

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 Jay-hawkers. 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