

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 bed-side manner. Isn't he in Kansas City?" Yes, Rusty, as you will read elsewhere in this letter, Bob is at Bell Memorial.

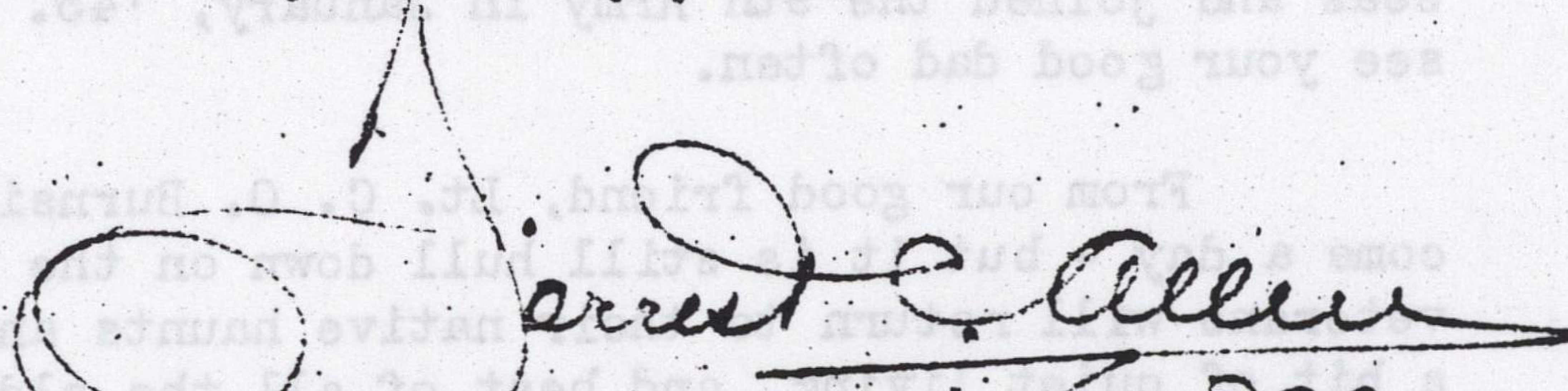
My first hitch at this letter was a week ago. We do a part of it, then we have interruptions and a day passes, or maybe two, and then we write again. Things on the international front have happened so rapidly that we are enamored of the idea to carry this along hoping that the grand finale in Europe 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 Joe, 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