

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-