

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.