

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