

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

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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 story. 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 hundred 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 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 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."

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-pot Hitler's wildly inflammatory remarks preparatory to taking over Czechoslovakia.