone past Mrs. Watkins' residence and swung in front of Watkins and Miller Halls when a young woman with muscular frame, red hair, square face, and a straightforward glance came north from the old Spooner-Thayer library. Mr. Tunis said, "Stop!", jerked open the door and jumped out with a wild exclamation to this young woman, "Who's the president of Czechoslovakia?" . I will never forget the glance of that girl from the Western Kansas plains when she looked at that young would-be masher, in her opinion. To save the day, I jerked open my door and said, "Pardon me, this is Mr. Tunis from New York. He is visiting our campus and interviewing our students." With the greatest air of disdain and a casual summing up of the individual, and with a quick snap she said, "Why, Benesch, of course." fibeleed a treatest red to retracted areas and accurate vicate edi-

With great glee he raised his arms in exclamation and said, "Good! Good! Good!" He thought he was mixing among primitive people: He was so surprised and delighted to think that a student walking across the campus would know international affairs to such a marked degree. But it wasn't outstanding at all because the "adios were blazing forth the crack-pot Hitler's wildly inflammatory remarks preparatory to taking over Czechoslovakia. Then he asked me to take him down to one of the girls' fraternities (sororities). He was going out on the Santa Fe noon train, so this being just before noon I stopped at the Fi Phi house on the way down. We entered and went down to the basement to the large lounge where a dozen girls were passing the half hour before lunch time. These girls will remain anonymous, but I remember each and every one of them. First he asked, "What papers do you read?" And this well-read girl said, "The New York Times and the Chicago Tribune." That opened his eyes further. The next one he asked, "Would you marry a negro?" That remark was quite satisfactory. And so we ran the gamut of a dozen questions to the girls, and with each answer the intelligence of the girls rated A plus with Mr. Tunis.

Now he wanted to see one of the boys clubs (fraternities). You know they do not have fraternities and sororities in the eastern schools. Woodrow Wilson abolished all fraternities at Princeton when he was president of Princeton University. The Phi Psi house was our next stop because it was conveniently close to our route to the railway station. It was now 12 o'clock and the 18 boys assembled in the sun room at the Phi Psi house were hungry, but affable. The boys, reading Mr. Tunis' mind, came up to the high mental standards that he found to exist among the girls.

Never was a man so much elated, and I might add, as agreeably surprised as was Mr. Tunis. He said, "Allen, this is one of the most wenderful places in the world. I would like to come back here in a month and stay. I could find a story that would be marvelous." It is not necessary for me to tell you what a bang I got out of his coming because he quickly learned how little the easterners know of the wonders and the advancement of our country. He said, "The students here are fresh fresh, I mean intelligently affable, responsive. They've got everything." (As if we hadn't known it before!)

I have traveled from one end of the country to the other and I fine the people in this section have the best health, the best physiques, and the best gumption, generally speaking. In the first World War Kansas excelled the nation so far as rejections were concerned. Kansas had the fewest of any state in the union per capita. In the second World War only Oregon rates ahead of her. You will pardon this burst of justifiable pride.

Now, back to Mr. Tunis. Mr. Tunis is a debunker of intercollegiate sport. Several years ago he wrote for Marper's, "The Great God Football", which was a typically debunking story, and he has followed through consistently. Formerly he was tennis expert for the New York Times. He is a brilliant writer and a worthy protagonist. I have a very high regard for his intelligence and ability as a writer.

I thought I might briefly review this basketball story, "Yea! Wildcats!" for you because fittingly Mr. Tunis has chosen as the setting for his story the state of Indiana, with the climax taking place at the famous state basketball tournament in Indianapolis. Basketball season is over, we do not have varsity baseball this year, but we do have track. But the catch is I do not have any catchy track stories. To Mrs. Allen, who is an expert on book reviews and other literary achievements, goes the credit for this dissertation.

The story hinges on a characterization of Don Henderson, a basketball coach in a small town, springfield, in central Indiana. He was asked in mid-season to take charge of the Springfield Wildcats. Out of a second-rate team he builds up a basketball five that becomes a strong contender in the State finals at Indianapolis.

It is in this struggle of an idealistic coach to remain true to his noblest convictions, regardless of all opinion to the contrary, that the purpose of the story

unfolds. Don Henderson begins and ends his coaching career true to the finest traditions of his spectacular profession. But, after he came into big-time Indiana high school basketball competition, he coached but one year. Whether or not he would have emerged from a longer coaching career with his idealism unscathed is problematical.

Mr. Tunis thus gives his story a happy but rather improbable ending. Don quits coaching after his defeat at State to join the editorial staff of Springfield's newspaper, a crusador for right, and stays in Springfield to lead in community reforms and to help displace men like boss J. Frank Gray, from interference with the best ideals of youth in sports. The fact that Don makes this decision to go into the newspaper business in the little town of Springfield on the very heels of an attractive offer for the position of coach of basketball at Yale University, makes a reader who knows something of the impolling forces of coaching swallow a bit laboriously. If Don had given up his coaching career after winning the State at Indianapolis, it seems that Mr. Tunis could have borne out his forceful characterization of Don Henderson a bit more successfully.

In Springfield, Don soon finds that the powers-that-be want a winner at the State tournament, and that they aren't going to bend over backward being too ethical in finding ways and means to produce that winner. To them, winning is all that matters. The same ethical standards prevail with every prospective State titlewinning high school team in Indiana. Competition to win the State has grown so keen that basketball has ceased to be a sport. It is a disease.

In Springfield the new ceach, young Don Henderson, finds in J. Frank Gray, the town's business-boss and incidentally a school board member, a crafty, unscrupulous man - a man who might be typical of a type of go-getter in any town. Success is all that matters to J. Frank. Any means to that end is justifiable. He thinks it perfectly within the law of clean sport to get a star player to move from another town and high school to Springfield if he can effer the boy's family as inducement for the migration, a better-paying job. In fact, he comes to verbal blows with young Don Henderson over just this situation. J. Frank Gray thinks it good sport to place money and plenty of it on his favorite team. He feels, as do many Indiana oldsters, that this attraction of state high school basketball is for middle-aged amusement, rather than for the spirited happiness of youth. As a result, for lack of seating space, the high school boys and girls do not get to attend the regionals and semi-finals and finals in Indiana in great numbers. Most of the seats are bought up in large blocks weeks before by the middle-aged, the types of J. Frank Gray.

J. Frank finds it difficult to tolerate a young, hard-headed coach, whom he has helped to hire, but who has stubbornly refused to take dictations from him, or to favor him with a group of hard-to-get seats for the important contests.

Don Henderson runs his own team, in spite of the fact that Tom Gray, his star player, is J. Frank's son. And in spite of the fact that, through some reverses over which he has had no control (sickness and the like), he has been forced to play the tough competitive season through with but five men - absolutely no substitutes.

Mr. Tunis has a happy gift as racenteur of a thrilling basketball game. He carries his readers with him. They hang on to the edge of their seats. And his game situations are nicely varied: Springfield 43, Marion 42, in a wild ball game where Marion led by 1 point 45 seconds before the final gun.

At Muncie, Indiana, Springfield beats Fort Wayne Tigers in the semi-finals by freezing the ball for the last minute and one-half -- 29 to 27. When Springfield beats Anderson in the first game at the State Cournament at Indianapolis, Springfield

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mildcats win 21 to 20. But listen to the last six minutes before the final gun. I quote from Mr. Tunis' story:

"Then seconds tick off, minutes went by and Tom Gray faked, pivoted, and shot from the side to bring the score to Springfield 23, Anderson 21. Then the Anderson Indians reared down the court and Erskine rushed in to sink a one-hander and tied the score.

"Then a Wildcat fouled and Anderson Indians went ahead 24 to 23.

"The Wildcats were spent, their feet were sore and hot, their legs were rods of iron, their thighs ached with every step, their lungs were leaden bellows that crucified them each time they pounded the boards. They were through. They were beaten. They couldn't.

"Tom Gray waves his fist in their faces. 'You're gonna quit, are you? Gonna quit, you guys ... just ... when we have it won ... almost ... gonna quit on Don .... A fine gang you are ... a fine team ... call yerself Wildcats! C'm on, gang ... let's give 'em all we got! A gang that won't be beat can't be beat! Give!'
"Eleven thousand people were watching this game: firewagon basketball, chances taken, wild recoveries made, spills and tumbles and falls all over the floor, with the outcome of the contest and the Tourney, too, yet to be decided."

But Tom Gray, the young tall weaving lad who played for his coach and his team with all of the finest traditions of idealism in sport, in spite of his father's attitudes, led his team to victory by 1 point in the last 50 seconds of play.

Then to the last game at State Tournament, where Don Henderson's Wildcats are to battle with Bosse High School of Evansville, whose great star, Jerry Kates, is already nationally known. And Don with his five good average players who loved their team and who had won thus far on grit and spirit, and with not a substitute worth mentioning:

In the last minute in this crucial game, Don and his scrappy team come from behind to tie the score only to meet defeat by a single point. This is a glorious climax to Mr. Tunis' recounting of games. In three brief chapters he tells the story of this great game. A basketball player, a coach, or any basketball fan, once into Mr. Tunis' account of this game would be glued to its pages. We read:

"The tension tightened, increased, became taut and unbearable. There was no world but this. Reality was that heated enclosure. Space was the confines of those four white lines. Time was the electric clock overhead. Life was that intense, thrusting surge below.

"The final seconds. The last seconds of the game, of the day, of the Tournament, of the entire season. On the floor the ten beaten figures wrenched for victory. Or defeat.

"Then Kates leaped in and stole the ball. With a quick break, the little blond figure was out in the clear, dribbling furiously down upon the Bulldog goal."

Thus Don Henderson, the young coach who had brought Springfield up through the season to the State, lost in the final game by one point.

Mr. Tunis knows what boys say to each other in the heat of battle. He knows all of the various psychological devices that coaches use to drive or to quiet menaccording to their various needs, before or during or after a game. He knows exactly what coaches say in the dressing rooms. He has observed carefully and his dialogue is good. Ho knows how to watch a basketball game and how to report it afterward. He knows that the great contribution of a sport to any boy's education is its correlation of his physical, mental, moral and spiritual values into the development of the whole boy -- the complete personality.

There is nothing intricate about his plot in this sport story. In fact, it is based upon so much fact that it might easily cease to be fiction. But for lovers of basketball, boys, girls, women or men who love to follow the pounding feet up and down the maple boards, I'll guarantee that "Yea! Wildcats!" will give you some thrills - clean, wholesome ones.

Mr. Tunis is to be congratulated for choosing to put into the hands of youth, clean, realistic stories of America's fine amateur sports. He is doing his bit in a worthy field - one that he seems to love.

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Now, for varsity track - track at K.U. looked quite rosy from an early inventory of men on the campus. With such star performers as "Ike" Issacson, 1944 Big Six champ in the 100 and 220; LeRey Pobison, 1944 Big Six champ in the javelin; Tom Scofield, 1944 Big Six champ in the high jump and broad jump; Harvey Morrow, second place winner in the pole vault; Jim Sargent, third place winner in the high jump, and with Lynn Leigh, Bill Schell, William Stewart, John Hawley and Rolland Hamilton, returning lettermen in the middle distance runs, we had a nice nucleus to build around.

New men on the campus included Bill Wygle (freshman), 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs., shot putter who ranked third performance in the National High School Honor Roll in 1944; Ernest Bauer, Navy med. student, 6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs., with a creditable record in all three weight events (incidentally, Ernie was captain of the Great Lakes football team in 1944 until transferred to K.U.); Kenneth Danneberg, a 17-year-oldster, outstanding Kansas City quarter-miler from Southwest High; John Jackson, vet., a good middle distance man from Shawnee Mission; Owen Feck, a springer from Wyandotte High; Richard Hudson, a man with no former experience in track, but with a lot of potential ability.

It should not be forgotten that first of all several of these fellows had a job to do for Uncle Sam. Most of them were V-12 trainees. With a few transfers, inductions and special requirements, the picture has changed considerably. The remaining men are doing a creditable job but are lacking in number to be effective enough:

LeRoy Robison, V-12, is still tops in the Big Six in his special event, the javelin. He has been working hard with the shot and discus, and is by no means a bad high jumper. His outstanding scoring spree was to cop 18 points by winning the shot, discus, javelin and tying for first in the high jump at O.U. outdoor meet on April 14.

K. U. had a very ordinary indoor season, losing to Nebraska 54 to 42 on Feb. 3, and to Missouri 74 to 30 on Feb. 17, beating Oklahoma 62 to 41 on Feb. 10, and dropping to fifth place in the Conference meet. These scenes were - Iowa State 40, Nebraska 33, Missouri 28½, Oklahoma 19, Kansas 14, Kansas State 0.

The outdoor season started at Oklahoma in a downpour, on April 14, O.U. winning 75 to 51. At the Drake Relays last week Kansas was ably represented by two relay teams and LeRoy Robison in the javelin and the shot. The sprint medley team - John Jackson, Owen Peck, Kenneth Danneberg and Richard Hudson, placed third; the mile relay team - Richard Hudson, John Jackson, Lynn Leigh and Kenneth Danneberg, placed third. Robison placed fifth in the shot and fourth in the javelin.

May 5th will see Kansas entertaining Nebraska. Things look bright for a Kansas victory. On May 12th the team travels to Missouri for a meet. The Tigers

have a well-balanced and powerful squad, which will be tough for any team. The Big Six Conference meet will be held on May 19th at Nebraska, as usual. The men are pointing for a much better showing than they made in the indoor meet.

Fritz Knorr, the basketball coach at Kansas State, is inaugurating spring basketball practice for his wildcats. During the war we have foregone the idea of having spring basketball practice because the boys are tied up with so many details that we feel no extra emphasis should be placed on basketball. We are carrying on until this fuss is over, and then we will hit them with a powerful aggregation. The nucleus of our 1942 ever-victorious team, if and when the boys return from the service, will be a real threat to any of the teams in this sector, - we hope.

We get many queries as to when Dean Nesmith will be back. I am reprinting some of Dean's remarks regarding his stay in Italy. He may be addressed in care of the Special Service Section, APO 512, New York. Dean says: "The other day I had dinner with Chas. Black and then we went to a hospital to see Bruce Voran. We really had a Jayhawker gab-fest. Buce had a scrap with a jeep and was bruised a bit, but he is getting along fine. Then I had dinner with Dr. H. Penfield (Penny) Jones. He was very anxious to hear of Lawrence, Kansas. He is as pink-cheeked as ever. I have been ever most of occupied Italy and have visited many hospitals and have seen things that pictures nor words could ever describe. My regards to Mrs. Hulteen and the gang. How about the Rebounds! As ever, Dean."

You bet, Dean, immediately upon receipt of your inquiry for the Rebounds we fired one to you. And I want you to know that Dr. "Penny" Jones gets our Rebounds regularly, or as regularly as we write them.

Bruce Voran, we are tickled to death that the jeep didn't gyp you any worse. I still remember, brother, when Mr. Horacek of Kansas State, fouled you while you were in the act of shooting in a Kansas - Kansas Aggie game here in Lawrence, just five seconds before the final gun, with the score tied. It was the usual nerve-racker between the Kansas State boys that annually happened here in Lawrence. You missed the first one, but sunk the last one, and Kansas won another hectic battle. And the jinx still holds, Bruce, - they haven't won a game since, or even before that shot. Good luck, Major Voran. I commission you a major for winning that ball game.

Now, back to Dean Nesmith. Here is some additional information that was printed in the University Daily Kansan on April 10: "Fifty American soldiers and efficers recently inaugurated classes of the Mediterranean Theater's central sports school in Rome. The school provides refresher courses in athletics to Army personnel who will serve as instructors and ceaches in a post-war sports program for soldiers. Classes are held in the gymnasium and athletic grounds once used by Mussolini to train Fascist troops. . . . Eight civilian athletic consultants, each an expert in his field, have been assigned by the War Department to administer the coaching program. The classes will be given over a period of three months with a new cycle of students every 12 days. At the end of each cycle the soldier-students will return to duty with their outfits to begin an expansion of the unit's athletic program. . . "

Dean's original homecoming date was in April, but we learn now it will be later. We called Dean's wife to confirm a rumor that he would be home June 1, and she has no idea when he will be home. He is listed on the faculty of the Kansas State High School Coaching School, which school will have Henry Iba as basketball coach, but the football coach will not be announced. Dean will handle treatment of athletic injuries, according to an announcement by E. A. Thomas. So he should be home by August, if he is to appear on Mr. Thomas's august school.

Four weeks of spring football practice were held in unusually good spring reather, only one day being lost because of rain. About 35 men reported regularly, but some of these men have already been inducted into the Army or Navy since the close of practice. Several letter men from last fall's squad reported, including Gordon Reynolds, end, Charles Moffett, all-Big Six halfback, Dud Day and Don Stockdale, guards, Tex Langford, center, Dorwin Lamkin, tackle. Several squad members who did not letter last year were also out. Among the most promising of these boys were Milford Collins, fullback, Clifford Hargis, end, Tom Bailey, tackle, and James Sanders, halfback. LeRoy Robison, fullback, is an outstanding performer on Coach Ray Kanehl's track team and will be available for heavy duty next fall.

To wind up spring practice, a game with the alumni was held under the lights at Haskell Stadium. Charles Moffett, who has been in the hospital with pneumonia for three weeks, was unable to play with the varsity, leaving us with no letterman in the backfield, and only one back, Milford Collins, who had any experience. The alumni boasted such former luminaries as George Dick, Hub Ulrich (who was home on leave from his PT boat in the South Padific), "Chief" Long, Charles Keller, Garland Cantrell, Dan Chase, Bob Miller, Bill Mowery, and several others. In a hard-fought game the alumni beat the varsity 7 to 0 on a pass completed in the last quarter of the game from Bob Miller to George Dick. The varsity got some good experience, the ceaches got a line on their athletes, and the alumni had a lot of Jun as well as getting a lot of charleyhorses and sore muscles.

The Navy has just announced that a new group of perhaps 100 men will come into the V-12 unit July 1. Undoubtedly there will be some football talent in that group. We are going to hold a summer practice after the first of July, and regular practice will start September 1. Coach Henry Shenk's boys are enthusiastic, and with some breaks should give a good account of themselves next fall.

The 1945-46 football schedule is as follows:

Sept. 22 T.C.U. at Kansas City, Mo.

Sept. 28 Denver University at Denver

October 6 Iowa State at Lawrence

October 13 Open date

October 20 Oklahoma at Norman

October 27 Wichita University at Wichita

November 3 Nebraska at Lincoln

November 10 Marquette at Milwaukee

November 17 Kansas State at Lawrence.

November 24 Missouri at Kansas City

Information has come to the Chancellor's office that we are to have a Naval R.C.T.C. beginning November 1. Our V-12 unit will continue until that time, and may continue on. But this Naval R.O.T.C. unit is bound to increase our athletic officiency. Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Kansas have been notified of Naval R.O.T.C. installations at these places. Iowa State has always had by far the strongest Naval unit. It looks as if only Kansas State will be without Naval personnel athletically. This past year the thing that made Kansas State stronger than usual was the fact that veterinarians who were ASTP students were returned to civilian status and at the same time deferred for their continued study but without Army pay. his made them eligible as civilian students, and increased the athletic power of the Aggies.

This Naval R.O.T.C. should pep up and strengthen Kansas' football prospects. We do not know where the boys will come from, but presume they will come from our own state, as a great many of our V-12 students come from Kansas.

Ernie Quigley is still going big on his bond drive to reduce the stadium debt, which has now been reduced from \$113,000 to \$83,000. Ernie is in Kansas City contacting the Kansas Jayhawkers of the large income bracket with a view of further reducing the indebtedness. He is working with his characteristic fervor and enthusiasm, and those in the know say that before the year is out the indebtedness will be liquidated.

We have received word that our swimming pool in Robinson Gymnasium will be remodeled and greatly improved. The new features will be the graduated depth, with scum gutters and many of the new modern improvements. The old pool will be entirely torn out, a new concrete shell built to retain it and then a new swimming pool built in the shell. The sad part about the thing is that the width cannot be increased, but instead of a 50 ft. pool we will have a 60 ft. pool which will be regulation for competitive matches. However, the footings for the gymnasium preclude our widening it. Work will start about July 1.

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Many of you boys swam in the old rectangular pool with the water 8 feet deep, with no graduation, which was built under Dr. Naismith's he-man theory. He said a graduated pool was silly. Just throw them in and let them swim out. They will learn to swim that way. The old pool was built back in 1912, so it has seen a lot of splashing, and I am glad to see its passing.

We are happy to announce that Capt. Charles B. Black, with a Photo Reconnaisance Group in Italy, has recently been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. We do not have a copy of the citation, but we know, Charlie, that you are still a champion. Congratulations on your captaincy, the DFC, the Air medal and two oak leaf clusters! And last, but not least, congratulations on the baby daughter born to Charlie and Terry Morgan Black on February 20. Mrs. Black and Sheryl Lee are living with Charlie's parents at 1709 Louisiana St., Lawrence, Kansas. Charlie has completed his fifty missions, and we are all hoping that he will soon be in Lawrence again.

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A very mature and distinguished, mustached gentleman appeared on our desk by proxy day before yesterday. This photograph of Captain John Pfitsch (APO 339, New York) as one of Uncle Sam's often decorated and cited first class fighting men. You would never know the captain behind all that handle-bar shrubbery that adorns his upper lip. Gosh, John, you look tough! And a great big sign adorns the picture thus: Happy Birthday to the Pfleugervill Pflash! - none other than our old amiable Johnny from Texas.

John recently wrote from Germany as follows: "Our morale is tops now because we're on the move. If we can keep it up for a while this war won't last too long. We are clicking, so you can expect anything. I don't think I have told you before, but recently I changed grade again. Hope I can live up to all expectations. At least I'll be in there trying. We had opportunity lately to play some softball. I think I had the first organized softball league in German. We won, too, Doc, so I'm happy. Now we're back slugging it out and I think we have the power to do the whole job this gime. Give my regards to everyone."

"Sparky" (Bowling-Alley Grip) McSpadden visited the office with his ensign's commission a couple of weeks ago. Boy, he covered Lawrence, El Dorado and all parts of Kansas in a very short while. I should not leave out the vicinity of Kansas City, Mo. I am using my imagination now because when we played basketball, Kansas City was a hallowed spot for Sparky. I don't know about his lady friend, but from the gleam in his eye I think he is still in love. Sparky said he just rouldn't get used to New York City - it was too big for him. Sparky is now at the Hotel Everglades, Miami, Florida.

Captain Dean Martin, who played a bang-up center field for our varsity baseball team a few years ago, dropped in the office to say hello. While on the hill he also stopped at the Endowment Office to leave a check for \$20.00 for the living memorial fund honoring T. P. Hunter. T. P. played first base and pitched on the same varsity that Dean played on. You could always count on Captain Martin for a timely single or double if there was a man on base. His batting average is still high with us in any league.

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Right after basketball season we started on the "grapefruit and lettuce leaf" tour - basketball banquets to you. The Co-op Club of Lawrence, Kansas, gave the basketball team their usual highly entertaining basketball banquet. This was held at the Colonial Tea Room on March 8. Co-captains were elected for the year - Gordon Reynolds of Tacoma, Washington, and Kirk Scott of Newton, Kansas. The followers considered the record of the season very good, considering the inauspicious start that Kansas made. Then on March 14th I journeyed to Welda, Kansas, for the first of my basketball banquets. On March 18 I was in Denver for the AAU games, then to Emporia, to Manhattan, and on to Kansas City for the N.C.A.A. finals on Saturday night, the 24th. Then followed banquets at Effingham, Shawnee-Mission, Parkville, Mo., Pawnee Rock, Wyandotte High in Kansas City, Kansas, Burlington, Stockton, Grinnell, Salina.

The only date we missed, through flood and high water, was the one at Galesburg, Ill. The Santa Fe was washed out below Topeka but the Santa Fe authorities said there would be a train made up in Kansas City so that I might arrive at my destination. The planes were all grounded and the Santa Fe could not assemble the train, so we had to call that date off the morning of the trip. We made a trip to Anthony, Kansas, the next day, and then on to Bedford, Iowa, following the Galesburg cancellation.

It was a highly interesting and very strenuous undertaking, but we lived through it. Salina won the Class AA championship and Anthony won the Class A. Halstead repeated with the Class B championship, and Ernie Quigley spoke out there. So we covered all the Kansas championship basketball tournaments in good shape.

On April 21 the Athletic Association entertained the 41st annual Interscholastic Track Meet. About 800 Kansas boys participated in a splendid meet under perfect weather conditions. Few records were broken, but it was a great turn out.

Now my commencement dates are starting, and on May 9th I go to Circleville, Kansas; on the 15th, Reading, Kansas; on the 16th, Lane, Kansas; on the 17th, Beattie, Kansas; on the 18th, Summerfield, Kansas; and on May 22nd I speak at the Russell, Kansas, Rotary Club who are entertaining forty senior boys there who have been Junior Rotarians during the year.

Circleville, Kansas, is S/Sgt. Ralph N. "Red" Dugan's old home town. Red, I will tell the citizens of Circleville regarding your fine record that you made here at the University and of the record that you are now making with Uncle Sam at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Last Monday night I attended my first City Council meeting and was immediately initiated into some exciting episodes. Mayor Russell appointed me, among other committees, to the Police Committee. There was an Indian boy from Haskell who got into some difficulty at the Varsity Theater when the police were called, and before the boy was taken to the station some blows were struck - not firearms, but fly arms. An article appeared in the daily paper which caused great excitement and already the Police Committee has had three meetings with the public, some taking

sides with the police and some with the Indian boy.

George Snyder, who was the campus patrolman for a great number of years and who was perhaps the best loved officer on Mt. Oread, was one of the officers arresting the Indian youth. Ralph Hubbell, the highly dependable and efficient efficer on the police force, was the other. It is interesting just how many sides you can hear to a story. This morning Mayor Russell and Chief Bliesner and I went out for a conference with Mr. Solon Ayers, the superintendent of Haskell, Mr. Moreleck, the principal, and Mr. Madison Coombs, the boys' advisor and athletic director at Haskell. You remember Mr. Coombs was formerly principal of the University High School - old Oread, to you.

So many woird statements have been made about this peisode that I felt constrained to tell of an incident that happened in our home some ten or fifteen years ago to show the fallability of eye witnesses to an exciting situation. Our statements are often colored and prejudiced. Never before have these officers been criticized for brutal treatment. But when the Indian boy struck, one of the officers' night clubs came into play and some damage was done to the defendant. But back to the story. At the time I mentioned, squirrel's were a drug on the market in Lawrence. Rabies were reported among them, and although the squirrels are considered pets of Lawrence, they became a nuisance, at least they were a nuisance in my yard because we had a shellbark hickory tree in the front yard near the sidewalk. It was along in July and the hickory nuts had just begun to form and fill out. The squirrels descended upon that shellbark hickory in droves, and in chewing the green outer covering off the nuts they made the worst mess imaginable. It did no good to sweep the sidewalk, even every hour, because this debris rained down on the pedestrians, and as the squirrels would chew some of the nuts would drop down. I won't try to describe what I heard from the pedestrians.

So I made up my mind that I would eradicate, so far as possible, the nuisance. Realizing that a fellow who would shoot a squirrel in broad daylight before the sympathetic public, might receive severe treatment, I used the upstairs bathroom window as a point of vantage to exterminate some of the tree rodents. I lowered the bathroom window and stuck the muzzle of the 410 shot gun out of the northeast corner of the room, the muzzle being pointed toward the squirrels. When I fired the squirrel came tumbling down into the front yard and fitfully fought its way to the north parkway before expiring. I put the gun down in the hallway and walked outside in our front yard to recover the dead squirrel.

In the interim an automobilist passing down 8th street by the side of our house, heard the shot and immediately clamped on his brakes, got out and walked around and looked at all four of his tires for a blow-out. The motorist did not see the squirrel lying dead on the parkway. He hazily got back in his car, wondering what in the world had happened.

John Tom Reynolds lived in the house where Hovey Hanna now lives across the street from me. He was lying in a hammock, tootling (should I say?) on his saxophone. He was one of those fellows that believed in protecting the squirrels. He came charging across the street and said, "Did you see that guy?" I said, "What?" as innocently as I could, although feeling a little guilty. He said, "Did you see that guy get out of that ear and shoot that squirrel?" I said, "No, I didn!t, John." He said, "Well, he did." I picked up the squirrel and said, "The squirrel is dead now, John. Do you want it?" He hesitated, and thon said, "Why, yes, I'll take it."

To this day, John Tom Reynolds does not know that I was the culprit, and the motorist was the confused individual wrongly accused by John Tom who definitely saw him shoot that squirrel.

When I hear people make statements now in the hour of excitement I always think of my experience with the squirrel. I still have great conficence in the efficers and the police department. It is a queer thing - when an officer can be killed in line of duty we will say it is too bad. But the moment an officer clubs someone resisting arrest the entire public wants to punish the officer. So this is another incident in my young life.

As chairman of the Civic Action Committee we met at the Country Club last night until just before 11. At 11 o'clock we were called down to the police station where the Chief of Folice, Mr. Pine and Mr. Bushey were meeting and we went over the situation.

I do not believe that I told you boys I was elected as District Governor of Rotary District #123. There are thirty clubs in our district, and the District Governor is supposed to visit each of the clubs once a year. But one thing I am thankful for - my term as president of the Country Club expires October 1, and someone else can take over that duty. So by the time basketball season rolls around next year I am hoping that I will be able to devote a part of my divided time in an endeavor to recapture the championship we lost to Louie Menze at Iowa State on March 2. Now - if there is anything you would like to have done, you just let me know and I will "let George do it".

I have received so many wonderful letters from you boys overseas that I will try to quote only a paragraph or two from each so your buddies will know of your whereabouts, and they in turn can communicate with you. I do not believe that I montioned that Mou Hui King, who came to the University from Peking, China, through an acquaintanceship developed between his father and Chancellor Lindley, made a \$5.00 contribution to the T. P. Hunter memorial fund on March 30. Mou Hui is a graduate of our School of Engineering and is now with the Allis-Chalmers Co. in Milwaukee. Many of you boys will remember him as an outstanding student in Engineering. In a letter to Fred Ellsworth, he says: "I see that good ol' K.U. is coming along all right and our Phog is really getting his name in sport pages all over the country. A Nebraska man, whenever he hears that we have won a game, always kids me by saying, 'Well, they must have laid a little money on the game'."

From Ens. Ralph E. Schaako, USS LST 338, N.Y.: "I have had another change since I last wrote to you and I am more than just well pleased with the duty that I now have. . This ship, with her officers and men, has been overseas for two years now. That is too long but they have stood up well under the strain of three invasions in the Mediterranean and Normandy. At least they know what the score is and that means a lot." Thanks, Ralph, for sending the copy of Stars and Stripes containing the article about Ray Niblo who played football for Gwinn Henry and Vic Hurt.

Ralph, your cousin, Pvt. Carl L. Schaake, who enlisted in the Marine Corps along with Charles Taylor, writes me from Parris Island, S. C.: "We got the news about the President tonight. It was quite a shock because it was the first news they have ever given us down here. When we get out of boot camp we will probably get more news because we will be more on our own. This is quite a place down here but I like it." These two boys appeared before the Draft Board and enlisted. They did not want to wait to be drafted.

Mrs. Margaret Masoner, Paul's better half, writes from Garden City, Kansas, to give us Paul's new address, which is: Lt. (jg) Paul O. Masoner, USNR, 7th Fleet, Fleet Tr. Command (Sonar), San Francisco. Mrs. Masoner says: "We had three weeks in San Francisco beforo Paul left. Saw Helen and Jack Richardson. We tried to call Bill Replogle and Ed Hall in Oakland but they were out when we called. We also ran into Ed Lindquist. He went out about the same time Paul did."

From F/O Vance L. Hall, APO 433, New York: "For some time I have been traveling but am now about ready to settle down a while at a permanent base. I have been in South America, Africa, and am now in India. . . . I am always on the lookout for a Jayhawker and I may see somebody yet as the boys are certainly scattered all over the face of the globe."

Vance, I passed through Downs the other day on my way to speak at Stockton. The tie rod went out on my Buick and I limped on in to Osborne at ten miles an hour and had them wire the thing up so that I could make my appointment on time. But the thing that really saved me was the mountain time that Stockton goes by, else I would have been late.

I received a letter from my nephew, Ens. Frank S. Allen, Comd't Navy 128, San Francisco, who used to officiate a lot of intramural games here. "I am at present attached to the Hawaiian Sea Frontier. . . I get into Honolulu often but have not succeeded yet in reaching Bert Itoga. I saw Bill Lenhart and also Fred Harris, from Ottawa. They would like to receive your Rebounds if you have any extra copies. I come across many fellows I know out here. Athletic events are good places to see them. I am beginning to officiate ball games here next week so I should be able to see others. The basketball here is tops. The Navy have the best of the island. Some of them you will remember - Jim Pollard and Dana from Stanford, Bill Closs from Rice, and others. Pollard is truly great. Give my congratulations to Mit on his commission. He will thoroughly like Harvard, and if he is in Communications he will like that too. . . . Independence is really in the news with Truman's rise to the presidency. It only seems like yesterday when we used to tease his daughter, Mary Margaret."

An interesting letter has come from Lt. (jg) Don Phelps, USS Copahee, San Francisco, who says: "I have been on this same ship for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years now during which time I've seen just about everything there is to see in the Pacific. Frankly, I'm just a bit tired of so much water and so little land, and believe I'll never be dissatisfied with Kansas again. My ship is an escort carrier (baby flat top) and when we have the space available the hangar deck is turned into a floating gymnasium. Its not at all unusual to find a boxing match, 2 volley ball games, 2 badminton games, a basketball game and men working on the trampoline and punching bags all going at once. Its a wonderful boon for both the mental and physical welfare of the men and helps immeasurably to combat the overwhelming boredom caused by weeks and weeks at sea."

A short letter from Sgt. Curtice Jenkins (50 So. 5th East, Salt Lake City, Utah), who played football for Gwinn Henry, says: "Had the pleasure of talking with Lt. Jack Richardson, who is now stationed at the Station Hospital here at Kearns. Gave me a copy of Jayhawk Rebounds which I read very thoroughly. Would appreciate it very much if I could get on your mailing list. Its good to learn where the gang is and what they are doing. Had seen in the Yank about Dean Nesmith being in Italy. Don't think they could have picked a better man."

From Lt. Ray R. Evans, APO 632, Mami, Fla. - "Just a word or two in regard to a new boy who seems to be interested in Kansas University. . . I played against this boy and he is very good. He is about 6'2" and has a big pair of shoulders. He likes to play ball, and is a fighter - the type you like. . . "

I acknowledge with a debt of gratitude Ray's fine letter. He always has the old K.U. spirit, whether in the States or with the Cypsy Task Force. There is hardly a day passes that some fellow on Massachusetts Street doesn't say, "Won't you be glad to have Charlie Black and Ray Evans and Otto Schmellbacher and Armand Dixon, and the rest of the boys back?" And you know what my answer is - a big