

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 Schaaake 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 Schaaake 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 Schaaake, 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.