

affirmative YES, with an exclamation!

From Major Paul R. Harrington, MC, APC 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 Rosedale 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.

Major 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 frosh basketball team until Hollywood nabbed him. He was just too good-looking, and a movie scout located him. The fact that he was photogenic and personable got him a contract.



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

I believe that Otto 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. Schnnelly 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 those cities from less than 20,000 or so feet."

Lt. Lee W. Huddleston, 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 Pflugerville 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 Beloit, 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 been able 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 smoothly. 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 o'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, PhM2/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 part: "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 of 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 might add, in addition to my other duties as Battery Executive 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 I can 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 lot 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. Doris 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.



16.

Harry W. Frazee, Jr., AM1/c, USNAS, Norfolk, Va., writes: "The other day I ran into Bill Bunsen, Phi Delt (K.U. footballer 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 overseas. Enclosed is a little piece from an old 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, California, 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 Canadian 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 servicemen. 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 lot 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 brand 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 Happ, 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. Johns, 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 basketball. 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. Iowa State and Kansas were in the play-off with Iowa State licking us. Before the season started I would have sold out for fourth place and would have been happy. I was especially proud of the boys because I believe they



gave everything they had. Iowa State was just a better ball club that night.

I just received a letter from Louie Menze this morning, in which he says: "We had the best night of the season against you. It wasn't that Kansas 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 Louie Menze was one of my stars in early days, and if we couldn't win I was tickled pink that Louie 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 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 championship 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 associated with winning teams and fine morale 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 USS Eastland in the Okinawa invasion. Miko reports something of the suicide tactics used by the fanatical Japs in the Pacific. He says, "Pilots deliberately attempt to drash dive ships, rather than make a bombing run, strafe and scam. 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 afloat. We have experienced many close calls, but are still fighting! . . . I just had a visitor - 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 sort of lose track of time out 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. Those 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 months ago 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 Hospital 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 Sloane Maternity Hospital. 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 children's 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 swirling Terpischoreans who swayed rhythmically to the beautiful music. Gordon Reynolds and Dan Chase were the K men who carried the load of responsibility, and Governor Schoepel 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 lion with the ladies, voted by them the best-looking man on the campus. The K men picked the queen.

Bob Malott 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 hot 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 toastmaster 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 those 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 Patton'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. George 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 greet 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 krauts 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. ago. . . . It was quite a rat-race getting hwrre from the Rhine; more often than not we moved day and night, sometimes meeting stiff resistance, sometimes none whatsoever. . . . Spring has hit north 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 lovely 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.

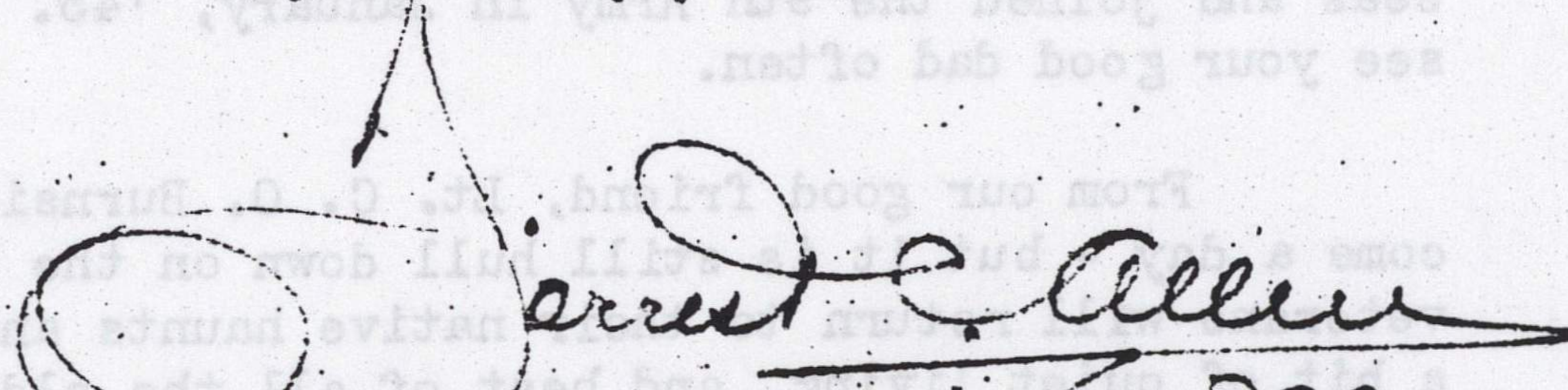
My first hitch at this letter was a week ago. We do a part of it, then we have interruptions and a day passes, or maybe two, and then we write again. Things on the international front have happened so rapidly that we are enamored of the idea to carry this along hoping that the grand finale in Europe 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 lowly Nazarene who taught fellowship, love 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 lot 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 reason in times like these.....There are so many sons of b's.....

With V-E day fast approaching may we offer a toast to our all-American java-drinkers when we say, "Let's dunk Doenitz, and let's clip the Nips, leering at us through those inhuman slits. And when Russia's Uncle Joo, whose limitless maelstrom will overflow quaking Tokyo, then hell-center will be no no!"

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

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

Very sincerely yours,

  
Director of Physical Education, Doe  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH



J A Y H A W K   R E B O U N D S

May 26, 1945

No. 16

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

In our Jayhawk Rebounds issue No. 15 last month I promised that I would reprint the story of "Listening For a Droning Plane", and the fight that Bill Johnson waged on that memorable night back in 1932 when Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma were fighting it out for first place in the Big Six championship basketball race.

Back in 1924 when I wrote "My Basketball Bible", I wrote a story about the big game - that Kansas-Missouri epic struggle back in 1923, describing the ever-victorious team when they conquered the Tigers twice in a single year. My purpose in writing this story was to try to impress the coaches and readers that inspirational coaching plays a great part in victories. It is just as valuable for a coach to recognize the psychology of coaching as it is for him to know plays, formations and also to understand the physical structure of the boys who are playing on the team.

In the present book, "Better Basketball", I have enlarged that section under the heading, Tales of the Yesteryears. There are seven yarns that I have gotten together and all of them are based on fact. This story of Bill Johnson is as definitely a part of my teaching of basketball as are the fundamentals contained in my text.

Listening For A Droning Plane

For I dipt into the future, far as  
Human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all  
The wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
Argesies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping  
Down with costly bales;  
    . . . . .  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
And there rained a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling  
In the central blue.

--Tennyson.

In his lone flight from America to France, Charles A. Lindbergh, in 1927, hooked up the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower, and thus further materialized this poet's prophetic dream of almost a century before.

In lesser degree, in his own smaller world in the middle west, Bill Johnson, phenomenal Kansas center of 1932, electrified basketball followers by a heroic flight from his family's grave lot in the cemetery at Oklahoma City, Okla., to the basketball court on Mount Oread at the University of Kansas.

On this particular Saturday night, the universities of Missouri, Okla-



homa, and Kansas were facing their final games in the Big Six Conference Championship race, with possibilities of a triple tie for honors.

Kansas was scheduled to meet Oklahoma at Lawrence, Kan., and on the same night Missouri was to meet Kansas State at Manhattan, Kan. Should Oklahoma defeat Kansas and should Missouri win from Kansas State, the Big Six would be deadlocked with the three state universities in a dogfall.

Kansas had lost her first two conference games of the season, but after the loss of these games had remained undefeated. Oklahoma was cruising along at a terrific rate, and Missouri was looked upon as a most dangerous contender. The Kansas team seemed to pick up increasing power with each victory.

Upon Bill Johnson, a senior and an elegant and versatile raper of the basketball court, Kansas pinned her chiefest hopes. For two years, Bill had shown the way to all Big Six centers. He had no peers in his position. And since Kansas had held the Big Six Conference Championship for the two preceding years, the race took on a Kansas hue.

As the season advanced, the Kansas Jayhawkers were moving in high gear--mowing down all opposition with relentless and ruthless regularity. This hectic struggle for the championship had gripped the imagination of the entire region of the great plains states. Column after column of newspaper space was devoted to this unusual race, and everybody was on edge over the outcome.

But, as is so often the case in man's best laid schemes, something happened. On Wednesday afternoon, the Kansans had their last grueling workout. We had planned to polish off during the remaining three days. Our scrimmage was most satisfying. In fact, too satisfying. Everything clicked. The machine glided with no lost motion. Johnson and the rest of his teammates were superb, shooting, passing, and hitting with uncanny skill. Surely if they could function like this on their game night, just three days away, no Oklahoma team could stop them.

But, even then, I had a premonition that everything was too perfect. After practice, press correspondents queried me as to the probable outcome of the game. A strange foreboding gripped me. I seemed to feel that something would happen to my ace, Bill Johnson. The bugbear of injuries haunted me. I told them, "If Bill Johnson doesn't break a leg, Oklahoma will be in for a busy Saturday night."

On that same Wednesday night, while I was at dinner, the telephone rang and a friend informed me that Bill Johnson's father had died suddenly in his home at Oklahoma City, 400 miles away.

Bill left on the night train and with him, so it seemed, went Kansas' chances for its third consecutive Big Six Championship.

Norman, the home of the University of Oklahoma, is just 18 miles from Oklahoma City, the home of the Johnsons. The athletic authorities at the University of Oklahoma were besieged by the press throughout this conference area to postpone the game until the following week, so that the two teams could meet at full strength. But the Oklahomans wanted to play the game on schedule.

The funeral hour of Bill Johnson's pioneer father, originally set for Friday, was changed to Saturday at 2:30 p.m. in order to accommodate relatives from a distance.

All Kansas home games were scheduled at 7:30 p.m. Apparently there was



no way for Bill Johnson to travel 400 miles after his father's funeral and play the game. Certain defeat faced Kansas. Oklahoma had been the runner-up to Kansas in the two previous conference races, and now in this third year fate seemed to decree an Oklahoma victory.

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This significant statement proved to be the real challenge in Bill's final decision to try to get back to play. Close friends of the family had counseled with his mother and had urged that, if at all possible for Bill to reach Lawrence, he should play in this, his final game, and thus fulfill the last wish of his father.

C. O. ("Cob") Burnside, residing in Bill's home town, a fraternity brother of Bill's and a loyal alumnus of Kansas, through his intimate friendship for the Johnson family, convinced Mrs. Johnson to send her boy by airplane to answer the call of Kansas.

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During the day, many offers from businessmen and from university groups to sponsor a flight to Oklahoma to get Johnson came to me. But all such proposals had received a deaf ear. Strong head winds and air pockets aplenty made a 400-mile hop under adverse weather conditions seem too perilous to consider.

However, during the afternoon, another fraternity brother of Bill's, Maurice L. Breidenthal of Kansas City, Kan., and a most loyal alumnus of Kansas, telephoned to me that he and Cob Burnside of Oklahoma City had arranged for a commercial plane to attempt the flight to bring Bill Johnson from Oklahoma City in time for the game.

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Immediately bulletins were published in the press and broadcast by radio that the Kansas-Oklahoma game would be called at 8:00 p.m., instead of 7:30 p.m., as usual. On account of the possible effect upon the team, we were forced to keep our primary reason for this change of time a secret, giving as a reason for the postponement our desire to have Kansas followers listen in on the first half of the important Missouri-Kansas State game, being played at Manhattan.

We installed loud-speakers in the Kansas field house for these radio reports of the first half of the Missouri-Kansas State game. If Missouri should win their game, then the winner of the Kansas Oklahoma game would be



tied with Missouri for the title. But, if Missouri should lose and Kansas should win, Kansas would be the undisputed champion of the Big Six Conference for the third consecutive time. We were hoping that this additional 30 minutes would land Bill Johnson in our dressing rooms in time for the game.

Our team's pregame meal was a tense though drab affair. The group was on edge. The air was charged with mental static. Not one player mentioned the probability of Bill's coming. All day the press had announced for a certainty that Johnson was definitely out of the game. When I excused myself, presumably to step out for an instant, anxious and startled looks swept from one player to another. Actually, I had left them, intending to accompany Dr. A. J. Anderson, our Medical Adviser, to the local airport to meet and, if necessary, to administer to our expected and most welcome air passenger.

At the airport, minutes flew. Soon darkness came on and made a landing at our unlighted airport impossible. So anxious was our vigil and so intense our watch that at twilight I called to Dr. Anderson, "Here comes Bill from the southwest."

Fervently desiring his arrival, I had peered so intensely into the far-distant horizon that a piece of waving heavy tape had created an optical illusion which made me see the thing that I most desired to see--an airplane with Bill Johnson in it.

With pitch dark upon us, nonplused and confused and disappointed and minus our prized cargo, we hastily drove the 3 miles back to the gymnasium. I entered the team's quarters and found the boys, outwardly quiet, dressing for the game.

Minutes were precious now. Less than an hour remained. Eyes were anxious, muscles taut. My untimely absence was still a mystery to them. Yet I had not a word nor a sign from our precious argosy of the air!

Serious business this. All minds and hearts on the game just ahead. Suddenly, this ominous silence proved too much for one of our players. He rushed up and challenged me with a shout, "You know where Bill Johnson is! You know where he is! Even if he doesn't show up, I'll win that damn game myself."

"Quiet, you," I shouted. I did not know where Bill was and so stated in emphatic terms and ordered him to restrain and calm himself.

Suddenly, a summons came from the outside, "Telephone for you, Coach Allen." I rushed upstairs to the telephone and to my unrestrained delight over the wires came the voice of the argonaut of Kansas' hopes.

Long past nightfall, the ship had landed at a lighted airport some 30 miles away. Bill Johnson had taxied from there to our own city limits and had telephoned me to ask if he should eat before coming on to the gymnasium.

Three hours and a half by air and 30 minutes overland by taxi had left Bill groggy. He had but 30 minutes to come the remaining 5 miles, to dress, and to warm up before the whistle blasted the start of the game.

"Eat nothing," I shouted. "For heaven's sake jump in that taxi and tear up here with all your might."

Back downstairs I lunged. I fairly flew into the dressing room. I was treading on thin air. I whispered the good news to my assistant coach and told him to stay behind and help Bill and bring him to the field house as



soon as possible. We had but 25 minutes left.

"Com on, gang! I shouted, "over and after those Oklahoma Sooners!"

And we swung away with a mixed joy and fear such as I never before had known in my 30 years of coaching.

The Kansas field house was packed. Already the radio reports were giving Kansas State a lead of 8 points over Missouri. Surely the outcome of the local struggle would determine the championship.

As the Kansas varsity swarmed on the floor, the partisan rooters gave them a great ovation. Oklahoma had arrived early. They drove through their warm-up drills with skill and confidence. Keyed to the minute, these Sooners from Oklahoma looked formidable. Without Johnson, Kansas partisans still hoped that some magic power would aid the stricken Kansans.

The Oklahomans scanned the personnel of the alert Kansans to make sure that Johnson was not among them. Just 12 minutes before game time! Feverish excitement everywhere. Sweaters flung aside. Timers, scorers, and officials hurrying to their places for a final check-up. Oklahoma's coach was still wary, as if fearing an unseen phantom.

Bedlam broke loose! Look! Kansas rooters went wild. Standing, Cheering, shouting like maniacs, they beheld a sight that brought tears to their eyes. Was that Bill Johnson's ghost? No! It was Kansas' own Bill Johnson in the flesh!

Pale and wan, even thinner than usual, Bill strode into the arena just 6 minutes before eight o'clock. Joan of Arc's spirit rekindled.

The roof fairly blew off. Kansas players, stunned for the moment, suddenly recovered their equilibrium, and showered their haggard teammate with ecstatic adulations of joy. Kansas rushed into a huddle in her dressing room, just off the arena.

But 4 minutes remained before the game. Kansas now had more than her own strength. She had something indefinable. One could not measure it accurately but could feel it in the air. A positive psychic force! I shouted, "All right, boys, sit here on this bench, -- Bill, Ted, Lee, Elmer, and Dick.

"Boys, words must be few. I merely want to remind you that 43 years ago a young man challenged the dangers of the great southwest and carved a home out of it for Bill Johnson to grow up in. Bill's father was a daring and courageous pioneer.

"Tonight over exactly that same trail came the same conquering spirit to answer the call of duty. Churning his lonely way over 400 miles of dangerous terrain through strong head winds and treacherous air pockets in a small droning plane, Bill Johnson has fought his way to you. It was his father's last wish. His mother sent him.

"Ted, Lee, Elmer, and Dick, go out there and fight your hearts out for this cause that Bill represents.

"Bill, God beles you, my boy. You are wonderful."

We flung ourselves together in determined embrace. For a brief moment, the iron bands of love held us together. Then we tore apart for the business at hand. But the bond of our singleness of purpose still held.

Referee Ernie Quigley's whistle started the game and with it he introduced a Kansas tornado that, in the first few minutes of the game, fairly swept



the Oklahomans off their feet. Kansas' attack was devastating. She was playing far over her head. There was fury in her charge and it seemed that she was fast paving her road to glory and to another Big Six crown. Bill Johnson, Ted O'Leary, Lee Page, Elmer Schaake, and Dick Wells ripped and crashed through the Oklahoma defense, which was giving all it had to stem this withering assault that had piled up a 20 to 6 lead at the half.

At the end of the half, radio reports announced that Kansas State had won at Manhattan. So the next 30 minutes would see Kansas and Oklahoma fighting for an undisputed crown -- with Kansas enjoying a 14-point lead.

So long as there are playing minutes left, Oklahoma is never defeated. Undaunted by their handicap, the Oklahoma Sooners swore that they would still make a game out of it. As Oklahoma unleashed an attack which whittled down the one-sided Kansas advantage, silence fell over the confident Kansas Crowd. Oklahoma had scored 10 points in the first 4 minutes of the last half, without Kansas tallying. Score, Kansas 20 -- Oklahoma 16.

So the championship still remained disputed. But the tornado which struck in those early minutes of the game had devastated too much territory to be regained quickly. It was only the psychic stimulus generated by the rare circumstances preceding this game that stayed the desperate assaults of these superb and fighting Oklahomans. Unfortunately for them, they met Kansas on a night when a sensational climax to a season's play heightened Kansas' fighting morale.

Kansas Won in a driving finish 31-27. After the game, Bill said, "Doc, I can still hear the droning of that plane in my ears." To this I replied, "Is there any wonder, Bill? After your two charging rides? One into the clouds and the other to victory."

I was wondering, too, although I didn't say it, if, over and above all the din and confusion of that great crowd and over and above that persistent droning of the plane in his ears, Bill, at times during the game, had not seen a stalwart though aged pioneer moving with him from place to place and whispering that all was well.

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\* J. Alan Coogan was a student reporter at K.U. for the Kansas City Journal-Post at that time. Early in the day he had confidentially wired Bill Johnson at his home asking if he were going to fly up. Alan was planning a scoop on the other papers, as the air was charged with rumors. Fortunately, Bill had the presence of mind to reply in the negative. Later, as a newspaper man, Alan Coogan scooped the entire newspaper world in the Huey Long assassination. He was on the spot when the firing took place. He is now Director in Brazil of the United Press Associations.

Those stimulating athletic activities of college days are always enshrined in the hearts of loyal Jayhawker alumni, just as are the heroic and valorous acts of our fighting men of the armed forces imperishably enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen. And just to think five or six years ago our people said that our youth are too soft. They are not tough enough. What a metamorphosis! Our youth have proved that they can take it, and they can dish it out! This is evidenced by the letters that I receive in every mail from our boys over there, and over there.

Big Otto Schnellbacher, Box 711, Amarillo, Texas, is in the B-29 training, and says that he has still about two months to go before he flies west and



finishes off the Nips. He closes with a very extraordinary flourish when he says, "See you when Japan joins Hitler in hell."

Otto's teammate, Big, good-natured "Jocko" Ballard, APO 263, New York, writes me on April 24 from Germany. He says he has been in the Kraut country for some time. Jack says, "Have just finished the battle of the Ruhr pocket and am at present (several words deleted). Wish I had the Pflougorville Pflash's address as I might run across him and never know it." "I'll enclose it for you, Jacko."

Continuing, Jack says, "After going thru the Siegfried line, which I might add is really something, I had the honor of being one of the first to cross the Rhine from my Division. Made my first crossing at Worms just north of Mannheim. The next time I crossed just south of Coblenz and have been all over eastern Germany. It has been an education in itself but I would rather see the country without running into an escort of 88's every time you come to a cross-road . . . . I never really appreciated the Constitution with all its freedoms until I saw the people of Germany. Really they are in a sad condition when they don't know what's happening to their country until the Allies strike, and boy, do they hit 'em. Not all towns are bombed, some are taken intact with the exception of a few minor reparations, but the majority of the larger cities look like a brick factory, they are so flat. . . . I speak for all of my buddies over here when I say the passing of President Roosevelt came as a complete shock. We first heard it over a Spanish broadcast and then BBC came on the air. I was on the front at the time and could scarcely believe my ears. Hitler's remark about fate taking the world's greatest war criminal made me burn with anger. I'd sure like to be the lucky guy to settle with him. Well, spring is in the air, both at home and abroad. The old familiar call of 'play ball' is echoing from the many ball parks at home. Sure would enjoy seeing a good game. . . . Tell Dr. R. H. Wheeler that I'll be dropping him a line as soon as I can."

My good friend, Lt. Commander A. W. "Jack" Helling, who was with the Seabees in the Aleutians and who is now at the Public Works Dept. of the U.S. Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N.C., adds rather an interesting line, "Will see you shortly after the Yanks black out the Rising Sun."

Lt. (jg) Arthur L. Nichols, MC, USNR, APA 90, San Francisco, writes from far out in the Pacific to say that he enjoys reading the Rebounds, Art says they are passed along from Kansan to Kansan, and "the copy I now have before me has been on four different ships to my knowledge, and as soon as I have it completed I'll hand it on. There is no greater morale builder than news from home. I recently had the opportunity to have a real old-fashioned bull session with Dr. Dean Brooks, Dr. Francisco's son, Dr. Dave, and Phil Hohe - all are Kansas medics - but that get-together would surpass any Saturday night quarter-back club. We replayed every game in the past Big Six basketball conference. Duties out here as a medical officer don't keep one too busy - at times there is plenty to do - such as in the recent Iwo Jima invasion. All of us there regretted the loss of Fred Eberhardt, a boy that all Kansans can be proud of. With the recent good turn of events in Europe, we are all hoping things out here will soon be at an end. Again let me say that your effort in keeping us informed of the athletics there at K.U. really help to make one forget the combat out here."

Thanks, Art. We will put you on the mailing list, and if you know of other Kansas Jayhawkers that would like the Rebounds have them drop us a line and we will respond pronto.

Lt. Gordon Stucker, who lettered in both football and basketball two years prior to his entering the service, has received his commission at Fort



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

No. 16

May 26, 1945

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

In our Jayhawk Rebounds issue No. 15 last month I promised that I would reprint the story of "Listening For A Droning Plane", and the fight that Bill Johnson waged on that memorable night back in 1932 when Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma were fighting it out for first place in the Big Six championship basketball race.

Back in 1924 when I wrote "My Basketball Bible", I wrote a story about the big game - that Kansas-Missouri epic struggle back in 1923, describing the ever-victorious team when they conquered the Tigers twice in a single year. My purpose in writing this story was to try to impress the coaches and readers that inspirational coaching plays a great part in victories. It is just as valuable for a coach to recognize the psychology of coaching as it is for him to know plays, formations and also to understand the physical structure of the boys who are playing on the team.

In the present book, "Better Basketball", I have enlarged that section under the heading, Tales of the Yesteryears. There are seven yarns that I have gotten together and all of them are based on fact. This story of Bill Johnson is as definitely a part of my teaching of basketball as are the fundamentals contained in my text.

Listening For A Droning Plane

For I dipt into the future, far as  
Human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all  
The wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
Argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping  
Down with costly bales;  
. . . . .  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
And there rained a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling  
In the central blue. ---Tenyson.

In his lone flight from America to France, Charles A. Lindbergh, in 1927, hooked up the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower, and thus further materialized this poet's prophetic dream of almost a century before.

In lesser degree, in his own smaller world in the middle west, Bill Johnson, phenomenal Kansas center of 1932, electrified basketball followers by a heroic flight from his family's grave lot in the cemetery at Oklahoma City, Okla., to the basketball court on Mount Oread at the University of Kansas.

On this particular Saturday night, the universities of Missouri, Oklahoma, and Kansas were facing their final games in the Big Six Conference Champ-



ionship race, with possibilities of a triple tie for honors.

Kansas was scheduled to meet Oklahoma at Lawrence, Kan., and on the same night Missouri was to meet Kansas State at Manhattan, Kan. Should Oklahoma defeat Kansas and should Missouri win from Kansas State, the Big Six would be deadlocked with the three state universities in a dogfall.

Kansas had lost her first two conference games of the season, but after the loss of those games had remained undefeated. Oklahoma was cruising along at a terrific rate, and Missouri was looked upon as a most dangerous contender. The Kansas team seemed to pick up increasing power with each victory.

Upon Bill Johnson, a senior and an elongated and versatile rapier of the basketball court, Kansas pinned her chiefest hopes. For two years, Bill had shown the way to all Big Six centers. He had no peers in his position. And since Kansas had held the Big Six Conference Championship for the two preceding years, the race took on a Kansas hue.

As the season advanced, the Kansas Jayhawkers were moving in high gear--mowing down all opposition with relentless and ruthless regularity. This hectic struggle for the championship had gripped the imagination of the entire region of the great plains states. Column after column of newspaper space was devoted to this unusual race, and everybody was on edge over the outcome.

But, as is so often the case in man's best laid schemes, something happened. On Wednesday afternoon, the Kansans had their last grueling workout. We had planned to polish off during the remaining three days. Our scrimmage was most satisfying. In fact, too satisfying. Everything clicked. The machine glided with no lost motion. Johnson and the rest of his teammates were superb, shooting, passing, and hitting with uncanny skill. Surely if they could function like this on their game night, just three days away, no Oklahoma team could stop them.

But, even then, I had a promonition that everything was too perfect. After practice, press correspondents queried me as to the probable outcome of the game. A strange foreboding gripped me. I seemed to feel that something would happen to my ace, Bill Johnson. The bugbear of injuries haunted me. I told them, "If Bill Johnson doesn't break a leg, Oklahoma will be in for a busy Saturday night."

On that same Wednesday night, while I was at dinner, the telephone rang and a friend informed me that Bill Johnson's father had died suddenly in his home at Oklahoma City, 400 miles away.

Bill left on the night train and with him, so it seemed, went Kansas' chances for its third consecutive Big Six Championship.

Norman, the home of the University of Oklahoma, is just 18 miles from Oklahoma City, the home of the Johnsons. The athletic authorities at the University of Oklahoma were besieged by the press throughout this conference area to postpone the game until the following week, so that the two teams could meet at full strength. But the Oklahomans wanted to play the game on schedule.

The funeral hour of Bill Johnson's pioneer father, originally set for Friday, was changed to Saturday at 2:30 p.m., in order to accommodate relatives from a distance.

All Kansas home games were scheduled at 7:30 p.m. Apparently there was no way for Bill Johnson to travel 400 miles after his father's funeral and play the game. Certain defeat faced Kansas. Oklahoma had been the runner-up to Kansas



in the two previous conference races, and now in this third year fate seemed to decree an Oklahoma victory.

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I was wondering, too, although I didn't say it, if, over and above all the din and confusion of that great crowd and over and above that persistent droning of the plane in his ears, Bill, at times during the game, had not seen a stalwart though aged pioneer moving with him from place to place and whispering that all was well.

\* J. Alan Coogan was a student reporter at K.U. for the Kansas City Journal-Post at that time. Early in the day he had confidentially wired Bill Johnson at his home asking if he were going to fly up. Alan was planning a scoop on the other papers, as the air was charged with rumors. Fortunately, Bill had the presence of mind to reply in the negative. Later, as a newspaper man, Alan Coogan scooped the entire newspaper world in the Huey Long assassination. He was on the spot when the firing took place. He is now Director in Brazil of the United Press Associations.

These stimulating athletic activities of college days are always enshrined in the hearts of loyal Jayhawker alumni, just as are the heroic and valorous acts of our fighting men of the armed forces imperishably enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen. And just to think, five or six years ago our people said that our youth are too soft. They are not tough enough. What a metamorphosis! Our youth have proved that they can take it, and they can dish it out! This is evidenced by the letters that I receive in every mail from our boys over there, and over there.

Big Otto Schnellbacher, Box 711, Amarillo, Texas, is in the B-29 training, and says that he has still about two months to go before he flies west and



finishes off the Nips. He closes with a very extraordinary flourish when he says, "See you when Japan joins Hitler in hell".

Otto's teammate, Big, good-natured "Jocko" Ballard, APO 263, New York, writes me on April 24 from Germany. He says he has been in the kraut country for some time. Jack says, "Have just finished the battle of the Ruhr pocket and am at present (several words deleted). Wish I had the Pflugerville Pflash's address as I might run across him and never know it." We'll enclose it for you, Jocko.

Continuing, Jack says, "After going thru the Siegfried line, which I might add is really something, I had the honor of being one of the first to cross the Rhine from my Division. Made my first crossing at Worms just north of Mannheim. The next time I crossed just south of Coblenz and have been all over eastern Germany. It has been an education in itself, but I would rather see the country without running into an escort of 88's every time you come to a cross-road. . . . I never really appreciated the Constitution with all its freedoms until I saw the people of Germany. Really they are in a sad condition when they don't know what's happening to their country until the Allies strike, and boy, do they hit 'em. Not all towns are bombed, some are taken intact with the exception of a few minor reparations, but the majority of the larger cities look like a brick factory, they are so flat. . . . I speak for all of my buddies over here when I say the passing of President Roosevelt came as a complete shock. We first heard it over a Spanish broadcast and then BBC came on the air. I was on the front at the time and could scarcely believe my ears. Hitler's remark about fate taking the world's greatest war criminal made me burn with anger. I'd sure like to be the lucky guy to settle with him. Well, spring is in the air, both at home and abroad. The old familiar call of 'play ball' is echoing from the many ball parks at home. Sure would enjoy seeing a good game. . . . Tell Dr. R. H. Wheeler that I'll be dropping him a line as soon as I can."

My good friend, Lt. Commander A. W. "Jack" Hefling, who was with the Seabees in the Aleutians and who is now at the Public Works Dept. of the U. S. Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N. C., adds rather an interesting line, "Will see you shortly after the Yanks black out the Rising Sun".

Lt. (jg) Arthur L. Nichols, MC, USNR, APA 90, San Francisco, writes from far out in the Pacific to say that he enjoys reading the Rebounds. Art says they are passed along from Kansan to Kansan, and "the copy I now have before me has been on four different ships to my knowledge, and as soon as I have it completed I'll hand it on. There is no greater morale builder than news from home. I recently had the opportunity to have a real old-fashioned bull session with Dr. Dean Brooks, Dr. Francisco's son, Dr. Dave, and Phil Nohe - all are Kansas medics - but that get-together would surpass any Saturday night quarter-back club. We replayed every game in the past Big Six basketball conference. Duties out here as a medical officer don't keep one too busy - at times there is plenty to do - such as in the recent Iwo Jima invasion. All of us there regretted the loss of Fred Eberhardt, a boy that all Kansans can be proud of. With the recent good turn of events in Europe, we are all hoping things out here will soon be at an end. Again let me say that your effort in keeping us informed of the athletics there at K.U. really help to make one forget the combat out here."

Thanks, Art. We will put you on the mailing list, and if you know of other Kansas Jayhawkers that would like the Rebounds have them drop us a line and we will respond pronto.

Lt. Gordon Stucker, who lettered in both football and basketball two years prior to his entering the service, has received his commission at Fort



Benning, Ga., and has arrived here for a two weeks visit. Gordon is full of fire, vinegar and fight. He looks swell, and I will guarantee the outfit that he commands will do a great job of it. I had him talk to my class this morning and he did a swell job.

Major Dick Amerine, Denny and Robbie were in the office, - on their way out. San Diego is Major Dick's first call, but he is on the way.

Lt. Johnny Krum, who has been in five major engagements and two minor, visited us two weeks ago. John still has that smile, but he says some places that he has been caused him to wipe that off once in a while. Johnny's many friends were delighted with his presence here. His conversation is identical to that of all the boys - We are in to the finish, but we will be darned glad when it is finished.

Lt. Lloyd Svoboda was by after he had been to rehabilitation camp. He got one of the Heinies bursts in a pretty vital spot, but he has responded from it in a marvelous manner and you would never know that he had stopped one of them. He looks better than he did even when he was on the campus a couple of years ago, and he still has that old personality with a swell how-do-you-do.

Jesse Paul Turner complimented us with a visit and he was accompanied by his blushing bride, Dora May Felt, of Salina. They made a swell pair breezing in Robinson Gymnasium. We called off all activities for a while so that Paul could visit around and tell us of some of his exploits in the Pacific. Paul is just aching for a chance to get back on Mt. Oread, but our greatest problem is building dormitories for the married athletes that we will have. When I think of all the boys that have stepped off since leaving college, it seems to me it will be necessary for some agile brain to work out a plan to build a large apartment, - say Benedict Hall. Doubtless we will have fifty or more athletes who have taken unto themselves blushing brides. Wouldn't it be swell if the alumni could build quarters for them? Of course, it wouldn't be complete without sand piles and teeter-totters and a playground! A new idea for a man who would like to see the former supermen of America blossom forth.

Lt. (jg) Bill Belt, USS Tuscaloosa, stopped in to see us on a flying trip but he said before he left that he would drop in for a longer visit. They have dehydrated Bill. Maybe Bill is doing that for a protective measure because if he stands sideways the Japs will miss him. But if he stays in the States long enough he will recover all the avoirdupois that he has lost in the grueling struggle he has been through. Before his leave Bill had written me on May 2nd, saying "Every bit of news from the hill now seems to contain the notice of the death of another one of our boys. The school has lost a number of fine men, and the same sad loss is being repeated many times over the country. I only hope the gentlemen meeting in San Francisco at the present time are aware of this sacrifice and that this time they see to it that their sacrifice was not in vain."

Lt. John M. Cress, at Langley Field, Va., stated that one of their physical training instructors said he rode a train on his way home with Paul Turner who was reporting back to his ship. Johnny was one of our physical education instructors before the war broke out. He was the captain and outstanding member of the crack University of Illinois gymnastic aggregation. They won the championship for the U. S. with their gymnastic team. John says that he has been active himself, having placed first in the Ozark AAU diving at St. Louis, took two seconds and a third in the Central AAU gymnastic meet



and placed fourth all round, third on horizontal bar in the National AAU gym meet in Jersey City. John married Dorothy Gehret, a graduate in the School of Fine Arts, and they have one daughter, Betty.

We are indebted to Capt. Forrest M. Chapman for a communication from Colorado Springs. Forrest says, "Any one of us would be something other than a Jayhawk if we didn't read Rebounds from cover to cover." He also tells us that Marge Rader asked for overseas duty and was shipped out to a POE, but when the war ended in Europe she was still in the U. S. and has now been put in a replacement pool at Ft. Dix, N.J. Forrest, if you will send me Miss Rader's address we will be glad to send her a copy of the Rebounds.

Capt. Chapman says, "Kansas still looks the best to me after Africa, Italy and half the States of the forty-eight." He is waiting for orders out of Washington, so we are hoping, Forrest, that you get an assignment in the R.O.T.C. duty here at the University. Capt. Chapman married Alice Hosford, who was Chancellor Malott's secretary before the nuptials.

Lt. J. W. "Bill" Greene, at Goodfellow Field, Texas, writes that he had a letter from Frank Pattee, and Frank wished to receive the Rebounds. Frank was on the freshman football team in '43 and was to have started at quarterback against Washburn in the first game, but was transferred by the Navy just before the game. He is now Seaman 1/c, 3rd Div., c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco. Bill Greene says, further, "Frank is out in California now and weighs right at 200 pounds, all of which is mounted on a 6'1" frame. Right now he's on the track squad and has been placing 1-2 in the discus. He plans to return to college after the war, and at the present time he is expecting to come back to K.U. He played basketball for me in high school and I can tell you that he won't hurt the team there a bit, although I think he'll go better in football than in basketball. . . . It is certainly hard to realize that so many of the good boys are having to give their lives in this desperate struggle. Men like T. P., Freddie Eberhart, Gus Nees, and others from both K.U. and K-State that we knew are going to be sorely missed in the post-war world. Those are the men that we need to lead the peace and keep it. They are the ones that we shall have to try to replace."

Bill, I had a nice visit with your dad, Rev. Greene, who led the singing at the Stockton High School banquet. I also spoke at the Stockton Rotary Club the next day. He told me all about your fine family who were living with your parents while you are away.

I also spoke at Russell, Kansas, to the Rotary Club at which 30 Junior Rotarians were entertained by the Rotary members. I visited with "Bub" Shaffer's dad, who is president of the Home State Bank in Russell. I got Bub's address from his dad and we are now sending him a Rebounds. I am giving it herewith for any of you who remember his play with the varsity back in 1934-'35-'36 -- M/Sgt. W. R. Shaffer, H & S Co. 1635th Eng. Con. Bn., Ft. Lewis, Wash. Mr. Shaffer says that Bub is practically on his way. Bub, we are wishing you lots of luck and we are hoping you have an early return.

Lt. (jg) M. L. Breidenthal, Jr., USS SC 1305, New York, writes asking that a Rebounds be sent to his brother, Jack, S2/c at Storekeeper's School, Sampson, New York. We are indeed glad to comply with your request, Maurice. And lots of good luck to you, Mister Storekeeper Breidenthal!

From Maj. Frank J. Anneberg, Special Service Officer at Camp Butner, N. C., we received a clipping which shows a photograph of a morale-boosting program staged at Camp Butner. Shown in the picture is a special services swing group entertaining overseas patients in a ward of the U. S. Army General Hospital at Camp Butner. He explains that Special Service has a dual function



at this hospital (1) to bring entertainment to all confined patients right in their wards and (2) to handle the overall entertainment for ambulatory patients who are physically able to leave their wards. A well-rounded program of entertainment is provided in the wards for the bed patients. It includes full length Hollywood feature pictures and live entertainment such as bands, USO shows, volunteer civilian entertainment units and shows by Special Services own unit of musicians and entertainers, which passes through the wards daily providing entertainment for men at their bedsides.

Frank says, "My supervision includes that of the libraries, Service Clubs, theaters, athletic programs, theatrical shows of all kinds, and the supply of all recreational facilities. My wife and little girl, Victory Lee, aged 2½ years, are in fine health and with me. We are all anxious for any news from Mount Oread and read the Jayhawk Rebounds together each time they come. Please give my regards to all of our friends."

We are happy to receive by today's mail a change of address for Capt. Paul W. Cress, 8th Service Command, Dallas, Texas. Paul was practicing law at Perry, Oklahoma. Our varsity basketball team always stopped at Perry and then drove across to Stillwater. Paul was one of the loyal Jayhawkers who always arranged transportation, entertainment, and whatever was necessary to help the Jayhawkers defeat the Aggies on their home court. This was a darn tough job, but we accomplished that feat in the new Gallagher Fieldhouse in '42, and of course we are going to give Capt. Paul Cress a wee bit of credit for that victory.

Lt. (jg) Don Ebling, USS Alex Diachenko, San Francisco, wrote on May 14, "It has been some time since the Jayhawk Rebounds found me, but I'm certain somewhere along the line I have a couple. We left the States a few months ago and at present for a new ship we have a few invasions chalked up to our advantage. . . . I saw Engleman's ship about two months ago, but I was unable to contact him. I've been areas with Horace Mason, but never quite managed to find him. K.U. people are all over this Pacific but I've been rather unfortunate to run into any of them."

Cpl. Ted Lins, a nephew of Dr. Beatrice Lins of Watkins Memorial Hospital, writes from somewhere in France on May 11 that he had the pleasure of "refereeing a basketball game here between an Army team and a French all-star team. The Americans were definitely superior, and won with ease. The French, while very fast afoot, were very weak in the passing department and used nothing but a two-handed set shot from the waist which was very often blocked by the taller Americans. The only rule change was the absence of the three second rule in the free throw lane."

From Lt. (jg) A. M. "Murray" Brown, Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas, - "We have a lot of men here now who were in the Pacific and have come back here to rest, recuperate, and to try to forget the horrors of war. Therefore, we are doing our darndest to see that they get taken care of in the entertaining and recreation end of the battle. . . . Incidentally, Lt. Comdr. Harold Zuber is here, a great guy and a wonderful "doc". Thanks for your fine letter, Murray. Tell your wife, Lucy, that I am glad to get her greeting.

To Lt. Comdr. W. H. "Bill" Shannon, Soldiers Field Station, Boston -- As usual, I acknowledge the faithful correspondence of Bill Shannon, who never fails to write when a Jayhawk Rebounds arrives. We get a great kick in sending it to you, Bill, I assure you. Lt. (jg) Milton Allen arrived and with great delight he tells of the fine work that you are doing at your Soldiers Field Station. I believe he is due to see you in the next six or seven days, and from



what I learn from him you are to be one of his bosses. That is a pleasant delight to all of us. I assure you. Bill, I know how you feel. You want to go to sea, but they tell me you are too valuable a man as a teacher. That is the scuttlebutt that I get. So that is the price to pay for efficiency. Twenty-eight months in the service does seem like a long time, but I want to tell you that you are doing a mighty swell job where you are. But we can't make you believe that, can we? It will be a happy day when you come back and take your classes on Mt. Oread. May that time not be far off. Yes, sir, we will play that ancient Scottish game as we did before the war.

From Ens. W. A. "Bill" Forsyth, LST 616, San Francisco, - "Received your Jan. 19 issue of the Rebounds. After having received no mail for two months the Rebounds was just the right letter to get. It let me know where and what the other fellows were doing better than any personal letter I could ever receive." Bill, I know you are keeping your shooting eye in shape for the enemy, and when you get back you can practice on your Big Six opponents, only the shots you shoot at them, I hope, will not be as disastrous as the ones I know you are shooting at the Nips.

We were mighty happy to have a letter from R. W. "Dick" Farris, PHM2/c, APA 197, San Francisco, written on the 19th of April. Glad you enjoy the Rebounds, Dick.

After our No. 15 Rebounds was typed and I had signed each one of them, I received a note from Commander Lyle O. Arnel, APA 210, San Francisco, - "Here is the letter I promised you a few days ago. I gave your last copy of Rebounds to Lt. (jg) Neill Lysought, a friend of Raymond Wheeler's and a medic graduate a couple of years ago at K.U."

We immediately sent Lt. Lysought a Rebounds and have put him on the permanent mailing list. If there are any other Jayhawkers who would like to receive a Rebounds it will give us pleasure to send them.

Lyle, I got the kick of my life last Monday night at the Jayhawker Theatre, where I was to officiate in giving some war bonds away to the winners of the Retail Division in the 7th War Loan Drive. In addition to these awards, there was an open drawing by individuals who had purchased E bonds. Each purchaser signed his name and it was put in a large hopper. Miss Mary Corcoran drew the lucky numbers out of the hopper. The first drawing was for a \$100 war bond, and who do you think won the first one? None other than that fine son of yours, John!

When Stanley Schwahn, the manager of the Commonwealth Theatres, announced the winner, no one - not even Glenn Cunningham in the final burst of the tape - could have created a greater stir than your son John as he tore down the aisle, vaulted the stage, and presented himself, eyes bulging, scratching his pompadour hair, and holding aloft his end of the stub that entitled him to that \$100 war bond! He wanted Stanley to produce it pronto. The packed audience in the Jayhawker got one of the greatest buzzes out of that of anything I have seen. With all the effervescence of youth, the thrill that comes once in a lifetime was his. I wish you might have seen him. It would have done your heart good. You could have recalled those early days when you were a kid when you got your biggest thrill.

I want to thank you for your Telfair Tales, with the sub-title "Now It Can Be Told", but right at the bottom of your publication you say, "Not for publication", so I can't re-tell it. Did you hear about the fellow who said, "Now I am going to tell you what I am going to tell you. And then I am going



to tell you. And then I am going to tell you what I told you. And now you are told." But I cannot tell our Rebounds readers what you told me in your Telfair Tales. Thank you just the same for it. We enjoyed reading every line of it. It is highly interesting and I know what a bang the families of the boys of the fleet get from this message from the captain to the loved ones at home.

In C. E. McBride's column of the Kansas City Star on Thursday, May 17, Mac, in his Sporting Comment, has an article, "His Scoring Is Still High" .... The Distinguished Flying Cross to K.U.'s Charlie Black. We mentioned the fact that Charlie had completed his missions and had received the citation, but we didn't quote the citation. Mac did this, as follows:

"Charlie Black is still doing a mighty good job. It wasn't so long ago that Charlie was one of Phog Allen's greats in K.U. basketball. Since then he has been in a far tougher game, but he still delivers in the clutches as he used to do for the Jayhawkers.

"Testimony in support of that may be found in a letter to Charlie's mother in Lawrence. Under date of April 12 and signed by Brig. Gen. B. W. Chidlaw from the headquarters of the 12th air force the letter read:

"It is with pride that I take this opportunity to write and tell you that your son, First Lieut. Charles B. Black, Jr., has earned the Distinguished Flying Cross for superior performance of duty in action against the enemy. Despite a heavy overcast which forced him to fly at minimum altitude and through accurate enemy ground fire, Lieutenant Black made repeated photo runs over vital enemy targets, thereby contributing greatly to subsequent tactical operations. His courageous act richly merits this high honor and I share with you the pride I know you feel. Airmen like your son, by their great courage and perseverance, maintain peak standards of combat efficiency and encourage the devotion to duty which marked our progress toward ultimate victory."

"Lieutenant -- make it captain, for promotion has come to the lieutenant since the letter of his commanding general -- Black is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Black, 1709 Louisiana Street, Lawrence. Mr. Black works for the Stewart-Warner Alomite company of this city. As we recall, Captain Black has another year of collegiate athletic competition and your guess is as good as ours as to whether Phog would like to have him back. Captain Black's wife and daughter, the latter 4 months old, live in Kansas City. The airman has not seen his daughter."

I can remember, Charlie, how many times that when someone would do a difficult feat you rather modestly said, "Gee, that is not so hard," and you would straightway do it. And too, Charlie, do you remember when we drove to the Wyandotte County Court House and you took your Army aviation test? You had had no engineering work, but I remember how highly pleased the major was after your examination. You had made one of the outstanding records there. So, we are congratulating you now on your ability to do the right things at the right time. We are looking for you home most any minute now, and gosh, it will be good to see you.

Last year when we had the ASTP unit at the University, one of the members of this group was Francis Peterson, from Rembrandt, Iowa. Later, when the units were dissolved and the 17-year-olds were returned to civilian status, Francis stayed on at the University and was a member of our basketball team. In March he was inducted into the Army and is now at Camp Wolters, Texas. I was delighted to receive a letter this week from Pvt. Francis Peterson, who says, "It hardly seems like three months since we were having basketball practices in Hoch and Robinson. I have wished so many times that I was back at K.U. I have touched a basketball only once since the 2nd of March and that was here in the Sports Arena. The floor is about the size of the one in Hoch, but there is no comparison as to



which is the better. One fellow stationed here with me played on the Nebraska ball team last winter. We get together quite often. . . . I have signed and passed all paratroop qualifications and so I'll go to Fort Benning sometime around the first of July. I have also passed O.C.S., but getting the appointment after paratroop training is next." Congratulations, Pete, on your fine leadership at Camp Walters. We are pulling for that O.C.S. appointment.

Major E. R. Elbel (School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas) has written me from the former swanky Don Cesar private club which now has been converted into the Don Cesar AAF Hospital for psychoneurotics at St. Petersburg, Florida. Dr. Elbel spent a couple of days at the hospital, and much to his delight ran into Captain Raymond Swanson who is in charge of physical recreation there. Ray is a former Kansas State graduate and took his Master's degree in Education with a major in Physical Education here at the University of Kansas. Without the commanding officer knowing that Dr. Elbel was well acquainted with Capt. Swanson, the CO certainly wasted no words in commending the splendid work that Capt. Swanson is doing.

Major Elbel also mentioned that he met Major Hayden H. Donahue (M.D. '41) and had a nice visit with him. Major Elbel characterized him as a "tall, thin Phi Delt who ran on the track team about 1935 or '36." Maj. Donahue is assistant to Lt. Col. Grinker, chief psychiatrist.

I am happy to receive a letter, dated May 16, from Lt. (jg) Wayne Clover, a Kappa Sig who went to K.U. along with Ray Noble, Paul Rogers, Howard Engleman, and a few other famous Kappa Sig basketballers, and who received his B. S. in Business in '42. Lt. Clover had written me on March 20, wanting me to settle an argument. He says: "Why is it that Easterners are so narrow-minded? We just received the issue of Life with the write up of the St. Johns team. Those on this ship from the east say St. Johns is the best team and has been since basketball started. Also they claim to have the best coach. I offered to bet \$50 that the Kansas teams and the Kansas coach have such a far better record that St. Johns wouldn't even show. If it isn't too much trouble would you, if you have the information available, send me all the national statistics that will show Kansas record as against St. Johns, or better still any national statistics. Which is the recognized national championship-the National Invitation Tournament, or the National AAU that is played in K.C.? How about Kansas record in playing Eastern teams? I maintain that in say the ten years before the war Kansas overall record will stand up against any of them, and that the East as a section plays inferior ball. It makes my blood boil to have some half-baked Jersey or Brooklyn zoot-suiter blast any one except the East. I want proof to show them up before every officer on this ship. . . ."

On March 31st I sent Wayne this rather lengthy letter:

"The tournament that you speak of is the National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament. The United States is divided into eight collegiate districts, four west of the Mississippi River and four east of the Mississippi River. The Big Ten is number four, the Missouri Valley territory is number five, the Southwest Conference is six, the Rocky Mountain area is seven, and the Pacific Coast area is number eight.

"Since 1939 a national championship of universities and one-year residence colleges has been played. The plan is that the four districts of the NCAA east of the Mississippi meet and play off the Eastern NCAA finals, and the four teams west of the Mississippi meet and play off the Western NCAA finals. Then the eastern winners meet the western winners for the NCAA championship which is, in fact, the big collegiate championship of the United States.



"In 1940 Kansas won the Western NCAA and Indiana won the Eastern. Kansas had defeated Oklahoma Aggies to determine the Fifth District champion since Oklahoma Aggies is in the Missouri Valley Conference and we are in the Big Six Conference, and it was necessary to decide on our Fifth District champion. Then Southern California, Rice (representing the Southwest Conference), Colorado (representing the Rocky Mountain Conference), and Kansas played in Kansas City. Southern California defeated Colorado, and Kansas defeated Rice. Then Kansas defeated Southern California for the Western NCAA. Indiana and Kansas met in Kansas City for the National NCAA, and Indiana won.

"In 1941 Stanford won the NCAA championship by defeating Dartmouth, the Eastern winner. In 1942 Wyoming won the NCAA championship by defeating St. Johns of Brooklyn, or Georgetown, I am not certain, the Invitation winner.

"Now let me say a word about these Invitation winners. They are nothing more nor less than a selection of Ned Irish and a group of newspaper men in New York. This tournament was formerly called the Sport Writers Tournament of New York City. It was promoted and built up among the sport writers. This was such a vulgar promotion that policy and less heat desired caused them to call it the National Invitation Tournament. It has no bearing, no standing with any colleges at all. It is simply a promotion like the A.A.U. (Amateur Athletic Union). They pick the teams that they think will draw best at the gate, and keep the money. The sport writers divide their money liberally, and still make plenty; but the AAU keeps it all.

"In 1943 Utah won the National NCAA by defeating Dartmouth for the finals in Madison Square Garden. Then Utah went on to defeat St. Johns of Brooklyn for what they call the mythical, - and it is very mythical because it has no standing at all, - but the money is given to the Red Cross and has been for this play-off between the NCAA and the National Invitation. And that gives a semblance of standing to the mythical championship. It would never be played and the National Invitation would have no bearing except for newspaper and Ned Irish's promotion.

"This year the Oklahoma Aggies won the Western play-off by defeating Arkansas. They had previously defeated Utah by a top heavy score in the first round. Then Oklahoma Aggies went east to defeat New York University in Madison Square Garden for the NCAA finals. And night before last Oklahoma Aggies defeated DePaul of Chicago for this mythical championship promoted by Irish and his newspaper coterie, \$46,000 in gate receipts going to the Red Cross.

"The National Collegiate A.A. Tournament first started when Oregon won the Western NCAA play-off at Treasure Island in San Francisco. John Bunn and I, the NCAA representatives, conducted the tournament. The University of Oklahoma from the Fifth District, the University of Texas from the Sixth District, Utah State from the Seventh District, and Oregon played for the Western Championship title. Oregon, the Western winner, then went to Chicago and played Ohio State, the Eastern NCAA champion, and Oregon defeated Ohio State, thereby making Oregon the first National Collegiate champion.

"So the Pacific Coast has won two championships, with Oregon and Stanford. The Big Ten has won one NCAA championship with Indiana in 1940. The Rocky Mountain Conference has won two with Utah and Wyoming as their representatives, and the Missouri Valley has won one with Oklahoma Aggies. Not an eastern team has won a championship, although Dartmouth, New York University and others have gotten to the finals.

"I know Coach Joe Lapchick of St. Johns very well and he is a fine



fellow. He is an old professional basketball player and a good coach, but St. Johns has never gone into the NCAA play-off. They have always gone into the Invitation, and they have been picked by the newspaper writers, but no college authorities.

"You will pardon me in not laying claim to any titular honors, but I will send you our record in our conference. In 1942 we went east and met St. Bonaventure's in Buffalo, one of Ned Irish's promotions, and defeated them 53 to 22. We played Fordham in the Garden and defeated them 31 to 30; and then we played St. Joseph's at Philadelphia, another Garden promotion, and defeated them 63 to 38.

"If you would ask my personal opinion, I would tell you definitely that western teams have repeatedly gone east and made clean sweeps of the entire eastern area. Stanford traveled with us on that eastern trip and they defeated Canisius at Buffalo in this double-header that we played and won by a lop-sided score. The same night we defeated Fordham, Stanford defeated Long Island University by a large score. The same night we defeated St. Joseph's, Stanford defeated Temple, so there were two western teams from different sections making clean sweeps in all games.

"We have not been able to meet the eastern teams out in our part of the country. They could get big guarantees, but some of the boys around New York think that Philadelphia is far west, and Pittsburgh is just out of this world. Nat Holman's City College of New York team went out to little Bradley Tech of Peoria, Illinois, about five or six years ago and were defeated 67 to 36, or about that relative score. So the eastern boys do not venture out west; in fact, they have been gasping for victory breath with western teams for the last seven or eight years. This is not a biased opinion, but an accurate one. All you have to do is look at the record of western teams going east, and it is an exception if they lose over one game out of four. So that is 750 per cent on the other fellow's playing floor, and playing under officials who call them quite differently. It is exactly the same situation as if an eastern team would come west. They would get different playing conditions and different officiating.

"I am always glad to give boys in the service a prompt reply. I am sending you one of our Jayhawk Rebounds, a publication that we get out to our boys in the service. If you are interested in receiving this, let me know and I will put you on the mailing list."

Now I have just received a letter from Wayne Clover, dated May 16, in which he says: "Your letter arrived and it was just the right dope. Outside of orders home, it was about the biggest morale booster I could get. However, I'm afraid the boys from the east coast had a corresponding decrease in morale. I just put your letter on the bulletin board in the wardroom, then sat back and watched their faces as they read it. There wasn't much they could say."

Certainly, Wayne, I try to be fair to all sections, but so few people understand the difference between these organizations. I am glad if I could be of some service to you.

Congratulations on your new rank, Lt. Col. Roy E. Weinzettel (APO 133, New York). I was delighted to know that you saw Ted Bank who is now out of the Army and heading up the Athletic Institute. You mention that Frank McCornick, director of athletics at Minnesota, is in Paris and in charge of the post-war Army athletic program; also that Dr. Cornwell of North Carolina, is the handy-man on Mac's staff. Interesting to our Missouri Walley friends is the news that Major (now) Arthur Schabinger and other prominent fellows in the athletic world have gone over to help put this tremendous program across. Col. Weinzettel



writes that his son, who is based in England, wangled a reason to fly to Paris to see his dad. He says, further, "I enjoyed the privilege of inspecting the underground sites where the V-weapons were manufactured and also a first hand contact with several of the slave-labor camps you have been reading about. Believe me, Phog, both are beyond description, - one because of its extreme interest to an ex-manufacturer, and the other because of its rank horror. Some day I hope to be able to tell you about these two unusual experiences. As might be suspected, the \$64 question among the kids is, when do we go home."

I acknowledge with thanks a very interesting letter from Chief Specialist Ralph E. Hayes, now at Northwestern University's Midshipmen's School. He writes that Don Diehl is stationed at the Midshipmen's School, and that both of them would like to be back. We would like to have both of you back, I assure you. Chief Hayes was one of our best morale-boosters among the Navy personnel. He was always on the right side when it came to loyalty, perseverance, and the good old American battle word, - "fight". I acknowledge with gratitude the many fine things that he did for athletic teams while he was stationed here. And as a boxing coach, he was second to none. He taught the boys the manly art of self-defense, but in addition, he taught them fine sportsmanship, and a never-say-die spirit.

Lt. E. S. "Eddie" Hickey dropped over from his Naval Air Station at Ottumwa, Iowa, to say hello to the Big Six basketball coaches at their meeting on May 18 and 19 at Lincoln, Nebraska. Eddie said it was like old times to be present at our basketball meeting. And Eddie writes, "Our Base here continues to be definitely interested in working out a basketball meeting. As your plans develop, we shall keep in touch with you and try to conclude on basketball dates and arrangements for a trip to Kansas. Should you find it convenient to work us into the program in Kansas City at any time, don't hesitate to count us in."

Capt. John T. Andrews (APO 430, New York) writes from China to congratulate me on my election as Governor of Rotary District #123. Thanks, John, but I see a lot of work ahead. I have just received a letter from Phil Lovejoy, secretary of Rotary International, saying that the International Assembly for our group, which is limited under fifty, will be at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, in Chicago, from June 11 to June 14. Phil says this is strictly a business meeting without frills, and President Dick Wells has been careful to see that the program is attractive and includes everything essential to our guidance. All functions will be informal.

I attended the International Assembly at St. Louis two years ago and know how well organized and how compact is our schedule arrangement. It is stimulating, but when a fellow gets through he is so chock-full of the many speakers' admonitions that you feel you cannot digest it by half. But after several days rest you are able to assimilate some of the things that never quite got inside. President-elect Tom Warren of England will be with us in Chicago. So the neighbor from England doubtless will reflect the attitude of a weary but a victorious nation, ready for many readjustments.

Capt. Andrews writes: "Had a fine trip over. Found India another world and one to be remembered. Flew the Hump into China and find it still another world of contrasts. . . Got a whale of a kick out of Art Anderson's comment on China. . . I am in good health and watching the food and making sure the water is actually boiled. Its all surface water over here, right out of the ditches. . . . All good wishes in Rotary and old Phi Psi."



Major Neal Wherry, of Washington, D. C., a former Governor of Rotary District #123, was principal of the Lawrence high school and served on our Selective Service Board here before entering the service at Washington. Upon his last visit to Lawrence Major Neal told me about Tom Bennett. I asked him to write me because I wanted to use it in our Jayhawk Rebounds. Before coming to Lawrence, Neal was superintendent of schools at Holton, Kansas. It was doubtless while he lived in Holton that he became close friends with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett. Walter Bennett is a Rotarian. It is a pleasure for me to print Major Neal Wherry's eulogy to Tom Bennett, a real, loyal Jayhawker:

"First Lieut. Thomas E. Bennett, of Holton, severely wounded by a mine explosion near Metz, France, last October where he was serving with the Seventh Army 163rd Engineers, died March 29, 1945, in the Army Hospital at Brigham, Utah. Tom spent two years in the K. U. School of Architecture and was sworn into the United States Army as an inductee on October 18, 1942. He always planned and expected to return to Mt. Oread to finish his education, but over and above this he was always a loyal Jayhawker as is shown by many personal remembrances which are prized possessions of his family. For instance there is the picture of his jeep taken in Paris with its name 'Jayhawker' plainly visible on its side. But even more significant are the contents of his personal notebook which he always carried in his pocket. In this book, next only to the data which he kept on all of the men in his platoon, appear in his own handwriting the complete words to I'M A JAYHAWKER and CRIMSON AND THE BLUE. Truly Tom Bennett was a loyal son of Kansas as well as a faithful and brave soldier."

Thank you, Pvt. James R. Cushing (APO 629, New York) for your message which was written along the Ledo Road, Assam, India. Look up one of our old varsity baseball men, S/Sgt. A. George Hulteen. George was playing varsity baseball when you were in school. He would be glad to see you and chew the fat. Or am I asking you to do something similar to the boys who, when they know I am from Kansas, ask if I know Boots Adams, the president of Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma? George is Army Mail Clerk at APO 495, and I know he would be tickled to death to see you

James Cushing writes: "You probably don't remember me at all. I was one of your freshman basketball players in 1932 and worked on the stadium crew. Big Bill Johnson, from Oklahoma, was at that time your first string center, and my idol, so to speak." You bet, James, I remember you now as well as when you enrolled as a freshman. You had great promise and you were a swell ball handler. I want to thank you for the sketch of your practice-passing board. You certainly are a thirty-third degree confirmed basketball student and fan. I will write you about it a little later.

Capt. Alfred Pfitsch, MC, Camp Fannin, Texas, writes concerning his illustrious son, Capt. John A. Pfitsch, the "Pflugerville Pflash": "John's flair for publicity seems to continue. I am enclosing a clipping, copies of which have come in from various sources including one in German from the N.Y. Staats' Zeitung."

The clipping which he enclosed is as follows: "Texans Give Aid to Conversion of German Plant. -- Two sports-minded American officers have started re-converting one small portion of Germany's erstwhile war industry. Capt. John Pfitsch of Tyler, Texas, and Lt. Cassius M. Lea of Fen-ton, Mich., are using a former German 88-mm. shell factory for production of baseball bats. In the small town of Tungerhutte the two officers of the 35th Division were walking through the factory when they saw a number of woodworking machines and a sizable stockpile of hardwood. Their 448th Antiaircraft Warning Battalion needed baseball equipment, now that the shooting is over. Soon a makeshift production



line was working and the first bats began appearing--ones that would be hard to beat even back home. They were trade-marked Pfitsch Lea Tungerhutte Bat which admittedly is plenty of trade-mark for any bat."

I acknowledge with deep gratitude the German officers' sword which arrived a short time ago from Capt. Johnny Pfitsch. Thanks a million, John. I assure you I will use this sword's sharp point to dig up any wild roots of Nazi-ism that might spring up around here from time to time. This sword is a beautiful thing and I will always cherish it for the gift from John Pfitsch.

Harry Morrow of the Journal-World staff just called me in regard to an AP dispatch that he received over the teletype. We learn the distressing news that Lt. Howard Engleman had received multiple burns while serving as navigator on a destroyer escort in the Pacific. Mrs. Beulah Engleman, mother of Howard, announced it from Arkansas City. Howard's wife and one-year-old son are in Salina.

Here's hoping, Howard, my boy, that the report may be slightly exaggerated. All Jayhawker hearts and best wishes go out for you in wishing you a speedy recovery.

Capt. Clint Kanaga, USMCR (APA 42, San Francisco) was in last week visiting his brother Bill, who is a V-12 trainee, and the Allens. Captain Clint is looking swell. We were delighted to have him during his visit with his parents, Clint, Sr., and Mrs. Kanaga of Kansas City. Clint, Sr., was a Marine in the first World War, so Clint, Jr., is following in his dad's footsteps.

Capt. Francis Kappelman, as handsome as ever, dropped in town the other day. He is looking swell and is being sent to the Chanute Flying Field as physical training officer down there. The Captain has been recruiting WACs in Chicago, until lately. I asked him how they were, and he said, "Same as ever." Further than that he refused to commit himself.

Chanute Field is the old Rantoul Flying Field of World War I days. I remember seeing those big babies take off with their high wheels and flapping wings. On the runways, as they started, they reminded me of big turkeys on the run with their wings stretched wide, and as they got in the air with their little heads they reminded me of a snake-doctor droning over the area below. At old Rantoul Field such an impression was made upon me that one of the ships formed a background for my "Dream Touchdown" story when I was coaching Kansas football back in 1920. I saw an airplane with the faces of eleven Kansas grid-iron warriors therein and I transferred then, in my dream, from the flying ship on old Rantoul to one that took off on old McCook Field. It was the Iowa State team playing at Kansas that day, and Dutch Lonborg, Johnny Bunn, Warren Woody, Gordon Saunders, and Harley Little, the hero, who were the principals of that story. I may tell it in the next Jayhawk Rebounds. People didn't believe it then, and some do not believe it now, - but it was true.

Since our last Rebounds was written Lt. (jg) Hovey "Buddy" Hanna was here on an emergency call when his wife was operated at Bell Memorial Hospital. The operation was a success and Eileen made a rapid and complete recovery and flew back to join Buddy in the east.

Capt. Bob Haggart, of the Merchant Marine, who is the husband of Laura Rankin Haggart, has been enjoying some golf at the Country Club during his leave the past couple of weeks. Bob is the son-in-law of our illustrious and beloved Senator Bob Rankin who has been such a benefactor to Lawrence through his many years of residency here. Bob has declared that when he is retired and when he



gets out of the service, he is going to settle in Lawrence. We are delighted for this because when he went into the service we learned that the salt spray had reclaimed him for good. He served a hitch in the first World War.

Lieut. Horace Mason dropped in yesterday to say hello. Horace looks fine and has had some close calls. He was describing to me the thrill that he got when he landed an outfit of Marines on Okinawa. The photographic reconnaissance showed the beach to be heavily fortified and the Marines were expecting the worst. And I might add, Horace was also expecting the same. They landed, and without any opposition whatsoever. Just imagine such a situation! Gosh, what a swell feeling a guy must have when he is expecting the Japs to throw all the hate at him.

Lieut. Bill Belt walked in just as I am dictating this and I showed him the communication regarding Howard Engleman, and we are chewing the fat regarding Horace Mason while I am continuing to dictate the Rebounds and entertain Bill all in the same breath. Bill has put on some weight since he has had his feet under his mother's table. Bill explains that he was "on watch and off watch" continuously, and when a fellow can't sleep he can't gain weight. But it was reversed in Kansas City. However, I can still see some lines around Bill's physiognomy which he hasn't erased entirely. Bill tells me he will be here two weeks yet and by that time we expect him to be very rotund!

Lieut. Bobby Haynes came in a couple of weeks ago and had a fine visit with Dr. Bobby Allen. Bobby Haynes and Bobby Allen were schoolmates in elementary grades, in high school and through the University. They had a great time visiting and playing golf together. Bobby Haynes told about a Jap shell that went through three or four decks of his ship and passing through the hull before exploding. Bobby, who is a Naval flier, described some of the suicide swimmers. All the boys want to capture them but not until they have divested these Nips of their explosive luggage.

The Nips have never yet sunk a U. S. aircraft carrier. True, we have had to dispose of some after they were badly damaged, but since the experience of the USS Franklin the boys of the Navy say they will save the rest of them from here on out. Since the war has progressed, damage control has improved so rapidly that it is possible now to save ships that heretofore the Navy had thought was impossible.

Bobby Allen and Jean McFarland Allen are very busy at Bell Memorial Hospital until July 1, when Bobby goes into active service. Jean is one of the receptionists at the hospital, and we are expecting them down to 801 Louisiana about ten or twelve days before July 1 so Bob can get in his allotment of golf. They tell me that these internes at Bell Hospital really give those "muni" courses in Kansas City a good going-over in the late afternoons.

Lieut. E. R. "Hoot" Mons, a Navy flier and the husband of Jane Allen Mons, has his assignment for the Pacific. Jane and Hoot are on the west coast visiting Mary Allen Hamilton and Pete, with their three youngsters, Lee, Jr., Joan and Elizabeth - my "Wibble-Wobble". Grandma Allen and I are keeping Jill, the Mons' six-months-old human bundle of loveliness. It has been said that "there is only one pretty child in the world, and every mother has it", but Grandma Allen says she has it. This feeding schedule is keeping the old folks busy, but since we are the only ones in the house Jill keeps our household in constant animation.

Lt. (jg) Milton P. Allen is home from Boston on a two-weeks leave. His time is up Saturday and he will fly back to begin another four months hitch with



advanced training. Isabelle Perry Allen and Judy, the young flaming red-head of Mit's and Isabelle's, will follow him shortly to reside in Boston during his stay.

Eleanor Allen Williams has left us and returned to Lansdowne, Pa. Attorney Gil - George P. Williams, III - is secretary to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and while Gil was hard at work the young wife slipped out to visit the old folks.

I have almost finished this letter without giving you boys the dope on the results of the track season. On May 5th Kansas defeated Nebraska in a dual meet at Lawrence, 73 to 53. The next week the Jayhawkers of Coach Ray Kanehl journeyed to Columbia, Missouri, and were beaten by the Tigers 79½ to 49½. On May 18 and 19 the Big Six Outdoor Meet was held at Lincoln, Nebraska. The basketball coaches met to draw up their schedules and some time later, when basketball season comes along, I will send you the Kansas schedule for next winter.

Iowa State College, for the second straight time, won the Big Six outdoor meet. Bill Bangert of Missouri University, established a record toss of the shot, 52' 7-1/8". The Cyclones total in winning first place was 64½ points; Missouri was second with 49 points; and Oklahoma took third place with 46 points. Coach Ed Weir of Nebraska had a superlative squad of only seven civilian boys and they made a most astounding record to score six first places, more first places than any of the other Big Six competitors. Kansas scored 23½ points for fifth and last place. Kansas State did not enter a team because Coach Ward Haylett's civilians were not strong enough for him to enter a team. Coach Kanehl's material has not been exceptional this year and I think he has done a swell job with what he has. Leroy Robison, the varsity backfield star of Kansas, won first place in the javelin throw with a toss of 179' 3", the only first place that Kansas won. Robison also tossed the 16-lb. shot 45' 6", which is an exceptional distance considering the fact that Robison entered the University of Kansas a 165-lb. sophomore and had never put the shot before. He is a great athlete and Coach Henry Shenk expects great things of him as a backfielder in football next year.

In my next Rebounds I will tell you more about our football prospects. We are getting some Naval R.O.T.C. boys, but not in any numbers like Missouri and Nebraska. It is reported that both Nebraska and Missouri will have 800 Navy R.O.T.C. boys, and frankly, I am expecting that we will get more than 125, the number we are promised at the present. This will leave only Kansas State without any Navy personnel in the Big Six, and one can see why they could not enter a team in track. Last year they had a number of veterinarians who were in the ASTP but who could not participate in competitive athletics. After they were discharged from the service they continued as deferred civilians. That gave Kansas State athletic power, but most of those boys will be graduating and unless boys come in before next year or unless they get some Navy personnel, the Aggies will be in a tough spot, competitively speaking.

Most of the colleges over the country which had abandoned collegiate sports are now planning on a renewal of their competitive program beginning next fall. There has been much talk, also, of a renewal of the Olympic Games, perhaps in England. In a recent editorial in the New York Sun, the veteran sports writer, John Kieran, in his column "One Small Voice", made an interesting observation in an editorial titled, "Peaceful Points About Olympic Games."

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kieran in the Hardware Club in Lower Manhattan at the time Jimmy Walker was mayor of New York. The late and beloved



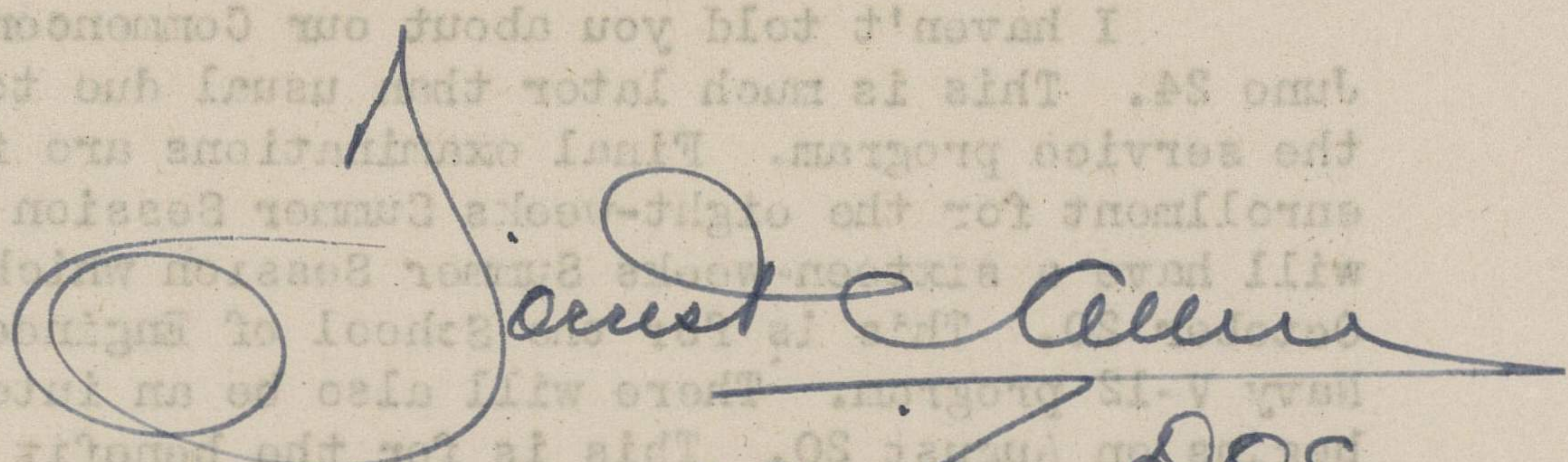
John Doyle, editor of the American Sports Library which published all the Official Athletic Guides for the colleges, introduced me to Mr. Kieran. Jimmy Walker was also present that noon. I had met John Kieran before but never had I seen him more interesting. He has one of the most engaging smiles and speaks with a soft, mellow Irish tone. I have always been enamored with John Kieran. When he was traveling with the Giants it was his habit to go to the libraries of the big cities and the wonderful art galleries to study and improve himself. Certainly we who have listened to him in "Information Please", have been thrilled by his tremendous knowledge of music, art, literature, sports, or what have you. He certainly is one wonderful gentleman, and a gentle-man. He makes a wonderful contribution regarding the worthwhileness of youth and education as applied to "education through play", and a better understanding internationally. He writes as follows:

"There are critics who have stated that the Olympic Games stir up more enmity than amity and they instance a series of outbreaks in the heat of competition to bolster their argument. 'Education and youth go together. And youth and athletics go together. Youngsters of all nations are interested in games and thus it is sound to offer a plan of international education allied to international sports competition. I'm for it all the way.' My answer to that would be that if there were a hundred athletes in competition, of whom 98 were getting along well together and two were in a fierce fight, the two who were fighting would draw most of the attention.

"I have a firm belief in the worth of the Olympic program. It is fundamentally a program of education based on the principle that a wider knowledge of foreign persons and nations will mean a better understanding among persons and nations. If that is wrong--if the better we know one another the more we hate one another--then the human race is inherently wicked and deservedly doomed."

Here's hoping that you will all be back for the competition that you most desire, whether it is Olympic Games, or whether it is Big Six, or whatever it is, - we are hoping that before Christmas you will be with us.

Very sincerely yours,

  
Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH



P. S. Boys, we have a back page here that we do not want to waste, and I know you will be interested in this letter I have just received from Pfc. W. E. "Bill" Bradford (APO 559, New York), who is with an Air Service Group in England.

Bill says: "This finds me in the same fix as the average American housewife. I just don't have enough points. The only difference is that she's looking for points to buy her husband a nice juicy steak and I'm looking for points to get a discharge. According to what my mother writes and judging from my own personal experience - we're both out of luck. Even with almost two years' service abroad I'm still plenty short. The discharge really isn't worrying me much. The thing that I do worry about, though, is that I haven't seen a basketball game since the time Great Lakes nosed us out in Kansas City on Jan. 31, 1943. That was too long ago. I hope to see some kind of athletic contest at Kansas this season, but of course that's up to Uncle Sam. I'll probably end up by paying \$65. because I talked to some pretty fraulein.

"I was glad to hear the news that my good friend, Charlie Black, is a captain now. He was a great athlete and from his Army record he must be just as great a flyer. With his 50 missions completed he should be on his way home before long. When he drops in to see you, will you please extend to him my best regards and heartiest congratulations - both on his promotion and the birth of his daughter.

"I flew on a tour over Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg and France last week and believe me the krauts know they've been in a war this time. Large cities like Essen and Hannover are literally wiped off the map. The country between Liege and Aachen, scene of the break-through last December, is really a sight to see. Even the small villages are leveled. We crossed the Rhine just north of Dusseldorf and could see many bridges, all destroyed by the retreating Germans. The last big city on the tour was Paris. We flew over the town at 200 feet and it was a great thrill for me to see the Eiffel Tower, the Arc D'Triomphe, and other famous landmarks. Coming back we crossed the Channel from Cap Griz Nez (Cape Grey Nose) and got to see the white Cliffs of Dover. Many an American has been thankful to see those Cliffs when he was returning from a mission over Germany."

Bill, that is a swell letter, and we hope it won't be too long before you will be able to see some of those Kansas athletic contests.

I haven't told you about our Commencement, which will be just one day, June 24. This is much later than usual due to allocating other activities with the service program. Final examinations are from June 20 to 23, four days, and enrollment for the eight-weeks Summer Session will begin on June 26. Then we will have a sixteen-weeks Summer Session which begins on July 2 and ends on October 20. This is for the School of Engineering, which will accommodate the Navy V-12 program. There will also be an inter-session of four weeks, which begins on August 20. This is for the benefit of veterans and pre-induction students who wish to obtain additional credit before entering the armed forces.

Henry Shenk will have summer football practice and I may have some summer basketball practice as quite a number of 17-year-olds will be coming in and I will want to at least start them on some fundamentals.

F.C.A.



## JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

June 25, 1945

No. 17

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Yesterday was Commencement day for 334 Kansas seniors. George Nettles, the captain of my 1920 Kansas football team, was one of the proud fathers who saw the second of his children, Mary "Mimi", march down old Mt. Oread's slopes at twilight to the Kansas Memorial Stadium, which has served as the spacious amphitheatre for thousands of Kansas sons and daughters who had graduated there before. This giant concrete horseshoe opens beautifully to Nature's mammoth horseshoe upon whose rim are located the beloved buildings and campus of your alma mater.

George came down to the house with his family before the University dinner Sunday afternoon. I never see George Nettles but what I think of that great Kansas comeback of 1920 against Nebraska. Kansas was outweighed 27 pounds to the man and faced a first half defeat of 20 to 0 against them. The Jayhawkers rallied and pushed over three touchdowns against a giant scarlet-clad Nebraska team. That was the game that built the Kansas stadium.

But I remember that on page 18 of last month's Jayhawk Rebounds No. 16, I promised you that I might tell the story of the "Dream Touchdown" game. This game was against Iowa State College of Ames. Dr. Red Parsons, one of Stagg's great players at the University of Chicago, was coaching the Iowa State team. We had early season success, having defeated Bill Hargiss's Emporia Teachers 42 to 0 at Lawrence, and then Ernie Berg's and Dwight Peam's Washburn College team 6 to 0. Dr. Mal Stevens was the quarterback for Washburn College. Later Dr. Stevens went to Yale and played three years of sterling football for the Yale Bulldogs. Dr. Stevens made football history as coach of several eastern teams, New York University and others. Brinley, a great dropkicker who had played professional football for the Rock Island team the year before, dropkicked a field goal for Coach Banks's Drake University Bulldogs from the 42 yard line. Kansas finally scored a touchdown on a pass from Lonberg to Mandeville, the Jayhawkers winning that game 7 to 3. And then came the Iowa State Cyclones, big, tough and aggressive. But why go further, when I promised you the Dream Touchdown story.....

### The Dream Touchdown

A load of barrels was always good luck to the batting eyes of the New York Giants under Muggsy McGraw, but never have I looked over my left shoulder at the moon for good luck, nor am I afraid of the so-called hoodoo number, 13. Even a black cat crossing my path has held no terrors for me.

However, I have always played hunches and do to this day. That is why the dream touchdown -- the only touchdown of the game -- materialized.

In the early fall of 1920, as Director of Athletics at the University of Kansas, I found myself confronted with the combined duties of Head Coach of Football and Head Coach of Basketball.

Our football team, averaging but 162 lb. to the man, was the lightest in our athletic history at Kansas. This team, relying entirely upon forward passing and place kicking, had won its first two preliminary games, against the Emporia Kansas



Teachers and against Mark Banks's Drake University Bulldogs. Iowa State, our next opponent, heavy and aggressive, had been highly touted. Our situation looked none too promising. In fact, the week's preparation was most disappointing.

In the earlier coaching days, I had formed the habit of taking a pencil and pad to bed with me, attaching them to the bedpost by a piece of string. Solutions to my knottiest problems seemed always to come to me in the eerie hours, during the meanderings of the subconscious. Invariably, they would vanish under the spell of daylight and the arduous duties accompanying it, unless I scribbled them down on this pad for reference in the morning.

I cannot explain the twilight zone between a dream and a hunch. In fact, I cannot logically explain either a dream or a hunch. The psychologist might roughly explain a dream as forces driven by nervous or mental currents that we do not understand; yet the incubation period might have been in previous reactions, occurring possibly months or years before. The currents or forces might have jelled for a period, and then might flow at a most unexpected time. This jumbling of all the years of experiences might gush out into a sudden perfect conclusion.

Possibly, out of the exhaustive dream theories of the psychologist, might come an explanation of this dream. However, whether apparition, vision, premonition, presentiment, or hunch, I shall relate the dream here as I told it on that day to the football team.

I saw an airplane with the faces of 11 Kansas gridiron warriors therein. Each face was set out in bas-relief in the fuselage of that ship, as it took off on old McCook Field. And five of those men, whom I saw in the fuselage that night, were not to have been in the anticipated starting line-up of the following day.

In this dream, the Iowa State team had kicked off to Kansas. The Kansas airship had sailed to the north and over the east goal. In despair, the Iowa State players had folded their hands on their hips and gasped. This dream alone was enough to convince me that the men that I saw in that ship would be in my starting line-up. Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg was the quarterback and field general.

Ten minutes before game time we were huddled in the dressing room for final instructions and line-up announcements. The announcement came as a blast.

"Boys, I had a dream last night. I believe in hunches. I saw a Kansas airplane with the faces of eleven of you taking off. Some of the faces in that ship have not been seen in a starting line-up this year. But today I'm going to play you just that way. Your ship swung from the west to the north and arose above that Iowa State team, as you continued eastward to the goal line.

"I saw Harley Little playing right half back. And with the ball tucked under his arm, he started from near our own goal line and I watched him as he crossed Iowa State's goal line, with the ball in his possession.

"Dutch, listen; if we win the toss, I want you to receive. And whoever receives the kick-off must carry it up to the right and center of the field, as far as possible. On the next formation, you call Harley Little's signal, 46 -- right half around left end. Do you year me, Dutch? I mean it." A surprised and eager Lonborg shouted, "Yes, sir!"

Kansas won the toss and chose to receive the kick-off, while Iowa State chose to defend the east goal. Things were working perfectly, and exactly as we had hoped. The referee's whistle shrilled the signal for the start. The Kansas fans were on their feet. The kick-off to Kansas! Kenny Welch, diminutive 133-lb. Kansas full back took the Iowa State kick-off on the Kansas goal line and ran it back to right and center for 15 yd.



Dutch Lonborg and his team, vividly remembering their dressing-room instructions, lined up quickly, with Lonborg barking Harley Little's signal, "46" -- right half around left end. After the first play following the kick-off, the fans were still on their feet.

Quick as a flash the ball was snapped to Little, who lined up on a fake-kick formation, but instead swept around left end. The blocking was too perfect. Little, allowing time for the blockers to take an Iowa State tackler out, cut back from the sideline and on down the field. Now, only two defensive backs remained as obstacles to his mad dash to the goal. Kansas' offensive backs and guards bowled the opposition over, and Kansas' Harley Little went over the Iowa goal line, standing up and unhindered, for the only score of the game. Sandefur kicked goal. Score, Kansas, 7 -- Iowa State, 0.

A scintillating dash of 85 yd. was maneuvered over exactly the same terrain as that described to the team in the dream touchdown.

"Was it magic or hokum?" wondered the players as they left the field. Perhaps they still wonder. So do I. But the play had worked successfully, and Kansas had won the game. The game was the thing.

With the victory came many interesting angles of the analysis of the dream. Morale took a new high with the football team. This mystic something! This penetrable veil between the real and the unreal! The victory was real, yet it now, too, seemed like a dream to the men who had won it. Were they dreaming life or living dreams? They wondered.

"Lucky," proclaimed the Iowa State players and their followers. But those Kansas gridsters who had listened to the pre-game dressing-room instructions knew that Lady Luck had been flirting with metaphysical fantasies that day.

Or was it the unusual and mystic emphasis placed upon formation, number, 46, that caused the Kansas blockers to clear the opposition away? Was it more than a dream that left not one member of the Cyclone team standing to bar the way to Little's game-winning touchdown? Who knows? And, after all, what difference did it make just then to the winners who had carried out their individual assignments? It is the lystery of life that lures.

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Many of you youngsters will not recognize the then young men of 1920. They may be your fathers or your uncles at the present time. But to renew old rivalries I will bring Iowa State back to the campus. Singularly, Iowa State plays Kansas at Lawrence this year on October 6.

The Iowa State game was played after we had met and defeated Kansas State at Manhattan, 13 to 0. Charlie Bachman, who is now coaching Michigan State, was coaching his first Kansas State Wildcat team. Bachman had come from Northwestern University where he had done right well with the Evanston Wildcats over a term of several years. There was one interesting sidelight to the Kansas State game that I think I should not fail to recount. Just before World War I, back about 1916, Johnny Bender of Nebraska football fame, who is now deceased, was coaching the Kansas Staters. Guy Lowman, who passed away year before last at the University of Wisconsin where he was head of the Department of Physical Education, was Athletic Director. These two strong men found life incompatible at Kansas State. So violently did they disagree with each other's policies that they were both asked to resign.

Johnny Bender came to Warrensburg where I was Director of Athletics and coach.



of all sports, and asked that I apply for the job at Kansas State. He had in mind a reciprocal trading wherein he would go to Warrensburg. He of course painted a rosy picture for my chances at Manhattan. Dr. S. J. Waters was president of the institution, and Dr. Wm. H. Jardine, president later at Kansas State, was chairman of the athletic board. Mike Ahearn was professor of horticulture and not at that time connected with athletics.

I made the trip to Manhattan and met Dr. Jardine, Dr. H. H. King, who is now chairman of the athletic board, and Mike Ahearn on the golf course. I applied, but did not get the job. Johnny Bender had made the arrangement with C. G. Clevenger who is now Director of Athletics at Indiana University, to take over Clevenger's job at the University of Tennessee, while Clevenger came to Kansas State as Director of Athletics in Bender's position.

So naturally when I was meeting Kansas State with the first athletic team under my command, I was pretty nervous about the outcome of that football game. Especially so when our Kansas team averaged but 162 lbs. to the man, a weight lighter than most high school teams in the State of Kansas. I said to Captain George Nettles, "George, I am scared to death of the Aggies." I will never forget his reply, because it sent cold chills shivering down my spine. He said, "Oh, heck, Doc, we can beat those Aggies any day in the week." I saw a bit of over-confidence in that statement and it scared me stiff. Certainly I did not want to lose to the Aggies on the first game, and the fact that I didn't get the job has always prompted me to put a little extra twist on my coaching when we meet the Aggies in any sport.

The old jinx in football was still holding with the Aggies back in those days and that was the reason for the remark that George gave me. I said, "George, that is the most dangerous statement that you have ever made. Those Aggies will be all fired up under Bachman, the new coach, and they will be hard to handle."

I will never forget the trip to Manhattan and how many years I aged in that one day. Bachman was, and still is, one of those dynamic, driving personalities. Of course they were using the Notre Dame shift as Bachman was one of the immortal stars at Notre Dame. The Aggie team came out on the field, followed by three or four other hustling elevens, and they fairly covered the field with purple jerseys. Those were the days of the Cowell boys, Brady and his brother, from Ottawa University, who were transfers from Kansas State. How those few seconds at the start of the game seared my memory! I was still thinking of George Nettles' remark. We kicked off to the Aggies who, it seems to me, were defending their west goal. An Aggie back hustled the ball straight down the field 22 yards. Then the Aggies quickly lined up with their shift and they went off around our end for 25 yards. They lined up even more quickly the second time and around our end they came again for 35 yards. As I recall, they were on our 25 yard line after three plays. I had visions of a touchdown in less than two minutes that would be scored against us. Again they lined up with lightning-like rapidity. The ball was snapped back and it struck Brady Cowell on his left shoulder and ricocheted high in the air. Arnie Bell, our not too speedy end, grabbed the ball in the air in its descent and ran laboriously with the whole Aggie team in pursuit. It was a nightmare watching Arnie run and watching the Aggies seemingly overtake him. But he fell across the goal line exhausted with half of the Aggies piling on him. We made the goal from touchdown, and for a few moments we were safe.

We continued to punt, taking no chances until it was set up for a pass from Lonborg to Mandeville on the old formation X play which went for a touchdown, and we converted. From then on we were perfectly satisfied to hold our lead, and I went out of Manhattan ten years younger than when I had arrived.



This is a long way to go to get to Ames and the Iowa State game, but here we are. Arnie Bell was not in this Iowa State starting line-up because both Tad Reid and Red Ivy were a little faster in going down under Dutch Lonborg's and Johnny Bunn's punts. Johnny Bunn, who is now dean of men at Stanford University, did not start this game, as my dream the night before the game left his face out of the starting line-up picture. Neither did Andrew McDonald. Both McDonald and Bunn played leading parts in the Nebraska game, which we may perhaps describe in the next Jayhawk Rebounds. This Nebraska game was the game that built the Kansas stadium.

The starting line-up for the Iowa State game was: Tad Reid, left end; George Nettles, left tackle; Pete Jones, left guard; Gordie Saunders, center; Severt Higgins, (deceased) right guard; Ed Sandefur, right tackle; Red Ivy, right end; Dutch Lonborg, quarterback; Harley Little, left halfback; Frank Mandeville, right halfback; Kenny Welch, fullback.

As I read this line-up what pleasant memories are revived of this young, scrappy outfit of Kansas boys from post-World War I. They were tired of war and eager for the game. How much alike will be the games after World War II. Youth tired of war and regimentation, will be seeking the contest and combat of athletic games. The game will be the thing, and that will be the great release that all strong young men will be seeking. I am trying to visualize the first full season after V-J day when our country is at peace and old lit. Oread is experiencing the joy of the returning veterans. I think it will be no different from what we experienced back in 1920.

As a clincher for this argument I have just received a letter from Pfc. Ross Fisher (APO 334, San Francisco), written somewhere on Guam. Ross is the son of Harold C. Fisher, our city clerk. He says, "I have been unable to enter K.U. as a student due to a bunch of yellow-bellied rats that call themselves the people of the Rising Sun. A lot of us out here believe that their motto now is "the sinking sun". At least I hope the setting of the sun will signify the end of war and the beginning of long and rightful peace. Then and not until then will we be able to settle down in some good seats in Hoch Auditorium and see championship basketball games again. . . . I would like to see your team of stars of the last ten years for K.U. listed in the next issue of Rebounds. How about it?"

Ross, I have been asked that hundreds of times and it would be the most difficult thing in the world for me to pick an all-star team. Many of the greatest players that I have ever had would not be picked by the fans because they were not the ones that scored the most goals, many times. They were the quiet, loyal individuals who were the oil cups and not the files. In some instances, the so-called stars have not been the men that really made the team. They scored the points. So I have steadfastly refused to pick an all-star team because that would be impossible.

In my 28 years of coaching basketball at the University several generations of college students have come and gone. Therefore, it seems to me that the only fair way would be to pick an all-star team of a seven-year period. I can think of a great player who gave his life in the first World War who played on my 1908-'09 team. He was one of the greatest of centers, and then I can begin to think of the run of champions from 1922 to 1927 when Kansas won 34 straight conference games without a loss. And then again I can think of boys that perhaps were as great stars as any of the boys on a winning team that played on losing teams, and yet in my opinion they were great. So, until somebody forces me into it, I can't pick a few boys when I have had so many. A good passer many times is more valuable than a good scorer. And yet how little the world recognizes him. That is the law of life.



We will follow your request, Ross, and save a ticket for the first basketball game when you get home and you will be my personal guest. Now don't forget. But I will have to ask you to personally remind me of that because when the excitement of the game is on I might accidentally forget you. So if you don't use your G.I. nerve, then it will be your own fault, because I will be delighted to have you.

I am going to do the "brotherly act" stunt now. There are several brothers in the service, and having had five brothers of my own in my immediate family, I know with what great affection the tie of brotherhood is in combat. And having two sons in the service I can readily discern that the greatest thing in all the world would be when two brothers meet on fields of combat or on the high seas, even if for just a moment. It satisfies something in them that nothing else can do.

I acknowledge with thanks a letter from Alan C. Fisher, a brother of Ross, (APO 104, New York) from somewhere in Germany. Alan says, "I want to write to you mainly to express my appreciation to you for sending me a copy of the Rebounds. I think that its a great piece of reading material. It is something which I wanted to receive when you first published it but since I thought that it was primarily for 'your boys' I was hesitant to ask for it. And, I'm definitely looking forward to more of it now that I've had a taste of the cake. . . . Perhaps Dad has told you that I am on my way home - not to stay, I'm sure, but at least for a visit. One of the highlights of my journey through, I hope, will be the Hill. Undoubtedly there have been a lot of changes there since I saw it last. I'm anxious to see the new chapel. And having the old shack down which used to be west of the Engineering Building should be a big improvement. Its going to be hard to wait for that old Hill to show up on the horizon. . . . I'm not sure what the T. P. Hunter memorial fund is, but without looking I know that it is something good. T. P. was one of the finest fellows I ever knew. If I get back there I intend to add my bit to the fund. Until I get to see you personally, good luck to you and all the Jayhawkers."

Alan, I hope that you arrive in Lawrence sooner than this Jayhawk Rebounds reaches you.

And from M/Sgt. Don E. Blair (APO 408, New York) who is somewhere in Germany, we have received an interesting letter. Don says: "Received the much appreciated Rebounds yesterday. I think it is one of the most appreciated letters that I receive. . . . There is a big lump in my throat every time there is mention of T. P. . . . Most of our time is now spent just wondering what will happen to us next. To use an old expression here, we wonder if it will be "Golden Gate in '48", or "Fort Dix in '56", or even "CBI in late July". I guess time only will tell. . . . I guess about the biggest thrill I have had overseas happened when my brother walked into our headquarters last Monday morning. He came overseas about two months ago and since I came into Germany we have been trying to find each other. We found out that one night while our battalion was moving from France to Germany that we slept within ten miles of each other. He only had 24 hours and had to return to his camp in Belgium. Hope to see more of him but that is hard to tell how that will work out."

Don, your suggestion about giving the boys' full addresses would be fine, except that we do not desire in any way to violate the code of wartime practices as set forth by the Office of Censorship. We do use the latest APO number that we have here, and that will get to him although you may not know exactly where he is because that would lend aid and comfort to the enemy.