

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 vicariously 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: