

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

November 20, 1944

No. 12

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

I have been gold-bricking on you. They elected me president of the Country Club this fall and we have been trying to rejuvenate the place out there. We have personally supervised the sanding of the floors, installation of a new ceiling, painting and general repair work. And besides handling the various drives for the University, such as the National War Fund and Community Chest in October, and now the Sixth War Loan, as well as the general administration of the Physical Education Department, I have been incidentally attempting to coach a basketball team.

I looked at the date of the last Jayhawk Rebounds, No. 11, and find that it is dated September 12, 1944, and this morning is November 20, - more than two months since I have written you boys on the many fronts. But alibis are never any good when a fellow has to get the job done of Jayhawk Rebounding. So just prior to the football game with the Missouri Tigers on Thursday, Nov. 23, in Kansas City at Association Park, I will try to give you a review of the past football season up to the present time. Coach Henry Shenk has had a dickens of a time. On November 1, just at the time when the team should be hitting its stride, many of his stellar performers were called to the other fronts for further servicing by the Navy. This is a fair and modest appraisal of the efforts of the fighting Jayhawkers. We have not overdone it either by too much praise or too much alibiing.

Old-timers rubbed their eyes the 21st of October when Kansas administered the first licking to a Nebraska football team in 48 years on the Kansas field. Only once in all that time had they even been tied - the famous 20-20 tie of 1920. It was the first time in 26 years that any Kansas football team had beaten a Nebraska team on Jayhawker soil!

To make the victory even more outstanding, Nebraska walloped a Missouri team that was rated 30 points better by a score of 24 to 20 in Lincoln a week before, which was the major upset of the Big Six season to date.

To the Kansas team should go the credit for smashing this 48-year-old jinx. The first K.U. score came in the first half when Charles Keller blocked a Nebraska punt which was recovered by Warren Riegler in the end zone for a touchdown. In the third quarter the Kansas team drove 60 yards and scored with a screen pass only to have the play called back because of an offside. But Kansas was not to be denied. Later, big Don Barrington after alternating with Charles Moffett in carrying the ball down to the Nebraska 5-yard line, threw a quick pass to Charlie across the goal line for the second counter. Bill Chestnut, dropkicker de luxe, kicked both extra points.

In the fourth stanza Dwight Sutherland and Charlie Moffett took turns passing and carrying the ball down to the Nebraska 30-yard line where Charlie Moffett flipped a pass to Warren Riegler who made a sensational catch in the end zone for the third score. The game ended Kansas 20, Nebraska 0.

Kansas linemen who played a brilliant game were Warren Riegler and Charles Daigneault, ends; Charles Keller and Dick Dreher, guards; Gene Long and Wallace Rouse, tackles; and Wayne Hird, center. In the backfield, big Don Barrington, fullback, and Charles Moffett, tailback, were outstanding, with Leroy Robison, Don Faulkner and Dwight Sutherland turning in fine jobs of blocking and running when the occasion demanded.

Eight of the Kansas teams played their last game for K.U. since they were being transferred by the Navy to other stations. Warren Riegler, Charles Daigneault and John Schimenz, ends; Don Barrington, Ted Short, O. J. Endacott, Ben Welch, backs; and Dick Dreher, guard, are boys from the first twenty-two men who played their last game this season for Kansas. Replacing these men was a tremendous job for the Kansas coaches in the four games ahead with the Olathe Clippers, Kansas State, Oklahoma and Missouri.

I know all of you loyal Jayhawkers in whatever theatre of operations you may be will be overjoyed to know that at last Kansans can talk of football without recalling how many years it has been since we have beaten Nebraska and wondering whether a Kansas team ever will. From now on the Jayhawkers are determined to put the jinx on the other team.

After the Nebraska victory, Kansas fans wondered what would be the fate of the Kansas team after losing the eight Navy boys through transfer, four of whom had been regulars on the first team. They were agreeably surprised when the K.U. team trounced the Olathe Clippers 33 to 14. Leroy Robison, converted to a fullback from his blocking back position, did an especially good job at lugging the ball. Sam Hunter, freshman tackle, was moved to right end, and Lee Gregory and Gordon Reynolds started at left tackle. This gave Kansas a pair of green ends, but they showed promise in this game of developing as the season progressed. The blocking and ball carrying was especially good in the Olathe game.

Then came the upset. Kansas State beat us 18 to 14 in a game for the books. Kansas started off by scoring a touchdown after about 12 plays in the first quarter. The touchdown was scored on a screen pass from Charlie Moffett to Leroy Robison. Bill Chestnut, our fine dropkicker, kicked the extra point.

In the second quarter Kansas State, with a fine mixture of passes and running plays, scored, to leave the score at the half remaining 7 to 6. In the third quarter Kansas State took the ball away from Leroy Robison after he made a line plunge on the Kansas 30-yard line. From there they scored on a lateral pass after driving inside of the Kansas one-yard line. Just before the quarter ended, Kansas started a march which ended on the first play of the fourth quarter with Charlie Moffett going across for a touchdown from the Kansas spread formation. Chestnut again kicked the goal and the score was 14 to 12.

The game see-sawed back and forth with Kansas outplaying the Aggies until about four minutes remained in the fourth quarter. A forward pass from Charlie Moffett to Gordon Reynolds was intercepted by little Dana Atkins on the Aggies 20-yard line, and he raced down to the Kansas 8-yard, where he was finally tackled by Leroy Robison and Don Faulkner. The Aggies scored from here on a pass, and led Kansas 18 to 14. With 15 seconds remaining in the ball game, Charlie Moffett took the ball on his own 20-yard line in the spread formation and ran 80 yards through the entire Aggie team for a touchdown, only to have the score nullified when an official called a clipping penalty on the Kansas State 15-yard line. And that was the ball game.

Last week the Oklahoma Sooners came to Kansas and defeated Kansas, 20 to 0. The first downs read Kansas 11, Oklahoma 12, but the Oklahoma offense featuring two hard-driving backs in Lebow and Heard, was too much for the Jayhawkers. The Sooners have clinched at least a tie for the Big Six championship, and by defeating a weak Nebraska team on December 2nd, can win the title undisputed for the second consecutive year. They have only a 21-21 tie with Missouri to mar their record. Oklahoma has not lost a college game this year.

A crowd of 20,000, a complete sell-out, is expected for the Kansas-Missouri game at Ruppert Stadium on November 23.

Ernie Quigley has put vitality and confidence in the athletic program, and although it may take two or three years for an ordinary director to show results, I predict before the year is over Kansas will be making definite strides to a place in the sun in her whole sports program. Another year will see Kansas in a much different situation than she had been twelve months previous.

We will not send this Rebounds out until we can give you a flash and a short resume of the Tiger battle. The game seems to be a toss up, and since Kansas' glorious victory over Missouri last year the Jayhawkers have more than a fighting chance to twist the Tiger's tail. Anything can happen in a Kansas-Missouri game.

FLASH.At a Tiger rally on the eve of the Kansas-Missouri game, Coach Chauncey Simpson of Missouri said he had a secret weapon to use against the Jayhawkers. C. E. McBride, sports editor of the Kansas City Star, called that weapon V-3. So far as I was concerned it was just Greek to me - 278 lb. Jim Kekeris, a McKinley High School graduate from St. Louis, who had played two years at tackle, was the Greek. He had played fullback in his high school days, but when Don Faurot looked at him he slapped him in the line. This big Greek plowed over and through the Kansas line like a Sherman tank. He was the biggest thing in two shoes at Association Park. When he moved the adipose tissue on his abdomen showed visibly from the stands and when he stood still the vibration of that equatorial diameter was still moving and some wag could have notified the big Greek that his engine was still running, so flabby was the "Man Mountain" of lard and other ingredients. He looked anything but an athlete, but he looked too tough for Kansas.

The score was Missouri 28, Kansas 0. Kansas could have held the score down to two touchdowns but they wildly gambled for a score and it cost them two touchdowns. Everything did happen in this football game, but not to the pleasure of the Kansas team or its adherents.

Now, a word for basketball. On December 4th at Topeka, Kansas, we will engage in our first contest of the season with the Washburn Ichabods. I am giving you our schedule, and will give you a short review as the games are played.

Non-conference games: Dec. 4 - Washburn at Topeka
Dec. 8 - Washburn at Lawrence
Dec. 12 - Rockhurst at Kansas City
Dec. 19 - Rockhurst at Lawrence
Double-headers in Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City during the Christmas holidays - Dec. 22 - Mo. vs Colo. and Kans. vs K. State
Dec. 23 - Mo. vs Kansas, and Nebr. vs K. State
Conference Games: January 5 - Missouri at Columbia
January 12 - Nebraska at Lawrence
January 20 - Oklahoma at Norman

January 27 - Iowa State at Lawrence
January 30 - Kansas State at Lawrence
February 10- Nebraska at Lincoln
February 13 - Oklahoma at Lawrence
February 16 - Kansas State at Manhattan
February 24 - Missouri at Lawrence
March 2 - Iowa State at Ames

When someone asks me what my prospects are, I say we have only one man on the regular team returning - Charlie Moffett - and he is the backfield sensation for the Jayhawkers in football. It always takes two weeks, at least, for a fellow to get over his football bruises, so I was not too optimistic when I said, "Well, I have two co-eds, a couple of Phi Beta Kappas, and one athlete, and if I get them working well together I should draw a crowd; but maybe the dean of women won't let me play the co-eds, so I will have to look to some of the newcomers on the squad to complete my team." The boys are small, but they have a fine spirit. From the squad of last year we have Don Diehl, V-12, of Smith Center, a premedic; Dean Corder, V-12, from Welda, Kansas, an engineer; Louis Goehring, V-12, of Arkansas City, an engineer; and Kirk Scott, V-12, of Newton, who was out for the squad last year until January when he was restricted. This is a term which means they won't allow you to compete in athletics if there is any difficulty in high grade performance, academically speaking.

In the next Jayhawk Rebounds I will give you the names of all the boys. We have some promising candidates, but again, they are young and inexperienced. Kansas has always been a slow starter in basketball because we strongly stress fundamentals to the detriment of early scrimmage. We generally lose our first few games and then limp along and give them a fight at the end of the season. We are not bragging in this statement. This is generally what has happened.

This letter will arrive overseas about Christmas time, and I wish you the best of the Yuletide greetings and a sincere hope that another Christmas will find you boys back in the States enjoying some of the fruits of victory for which you have so earnestly striven. Remember, we are waiting over here for your return and for the great Jayhawker bullfest where tall tales will be told until the wee hours of the morning. I can envision a date in 1946 when a great homecoming of Kansas boys from every land in the world will return to Mt. Oread and celebrate in a typical American way a good old Kansas homecoming.

Major Fen Durand was here just before Homecoming on October 21, but Fen, who had been through every situation, heroic and otherwise, hid himself away to a small Missouri town, Fayette, by name - the home of Central College, down in the Tiger's lair. And there on the 21st of October, Fen took unto himself a blushing bride. He even passed up an opportunity to see Kansas wallop the Huskers, something that few Kansans have seen; but we would say that Fen made a very wise choice, because Miss Katharine Merrill Smith is now Mrs. Fenlon A. Durand. Of all of our alumni, there is none with a more brilliant military record than Major Fen Durand of the U. S. Marine Corps, who has written glorious pages in the history of Marine heroics.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker writes me from Camp Haan, California, and says, "I was reading the sports page of the Los Angeles Times today and ran across this clipping. I guess Ray Evans is really doing all right for himself this year. . . . It won't be long now before your basketball season gets under way. Is Sparky McSpadden still in school?"

No, Hoyt, Sparky was transferred from this Navy V-12 unit the first of November for advanced training in New York. His address is Harold McSpadden, A.S., V-7, USS Prairie State, West 135th & N. River, New York, N.Y. I heard from Sparky a few days ago. He says, "I had a swell trip back to N.Y. - it really brought back some swell memories of that trip two years ago. I considered myself plenty lucky to get to play with such a wonderful team. . . . Let's of luck in the round ball campaign - I'll be pulling for you 100%."

Engin Russell J. Chitwood says, "Am now stationed at Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif., Naval Air Ferry Service, VRF-3. This will be a permanent assignment as far as I know now. Would appreciate hearing of any Jayhawkers out here. Looking forward to the next Rebounds."

Ensign J. Fred Harris, Navy 122, Box 19, Fleet Postoffice, New York, says, "I'm now stationed on Temporary orders for 30-60 days in Panama. I'm not very fond of the idea but there is little I can do about it. I would much rather be at sea. Sounds funny, coming from a mid-western farm boy who had never been on a ship until he joined the Navy, but there is something about the sea that a fellow likes. . . . Received some pictures the other day of the wife and son, and they both looked awfully good to me. Mike is growing like a weed and if I don't hurry and get home he will be a grown boy. He is cutting his teeth now and getting cross."

Lt. (jg) Roy Edwards, U.S.S.S.C. 1054, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif., writes, "We have moved around quite a bit these past few weeks and your Sept. 12 Rebounds just caught up with us. The edition was a fine tribute to a great boy. You expressed so completely the thoughts of all of us who knew T. P. . . . Enclosed is an article about Ray Evans which I found in the island paper. He must be doing a fine job."

I was delighted to receive a letter from Don Ebling, dated the 14th of October. Don says, "It is hard to realize T. P. has made the sacrifice. Doc every day the list gets longer and it seems to show a steady trend; I guess until this thing ends the lists won't decrease. We know one thing, it is up to us to make years to come void of wars. Doc, I just heard that Bruce Voran was severely injured. If you should know anything about his condition or whereabouts would you drop me a card as I'd like to write him before I leave the States. . . . On the 16th of October I leave for Norfolk, Va., for five weeks training with the nucleus crew. Upon the completion of said task I report to Fore Rivers, Mass., to pick up the rest of the men at the commissioning detail and for permanent duty aboard the U.S.S. Alex Diachenko, APD 123. Hence, I should be at sea before the first of the year. . . . I have heard from Rope (Engleman) once or twice; also received a picture of his wife and boy. He is hoping to be sent back in the near future. I wish I could pass information on about some of the work his ship has done. . . . Please give Ole Dean the grip and tell him I need a check on my 'sac'. If you have a new letter out within the next five weeks please send it to 529 Maycox, Norfolk, Va. We plan to be with Paul Masoner and family quite often."

Lt. A. M. "Murray" Brown stopped in the office a few days ago enroute to his new assignment at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas. Murray looks fine and we were very happy to see him. Prior to his visit Murray wrote, "That was really a blow to hear about T. P.'s death. I'm like you, Doc, I can't believe he is gone and that he is still in there pitching with the rest of us. What a grand fellow he was, too. That's one man you could call a thoroughbred. I can still see him chewing that gum and trying to bring the whole Kansas team up with those left hand 'jab' shots against Great Lakes. Kansas has lost a great fighter, there was never a doubt about that. . . . I'm still on the receiving end of some good V-mails from Lt. Pfitsch and you

can bet they are plenty interesting. He's right in the thick of it with Patton and you need have no fear as to the outcome with that combination on our side."

We, too, hear occasionally from Lt. John Pfitsch, APO 403, New York. He is somewhere in France. In writing of T. P., John says, "He was one of my best friends at K.U. and I personally will feel the loss. It seems that so much of the time our best are taken from us. The same thing has happened over and over again, here. . . . So far we have been able to do all that we were supposed to do, and a little more. We have been with the 30th division for quite a while and of course you probably know many men in that outfit. I have met many that know you, at any rate. Its a grand outfit and we are proud to be a part of them. . . . Was in a large city the other day and got a bath and massage in a very fancy place. The masseur wasn't as good as I am, I don't believe, but it was good to be on a table again. Reminded me of Dean."

S/Sgt. Vaughn "Chick" Pontius, APO 4, New York, writes from somewhere in Germany, as follows: "I received your latest newsletter today and was sure glad to get it. I always read it first and then pass it on to the rest of the fellows. I get a big kick out of it, and so do the other boys. I am with the First Army, fourth division, and it is a good outfit. . . Doc, I jumped the gun again and am now S/Sgt. Every jump is getting harder, but I'll make it somehow."

Major George Mandeville, APO 2, New York, a brother of the famous Frank P. Mandeville, writes from Belgium: "I received the envelope of Rebounds the other day, and thanks a million for sending them. As you might realize, the greatest thing we can get is a few words from home. We are well fed and clothed, so all we lack is news. . . . I got to see Paris the other day. Nothing unusual - lots of fine clothes - they are hungry and crave cigarettes - a carton of Camels can be sold for 20 to 40 dollars. . . . We were in on the siege of Brest. It was nice of the Jerries to have quite a bit of good three-star cognac and some groceries saved up which we took over. They had their hospitals dug back in the sides of the hills in the rocks - tunnelled in. I went thru one - they had 750 wounded in there - more like going thru the Kentucky Caves. . . . Those Jerries are suckers for pincher movements - we pinch 'em off, then work on them. This American Army has become a rough, tough, fighting outfit, you can depend on that. Looks like we will have to fight them all the way to Berlin."

A/C Max Kissell is in the Cadet Regiment at Corpus Christi, Texas, and says if the weather permits he hopes to graduate by Christmas. He says further, "I didn't think I would ever see the time when I would be sorry to get the Rebounds, but when I received the last issue and learned of T. P. I couldn't quite believe it. . . . They are getting ready for a big basketball season here. Sam Barry will be the head coach. There are quite a few good boys - some of them from the St. Marys pre-flight school last year and other older players who are officers. Ralph Vaugh will probably be the main cog."

A/C Otto Schnellbacher writes from Selman Field, Monroe, La., paying tribute to T. P. Hunter, as have so many of his friends. "After reading the news about T. P. Hunter I sat down to write but nothing I could say or do would help the feeling I had for such a great lad, so I tore the page up and am now letting you know that every one of us thank you for telling us the facts concerning T. P.'s death. . . . I haven't heard from Armand Dixon for quite a while - have you? He is probably seeing action."

Snelly, just four days after you wrote your letter, Cpl. Armand Dixon wrote us a V-mail from the Marianas. His address is APO 247, c/o Postmaster,

San Francisco. Armand says, "I haven't written in a long time but I have been pretty busy for the last couple of months. I am no longer in Hawaii, but now I call the Marianas my home. I can't tell you just what island I'm on just now, but I will be able to later on when the censorship regulations are lifted. Things are pretty rugged over here and there are plenty of Japs here, but they are quite dead. I've been through a few of the caves where they made their last stand, and I can tell you that its quite a sight, not one that I would care to remember. There is hardly a thing left standing on the island except some brush and trees. It really took a terrible beating. I am getting along all right, just hope that the war ends pretty soon. I'll be looking for your Rebounds."

Armand's buddy, Sgt. Lewis G. Musick, is with an Engineers Maintenance Company at Fort Jackson, S. Carolina, and writes, "Since I saw you a year ago this month I have done a lot of traveling. When I left Alabama I went to an infantry outfit in Indiana. I stayed there about a month. From the infantry I went to the engineers and here I have stayed. I took basic training all over again at Camp Gordon, Ga. When I had finished, the company sent me to Omaha, Nebr., to a tractor and diesel school. To me it was very interesting and I learned quite a bit. Before I returned to the company I took a trip home. It was my first since I have been in the Army. My folks were very glad to see me and I was quite thrilled at being home. . . . I sure would like to see "Army" again. Well, Doc, I guess my time is finally coming. . . I have been feeling around too long on this side. I only hope that the Rebounds will continue to reach me when I get over on the other side."

M/Sgt. Donald E. Blair, who is with the 1289th Engineers, has sent us a new APO mailing address - 17567, c/o Postmaster, New York.

Ens. Eddie Linquist, M.T.B., c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York, says, "Your Jayhawk Rebounds has been coming regularly and always at a time when news of home, K.U. and old friends was just the tonic I needed to build that old morale back up where it belongs. Thanks a lot for the good job you have done."

Ens. C. E. Russell, LST 468, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, reports on a basketball game played on the tank deck of an LST. He says, "As for the basketball game - they beat us 38-12. I hate to make excuses, but there are certain things on the tank deck of an LST that the 'home team' can take advantage of. We had the bow doors open and the ramp down to get the nice sea breezes and the game was enjoyed by all, except for the fact that a few wild passes sent the ball into the water. This is at least a new phase of basketball and I think you should look into it."

Ens. R. E. Hunt gives us his address as LCT Flotilla 6, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco.

We are delighted to extend greetings to our golfing friend, Major "Penny" Jones, who is with the 6th General Hospital, APO 764, New York. He says, "If Tom Bishop was where I think he was, I was located about one-half mile from him for about 4 mos. this summer. Wish I had known of it. Will be on the lookout for him. I sure ate up the news in your Rebounds, and you can't say too much of the boys from Kansas. Altho I've been a non-combatant, I've seen them after they became casualties, and of all people to treat I'll take our boys. They are the tops, and I've never seen as much guts as they have, and the will to return and win. . . . Sure wish there wasn't such a thing as casualties."

One of Ottawa University's greats, Lt. (jg) Gerald K. Barker, USCG, is at Govt. Island, Alameda, Calif. "Bark" took his graduate work in our Phys. Ed. department. He says, "It has been some time since I have been around the campus, but sometime soon I hope I am able to come back and write that thesis, the only remaining work needed for my master's degree. . . . I was happy to see that Kansas finally whipped the Cornhuskers. There are some fellows here from Nebraska and it gave me a chance to talk a bit. I've seen very few fellows from Kansas since I've been in. I saw Kenneth Kell from Topeka up in Connecticut about two years ago. . . . I'd appreciate your saying hello to Dean Nesmith for me, and also my regards to Milt and family."

"Papa" Curley (Irven W.) Hayden, whose first child is a boy, is at APO 492, New York. He writes, "I have been here (India) well over a year and during that time have met only one K.U. man. Consequently the arrival of the Rebounds has started a new era. To me they are just like a visit home when you tour Main Street meeting all your friends and acquaintances and stopping for a short chat with each. . . . If you would, please, I wish to convey my greetings and best regards to ol' Dean Nesmith and his family; also to the recipients of Jayhawk Rebounds that I may know or know of, I'd like to send a hearty hello and wishes for continued good luck."

We're glad to send your greetings, Curley. We were delighted to see your wife when she stopped in the office a short time ago.

Our super-thirty-third degree basketball fan of the U.S.A., Lt. Frank E. Harwi, Jr., writes us from 2625 Navy Bldg., Washington 25, D.C. Frank never missed a basketball game that Kansas played if he was within 500 miles of where we were playing. Frank says, "After traveling way out to New Guinea and back, your Rebounds for July, I believe, finally caught up with me here in Washington, D.C. But it was no one's fault but mine for my complete failure to notify you of my change of address. I was just so doggoned happy to get back to the greatest place in the world that I forgot all about it. They finally decided I had seen enough country so shipped me back to be a 'Constitution Avenue commando' for a while, but only for a while, for I am already scheduled for shipping back out in Jan. You can rest assured though, that I am lapping up every second of my duty in these grand old United States, and fully appreciating everything that I had spent the last two years longing for. . . . The duty here is quite a novelty what with Waves all around everywhere you look. No kicks from this corner about that phase of the assignment. . . . Have run into quite a number of former Jayhawkers including Ens. Paul MacCaskill and 1st Lt. John Milton Phillips, of Mt. Oread political and public speaking fame. . . . Incidentally, shortly after receipt of this by you, I hope to have another All-American for your undefeated quintet of 1964. May get crossed up and can only offer a feminine voice loudly supporting from the first row - but I will be happy either way.

Frank continues, "For the sake of the records, might change my rank for I received a small promotion a while back. Best of luck on the coming season, as always I will be following your results game for game. . . . My regards to Dr. Lawson, Miss Lear, Dr. Woodruff, and anyone else."

It is a pleasure to pass along your greetings, Frank. I am sure your friends are happy to hear from you, and join me in best wishes to you.

Lt. Commander Wm. H. Shannon, a splendid teacher in Economics and a swell golf coach, so the varsity boys say, writes that he is still on the staff of the Supply Corps School at Harvard University.

1st Lt. Ray D. Tripp, with the U.S. Bombing Research Mission, APO 413,

New York, wrote in October, saying, "I've been in England about a year and have served out a tour of missions as a pilot on a Fortress. Since the middle of May I have taken over a chairborne job in London, and it appears likely that I may be here for some time. It is not an uncommon thing to run into former K.U. men wherever I go, and its always a pleasure to talk over the good times we had while on Mount Oread." Lots of good luck to you, Ray.

Sgt. Bob Charlton is with a bombing group, APO 650, New York, and says, "Just read a copy of Jayhawk Rebounds and really enjoyed it. Passed it on to another old K.U. boy in my squadron, Lt. C. F. Sherwood. He is from out near Dodge City. . . . Have made recent missions over Italy and France and must say the Nazis can still put up plenty of flak. And they don't throw bon-bons at us! We are pushing them back but the job ahead is still rugged. Don't be overoptimistic for an early victory. . . . Am situated on the Isle of Corsica, Napoleon's old home land (tell Prof. Melvin in History Dept.) Also have seen Isle of Elba. The French here are a hardy race and make excellent wines, cognacs, etc. The country itself is quite beautiful and very much like the Missouri Ozarks. However, that K.U. campus will look good to me."

We hope it won't be long until you can be back on our beautiful campus, Bob.

Lt. (jg) Larry Beaumont, VB 131, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, an Aggie basketball luminary under Jack Gardner, stopped by one day for me to fix his sacro-iliac. We had a nice visit and I was able to do something for him to put him back in good flying condition again. Larry wrote us as follows: "Just received your Rebounds. I'm a little late in my thanks to you for straightening my back and for adding me to your mailing list for the Rebounds. . . . T. P. Hunter was one of the finest opponents I've met, Doc, and it really touched me when I read of his death. Today I'm one of his teammates on a larger team and I'm going to try to score one for T. P. Our acquaintance was very limited but I can remember when he cut my eye open in one of our games and it worried him more than it did me. He was a gentleman player with plenty of fight and determination, and I'm sure he went down without a whimper."

We have enjoyed a letter from Mrs. N. N. Kline, of Hutchinson, Kansas, the mother of Lt. John Kline. I am passing along parts of it to you boys, because I feel sure you will be interested. Mrs. Kline says, "I appreciate your sending the Rebounds to me - so many of the names are familiar; in fact, I have met many of the boys mentioned. I felt very sad when I read that T. P. Hunter had been killed. He has been in our home, and Johnny always spoke very highly of him. I know he will be saddened to hear of his death. . . . Johnny is back in Miami again. . . on his third period of duty. . . as an instructor in Naval Gunnery. . . Our oldest son, Bill, is with General Patton's Third Army. . . Norval, Jr., is still at the air field in Chico, California. . . Do you remember Bob Gilliland, of Hutchinson, who graduated from K.U. law school in 1941? He spent a year in the South Pacific on an LCT and had many experiences, and narrow escapes, for which he has been awarded the Bronze Star, and a citation. He was home on leave a short time ago, and said he would like very much to receive a Rebounds."

Yes, indeed, we do remember Bob Gilliland and are happy to have his name on our mailing list.

Change of address cards have been received from Maj. George B. Smith, former Dean of the School of Education, APO 408, New York. Lt. Charles W. "Chuck" Elliott, APO 16446 - AB-8, San Francisco; Lt. Lloyd J. Svobeda, APO 17830, New York; and Cpl. Floyd J. Svobeda, APO 655, New York.

I dropped into Watkins Memorial Hospital the other day and talked with Mrs. Hub Ulrich, the receptionist. She had a picture of Hubert, captain of our football team in 1941, and two other aces - pals of his, on their PT boat. These fighting Navy men looked fit, stripped to the waist, and double-tough they were, because on the shield of that PT boat were evidences of thwarted Jap hate. The indentations were plainly visible aces and eights, a full house. One of these three boys evidently collected some money on that hand. At times these boys gamble with their lives - and then at other times, - nuff sed!

One of our fine football and baseball players back in the early '30s, Jewell Campbell, now a Seabee, wrote me that he had had a fine visit with Bert Itoga, who played the outfield in '29, '30 and '31. Jewell writes, "Bert has not changed materially, is agile and youthful as ever, has a nice home, latest in conveniences, a lovely wife and a two-year old girl. Bert is teaching at Farrington High and informs me he has had some excellent teams in the past few years. . . I accompanied Bert on a tropical deep sea fishing trip which will always be remembered, as well as a swim at the well-known beach on the island of Oahu. I was informed by Bert that a former Jayhawk by the name of Strong is in charge of naval housing here, also Cecil Smay (CB) (football end at K.U. '29, '30) was stationed here a while but thought he had moved further on out. . . . I told Bert I planned writing you, so he adds his regards with mine. A note from you would be equal to some of my mother's famous fried chicken or cookies. I am QT relative to cooking when the wife is present as the wife is also a culinary artist of first order. When this fracas is over Kansas is on our itinerary for a visit."

Our congratulations and best wishes to Eugene "Gene" Billups and his new bride, the former Muriel Allison Black. They were married October 14th at Beverly Hills, California.

Ramie Beims, a fine varsity baseball player in 1940, writes that he is at present a recruit physical fitness instructor at the U. S. Naval Training Center, Farragut, Idaho. Good luck to you, Ramie. Hope you make the Specialist "A" school in Bainbridge.

Maj. E. B. DeGroot, Physical Training Officer for the Fourth Air Force, 180 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, says, "Thanks very much for keeping me on the mailing list for Rebounds. You really out-did yourself in the last few issues. You have a wonderful idea in this letter, and I am sure that the men overseas appreciate it greatly. It has been very interesting to me to follow all these boys through their military careers since leaving the University. The Rebounds, too, is the only contact I now have with the University. . . . Very few K.U. men seem to find their way into this Air Force. You may be interested in two former physical ed majors that we obtained for this Air Force, however, both of whom have performed very well. Bill Arnold was a sergeant in physical training at one of our bases near Fresno. He did such an outstanding job that we sent him to OCS and he now is a second lieutenant somewhere in the Middle West. 1st Lt. George Stapleton we obtained by requesting his transfer from Florida. He is now base physical training officer at Walla Walla Army Air Field, in the state of Washington. He is doing a swell job up there keeping our bomber personnel in shape to bomb Tokyo and Berlin.

"It was a great surprise and pleasure to see Chancellor Malott a few weeks ago in the Officers' Mess at this headquarters. I didn't know that he was connected with the air force in any way and he had forgotten that it was the Fourth Air Force in which I served. We discussed K.U. and Lawrence, of course, at some length.

"I was able to get down to Los Angeles to see Dud (Burt's brother) make his debut into pro-football coaching when he played our Fourth Air Force football team in Los Angeles. We should have beaten him decisively, but he capitalized on the breaks. I was happy for Dud to see him win his initial game, and it has been good to follow his success in all his succeeding wins. I certainly hope he can win the National Championship in his first year. Many educators, of course, have raised their eyebrows at a Phi Beta Kappa and an out-standing physical educator going into the tainted ranks of professional athletics! The National Pro Football League, however, is conducted on a pretty darn high plane. As George Marshall, the owner says, the professional teams admit that they pay their players but many universities and colleges hypocritically deny that they do! Dud debated the move for a long time, but his salary is such that he couldn't afford to turn it down."

Col. Karl F. Baldwin, former commandant of the R.O.T.C. here, tells us something of football in Australia. Col. Baldwin writes, "I have been seeing the football contests in Melbourne over a considerable period, and each time have thought of you wondering if you would be interested in perhaps a study of football as it is played in this State according to the rules which are quite different from Rugby and other types played in some other parts of Australia. . . . The war being on, the teams are not quite as good as would normally be expected, but an attendance of 30,000 at the games is not unusual. There is something doing every moment of the game. It is by far the best football game I have seen from the standpoint of spectators' interest. The scores, of course, run very high, frequently one team or both scoring more than 100 points. To me, it might be styled as foot-basketball since the ball is everything. The quibbling and delays so common in our game are not present in this, and it seems to me to have great value as a game which can be participated in by a large number of players. Our ball is not exactly suited to the game. The Australian ball, I believe, is slightly heavier than ours, and much more rounded at the ends. I thought you would like to look this folder and Primer over and perhaps study them a bit."

Thank you, Colonel, we are delighted to have the rules of this game.

Ens. Ralph E. Schaake, Navy 416, Fleet Postoffice, New York, wrote from England in October, after spending 111 days on the coast of France. He says, "I have a base job now and I am stationed at a rest camp. I am enjoying the quiet of this camp in the country. You can take the boy from the farm but you can't take the farm from the boy. I still enjoy the quiet and peace of the good old earth."

And from Ens. Jesse Paul Turner, USS Aquila, New York - "I received your last issue of the Rebounds just before we shoved off from the states. I have read it over and over again. This trip has been an unusually long one, and I found plenty of time to read all my Jayhawk Rebounds. They really help, Doc, more than words can tell. They bring back old memories and give you a heck of a lot to look forward to coming back to."

So many of you boys have written asking to be remembered to Mrs. Alberta Hulteen and to Dean Nesmith. Mrs. Hulteen's husband, S/Sgt. A. George Hulteen is in India. George played outfield and second base on the varsity baseball team in '30, '31 and '32. Mrs. Hulteen says, "I don't want to pass up this wonderful opportunity to say hello to all of you who have sent greetings to me in your letters to Dr. Allen. My very best wishes for an early return to the homes you love."

Dean Nesmith has received word that his younger brother, S/Sgt. Glen

Nesmith, landed in Holland with the 101st Paratrooper division on September 17. And their brother, Lieut. Ole Nesmith, who was at the Hutchinson Naval Air base, has recently been transferred to a naval intelligence school in Rhode Island. Dean says, "I certainly wish that I could see each of you, and many times I think of all of you. Whenever some of the old fellows come in for a visit we hash and re-hash the days when you were here. We talk about you, wondering where you are and what you are doing. Good luck to you."

I almost forgot to tell you that I am a grandpappy now for the fifth time. Jane Allen Mons and her husband, Lt. E. R. Mons - they call him "Hoot" Mons, a former stroke on the Princeton crew and now a Navy transport flier, are the proud parents of a baby girl born November 8, 1944, to whom they have given the name Jill. I told Jane she couldn't have Jack, so she took Jill, but she said that is not true, she wanted it just that way. But when Mit came in, he fixed it. He said, "Jane, that is a funny name, and when I think of Jill Mons I think of "Jill-blains". Jane says that Jill is Republican because she arrived the morning after election, and I frankly believe that the disappointment over the election sent Jane to the hospital. But enough for that portion of the Allen family.

Bob is now interning at Bell Memorial Hospital. He and Jean are living just a few short blocks away in a lovely little apartment that they were fortunate indeed to get due to the overcrowded conditions of the city. Their address is 3727 Summit St., Kansas City, Mo.

I have been the recipient of two boxes of chewing gum from PhM "Bill" Winey, and since chewing gum is very difficult for civilians to get I doubly appreciate Bill's thoughtfulness. Bill is now at the Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, California. We'll be glad when we can have that game of golf together, Bill.

Lt. Jack Werts, APO 558, New York, former sports writer on the Daily Kansan, sent me a picture of his bomber group, of which he is the bombardier. Jack says, "Last night there was a boy from Kansas here on the base. He has just returned from Switzerland after having made an emergency landing over there last spring. His name is Merse and he's from Emporia, Kansas. He informs me that Vic Trusler, formerly of K.S.T.C. Emporia, athletic department, is a Red Cross director and is in London. . . As of Aug. 2nd I've been a member of the 'caterpillar club'. We had to bail out of our ship, over friendly territory, upon return from a mission. The ship was in a badly ventilated condition, but no one was hit. Maybe you think a fellow doesn't get a fluttery feeling in his stomach just before he leaves that ship! It's a long way to the bottom!"

Thanks for the picture, Jack. That is a swell looking bunch of fellows. We're proud of every one of you.

Lt. W. A. "Tony" Coffin, USS Taluga, San Francisco, sends us the address of Lt. Jack Sands, MOQD, Naval Air Station, Daytona, Fla. Jack was a pitcher deluxe on the '39-'40 baseball team. Thanks, Tony, we are happy to add Jack's name to the mailing list for the Jayhawk Rebounds.

Capt. R. A. "Bob" Haggart, Master of the SS Cleveland Abbe, writes, "I note that Freddy Harris is gun captain in a merchant ship. I'd really love having him in my ship for just one voyage at least. My present gunnery officer is a miler from Iowa Univ. He made the Kansas Relays twice and knows you and your record at K.U. . . speaking highly of you and the Kansas Relays. He likes our hospitality."

I have given you boys our basketball schedule, and now a word about our court. Could you be here for our opening game on Friday, December 8, you would be delighted with the improvements made on the basketball court. The floor has been sanded until it is lovely, and there is enough red paint to make you think that you were in a cocktail lounge. The free throw circles and the lines inside of them all have been painted red, - the old Kansas crimson, or rather, its scarlet because it is flaming. The two-foot center circle is in red and there is an entire sea of red three feet around the entire playing area. The end lines and side lines are in blue, broken with a circle of white every ten inches. There is a big blue K superimposed on the island of red in the center of the floor, and the blue K has a thin white line around it, setting it out in magnificent fashion.

For the first time since Hoch Auditorium has been built, a real basketball surface with all the trimmings is now in effect. Now, the only thing that remains is to have a team that will dedicate such a beautiful playing surface. And as one great, big, husky football captain who had more power than oratory and good English, said, when called upon for a speech, "All I have got to say is, we'll do the best I can."

"Little" Elmer Schaake is my assistant basketball coach this season. Johnny Bunn, now Dean of Men at Stanford, years ago was my assistant, and Frosty Cox, now coach of the Colorado Bisons, was my assistant, and now "Little" Elmer Schaake is my assistant. He helped Henry Shenk in football, as you know. Elmer and I will give 'em a fight."

Your friends - Henry Shenk, Elmer Schaake, Reg Strait and Ray Kanehl - all extend their best wishes and greetings of the Yuletide season.

Last Saturday morning, prior to the Kansas-Oklahoma game, Cpl. Harold E. Van Slyck, USMCR, of Topeka, Kansas, walked into my office and told me the story of how Lt. T. P. Hunter died on Guam. The Marines affectionately called him "Teep", but he was always "T.P." to everybody on Mt. Oread. Cpl. Van Slyck stated that on July 21, the first day of the landing on Guam, they landed around 10 o'clock in the morning. "It was a rough landing. It took most of the day to secure our positions. Everything was quiet, and we had started to dig in for the night. Our company was not tied in with anyone, and we were right on the coast. T. P.'s platoon went up around the hill to protect company headquarters. T. P. put his men out and had called the sergeants of his squads to come in for the scoop (instructions).

"T. P. was kneeling down in a shallow hole with one of his enlisted men, waiting for the other men to come in. T. P.'s platoon was on the slope of the hill, and over on the other side was a cave partly concealed by bushes in front of it. A Jap raised up out of this cave and turned a machine gun on T. P. T. P. and the man with him were killed instantly. We carried them down and buried them that night beside the road, as we had to move on the next morning. Later the bodies were moved and buried properly.

"The loss of T. P. made the Marines fighting mad. They were out to bag their quota of Japs. That night when the Japs came out of the cave we were waiting for them. They came out and started to walk past - so close they could have touched the muzzles of our guns, had they known. Our boys with the machine guns waited until the Japs got right up close, then really mowed them down. We killed 50 Japs without loss of another single man in our outfit."

I am sure all of you will be interested in a letter I received from Lt. James R. Surface, USMCR, now at Oceanside, California, a K.U. graduate in '42.

He says, "I have just returned from about 18 mos. in Hawaii, and I have been assigned to a school here. Two of my instructors were with T. P. throughout his career in the M.C. - and left him just before the Guam campaign where he was killed. . . . They told of T. P.'s popularity with his men and officers. Of course, T. P. didn't always do things in the prescribed military manner - but he always got them done - and well done. They chuckled about the way T. P. would mother and worry over the boys in his platoon - according to them, "Tepe was like an old mother hen with a brood." And naturally his boys loved him for it. They told of several instances when a man who was causing trouble in another outfit would be transferred to T. P.'s, and T. P. would make a good man out of him.

"As you probably know, T. P. was recreation officer for his battalion, and Fairfield told how on Guadalcanal, when everyone else was taking a siesta, T. P. would get his boys out for a fast game of basketball - and play himself, too. You remember how religious he was - they told of one night in their hut in N. Zealand - a gunner was saying some things about religion that T. P. didn't like - he tolerated it just so long - then calmly rose - socked the gunner right on the jaw and broke it in three places. This might sound a bit out of line, but these two assured me that the gunner really had it coming. . . . It is a tragedy that T. P. Hunter won't come back, but it is up to the rest of us to make ourselves deserve sacrifices such as his."

The great love that T. P.'s college chums had for him is evidenced by the fact that I received a letter from one of his dear friends, enclosing a check for \$100.00, the same to be used as a living memorial in honor of this great Marine. A committee will be named to work out this memorial.

T. P. Hunter, in every man's language, was a first class fighting man, a practical Christian, an athlete that any coach would qualify as tops in his book. He was afraid of nothing. Men followed him for the power that he possessed and for the tenderness and kindnesses that were his.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all of the world, 'This was a man!'"

When I see so many boys from the battle fronts who drop in my office here in Robinson Gymnasium, I feel very much as Frances Burns did in describing a Lt. Jones when he said that he would be sitting at 12:30 talking to one of his squadmen and at 2 o'clock he would be dead. "In all, 72 of these 94 men died in action. They meant more to me than anybody I'd ever known, and now when I dream I get all mixed up. They are the living and I am one of the dead. I have to turn the light on and look at their pictures to know where I belong." As I look at T. P.'s picture each morning on my dresser, I wonder if this isn't the state of mind of most of our boys who have been in mortal combat. A thousand times more do I realize how you boys on the many fighting fronts, in these bitter battles, count the living and the dead and be confused. When you come back you will want to be left alone to work out your own adjustments. The men who are fighting are only concerned with getting home again. They will get back in the groove if the home front will give them plenty of time.

Of course, you will want your old job back, as good or even better than the one you had when you left. It is up to the Selective Service boards to show the same fidelity in serving you now as you showed to your country when you served them and the rest of us here at home. Of course, most of you boys will want to continue your education, and rightfully so. The G. I. Bill of

Rights has taken care of that in admirable fashion. And how eager you will be after the first restlessness wears off, to specialize and take your part on the field of friendly strife.

All of our commanding generals and admirals are still saying it is a long war, but what football coach or what basketball coach would tell his men that the game they were about to play was going to be easy? There is a certain psychology in our commanding generals in telling us that it is going to be a long war. I am looking at it the way a coach would talk to his men. The harder we hit 'em the quicker we are going to get the job done. And I know that you boys realize that because that is exactly the thing that you have voiced in your letters to me. So hit 'em with everything you have got so that your return will be the speedier. So, in the words of your commanding officer and your coach - Up and at 'em, boys. God bless you, and good luck.

Faithfully,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach,

FCA:AH

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

January 19, 1945

No. 13

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

We are leaving this evening for Norman, Oklahoma, where we play the Oklahoma Sooners on their fieldhouse court Saturday night, January 20. As usual, we are expecting a typical ding-dong battle with the boys from Soonerland. I told the boys the evening of January 5th, at Columbia, after we had licked the Tigers down there in our first conference game 45 to 28, that "I'll bet when our friends pick up the paper in the morning and read the results of this game they will be as much surprised as I am now." It certainly was a smashing upset. We had not been looking any too well, and George Edwards' Missouri Tigers had defeated us on December 23rd in Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City by a score of 48 to 39.

The night before, in Kansas City, we had defeated Fritz Knorr's Kansas State team 63 to 40. (Knorr is serving his first year as coach at K-State.) We looked awfully good in that game, but it appeared as if we were in-and-outers.

Now, let's start at the beginning and give you the results of the games played earlier. We dropped our first game with Washburn at Topeka on December 4, 35 to 40. Then Dee Errickson's Washburn team played us here on December 8, and we licked them 31 to 27. On December 12 we played Lew Lane's Rockhurst College team in Municipal Auditorium, and won 47 to 23. We played them a return game here on December 19, and won 47 to 28.

Our first Big Six Conference home game was played last Friday night, January 12, when "Lew" Lewandowski brought a tall, aggressive Nebraska team to Lawrence, but the Kansas jinx still holds on Lew and he lost, 48 to 33. Lew has not won a game from Kansas in his six years of coaching at the Husker institution. But we are looking for trouble when we go to Lincoln on Feb. 10.

Iowa State and Kansas have each won two games and have lost none at the present writing. Iowa State has three old men back and some of them are men returned from the service, so they have quite an advantage in experience and age. Their offensive-defensive ratio record is also better than Kansas. Iowa State plays Missouri at Columbia Saturday night, but the Missouri team apparently has hit the toboggan, so Iowa State should win. Iowa State defeated Nebraska at Lincoln by 12 points, and Kansas State at Ames by 29 points.

Now, regarding the personnel of the squad. Dean Nesmith is still with us as trainer and friend of the boys, but he has been preparing for Army specialized service and may be called before the next game. I cannot tell you what area he will be assigned to but some of you Jayhawkers will be seeing him soon, which I know will be good news to you. He will go over as trainer. I was asked to go November 1st, but Chancellor Malott would not release me. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to give that old Rock Chalk yell with a gang of you fighting Jayhawks. Last Friday night at the Nebraska game the

teams and the crowd stood at attention just prior to the game. The lights were out and the spot was on the flag as it rose to be unfurled. Russell Wiley's fine band played and the audience sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in that dim blackout. I thought of the many Jayhawker teams and I thought of each of you boys who had stood in the place of these youngsters and had thrilled with the occasion. I think of each and every one of you many, many times. It may be when I pick up the morning paper, or even at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning I awaken and, with the pressure of this season's games on, it is uncanny how the thought of Howard Engleman, Charlie Black, Otto Schnellbacher, Don Ebling, Ray Evans - all of you, - how I get some of you twisted into this year's lineup. I might be dozing off or awakening and my dreams get so mixed up with the realities of life, and sometimes I have you on my team again this year. And then I awaken to find that I have got a bunch of kids, just youngsters, who are trying to do the same thing that you boys did before -- take on the Big Six opponents, one at a time, using that old Kansas Jayhawker fight, never saying die until the last second is gone and hoping to emerge with another Big Six championship.

But frankly, I can only hope for it - I cannot see it in the offing because too many breakers lie ahead. But with the inspiration that you men have afforded these boys, I am sure that you can count on them giving everything they have got. The team is young, inexperienced, and at times undependable due to the youthfulness of the group and the fact that they did not have one year of freshman training on fundamentals. It is difficult to get a cohesive, well-rounded team, offensively and defensively, but we are doing the very best we can. I am hoping that every man will give everything he has got in the same spirit that you boys are giving everything you have got. Hardly a day goes by without some mention of some Kansas great who has done wonderful things on the Kansas court. And these boys sit at your feet in awe and reverence in hearing of your exploits.

Elmer Schaake, who assisted Henry Shenk in football, is assisting me in basketball and he is doing a mighty fine job. I promised you in the last Rebounds that I would give you the names of the boys on the team, so here goes.

For a long time we had difficulty in deciding on our starting lineup. However, we are fairly well set now, with Gordon Reynolds, of Tacoma, Wash., a V-12 student, at forward; Charles Moffett, of Peabody, forward; Dean Corder, of Welda, at quarterback; Kirk Scott, of Newton, and Herbert Heim, of Leavenworth, guards. Reynolds, Corder, Scott and Heim are V-12 students. Pressing the regulars for positions are Gus Daum, of Eskridge; Owen Peck, of Kansas City; Everett Hill, of Lawrence; Norman Carlson, of West Orange, N. J.; Lou Goehring, of Arkansas City; Ray Lance, of Pittsburg, and Odd Williams, of Lawrence. Daum, Goehring and Lance are V-12 students. Ray Lance is the son of John Lance, the coach at Pittsburg Teachers. Ray played three years under his dad and is here as a medic cadet. Everett Hill, a Lawrence High School boy, is 17 years of age and he will soon get an "invitation and a greeting from the President", when he becomes 18. Odd Williams is the son of Dick Williams, a Lawrence financier. Peck, Carlson, Moffett and Williams are 4-F. Moffett, however, has already received notice of reclassification, and the other boys will be coming along soon, I think.

In addition to these boys we have Bob Brown, of Peabody; Charles Froom, of Vermillion, Earl Strong, of Nashville, Kansas, Gel Woerner, of Kansas City, Mo., and Francis Peterson, of Rembrandt, Iowa. Peterson leaves the first of February for the service, and Woerner is a V-12. So we have a nucleus of a fighting team, but how near we will come to the championship I do not know. Suffice to say that they have surprised me exceedingly. In our early games I thought if we finished fifth or sixth place it would be about our style

for this year. But we are improving and only the opposition can slam us down.

In looking over the team I thought of what Wellington said when he reviewed the Anzacs before the Battle of Waterloo. He looked over the fierce Australian tribesmen and said, "Well, I do not know what the enemy may think, but they sure as heck scare me!" Anyhow, I am hoping they will scare the opposition.

F L A S H Dean just got his call from New York this morning. We are ready to leave for Oklahoma, but Dean will not go with us. He will pull out for the East, and other points. Dean has other brothers in the service. You remember Lt. Ole F. Nesmith, USNR, who was captain of the Jayhawk football team in 1934. S/Sgt. Glen L. Nesmith, who was here as a freshman, is one of the paratroopers who were trapped at Bastogne. And Dean lost a brother early in the war - Pfc. Clair W. Nesmith, killed on Batann, January 9, 1942. So Dean knows what the word service means, and I am sure that he will render much valuable aid in his work as trainer and lecturer. So be looking for "Pappy" Dean Nesmith! He will have a message from Mt. Oread for all of you fighting Jayhawks. We expect him back in four months, and we will wish him God-speed and bon voyage.

Incidentally, I am taking over as trainer for my own varsity basketball team, which is not a new job for me at all as I used to do the training for football, basketball, track and baseball, in addition to my job as Director of Athletics, coach of football and basketball, and director of Relays. It has been a lot of fun, but I wouldn't want to do that too long.

Christmas came with hundreds of greetings from you boys in every land and clime. I am listing the names and addresses of you boys who sent me greetings, and I assure you that I treasure each one. You will understand, of course, that I can give only the APO addresses, and you will have to guess the rest. Please be assured that I know how little time you have to write, and for you take time off from your busy and dangerous mission to drop me a line makes it doubly appreciated.

Major F. J. Anneberg,
Asheville, N. C.

Lt. O. F. Nesmith,
E. Greenwich, R. I.

C/Sp. Wayne Replogle,
Oakland, Calif.

Glenn Oatman, Cox. USNR,
San Pedro, Calif.

Lt. W. D. Hodges,
Ft. George Meade, Md.

Capt. Ab Hinshaw, A. C.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Lt. (jg) H. L. Ware,
Quoddy Village, Me.

Ens. Paul White,
Lake City, Fla.

Ens. Michael Gubar, USNR,
Fleet P. O. San Francisco

Lt. Comdr. A. W. Hefling,
Mare Island, Calif.

Lt. Comdr. W. H. Shannon,
Boston, Mass.

Lt. E. L. Davis,
Valdesta, Ga.

Lt. V. J. Hogan,
Herington, Kansas

Lt. E. T. Sayers,
Langley Field, Va.

A/S Robt. L. Beck,
Sherman, Texas.

Lt. W. C. Hartley,
Angel Island, Calif.

Ens. Paul D. Masener,
Norfolk, Va.

Capt. W. G. Wade,
Columbus, Ohio.

Lt. Ray R. Evans,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

S/Sgt. A. G. Hulteen,
APO 495, New York.

Lt. (jg) Thomas Van Cleave, Jr.,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Lt. Harold H. Hawkins,
APO 565, San Francisco.

Lt. (jg) Roy Edwards,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Lt. C. H. Greene,
Banana River, Fla.

Maj. R. R. Amerine,
Parris Island, S. C.

Midn. H. D. McSpadden,
USS Prairie State, N. Y.

Capt. Clint Kanaga,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Lt. Dave Shirk,
Columbus, Ga.

H. W. Frazee, Jr., AM1/c
Norfolk, Va.

Lt. R. H. Miller,
Drew Field, Fla.

Ens. D. L. Campbell,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

C/Sp. W. Belgard,
Del Mar, California.

O/C C. G. Stucker,
Ft. Benning, Ga.

Pvt. F. McFarland,
APO 3, New York.

Cel. Lyle S. Powell,
APO 627, New York

Lt. (jg) Don Ebling,
Fleet P. O., New York.

Ens. J. P. Turner,
Fleet P. O., New York.

A/C Otto Schnellbacher,
Selman Field, Monroe, La.

S/Sgt. Ralph Dugan,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Delmar L. Curry, Sl/c,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Lt. R. E. Schaaake,
Fleet P. O., New York.

Lt. (jg) G. K. Barker,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Lt. H. E. Wright,
APO 140, New York.

Lt. (jg) Larry K. Beaumont,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Pfc. Paul R. Carpenter,
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

A/C Max Kissell,
Kingsville, Texas.

Capt. J. M. Stratton,
Flushing, N. Y.

Capt. Francis Kappelman, A.C.,
Chicago, Ill.

M/Sgt. B. W. Hart,
Lancaster, Calif.

Lt. (jg) A. M. Brown,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

A/S H. L. Sherwood,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sgt. R. C. Crayne,
El Paso, Texas.

Ramie Beims, S2/c,
Bainbridge, Md.

Lt. Bruce H. Veran,
APO 464, New York.

Lt. Jahn A. Pfitsch,
APO 403, New York.

Lt. Robert W. Trump,
Boston, Mass.

F. F. Schimenz, A/S,
Pasadena, Calif.

R. H. Malott, Sl/c,
Great Lakes, Ill.

C/M M. Rex Arrowsmith,
c/o P. M., San Francisco.

Cpl. Harold E. VanSlyck, USMC,
Quantico, Va.

C/Sp. Ralph E. Hayes,
Northwestern U., Chicago, Ill.

Lt. L. B. Kappelman,
APO 423, New York.

Lt. W. A. Coffin,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Ens. H. J. Ulrich,
Fleet P. O., San Francisco.

Midn. R. L. Turner,
Danisville, R. I.

Lt. E. Herriman
44th Gen. Hosp., San Francisco.

Jewell M. Campbell, SK3c,
Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco.

Pvt. Joe Ryan,
Camp Robinson, Ark.

Lt. Sidney S. Salt,
APO 520, New York.

Lt. (jg) F. M. Bukaty,
Fleet P. O., New Orleans, La.

And then we have received many letters from others of you who took a little time to write. I am quoting some excerpts from these letters so that all of you may appreciate the humor, the courage, the vision, and the desires of these valorous lads who left their homes and everything they held dear for an opportunity to do their bit. Our sincerest desire is that they may return to a land as fine as the one they are dreaming and planning for. In our town, here in Lawrence, we have organized a Civic Action Committee, and the primal purpose is to make Lawrence a place to which veterans will return and say, "This is the way we wanted it." Our purpose is two-fold: to have a construction and city face lifting plan which will encourage veterans to return to Lawrence and to provide many of them with early employment; and, to arouse greater civic pride throughout the community. The only requisite for membership on this hand-picked committee is that each man shall be a worker, of course, with no compensation only to give to our returning boys the best town that we can make it. That means rehabilitation work, positions, proper reception - not when coming but when staying, and to let the boys know that we darn well appreciate what they have done for us. There will be no maudlin sympathy and no tendency to treat the returning veteran with anything but the highest respect. You get the idea, boys. You just want to be a regular guy and you want your place in the community, a right to live and love and fight for the things you believe are right. That is what we are hoping for Lawrence, and incidentally, for the whole country. The American Legion men who are in Lawrence, and others who were a little too old to fight, want to preserve the things here that you want.

To Lt. John A. Pfitsch, of Pflugerville, Texas, who used to coach the "Pflugerville Pflashes" here on Mt. Oread, we want to say that we are darn proud of this fighting Texan who is an adopted Jayhawker by reason of his taking his master's degree here in Jayhawkville. John is with General Patten, who has been socking the devil out of the heinies. And we, with hundreds of his other friends, congratulate him on this most meritorious award of Bronze Star Medal (Oak Leaf Cluster). His citation follows:

"First Lieutenant John A. Pfitsch, O1047728, Coast Artillery Corps, United States Army, for heroic service in connection with military

operations against an enemy of the United States at --- France, on 23 November 1944. In the early morning hours of 23 November a long range enemy artillery shell struck a truck loaded with 40mm and small arms ammunition setting it ablaze. A nearby gasoline truck caught fire and soon the conflagration threatened to destroy other vehicles parked in the vicinity. Lieutenant Pfitsch at once rushed to the area and drove away two vehicles which were in immediate danger, disregarding the hazards of exploding ammunition and flaming gasoline showered over the terrain by bursting gas cans. Although the heat and smoke was at a maximum, Lieutenant Pfitsch returned to assist in towing away a third truck which had become ignited, and helped to quell the flames. He then posted himself in the danger zone until the fire had been brought under control, making every effort to prevent further damage. Lieutenant Pfitsch's courageous and resourceful actions and his disregard for personal safety reflect credit upon his character as an officer and upon the military service. Entered military service from Texas."

Captain Bill Bevan, the peerless pole-vaulter in 1939-'40-'41, had returned from many dangerous transport missions over Burma. Last summer he dropped into the office, looking fine and fit as a fiddle. And only three weeks ago he crashed near Reno, Nevada, ending a wonderful career. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved family and his loved ones.

I might mention here that we received pictures of T. P. Hunter from his mother, and we are going to have a short memorial service in his honor between halves at one of our Big Six games here in Hech Auditorium.

We recently had a visit with Lt. Ralph Miller and his wife, the former Emily Jean Milam, and Ens. Dick Miller, who has been in the Aleutians the past six months. Dick was going on to San Francisco, and you can guess what his next mission will be. Ralph is still located in Florida. They were just going through Lawrence on a short furlough.

Others who have been in recently include Capt. Vincent Graves, of the Air Corps, Pvt. Max Falkenstien, who is stationed in Canada, Major E. R. Elbel, and Dr. Robert E. "Bob" Allen. Bob saw our game with Nebraska on the 12th, the first home game he had seen us play in four years. He and Jean ran down from Kansas City on a three-hour leave. He still has the old fight and it was difficult for him to retain his seat on the front row across from the team during the time of some of the hectic Cornhusker-Jayhawk milling. He is expecting to see some other games here before his internship is over and he leaves with the Army Medical Corps.

I recently received a V-mail letter from Major Robert I. Simpson, the old University of Missouri world champion high-hurdler. Back in the early twenties at Franklin Field in Philadelphia I saw Bob Simpson break the world's high hurdle record. Bob says, "I have been somewhere in France since last August. Now and then I run into a former Jayhawk. I now have a boy (18 yrs.) in the Army, so now I know how parents feel." When at Columbia on January 5 I saw Mrs. Bob Simpson and their daughter. They were attending the Tiger-Jayhawk basketball battle. Lots of good luck to you, Bob!

Our congratulations and best wishes to Lt. (jg) Don Ebling, who is now the Radar and Sonar Officer on his newly commissioned ship. We were delighted to receive the picture of the ship, Don. We note the change in your address - c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York.

Lt. (jg) Ernest J. Vanek also has a change of address. He is now at the N.A.T.T.C., at Norman, Oklahoma, in the swimming department. It was

fine to see you at Nerman, Ernie, but I'm sorry we couldn't win the ball game.

Lt. (jg) Nerman B. Sanneman (c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, California) sent an interesting picture of the sights on New Guinea. Nerman writes: "Howard Engleman, now on a D. E., dropped in to see me one day and we had a wonderful time chatting over old times. I think he wrote you and sent some pictures; however, in case he didn't, I'm going to have some made up and send them on to you. You see, he brought his baseball team over to play mine. Of course, I had to beat him but both the men and "Repe" had a great time. I don't know just where he is now but he has a great ship and has downed 6 subs. already. He's still the great old "Repe" and is well liked by all his men and officers. He still has that fighting spirit you taught him and he makes a wonderful officer. . . . I have been doing construction work but find enough time to help in recreation. I have built a nice baseball diamond and installed lights so we can play at night. As far as I know, it is the only one of its kind in the Pacific. I also have a basketball court, volleyball court and aerial dart court. It's too hot to play much basketball but now and then we play enough to keep the old eye."

Shortly before receiving Sanneman's letter, I received one from "Repe" (Lt. jg H. E. Engleman, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco), who says, "Can't tell you too much about what we are doing but as you probably have guessed, it all concerns the Philippines. The old England has been lucky so far but you never know when that next one will fall on you instead of the ship next abeam. Believe me, these Japs aren't human beings. . . . Since I've written you last, the ship got 10 days in Sydney and a chance to re-orient ourselves to civilization. The necktie almost choked me and I got seasick walking on solid ground. . . . Mary Beth and son are doing fine, I hope, and so are Mother and Grandmother, I believe. . . . Since seeing Sanneman and Jim Bausch, I've run into Bill Bevan's brother and another Jayhawker named Harold Edwards. I heard T. P. shot his last goal. Is that true? What a shame. Enough eulogies can never be written about that boy. Well Doc, a lot has happened since we all sat in the old Strathaven Inn retreat in Pennsylvania and listened to Roosevelt's first fireside chat. I'm afraid you were the only one there who realized the seriousness of the moment. I can remember yet Bob and John and I laughing and carefree. Well, we know now. . . ."

Lt. Lester B. Kappelman's Christmas greeting, mailed December 3, arrived just a few days after we had had a nice visit with Capt. Francis Kappelman. Francis is still stationed in Chicago, and Lester was at the 3rd General Hospital, APO 423, New York. Lester writes: "Through a misfortune I had last month I have been laid up in a hospital here in France and would appreciate any news from the boys. A machine gun bullet, which I forget to duck, passed through my right forearm and took a small portion of the anatomy in the immediate vicinity along with it. Consequently, I get a beautiful stenographer to handle my correspondence for me. . . . I hear Ernie Quigley has been added to the staff at the University. Here's hoping you have a good team this winter and that I will be home in time to see you play."

Lots of luck to you, Lester. We hope your recovery will be speedy, and that you will be home in time to see us play.

We were happy to have a short visit with Thene Graves, C.P.O. with the V-12 unit at the University of Southern California. Thene stepped in the office the other day to say hello, and said his wife is trying to get him to live in California after the war is over. I told Thene to tell her that California is the most out-lying state in the Union!

I have just this morning received season's greetings from Lt. Bruce Reid,

APO 102, New York, who is with the infantry up front. This is a very clever card that Bruce has sent, showing the route of his travels from Camp Maxey and Camp Swift in Texas, to Fort Dix, then to France, on to Belgium and Holland, and finally Germany. We are delighted to hear from you Bruce. Lots of good luck to you, old fellow. We are glad to put you on our Jayhawk Rebound mailing list, and will be pulling for your success.

Lt. Maurice Baringer, APO 926, San Francisco, writes from the Netherlands, E. Indies, that he saw Capt. Bob Fairchild, Inf., from Kansas City, recently, and asks that he be placed on our mailing list. We are very happy to have his address, and will see that the Rebounds are sent to him.

M/Sgt. Don E. Blair (APO 518, New York) writes from somewhere in England, and says, "We are living in an old manor house or castle. It is about as cold as Mt. Oread on a February morning. It is 250 or 300 years old. Have not received a Rebound in some time. No doubt there is one some place between here and Texas. I am sure looking forward to it. Hope to get a chance to look up some of the boys over here. Imagine that I will get to London one of these days."

Also, from England, we received a note from Lt. Harlan Altman, (APO 76, New York), who says, "Things have been moving pretty rapidly for me in the past two months, consequently I haven't received any Rebounds. As this letter will have my new address, would you put it on your mailing list, as I would really appreciate it. Seriously, you will never know how much I appreciate it, and I speak for many others."

You ask about Vance Hall, Harlan, so we are glad we can tell you about him. Just a few days after your letter arrived, I received a letter from Vance. He is with the 2nd Op. Tng. Unit at Homestead, Florida, and I know he would be happy to hear from you.

From Capt. Harley L. Anderson, APO 557, New York: "The job over here continues to be pretty much the same as it has been right along. This month has been unusually inactive, lots of fog and rain which has kept the Ferts on the ground right at the time when they were needed the most. They have been out the past two days, however, and I can imagine what a welcome sight they were to the ground forces who have been having a tough time of late. . . . Although facilities are rather limited, we do have what looks like a basketball court and get in a couple of games a week. Have a league in this air division and so we are off to a good start. This is a large base, and basketball talent is quite plentiful. I'd like to see Hoch Auditorium now that it has been re-decorated, but even more I'd like to be around to see a few games. Since that is impossible I'll be following the results very eagerly over here. . . . My youngest brother reported to Ft. Leavenworth for his first physical the middle part of November. Won't be long now for him and I'm waiting to hear which branch of the service he will enter."

From Pfc. W. R. "Bob" Fitzpatrick, APO 228, New York, "I am in France now and have been here for a few months. About six weeks ago new M.P. Bns. were formed and so that was where I ended up. Went through some training and am now working. You probably know how much everyone loves an M.P.!" Stay in there, Bob, we know you are doing a good job.

Capt. W. G. "Bill" Wade, who flew so many missions out of England, over enemy territory, is back in the States for a rest and instruction. He is now at Columbus, Ohio, at the Leckbourne Army Air Base.

Ens. Hubert "Hub" Ulrich, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, says,

"Have had my own boat since the first of July and with the fine crew I now have aboard, I am hoping to give the Jags a few lessons soon. . . Knute Kresie is in another area and I haven't seen him for quite a while. He is due to be back and see all of you, so maybe he will pop in on you one of these days. I was expecting to do likewise soon, but with all the new fronts opening, I imagine it will be some time yet before they will let me go. . . . Keep the Rebounds coming - they are a bright spot among a lot of dark clouds."

Cpl. James R. "Ray" Harris, writes from Miami Beach, Fla., "I am still stationed on the sunny beach of Florida. I have been here a year now, and I enjoy my work more every day. Our program has enlarged and that makes for more activity. The Red Cross and the Physical Training department are doing lots in helping the fellows enjoy their stay at the Redistribution Station. One afternoon I was in a volley ball game - I looked up the beach and who did I see - Don Ettinger. He had returned from England and was passing through the station. . . Another surprise was running into Gordon Clucas in a dime store last week. Gordon was broad jumping for Kansas when I came to K. U. His stay in Miami was short, because he was going home for Christmas. He had been out of the States for over a year. I gave him my November number of the Rebounds. He said Wade Green is a father now and is a major in the Army."

Thanks for your newsy letter, Ray. We are happy to hear about all the boys you have seen. You asked about Ed Elbel. He is at Randolph Field, Texas, and I know he will be glad to hear from you.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker, who wrote from Oakland, California, just before Christmas, said that he was surprised and delighted one evening when walking down the street and bumped into Wayne Replegle, who is stationed at the Oakland Naval Hospital. I know you and "Bill" will have a great time together, Hoyt, if you have a chance for a good visit.

Lt. (jg) A.M. "Murray" Brown is now at Corpus Christi, Texas, and says, "I know you need no introduction to the officer in charge of athletics here - Lt. Comdr. Sam Barry, who tried so hard to beat Kansas in Kansas City a few years back. I can still see "Repe" grabbing that loose ball and getting set for what was a perfect shot. What an evening that was for Kansas and what I wouldn't give to see another game just like that one."

Ens. J. P. "Paul" Turner, c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York, writes of having seen John Floyd, one of Hank Iba's star basketball player's, whose home was in Kansas. Paul says: "Before I left Norfolk I saw the Naval Training Station beat Fort Bragg by about 40 points. NTS had John Floyd, an Okla. A. and M. boy in '37, '38, '39, playing for them. He's a Chief Specialist in athletics on the base. . . . He used to play high school ball against "Repe" Engleman and Bruce Veran in the Ark. Valley, then he went to Okla. A. and M. . . John said he saw Don Ebling while in Norfolk."

From Lt. Jim R. Surface, USMCR, Dana Point, Calif., comes this message: "One of my good friends at my station in Hawaii was a friend of yours, Lt. Comdr. Rellie Williams, former basketball coach at Iowa U. He was the athletic director at the Naval Air Station where I served for about 18 months. I got to know him fairly well, especially as a fishing companion, and he is certainly a fine gentleman. He was very well liked at the station, and many were the bull sessions which, more often than not, would end with Rellie telling basketball stories - especially about Doc Meanwell and Rellie's playing days at Wisconsin. I could always needle him a little about that last pasting the boys from Mt. Oread gave him, but he was a grand sport about it. The naval officer who had the room across from mine also knows you, and you may remember him. He was Jim Wells, now a Lt. (jg) in the Navy, and formerly a sports broad-

caster from Buffalo, N. Y. Jim told me that he interviewed you on his program several times when you were traveling through Buffalo."

Yes, indeed, Jim, of course I knew Rollie Williams. He is a grand chap and a fine coach. We had a terrific time with his basketeers at Iowa City, winning out in a flash by 2 points. And of course I remember my good friend, Jim Wells, and the interview with him in Buffalo, where we played on our surprising eastern trip. I thought we would have a lot of trouble with St. Benaventure's, but the boys played to my surprise and amazement, winning by a score of 53 to 22.

I have always thought that the Kansas basketball team, riding the coaches with the service men on that eastern trip, many of whom were wounded, got a new conception of this war. They certainly forgot their petty troubles because they swarmed all over the opposition. We won four straight games, coming back with a thousand per cent on our eastern jaunt - which is something!

I want to acknowledge receipt of a letter from an old time friend, Ed White, of Newport, R. I. I remember he was in my class at Springfield, Mass. Y.M.C.A. College back in 1931. He invited Mrs. Allen and our family to Newport, R. I., and turned over his summer cottage for two weeks on the shore. We bathed in the wonderful salt water four times a day and got as tough as leather! When the war is over I would like nothing better than two lovely weeks on the shore. Mrs. Allen and the girls visited the Newport Colony where they had Red Cross benefit social sessions, and the womenfolks went through the summer gardens and homes of the Asters, the Vanderbilts and some of the Four Hundred elite. Personally I stayed on the shore, and refused to shave all the time I was there. I got more kick out of the silk-stocking brigade's environment at that distance.

But I did enjoy the hospitality of Ed White and his family. Bob and I played beach tennis with a small net, a couple of paddles and a sponge ball. We really had some sessions! Bob was about ten years of age.

Lt. George Stapleton is the Physical Training Officer at the Walla Walla Army Air Field. George says, "Our basketball team is not too red hot as yet but we do have possibilities. . . . Our Air Force is divided into four districts. We are in the northern district. The winners of the four districts play off in San Francisco, and the winner there represents the Air Force in a National Tournament in New York, on March 15th. The joker in getting up a good team lies in the fact that these men must do all of their practicing and playing after they have finished their day's work. Some of the boys work as high as 12 and 16 hours at a time, so you can see that they are tired when they come out to practice. We find however that if they do come out after they get off work they are really sold on the game, and they are swell to work with."

It looks as if you have quite a schedule, George. More power to you. We are mighty proud of the way you are going.

From Capt. Forrest G. Stith, APO 650, New York, a brother of E. G. Stith, formerly Foreman of the University Press: "Even though accident of birth took place for me in Missouri, I do enjoy every word of your Rebounds. No. 12 just arrived yesterday. My Summer Session attendance and association in classes with Schladerman, Dr. Naismith and you in 1924 (20 years ago!) pulls me to Mt. Oread more than you think. My chief clerk, a Hutchinsen athlete, S/Sgt. Bob Streup, is a member of our Wing Hq. team now. . . . Abilene is the home town of "Ike", but also the home of 50% of Co. H, 139th Inf. By the way, I hear the old 35th is doing all right over there now."

Yes, Ferrest, I remember these times in 1924, and it doesn't seem like twenty or more years ago, does it?

Many of you boys will remember our fine tackle on the football team in 1936 and 1937 - Freddie Besilevac. He is now a first lieutenant in the Medical Corps, and writes from Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Fred says, "There are 40 of us K.U. medics now stationed at Carlisle Barracks for 6 weeks of intensive medical field service training. We have the largest single aggregation of medics from one school in the 64 O.T.B., and usually close a dance or party at the Officers Club with the ever-beautiful and famous Rock Chalk yell. . . . The training is very hard and rather rapid but we enjoy the work in spite of the severe cold weather."

Lt. Maurice L. Breidenthal, Jr., c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York, writes asking us to change his address, and says, incidentally, "The only thing of interest that has happened to me in the last four months is that I was made commanding officer of this ship in September." Congratulations, Maurice, we know you are a great skipper!

We are happy to welcome some new Jayhawkers to our family - Michael Ford Sollenberger, son of Marvin and Virginia Sollenberger, of Denver, was born on December 10th, and Sally Jo Shirk, daughter of David and Margaret Shirk, of Columbus, Ga., was born on December 30, Congratulations to these fine parents.

And Ens. Paul Masener, of Norfolk, Va., writes, "We've added a member to the family now. Richard McCoy Masener was born August 28 and is now a husky tackle, weighing 16 pounds. Needless to say, we are very proud to have both a boy and girl. Saw Newton Heverstock last week. He would appreciate receiving the Rebounds - c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York."

Paul, I had a fine visit with your father-in-law, Mr. Lester McCoy, at Lacy Haynes' home the night of the Kansas-Missouri football game. And he doesn't love that grandchild, either! There were a lot of important things for him to talk about, but most of them were about the Masener family, and Richard McCoy Masener, that "husky tackle". And don't think that he forget to mention that young "Lady Masener". Gosh, he was modest in his boasting!

We are sending Newton Heverstock a Rebounds, and are glad to have him on our mailing list. We have long forgiven Newton for some of his bolshevik attitudes in rebelling on our infringement of some of his imaginary rights regarding his desire to practice tennis on the basketball court in Robinson Gym! Any boy now fighting for Uncle Sam is tops with me.

Lt. (jg) Ralph E. Schaake, c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York, wrote from England the day before Christmas. "I am resting on duty now as permanent officer of the deck at this rest camp. This is the best duty that I have had and I am taking advantage of it. I am in pretty fair shape now, having worked off 15 pounds playing basketball. We have a 40 x 100 ft. hut to play basketball in and to use for a recreation hut. It serves our purpose."

You mention big "Red" Thompson, and I am glad to enclose his mailing address to you, Ralph. For the purposes of this letter it is Sgt. Louis J. Thompson, APO 133, New York.

Lt. William George Kern, USNR, of Corpus Christi, Texas, took unto himself a blushing bride, Margaret Jean Gurley, of Beleit, one of the