

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 Elliott, for giving us this opportunity to visit with Bill and his family. We have always been especially 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 together. He's been waging a crusade against the gambling at high school football games here. Have seen Twink Starr and John Wall, and hear Patsy 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 Rebound I am just now writing and the one previous to this, although it is rather belated.