

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 Lysaught, a friend of Raymond Wheeler's and a medic graduate a couple of years ago at K.U."

We immediately sent Lt. Lysaught 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