"One tremendous roar shakes the sea for miles around. We blink and steady ourselves--that must be the Glasgow and the Texas. It is. Now Gunnery Officer Jim Arnold, in his fire-control tower atop the flying bridge, gets the word he's been waiting to hear. Our 5-inch guns speak as one, and to us they sound louder and truer than any we've ever heard.

"Our first salvo is low on the first designated target. Arnold quickly works out the problem anew. The guns are corrected and our third salvo sends a pillbox cascading into the air in fragments. . . . . .

"Within a few short minutes, on automatic fire, we get our second target and attempt our third. This one is a battery cunningly concealed behind a stone wall down a gulch burning away from the sea. A salvo below, a salvo above, a salvo to the left--this fellow is really stubborn. Jim Arnold's lean, sensitive face now is twisted into something approaching a snarl. His long fingers adjust his instruments--for this moment the scholar has become a killer.

"The next salvo smashes the gun and sends it down the gulch, starting a minor avalanche. By 6:15, all our assigned targets that we can reach have been knocked out or previously demolished by air bombing. We have fired 250 rounds in twenty-five minutes of automatic firing.

"'Sir, suggest we shift to targets of opportunity', Arnold phones the bridge. 'Targets of opportunity' are those enemy surprises that bob up, those strong points we don't know about in advance. There will be plenty of them. 'Permission granted.'"

And so Jim Arnold, a quiet country boy who enrolled at Kansas in 1937 from Downs, Kansas, who during the time this article was written was a lieutenant (jg) - we hope he is an admiral by now! - makes the big top with our world's heroes. Congratulations, Jim! We are sending you a copy of our Rebounds with our deep admiration and our heartiest congratulations. We are also sending a copy to your parents. We are mighty proud of you and all the rest of our boys.

- - -

Your good friend and mine, Sgt. Bill Kollender, who has served the University enthusiastically and most faithfully since October, 1928, has retired to enter private life. Every one of you will remember the efficient sergeant who was always on top of things at all the athletic contests, especially the football and basketball ushering and seating. He was a past master in meeting friends, in taking care of the salubrities and the celebrities who visited the University. He was Col. Karl Baldwin's right hand man - in fact, all of the commandants of the R.O.T.C. - in handling the affairs of that department. He served four years in the Philippines and was at Corregidor and other Army bases over the country. Perhaps no man with an Army connection has made so many friendly contacts with University students, faculty and alumni as has Sgt. Kollender. We will miss him greatly, and our best wishes will go with him in his next field of endeavor. We might say that he retires on a healthy stipend as compensation for his many loyal and faithful years given to Uncle Sam. His address in Lawrence is 202 West 15th Street.

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A note to Clint Kanaga: Clint, I have not forgotten the matter of the gold basketball for T. P. Hunter. Immediately upon receipt of your letter I went to Julius Marks and told him to look up his past record and check to see if T. P.'s gold basketball wasn't mailed to his mother at Margaret, Texas, or to his sister in Tulsa, and Julius promised me that he would let me know. I am sure that it was ordered. When I started to dictate this letter to you I called Julius again and he is going over his books and checking the mailing because he has a record of every address. You tell T. P. we are going to get that gold basketball for him and have it in his possession. He deserves a thousand of them, and we certainly aren't going to delay. I want to say here and now that had I dreamed that T. P. didn't have his ball I would have activated myself no end. T. P. is "No. 1" in my own mind, and, I might add, in everyone's.

Mrs. Allen and I had your brother, Bill, to dinner the other night. Bill is a great boy and we enjoyed him very much. Mrs. Allen loves to see boys eat, and I might state here and now that Bill didn't disappoint her! He tore into those fried chickens like you boys have been tearing into the slit-eyes. He annihilated them.

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We want to tell you a few things about old Mount Oread. She was never more beautiful. This Jayhawk Rebounds is dated Wednesday, July 26, but it is now Friday afternoon at 3:17 and I am trying to close my letter. Sometimes we work on it for two weeks, piecemealing it here and there. The campus is as green as early spring. We have had some wonderfully cool weather in July, not a day going over 97 here in Lawrence, Kansas. The lawns are beautiful and the foliage is gorgeous. Ordinarily at this time of year the campus is brown, but it is as green as can be. The past week we have had rains and for the past two weeks we have had Colorado weather in the evenings with most of the people sleeping under blankets.

We are in full swing with our community recreation program for the faculty and friends of the University. On Wednesday night we had an open air street dance in front of the chemistry building, Bailey Hall. We blocked off the street at the intersection by the gymnasium and down to the corner at the east end of the chemistry building. We used 125 pounds of cornmeal and 100 pounds of soy bean meal. Early in the afternoon we flushed the street with a big hose, swept it, and in the evening we sprinkled our meal over the street. The evening was perfect. Oliver Hobbs, the director of the high school band, used a twenty-piece male high school orchestra that was a knock-out. Six hundred people came up on the campus and danced from 8:45 to 10 o'clock. Faculty members, townspeople and oldsters sat on the benches and chairs and watched the jitterbugs and some of the oldsters glide to the rhythmic tunes of Oliver's orchestra. He did a wonderful job.

After it was over, eight of us used brooms and swept the cornmeal from the concrete arena to be saved for the next dance, two weeks from now. On next Wednesday we will have Miss Irene Moll, a K. U. graduate of 1938, who is a teacher in the Tulsa, Oklahoma, high school, call square dances. She is a past master at this art and we will have the hill-top packed with ye olde time recreation features of Civil War days. We plan to have each night in the week an event night. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings we have a "kiddie Kollege". The youngsters of kindergarten age are brought up on the low plat-

form and taught kindergarten songs and dances. That, of course, pleases the youngsters and the parents, and with the giant slide, the monkey mazes, the teeter-totters, the swings, the sand-pile, the ice-cooled drinking fountain, together with shuffleboard for the oldsters, archery , goal-hi, badminton, volley ball and croquet, it gives activity and re-creation for all ages.

The quadrangle is beautiful with twelve large lights which scare the mosquitoes away, and with the basketball benches borrowed from the athletic association and the football benches borrowed from the stadium, the friends of the University have a splendid time commingling, playing and visiting on one of God's beauty spots.

We are endeavoring in our recreation program to make it as pleasant as possible for many principals and superintends who come for their advanced degrees, with their families. Their little tots are not always accorded the best of facilities due to the overcrowded condition of Lawrence. She is packed to the guards with Sunflower Ordnance workers. There is not a vacant house to be had, and in some cases three families live in one house. You can appreciated the crowded conditions that these families of the teachers are subjected to.

With a piano for the little tots in their nursery games, and with the swing band and the dance orchestra, these young mothers are provided an opportunity to sit and cool off while the children enjoy themselves.

Director Russell Wiley, with his University Band, plays two outdoor concerts during the summer. So with the other recreational activities in the Union Building under the direction of Dean Werner, the faculty and students are enjoying themselves immensely. We are getting this ready for you when you return so that things will not take on such a changed appearance, but we want you to visualize old Mount Oread welcoming you with a gracious smile.

Sincerely yours,

Forrest C. Allen

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

Dear Jayhawkers:

The following article is a copy from the sport page of the Kansas City Star. This idea came from a close follower of KU athletics (W. W. Fuller, Board of Trade Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri). I think it is a grand idea and am happy to enclose it with the next issue of the "Rebounds."
Although I do not keep in touch with many of you, I learn of your whereabouts through the "Rebounds." My thoughts are of you many times and I wish you all the best of luck.

Earl K. Falkenstien

P.S. As thorough and exact as Mr. McBride is, he overlooked one of Dr. Allen's important duties. He is a member of the Selective Service board and spends many hours each week helping select the manpower for our Armed Forces. Ogden Jones, a member of the KU faculty, is chairman of the Douglas county board.

FROM THE MARCH 7 ISSUE OF THE KANSAS CITY STAR:

Maybe you've been wondering how long Phog Allen will continue to coach basketball. You've been reading about Phog, very much about him and considerable by him, for lo, these many, many years. Is he going on forever winning basketball championships or running them up?
Being curious and unafraid you asked him. And you learned that Phog will be coaching five or six years more. And then no more.
"When am I going to retire?" Phog repeats the question as though the idea is something altogether out of the unexpected and unthought about, but you soon know better than that. "I can tell you now when that's going to be," he quickly adds. "When I reach the age of 6 5. Department heads retire at 65." (Phog is the head of the department of physical education.) "Other faculty members may continue until they are 67, but I'm not hankering for those two years. I do not wish to coach after I am 65. I have no ambitions to break the records of Alonzo Stagg or Connie Mack."
"But what will you be doing, Phog? You can't keep all that restless energy close by while you roll in a parlor chair."

OUTLINES HIS PROGRAM

"Don't let that worry you," says Phog. "I'll use all the energy I can muster. I'm going to play golf and I'm going to write. And say the things I want to say."
Tut! Tut! Phog, as though you haven't been saying the things you've wanted to say, all along.
"I guess I'll have to admit that I haven't been a shrinking violet in that regard," says Phog. "That's right, and I'm going to continue to do the things I've actually wanted to do; play golf and write."
The K.U. basketball coach already is the author of three books. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he is the author of two books and a co-author of a third. His "My Basketball Bible" and "Better Basketball" have had a wide sale. In collaboration with other educational authorities Phog wrote

FROM THE MARCH 7 ISSUE OF THE KANSAS CITY STAR (continued):

"The Administration and Organization of Physical Education and Athletics." President Raymond A. Kent of the University of Louisville was the editor of that book, which had chapters on law by Roscoe Pound of Harvard, medicine by Dr. Cutter of Northwestern, liberal arts by Dr. Charters of Ohio State, student health by Dr. John Sundwall of Michigan, formerly dean of the school of medicine of the University of Kansas.
What will your next book touch on, Phog?

BACK TO THE LOW-BROW
"I'm going back to the low-brow stuff," Phog smiles. "I'm going to write a book on the treatment of athletic injuries... sometime before I quit."
That reminds you that in the closing weeks of the Big Six basketball season Allen took over the training of his squad of basket shooters. Forced to pass up an opportunity to join the army athletic specialists' junket, Phog quickly consented when his trainer, Dean Nesmith, was asked to become a member of the junket. Phog knows the business of training athletes and mending their sprains and bruises and his book on that subject should be the ultimate word.
As for doing the things he wants to do after he reaches the age of 65, Phog hardly will be able to carry on as heavy a program as he is in these approaching years to 65...and surely he isn't doing anything now that he doesn't wish to do. At the same time he's doing far more than the ordinary man and you wonder how he manages to keep the pace. Last month he gave his fifth blood donation and when you know that he is fast stepping toward 60 you'll give him credit for deep-rooted sentiment toward our soldiers. You've seen that demonstrated elsewhere, too. For example, in the Jayhawker Rebounds he writes every month or two, has typed and mails to all his old basketball boys and other K.U. athletes on the world's fighting fronts.

WHERE DOES HE FIND THE TIME
As head of the department of physical education at K.U. he has a full-time job. As coach of basketball you know he devotes many long hours and the energy of a steam engine. He is a Rotarian and a lively one. He is president of the Civic Action committee of Lawrence, a committee with a twofold purpose -- to provide a construction and a city face-lifting plan by way of encouraging veterans to return to Lawrence and to provide many of them with early employment.
Recently Phog was elected president of the Lawrence Country club, and you can safely bet that he will not be idle on this job. In fact, you cannot picture Phog idle on any job.
Now Phog is running for a seat in the city council (he was elected yesterday)...and so you get the idea that by the time he is 65 he will be fairly well whittled down and quite ready for leisurely golf and writing.
P.S. -- Oh, yes, you want to know when Phog will be 65? His next birthday will be November 18. He'll be 60.

C. E. McBRIDE.....

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

September 12, 1944

No. 11

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Somehow this is the most difficult letter that I have ever attempted to write. Over a dozen times I have begun it and each time I have walked away from my desk because words fail me. I feel such a void. Something has gone from me. Your friend and mine - good, old honest "Teep", T. P. Hunter (1st Lt. 9th Marines) was killed on Guam, July 21, 1944. And yet this morning he feels closer to me than at any moment that I have known him. Across the miles that span Lawrence, Kansas, and Guam, it seems so trivial. This thing we call death has brought him closer to me at this very moment than he has been for years. The glories of his life seem magnified a hundred-fold.

A Chinese philosopher once said, "Life seems so unreal at times that I do not know whether I am living dreams or dreaming life." The life here and the life hereafter seem so much a part of all of us that T. P.'s precence is manifest. He will live forever in our hearts. What more love can a man have that he lay down his life for his friend? But T. P., being the man that he was, would embrace for his friends the thought of Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Charles Frohman, the great playwright, facing death while standing on the deck of the sinking Lusitania and watching women and children taking his place in the lifeboats, said, "Death is life's greatest adventure."

On August 17, T. P.'s sister-in-law called Mrs. Allen from Tulsa conveying to us the sad news. I was in Boone, Iowa, conducting a coaching school for the Iowa State High School Athletic Association, and did not learn of T. P.'s death until Sunday, August 20. Somehow I could not believe it, because I felt that after T. P. had been in guadalcanal, Bougainville - in fact, all of the tough Marine engagements, that he would make it.

In T. P.'s letter to me on Januarty 1, 1944, you Rebounders will recall that he stated, "Thought you might like to know a little about our game with the Japs on Bougainville. Well, everything was going fine until they got me and my boys in a hot box. I thought for a while they were going to call in the outfielders to get us out. Fortunately for us, however, we got out before they had time."

T. P. was our outstanding pitcher in his senior year and his baseball terminology fit most aptly into this very difficult situation. T. P. continued, in his January 1st letter, by saying, "I have called it a game, Doc, and to me that is just about how it seemed. The same is true for most of the boys that return. The bad part of the whole war is these boys who have to give their lives to win. "I had some of those and for them it must have been more than a game." . . .

These lines have often run through my mind, and they still do: "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die." This modest, clean, genteel, and resourceful boy, beloved by every teammate and athletic adversary with whom he came in contact, was held in the highest esteem by all. He was buoyant, dominant, yet modest and self-effacing. How many times have I heard some of the boys after a hot game regale some official for either failure to call a foul or by calling a foul that certain players did not think just. In the pitch of the excitement a forceful, kind voice would speak up and say, "I didn't think he was wo bad", and immediately the tempest of words ceased. Quiet reigned because there was great respect for the opinion of this quiet man who spoke. It was "T-Hambone" Hunter, as the boys affectionately called him. On trips it was Teep who always took the lone wolf for a roommate. Boys paired off - friendship and affection for each other dominating the selection. Any one of the men would have picked T. P. as a roommate, but T. P. always took the least admirable of the gang as his roommate.

One hard-headed, two-fisted recalcitrant member of the team on a trip seemed to be having difficulty. The boys liked him but little. In fact, they shunned him because this said consistent objector was always putting "his feet in his mouth". He was always doing the wrong thing at the right time. He would complain of the food. He was quarrelsome with opponents, and even derided some of his co-called good friends. This hurly-burly buckaroo believed that the fist was mightier than the intellect. By choice he had been able to fight his way through many battles until this rough and tumble chap believed that he had solved life's problems by resorting to fisticuffs rather than friendships made in the higher way of life.

I recall so well the conversation I had with T. P. regarding this chap. He said, "Doc, this fellow isn't such a bad fellow. You know, I wouldn't want anything said about it because he wouldn't like it, but I had him reading the Bible (Gideon Bible in hotels) each night on trips." And T. P. continued, "Of course he read the most exciting parts, but that wouldn't hurt him any."

T. P. Hunter was a great influence for good, whether on or off the athletic field. He was always living vicariouly and constructively. Milton "Mit" Allen and I were speaking regarding the untimely loss of T. P. Mit, always a realist, said spontaneously, "T. P. was too God-like to live long in this world." And then he recounted an interesting episode that made a deep impression upon him.

Mit said, "When Kansas played Great Lakes in '41 in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, our team of Evans, Black, Miller and so forth was not going any too well. Creighton had defeated Great Lakes by an overwhelming score at Omaha and we got them on the rebound. They were taking us in stride, and, Dad, you substituted T. P. for one of your Kansas regulars. No sooner had T. P. reported than he drove in under the basket with his long, gargantuan stride with the ball in his possession. Andreas, the great Indiana U. star a few years back, and who also played baseball in the American Association before he entered Great Lakes, drove in under T. P. and to all the observers it looked like a pretty vicious foul. T. P. got one of the nastiest spills that I have seen any player get. He got up, shook hands with his adversary, and with a smile patted him on the back. But T. P. scored the bucket and went on to get three or four after that, to be the outstanding Kansas man that evening."

Then Mit added, "It matters not how he got it, I'll bet he took it without a whimper, as he took everything that came to him."

Mrs. Allen wrote T. P.'s mother, Mrs. Mary Hunter at Margaret, Texas, extending our sympathies to her. T. P.'s sister, Mrs. Jimmie Hembree, wrote as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Allen:

My mother received your very kind letter a few days ago. We wish to thank you for this sincere expression of your sympathy. We shall always treasure your letter for its encouragement now and for the future.

Our entire community mourns for T. P. Many have come or written to us to express their sorrow. Among them are the parents of three other boys who have lost their lives - one in a plane crash, one in a Jap prison camp, and one in company with T. P. in the South Pacific.

My mother is trying to be brave as T. P. had told her to be if anything ever happened to him. He was her baby and pride of her life. Though the youngest of us, I sometimes think he was the wisest and kindest of us all.

Yes, T. P. was ready to meet his God. T. P., on receipt of a Christmas card from the Methodist church here, wrote a letter of appreciation to the church not only for the card but for all that it meant to him. The minister read it aloud to the people and said that he would always keep the letter as it was a sermon within itself.

We were so glad that T. P. attended the University and made such friends as you and Dr. Allen. We were glad that he had opportunities to improve his mind and body amid such pleasant friends and surroundings. We wish to thank you for making his college life so pleasant and profitable.

Let us hope that the death of T. P., and others like him will not be in vain but that war will be banished from the face of the earth.

We have not received a letter of details yet, but a letter from Marine Headquarters said that he was killed July 21, on Guam.

I am T. P.'s oldest sister.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Jimmy Hembree

Margaret, Texas
August 25, 1944.

In this morning's mail I received a letter from T. P.'s buddy, Cpl. Charles P. Loar, USMC. It was written from the Naval Hospital at San Francisco, Calif. Cpl. Loar says:

"Dear Mr. Allen:

First of all I want to tell you who I am. I was one of T. P. Hunter's best friends. We were in the same outfit, and I was with Tepe when he was killed. I guess that story will be one of the unwritten tales of this war, but Tepe was a hero, and a great guy. I could write a whole book on his adventures and I think it would be a best-seller. I was also with him on his patrol on Bougainville.

He used to let me read the paper you sent every month, because I knew lots of the guys from K. U. I expect to be home before long, and I will make a point of looking you up, and telling you all about a swell guy. I can't tell you how much I miss Tepe, - I guess a Marine isn't supposed to have much feeling. I just wanted you to know that I have heard all about you, and I know you are anxious to hear about Tepe. I live in K. C., so when I come home I'll be by to see you."

We are looking forward to Corporal Loar's coming to learn the story of the last great heroic struggle.

This brings to two the number of Jayhawk Rebounders who have given their lives for you and for me - Wayne Nees and T. P. Hunter. Wayne lost his life at Kiska on May 18, 1943. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees of Brazil, Indiana. You will remember that he was a star in basketball and track. He also played football but his time allowance for work and study would not

permit his football competition. Capt. Jack Andrews said of Wayne - "Mrs. Nees showed me the letters from Wayne's company and regimental commanders, a captain and colonel respectively. They praised Wayne as an officer and for his gallantry in action. Beside the Purple Heart medal he was awarded the Silver Star."

In my private office will be a place for these immortal heroes. Of course, I would like to have a photograph of every Jay hawk Rebounder that is fighting the atrocious Japanazis, but every one of you are in my mind, I assure you.

As an attestation to T. P. Hunter's wonderful popularity and the deep affection that his friends had for him, I am quoting from some of his buddies' letters asking about T. P.'s exploits and expressing good wishes for his welfare.

Lt. Clint Kanaga, USMCR (c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco) wrote me on September 1, as follows:

"Dear Doc:

Dad has probably informed you of our great loss in a very dear mutual friend in T. P. I just got the sad news today from Norma Falconer and its hard to find words to express my grief. You see, Teep and I spent many nights in May, June, and July -- just chewing the fat and rehashing good old K.U. days. There wasn't anyone he thought any more of than you, Doc - and having similar feelings myself, we played out a lot of basketball games. Remember the night Teep got 5 goals to help nail a Creighton team that had beaten Great Lakes by 15 points, and the night Teep beat the great frosh team of Evans, Black, et al 38-37 in an overtime with a long shot? Eleanor and I were there. We went over those and many more games. We both felt that K.U. had the finest campus in the U. S., and as Teep said to me - 'K.U. alone is worth fighting for.'

Teep was a great Maringe and a real leader - his men were crazy about him. He had shown them leadership and bravery on Bougainville. The last night I was with him - a short time before he was killed - he said to me, 'Well, Clint, its liable to be tough but I have a swell gang of men and we'll give them hell.' He added, 'I'll be O.K. If something happens, its part of this game.'

Teep paid the supreme sacrifice - and I believe he would have wanted it that way, inasmuch as it's happened - fighting for the country, and the ones he loved; for the things he valued in life which the aggressor nation of Japan has tried to change and master. There never was a finer man or sweller guy then Teep. He was tops. . . . ."

On July 27th, Ens. Delbert Campbell(Fleet P.O., San Francisco) wrote about his visit with T. P. Hunter:

"Again your Rebounds made life pleasanter out here for some more Jayhawkers. About a month ago, just before we started on the job we just finished, I noticed from one of your very welcome letters that ol' T. P. Hunter was in the 9th Marines. Since we had part of that group aboard I investigated and found he was on a ship anchored less than 1,000 yards away. As you can imagine, I got the signalmen hot on the blinker and sure enough, he was over there, so I grabbed a boat and found him lazily stretched out on a bench sound asleep. We really hashed over old times and spent all evening firing questions and answers back and forth. He's well and happy as can be out here and is doing a good job. He told me about his experiences on Bougainville - must have been quite a sensation, but as before he's just the man to get tough jobs done. The next day he came over for lunch and we started afresh on where and what everyone was doing. To top it all off, we discovered Clint Kanaga was on a ship about 1,000 yards the other way, we we barged over to have dinner and spend the evening with him. . . . I haven't been able to find out how T. P. came out but

do know he arrived safely on Guam and is doing a big job. We all feel proud that we at last have pried loose the Japs from a former U. S. possession. And, Doctor, you don't realize what a big help your Rebounds are. If it hadn't been for you we would never have been able to have our little reunion. About two months ago while we were in Guadalcanal I had the luck of running into 'Rope' Engleman. He's doing fine and likes the duty on his D. E."

Thank you, Ensign Delbert - we think you are fighting a splendid war.

And from Rope - Lt. (jg) Howard G. Engleman (Fleet P.O., San Francisco), comes this word, written on July 29th: "Received your #9 Rebounds of June 12th. . . . so I feel very well informed of Kansas events. I have never enjoyed a Rebounds more and I swell with pride when I see the names of the boys. You sure keep track of them. As I told you before, I have run into Knute Kresie and the young Haines boy out here. It still looks like a long one from where we are even though the European war seems to be progressing nicely. . . . The second generation, from all reports, is coming along fine now and should be ready for college some time in '62. Hope you're still there, Doc. Tell Bob to get busy or we'll lose that championship in 1964. . . ."

Howard, we will appoint you the director of vital statistics to see that Bob and the rest of that gang do their share toward rehabilitating Kansas basketball.

Maj. Fen A. Durand (Fleet P.O., San Francisco) writes on July 31, as follows: "Upon leaving Hawaii in May our division landed on Saipan on 15 June. I have been here ever since trying to eke out an existence. As you know, the island was finally secured on 9 July, but since that date there have been several thousand more Japs killed. They seem to sneak down out of the hills at night to do what damage they can in our ammo and fuel dumps. I've seen both Bill McKinley and Fred Eberhart on the island and they are both feeling fine. There must be at least ten others from K.U. here and all of us plan to get together soon."

Major Fen, I can tell you honestly you have been the talk of the campus and the town, with Henry Shenk, Dean Nesmith, Corlett Cotton, Dolph Simons, Mit Allen, Mike Getto, Prof. Guy Smith, and a host of others repeatedly marveling at your miraculous escape on the beach-head at Tarawa. Hope you still hang on to that horseshoe, brother!

Lt. (jg) Roy Edwards (c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco) writes us as follows: "I have received a few added responsibilities since I took over command July 1. It is a very interesting job and we spend very little time in one place. The best part is the different people we work with and with whom we associate. For the past three months I have tried to catch up with Clint Kanaga and it seems as though he is leaving a port as we enter. We have planned a K.U. reunion for some time."

Thanks, Roy, for placing our Jayhawk Rebounds along the highly efficient and much circulated Kansas City Star in the importance of your mail.

We were gladdened to learn that Pfc. Walter "Buddy" Herriman, who was reported missing in action in France, is now reported as being taken prisoner. He was with General Patton's infantry division. We turst such good fortune will come to Lt. (jg) Howard Burnett, Navy Air Corps, formerly of Coldwater, Kansas, who played end and tackle on the K.U. Football team in 1936; and Lt. Lawrence "Larry" Johnston, Marine Air Corps, who lettered in baseball at K.U. in '41 and '42. Both of these boys have been reported missing in action over the Pacific.

From across the Atlantic we hear of our boys in France and England:

Lt. John A. Pfitsch (APO 403, c/o P.M., New York) sends a V-mail from France and says: "The towns and villages that we roll through are certainly different than those earlier in the campaign. The people throng the streets and shower the convoys with flowers and fruit. If you stop you are immediately swarmed by people who I believe are sincerely joyous to see us. By the way, Doc, France has many beautiful girls to its credit, and their greeting system isn't just a rumor. . . . The picture is changing fast and we are well on our way home."

Johnny Pfitsch from Pfleugerville, Texas, and a Kansas post-grad - you are a first class fighting man. And are we proud of you!

In an earlier letter Johnny said, "The men of the infantry are the boys, Doc. Boy, they have it rough and how they go! You would be proud of them if you could see the teamwork."

Chick Pontius is one of our boys in the infantry over there in France, and we are proud of the things he is doing, Chick was awarded the Purple Heart on July 13. He writes, "I am well now and am back with the company. They released me from the hospital on July 29. I received a promotion to sergeant August 14. I have a great deal more to think about now than I had before." Chick is Sgt. Vaughn W. B. Pontius, APO 4, New York.

Chick, all of the boys at the Country Club will be proud of your achievements over there. Congrats on your promotion. Mit and Bob Allen are both being told that you are too tough for Fritz. Their nicks are not as bad as their blasts.

Maj. Lawrence E. Filkin (APO 90, c/o P.M., New York), who is with the medical corps in France, writes: "I saw Paul Harrington about a month or six weeks ago. He was hale and hearty and glad to see a different face from home. He's still in the same outfit and doing well. Along with Paul were a number of my old classmates from Medical School, and some old internes and profs. It was like old home week. We've been moving along so fast lately that I doubt if Paul's outfit will be able to stay very close to us, In our mad rush I've seen several outdoor basketball courts in this section of France. Don't know how much they play, however, because when we pass there is more important business at hand at the moment."

Lawrence, the next time you see Paul Randall Harrington tell him that I told that Harrington-Quigley episode of the basketball court at the Quigley dinner. Quig, you will remember, called several fouls on Paul. Quig interrogated Paul, "Do you understand?" "No," paul said, "but I am getting used to you."

We were delighted to hear from another "medic" - Maj. George Mandeville (APO 2, c/o P.M., New York), who wrote from France in July, saying, "I have heard about your paper or something called The Rebound, and I wondered if you might send me a copy before the war is over. Most of the betting is that now that we have the first team in it won't be long. This is the roughest contest I have ever had the privilege of being in, and strange as it seems a lot of guys have got hurt. These d--- Nazis are a fanatical bunch, they have a lot of determination but no common sense, and about the only thing they can understand or I should say the best persuader I have seen is the bayonet. Of caurse when they get in front of our artillery they get pretty well ground up. A lot of them hang on when they surely know they are going to be exterminated.

Mandy, I see often your brother of the 1920 Nebraska-Kansas football "fame" game, score 20-20 - the game that built the stadium. Frank P. Mandeville says that he doesn't have to sell sporting goods. The boys just buy them. Luck to you, George.

Lt. Harold E. Wright (APO 140, c/o P.M., New York) writes: "I'm now in England and am right in the midst of this war. I'm stationed with a medium bombardment group flying B-26 Marauders; I like the plane fine and now have several missions to my credit. Our quarters are fine and the food wonderful. When I stop to think of the boys in the front lines, I realize how lucky some of us are to be in the Air Corps. . . . I'm looking forward to the next copy of Jayhawk Rebounds. I have met some fellow Jayhawkers who enjoy them also."

Harold, if you will give me some of the fellows' names we will be glad to mail them to the boys. This is our desire - to do something for the boys who are doing a lot bigger job than we are here in Lawrence, although we try.

Capt. Harley M. Anderson (APO 557, c/o P.M., New York) writes that he has been in England over fourteen months. He says further, "Really was swell to get the June issue of Jayhawk Rebounds. That's the first one I have received and hope I'll continue to get them as they roll off the press. Found it very interesting to read about where some of the fellows are and what they are doing. I had a good laugh on that paragraph telling of the notorious phone call Engleman made from Dr. Peete's home in K.C. Don't think I'll ever forget it. I suppose Howard is busy these days teaching little Howard how to throw a ball up and make it balance on a door lodge. If you write him please give him my regards."

Harley, Dr. Peete and his family stopped by the house last Sunday afternoon. His daughter, Virginia Jane, is entering the University here. Dr. Peete often speaks of you boys and the fine time he had when he entertained Engleman, Bob Allen and the rest of the notorious pranksters. Dr. Peete attended the Rosedale banquet last spring when your dad was toastmaster and I spoke. Howard Engleman will read your greeting, and he will get a laugh.

Ens. J. F. "Freddie" Harris (Armed Guard, c/o Fleet P.O., New Orleans, La.) says, "I'm one of Uncle Sam's 'salts' for sure now. Have my ship and gun crew and have been on the sea for several weeks. . . That's one advantage you have in traveling on a merchant ship - you see and cover lots of territory and yet you got back to the States occasionally."

Freddie, it was good to have you and Mrs. Freddie stop by the office for a little chat. It was also pleasing to get a report on Michael Frederick, the young hopeful for the Jayhawker football and basketball teams of 1964.

Ens. J. P. Turner (c/o Fleet P.O., New York) - "Just a few lines to let you know I'm still kicking. I received the last issue of the Rebounds, and I mean it was really fine to know how all the fellows are making out. They are a great bunch, those Jayhawkers are. Knute told me in his last letter about running into Rope, Hub and expecting to see Swede Linquist soon. It must be a wonderful feeling to run into some of the old gang. I'm always looking for some fellow Jayhawkers but haven't been very lucky so far. . . Tell everybody back that way hello for me. I sure think a lot of the old times I've had on Mount Oread and am anxious to get back with all the gang."

Jesse Paul, you are one of the best correspondents we have, and we are always glad to hear from you. Tell the gang to fight 'em for me, will you?

Gibby, we are sending the football schedules to you pronto. If you will look at the last Rebounds you will have the complete schedule. This is the way we have of giving all the boys in the service - in the States and overseas the latest dope on the schedule, and also some feature on the personnel of the team. It certainly will be good to have Denzil and you back. We hope that both of you can arrive at the same time.

S/Sgt. Waldo A. Miller is doing physical training work at the Army Air Base, Seattle, Wash., and says he still likes it very much. He asks that we send him Major E. R. Elbel's address, and we are glad to give it here for the benefit of all his friends - School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas.

A/T R. L. "Bob" Bock is now at Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas. He says, "Two events that have occurred at K.U. while I have been gone have pleased me very much. The Wm. Allen White Foundation and fund should make for K.U.'s attaining a high role as a school of journalism, and since journalism is my interest, good news it certainly was. Then Ernie Quigley's appointment as athletic director should be a boost to the school. I read the Topeka Capital article reporting his appointment, and I feel quite sure that Mr. Quigley means what he says and will give his all to boost K.U. athletics."

It is always good to hear from you, Sports Columnist Bob Bock. Keep firing your entertaining letters in our direction. E. C. Quigley will be glad to know that you feel as you do.

Chief Specialist Eddie Hall, USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill., says, "Bob Hope said that the boys overseas write their girl friends that a letter from home is like a five-minute furlough. Your Rebounds are thirty-minute furloughs. It is good to sit down and read about the big things some of the boys are doing. Some are doing real well for themselves. I wonder if T. P. Hunter has gotten back into the scrimmage yet. He is probably trying hard if he is physically able. And Knute Kresie is on top as he was on the baseball diamond. . . .Doc, I'm still here at Great Lakes training recruits. I had a short cruise on the Atlantic last winter. Other than that, I've been here all the time. . . . I am coaching the Regimental Boat Racing Crew. What I know about it you could put in a small book but we are in second place out of twelve regiments. It is a lot of fun but takes up all my extra time."

I am glad, Eddie, that you think the Rebounds is a good thirty-minute furlough. You can always bet that Knute Kresie will be on the old mound firing at the brothers in the batter's box. He always looked good to me when he faced the opposing batsmen.

Chief Specialist Theno F. Graves writes, "I'm stationed at the University of Southern California as an instructor in physical education. V-12 program. I have been here since March 20. Prior to that time I was at the naval training station, San Diego. . . . One of your players of last season is here - Homer Sherwood. He is doing well but will have to hurry to make the squad here this year. Have some good men on hand at the present time."

Theno, the next time you see Homer Sherwood, tell him I am betting on him to make the squad. He was slow in starting here at the University, but he got going. Just give him a good chance and he will prove his worth.

S/Sgt. A. George Hulteen (APO 495, c/o P.M., New York) passes his Rebounds around to four or five Jayhawkers somewhere in India. George, I want to say that if you will send me the addresses of these other boys we will be glad to mail each one of them a Rebounds. I imagine, George, the main topic of con-

Lt. (jg) A.M. "Murray" Brown writes us from the Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, Mich. He says, "Keep those Rebounds bounding this way as I really enjoy them. I have met up with several other Kansas friends here and they enjoy them, too. . .Three of the officers and myself journeyed to the All-Star football game last week. The Missouri Valley section was well represented in Glenn Dobbs of Tulsa who played an outstanding game. I'm only sorry Ray Evans couldn't have been present, because I think he is every bit as good as Dobbs. Both throw hard and very accurate. You catch it or it knocks you down. I saw George Dick in uniform but I don't think he played. I tried to see him but the crowd was too big to get thru, - also it rained very hard. I did see Frank Cramer, Reaves Peters, C.E. McBride, Mike Getto, Gene Johnson and several others. It was just like old home week."

Murray, I am passing on to our mutual good friend, E. C. Quigley your remark as follows: "Just tell him its the Rockhurst Brown. That will clarify the Browns to him. He should know my number as many fouls as he has called on me. Not dirty, doc, just rough and clumsy." He will get a kick out of it, but you will remember he always told you, "You can't do that!"

From the U. S. Naval Air Station at Memphis - Down in Dixie - comes a note from A/C Frank Stuckey, who says, "A few weeks ago while I was on leave I had an occasion to read a copy of the Rebounder. I met Virginia Ford Sollenberger on the train between Denver and Hutchinson and she had Marvin's copy. I was delighted to hear of the whereabouts of so many of my K.U. friends and happier still to find that I could be put on the mailing list by writing to you. The Rebounder really gives you the 'word'."

Thanks for your compliment, Frank, in giving the Rebounds the credit for being "the word".

Just after the publication of our last Jayhawk Rebounds we were pleased to receive the announcement of the birth of a baby boy to Ens. and Mrs. Robert E. Hunt, on July 21, at Independence, Kansas. I promised Bob that I would mention it in the next issue. Hearty congratulations to Bob and Mrs. Hunt! We hope the youngster is now hale and hearty, and that his mother is feeling fine. I don't have to inquire about the father.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker, at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, wrote on August 21: "It won't be long now before Henry Shenk will be starting football practice there on the Hill. Gosh, what I wouldn't give to be back. Sports are one thing I really miss in the army. Its been so long since I've played any game I've probably forgotten how. . . We will be leaving the States very soon. Our outfit has been together now almost a year, so I guess it is about time we are seeing the other side."

And gosh, Hoyt, what we wouldn't give to have you back. You would perhaps be the very tabasco that any football or basketball team needs. The old spizzerinktum, the pepper and gingar - that's what you always had. We will take a rain check and count on you for September, '45 - eh, Hoyt? This goes for both the prolate spheroid the the "round ball".

Lt. Chester Gibbens if with the Army Air Forces Tech. Training Command at Orlando, Fla., and says he hopes to be able to get home for a football game or two this fall. His leave is 3 mos. overdue, so he hopes to get home late in Sept. or early October. Chet continues, "Denny might get home around that time. He mentioned something about coming back to the States to school. I imagine it would be for B-29 training, but nothing definite has been said by him. . . . I guess I've been fighting the battle on the home front and have released a WAC for combat duty."

versation among your buddies is - when do we get out of this hot spot and get a chance to be shipped back to God's country. Am I guessing correctly?

Capt. John T. Andrews, Adj. Gen. School. Ft. Washington, Md., writes: "Was in Washington a few weeks ago to see the Quartermaster for some items. While leaning over the counter looking for items I glanced up and there stood Lester Kappelman looking like a million dollars. We went into a huddle that was all too short. Great to see him."

Jack, I pass the Gas Office often and every time I do I think of you. And every time we have Rotary meeting at the Eldridge Hotel we miss your smiling countenance.

Dr. H. L. Kirkpatrick, Capt. M.C., Station Hospital, Ephrata, Wash., says, "I certainly appreciate being on the mailing list and enjoyed reading the letters the boys have written in from all over the world. They're great boys, Doc, and you are proud of them, I know. They played the game for you and how they're giving Uncle Sam their best. . . . . Was pleased to see that Ernie Quigley was appointed Athletic Director, tho for the life of me I can't see why anyone would care for the job unless, they really loved K.U. Some of us do that, Phog, and I'm sure no one could ever say you weren't for K.U. first, last and all the time."

Thank you for the compliment, Doctor. It was awfully good to hear from you. We are waiting for your return to have some of the Jayhawker bullfests.

Capt. Harold E. Johnson, Hqs. 8th Service Command, Dallas, Texas, says, "Last spring in Oklahoma City I talked to Fred Pralle a few minutes and he mentioned the Jayhawk Rebounds which he received and enjoyed. You were kind enough to send me a copy and it was all Pralle said it was. Surely good to read of the fellows."

Harold, when you come back after the war we want you to come and visit us and see the intramural set-up as it is running then. It will be bigger and better, of course, because the past should never lay hold upon the future. And the future is always greater than the past.

Ens. W. A. "Bill" Forsyth is now at Camp Bradford, near Norfolk, Va. He says, "Was taking a physical Saturday with a fellow and it turned out to be Bob Kenney, who played for Rice Institute in '41-'42. We had quite a time talking about the old days. He was inquiring of Engleman. Bob had a knee operation a few months ago and he is almost a cripple. Don't imagine he will play much basketball after the war."

Bill, please remember me to Bob Kenney. He caused us many anxious hours. He was a great athlete and a grand fellow. Ask him if he remembers the little girl that nearly ensnared him. He made several visits to Lawrence, Kansas, to give the little lady a very strenuous rush. In this morning's mail I have an announcement from Mr. and Mrs. James William Thompson announcing the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Byron Wellington Hart, Air Corps, Army of the United States, on Thorsday, the 7th of September, at the Church of Our Savior, San Gabriel, California. Ask Bob Kenney how it happened!

Vance Hall, C/P, M.A.A.F., Tucson, Arizona: "I want to thank you for sending me the last copy of the Jayhawk Rebounds. I surely do enjoy them and I know how the boys overseas must look forward to each edition. I managed to get a release from the Primary school where I was instructing - it has

since been closed and I am now with the Air Transport Command. . . . I had quite a surprise the other day when we reported to the flight line as there was Ray Nible, one of the instrument instructors. He is a 2nd lieutenant. I took him the latest Jayhawk Rebounds and he sure enjoyed reading it."

Vance, tell Ray Nible that the thud of the pigskin is in the air. Ask him if he ever gets an urge to get back on Mt. Oread and take one more swing at that old pigskin.

Pvt. Harold Goodwin (APO 140, c/o P.M., New York): "Received your latest newsletter and it is a pip. This is just a note to ask that you change my address. Finally satisfied an ambition I've had since 7 Dec. 1941. I've been promoted to Pvt. Harold Goodwin. . . . And I love it."

Congratulations, Goody, on the thing that you have wanted to do, namely, get into the war as a buck private rather than as a Red Cross field director. You have shown exactly where your heart is in this war.

Major E. R. Elbel, writing from the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, says: "Met 'Kenny' Hamilton at officer's mess the other day. He is now a captain and a fine looking boy. He is stationed at Parren, Texas. Had dinner with Ralph Miller the other night. He graduates from OCS tomorrow (Aug. 5). I never saw him looking better. He has made a fine impression over there.

Major Eddie, we were glad to hear from Kenny Hamilton. I, too, would have liked to have had the pleasure of shaking hands with Ralph Miller upon his graduation from OCS. I will answer your fine letter that called forth many potent points for physical education and its challenge here on Mt. Oread. You certainly presented a challenging situation for the administrators to seriously consider. You definitely showed your interest in a constructive program. Thanks a million.

Dr. George A. Esterly, the patron saint of athletics on Massachusetts Street, wrote me from his beautiful Estes Park summer retreat. "Let me thank you for the Rebounds. I enjoyed it so much that I hope I may be favored again. So many of those boys I know so well, that I enjoyed it more than I can tell you." We will be sending you another Rebounds, Doctor, and your many friends who receive this still count you the number one pepper-upper, when enthusiasm is needed for any athletic team that can beat Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas State or Iowa State. In fact, you started supporting Kansas teams long before some of these schools were ever in the Big Six or the Missouri Valley.

We received a postcard on August 29 from 2nd Lt. Charles B. Black, Jr., giving his APO 16400, c/o Postmaster, New York, Good luck, Charlie, in that streak o' light reconnaissance photographic plane of yours. Take some beautiful pictures of those babies!

We acknowledge with thanks, and with congratulations, the announcement from Lt. Dan Partner, USNR, former Kansas Aggie gridiron luminary and later versatile sports writer on the sports Desk of the Kansas City Star, the arrival at Iowa City, Iowa, on August 8, 1944, of Ann Cornelia Partner, gross weight 7 lbs. 5 oz. logged aboard at 0208, reporting for duty to Louise Partner, in command. And signed by the skipper of the ship, said luminary and versatile all-sports writer. The ship in which the trio are sailing is the USS Partnership. May their voyage be a most serene and happy one.

Hats off to Pvt. Charles Gordon Stucker, who is now at Camp Fannin, Texas. Gordon added to his laurels won on the gridiron and basketball court by winning the Sharpshooter Medal, with the highest score in his battalion, shooting 149 out of 150. Yet his eyesight was the thing that failed him in his Annapolis try. A clipping from the Tyler, Texas, newspaper says that two contests stood head and shoulders above the rest in the Tyler-Smith County tank championships. The men's 400 yd. free style event, which usually takes a back seat to the shorter dash events, was a highlight of the first two nights of the tournament. A large crowd watched Pvt. Charles Gordon Stucker fall behind Pvt. Richard Hinze in the gruelling 400 yd. event. By the 12th lap Hinze was almost a full lap ahead of Stucker, but a burst of speed in the last four turns gave Stucker the victory. Gordon also won the men's 50-yd. free style.

R. W. Farris, PhM, writes from Seattle - "I was quite surprised but pleased to learn of Quigley being made Director of Athletics at Kanasa. I am sure he will be a fine man for the job."

Good luck when your new ship comes in, Dick, - the one you are waiting for.

I received a fine letter from Bill Huggines, 709 West 6th St., Coffeyville, Kansas. Bill is a number one sports enthusiast of the Sunflower state. Although an illness has kept him bedridden for a number of years, he knows every athlete and the athlete's record in this country of ours. Bill is a brother of "Toady" Huggins who played on Frosty Cox's championship teams at Colorado. He has been in England since spring, just after he finished the basketball season playing in the National A.A.U. tournament in Denver as a member of the Buckley Field team. When I spoke in Coffeyville last fall at the all-sports dinner given by the classification clubs of that city, I stopped in to see Bill. I had never met a more cheerful shut-in in all my life. Good luck and best wishes, Bill.

When Marine W. L. "Bill" Winey, Jr., former caddy at the Lawrence Country Club and a friend of all the players there, visited us in Lawrence I was disappointed in not having a longer time to visit. But from all I hear, Bill, your many friends were delighted to see you and were impressed with your golf game. Bill has returned from Australia and is now at the Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, Calif., where they are trying to get the rest of the malaria out of him before he reports for active duty.

This is a short story about Pfc. Robert E. Allen (405 So. 40th St., Philadelphia 4, Pa.) and Jean McFarland Allen, who are laboring to extricate an M.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania as soon as possible. You will remember what I once said about the Philadelphians. As a class they are much taller and much fairer than the Chinese, but not nearly so progressive. But in the City of Brotherly Love an accident happened on Market Street that cost Pfc. Bob and Jean better than $300.

Bob had taken his car down to have it washed - not by a garage but by some energetic colored boys who would do it cheaper than the garagemen. You Jayhawk Rebounders perhaps remember Bob's Oldsmobile job that was given him as a present by his parents for not indulging in the nasty nicotine habit before he arrived at his majority. Bob's car most of the time has been interned on the two gallons of gasoline allowance plus the extra embargo placed in the East against unnecessary driving. The car was shiny, spic and span, but along came a harmless bee and lit on the anatomy of a colored gentleman's fractious steed. Said steed tore across and street and landed smack-dab in the top of Bob's car, hoofs and all.

Of course, Bob and Jean, luckily, were not in it. The car was a wreck from top to the chassis. Brother-in-law Gil Williams, Eleanor's husband, who is a lawyer, saw the sorrowful owner of the steed and the poor old colored gentleman offered to pay $10.00 a month until the bill was satisfied. However, Bob writes that the poor old colored fellow has just been returned from the operating table at the hospital and they found a huge carcinema of the stomach. They sewed him back up, and the tag on his hospital record showed "exploratory laparotomy". That means they just explored and found that an operation was contraindicated.

This means that Bob had a lot of experience out of the episode, but no money. I am reminded of the philosophy of the old colored fellow who had a blind horse and when he died the old gentleman soliloquized, "Dem that has must lose". Too bad, Bob. But for the benefit of Rope Engleman, Johnny Kline, Ralph Miller, Bruce Voran, Marvin Sollenberger, Norman Sanneman, Charles Walker, Bill Hogben, Bob Johnson, Vance Hall, Maurice Jackson, Don Ebling, Bill Bevan, Jack Sands, Loren Florell, Lyman Corlis, Kirk Owen, Lester Kappelman, Herb Hartman, Fen Durand, and other of your teammates whose names have slipped my mind, they will be glad to know that you came out alive. And with your Army pay as a Pfc. it won't take you long to get the wreck in shape so that you can get back to Bell Memorial Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, where you will begin your interneship sometime soon after October 1st. For a country boy from Kansas to serve as president of his medical class is perhaps compensation to offset your other disappointments. Bob perhaps would never mention this, but with justifiable pride the old folks are pretty happy about it.

Lt. Ralph H. Miller has just written me from Drew Field, Tampa, Florida: "Dear Doc,

I just heard of T. P. Hunter's death yesterday and it really struck home. Jean and I felt very badly about it. I think he was one of the grandest persons I have ever known in my life. It's a shame that he should have to go because he is one of the boys who will be needed later on in this world. My hat is off to him because I think he was one of the greatest guys K.U. ever had.

If possible I would like to have his mother's address. I certainly would appreciate it if you can send it to me.

From the heading you can see where we are now stationed. We like it very much and I have a nice assignment. I am the Asst. Base Physical Training Officer. There are a grand bunch of fellows here and I enjoy my work very much.

Have run into two K.U. people here - Jim Sherman of Topeka, and Tom Lillard of Topeka and his wife (Margaret Butler). We had a nice get-together last night and talking of the swell days at K.U. All of us wished that we could be back there.

Dick is in the Aleutians and so far likes it fine. I understand Bob Gilliand was decorated for action against Jap planes. Spike Robertson was in on D-Day and was plenty scared, so he says.

Enough for now. Doc, your newsletter is wonderful and it is really appreciated by all. I don't know of anything you could have done to make plenty of guys happy. Jean and I both send regards to you and the family. Hope you can send me the address."

Ralph, here is the address: Mrs. Mary F. Hunter,
Margaret, Texas.

Your sincere expression regarding T. P.'s passing is exactly what I expect from all of his friends and teammates. Continued good luck to you and Jean.

Rev. Robert H. Hunt, pastor of the First Methodist Church at Salina, who was pastor of our Methodist Church here in Lawrence, writes: "Last night Rev. and Mrs. Ed Price spent an hour with us and in the conversation Ed said that it had been reported T. P. Hunter had been killed. If this is true I would like to have the name and address of his mother so I might write to her. I was very much impressed with T. P. when he was in school. He was a fine character. . . . Best wishes to Quigley. I have met him numbers of times but he will not remember me. I used to watch him umpire in the National League more than 30 years ago."

Capt. W. H. "Bill" Ramey (APO 115, c/o P.M., New York), writes: "Like many of the boys whose letters I read in the Rebounds, I haven't come across any K.U. men. Wrote Paul Harrington one day months ago but haven't heard anything from him. In the 26 July 1944 issue Lt. John Pfitsch said he met a Ramey. I wish I could say that It was the same one who is writing to you but I can't lay such claims, unfortunately. . . ."

We too hope, Bill, that it will not be long until all of you old-timers are back with us.

To Leroy W. Archer, Coxswarin, USS Trion, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco - Dear Jimmy: I want to confess to you that when you wrote your letter on Oct. 19, 1943, I made a pledge that I would write you right away. I put the same in my pocket and thought I would write the letter from the office. For some reason I changed coats and did not wear the tan coat that I put the letter in much more because it was a sport coat. This fall when I put the same tan coat on I discovered your letter in my inside picket. I called your sister at the First National Bank and got your address, and am now writing you this short note in the Jayhawk Rebounds and sending it to you because it mentions your brother-in-law, Chick Pontius. I knew that you would be interested in hearing about a lot of the boys as you were such a rabid basketball fan; yet you did not limit your enthusiasm to basketball - it was all sports. So here's luck to you. Bob and Mit will be glad to know that you are fighting an aggressive war.

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While you boys have been digging foxholes, I have been digging divots at the Lawrence Country Club. Last Friday, Sept. 8, while playing golf with Ogden Jones, the chairman of the draft board, Mr. Irving Hill and Dr. H. T. Jones, I closed my eyes and swung a lusty iron in the direction of the green on No. 2 fairway. Like a blind pig, I had picked up an 8 iron, and I was lucky enough to get a hole-in-one. The sun was in my eyes and I saw the ball light near the green and then disappear. Ogden Jones excitedly said, "You made it!", but not until I got over there and looked into the cup did I find the ball. Oddly enough, two of the foursome were already members of the Hole-in-One Club. Mr. Irving Hill made his on No. 7 and Dr. Jones previously had made his hole-in-one on old No. 4. Honestly, I believe a fellow who sees someone else make a hole-in-one gets more kick out of it than the individual making it. A few years ago I was playing with Bill Hargiss, and on old No. 1 Bill took his No. 2 iron and swung lustily into the ball which stopped about a foot from the cup dead in line with his drive. On the second nine Bill Hargiss took the same club and the same ball and drove one over identically the same terrain on the green and it rolled deftly into the cup. I know I got more of a kick out of seeing that ball go in than I did on shooting mine because I saw it all the way. And then I thought it took a real golfer to make a hole-in-one!

The tang of fall and the thud of pigskins are in the air. The blackbirds are on their way south. The leaves come tumbling down, and there is the excited talk of fans concerning our first football game with Washburn University of Topeka, which is to be played at Haskell Staduim Friday night, Sept. 15th. Director Ernie Quigley has assembled his coaching staff which is practically the same as last year with Head Coach Henry Shenk assisted by Coaches Elmer Schaake and Dean Nesmith. Director Quigley has also signed up Lt. H. L. Ware, a former great from Texas Christion University. Coach Ware is athletic officer here for the V-12 and his contribution will be most valuable to the team in general and particularly when they meet TCU a week from next Friday. George Dick, last year's honor captain, is also assisting with the squad.

Director Quigley has also signed Chief Specialist Ralph E. Hayes as coach of the boxing team at the University. This sport will be revived under the very capable direction of this athletic officer who developed Golden Gloves champions at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He is a great fellow and a real fighting Irishman. His work has been outstanding in this sport in developing the boys for combat who still have scores to settle with the Japanazis.

Although we have included the entire varsity football schedule in our previous Rebounds, we are repeating it for those who may have lost their last issue and for the new boys on the mailing list.

September 15	Washburn (night)	at Lawrence
September 23	Texas C. (night)	at Kansas City
September 29	Denver (night)	at Denver
October 7	Tulsa (night)	at Tulsa
October 14	Iowa State	at Ames
October 21	Nebraska	at Lawrence (Homecoming)
November 11	Kansas State	at Manhattan
November 18	Oklahoma	at Lawrence
November 23	Missouri	at Kansas City

Now for the football prospects. Coach Shenk was asked his evaluation of the team and the possible prospects. This summation will pretty accurately give you the set-up as it exists at the present time.

"The 1944 edition of the Jayhawker football squad is beginning to round into shape. Summer practice started August 14, and the regular fall practice began September 1, with very little break between the two.

"About 65 boys reported for the opening practice. Among them were several likely looking candidates and several of last year's team. Of course, many of the boys were newcomers, some of whom have never played even high school football, while others were pretty light for Big Six competition. Seven boys reported weighing under 150 pounds.

"At present the following boys seem to be the most likely candidates for starting berths against Washburn September 15: Right end - Dutch Schimenz and Gordon Reynolds. Schimenz weighs 195 and is a member of the V-12 unit, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He played backfield in high school but shows promise at end. Gordon Reynolds, 6'1", weighing 183, had one year of competition at North Dakota State. At right tackle, a freshman, Sam Hunter, 6 ft., weighing 180 lbs. 17-year-old, is the most promising candidate. Sam was all-state tackle last year in high school. Ivory Bird from Olathe, Kansas, and Darwin Lambkin, from Hudson, Wisconsin, are other likely candidates for the right tackle spot. Wallace Rouse, 217 lb. freshman from Wichita, and Gene "Chief" Long, 200 lb. veteran of former years, are most likely starters at left tackle.

"The right guard position is a toss-up between Dud Day, 165 lb., from LaJolla, California; Garland Cantrell, 175 lb., from Joplin Junior College; and Fred Daneke, 162.lb., from Topeka. At the center position two experienced men - Wayne Hird, of Lawrence, 200 lbs., and Dan Chase, 194 lbs., are available. Charles Keller who was a regular last year, weighing 200 lbs., is a left guard with Don Stockdale, 160 lbs., at guard, from Wyandotte, and John McDermott from Wichita East, as understudies.

"At left end, Warren Riegle, who was a regular last year, weighing 180 lbs., from ElDorado, Kansas, and Charles Daigneault, 160 lbs., from Worcester, Mass., are the stand-outs. In the backfield four letter men who were starters last year are available. John Bergin, 175 lbs., at right half, will probably do the signal calling. John is from San Francisco. Leroy Robison, 180 lbs., from Lawrence, will be the blocking back, and Don Barrington, 200 lbs., at fullback. Charles Moffett, of Peabody, Kansas, will be at left half.

"In addition, several other men are showing promise -- Don Faulkner, letterman from last year, at blocking back; Dwight Sutherland from Kansas City, Mo., at halfback; Ted Short from Omaha, fullback; Bob Miller, letterman from last year, at left half; Dick Williams, wingback from Powhattan, Kansas; Kenneth Danneberg, 155-pounder from Kansas City, Mo. Southwest High, and Clifford Brown, 210 lb. fullback who played at Haskell Institute last year.

"Prospects are slightly better than last year, but indications are that all teams will be somewhat stronger this year than last, due to an increase in number of 17-year-olds and an added year's experience for the 4F's in the camps of some of our opponents who have nothing but 4F students."

With my very best wishes to each and every one of you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

No. 12

November 20, 1944

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 receverod by Warren Riegle 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 offsides. 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, drop-kicker 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 Riegle 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 Riegle 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 team played their last game for K.U. since they were being transferred by the Navy to other stations. Warren Riegle, 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.

F L A S H . . . . . 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, hied 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. . . . Lot's of luck in the round ball campaign - I'll be pulling for you 100%."

Ensign 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 Corpur 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 compahy 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 fooling 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 look-out 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. Svoboda, APO 17830, New York; and Cpl. Floyd J. Svoboda, 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, but the near-punctures had caused the boys no harm. In the photograph were plainly visible aces and eights, a full house. One of those 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 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 with the National Championship in his first year. Many educators, of course, have raised their eyebrows at a Phi Beta Kappa and an outstanding 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.

Enr, Ralph E. Schaake, Navy 416, Fleet Postoffice, New York, wrote from England in October, after spent 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 Morse 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 the 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 those 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 those 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 voice 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,

Ernest C. Allen
Doc

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH