

and have read it from cover to cover. Enjoyed it very much in spite of the fact that I know only a few of those mentioned. I guess after leaving school some eleven to fourteen years ago, my gang of teammates have rather scattered to the four winds. . . . England is a very beautiful country and the people are very pleasant and hospitable. Basketball is not universally played here as far as I can find out, but at least people know what the game is. Bicycling seems to be the national sport, along with cricket and rugby. Bicycles are everywhere ridden by all ages. Quite a sight!" Larry was on our basketball team, and also won his K in baseball in '32.

Pfc. W. E. "Bill" Bradford, c/o Postmaster, New York, also writes from England. "I'm now stationed at a B-17 field and so far have run into two K.U. graduates. One, Capt. Frederick Mann, is my commanding officer. I think he graduated in 1931. Before the war he was a lawyer with the Kansas Power and Light Company in Topeka. He was born and raised in Jefferson County, not far from my home. The other Kansan is Dick Webb. You'll probably remember him - he belonged to the A.T.O. fraternity and graduated in 1942. If I remember correctly he was in one of your B.B. classes at the same time I was. Dick is a navigator on a "Fort" and I do plenty of sweating when he's on a mission."

Yes, I remember the boys, Bill, and I wish you would pass on my greetings and best wishes to them. You are all doing a grand job over there.

Pfc. W. R. "Bob" Fitzpatrick, c/o Postmaster, New York, a member of our 1943 basketball team, also writes us from England: "Your letters are still reaching me and they are swell. It is something that you get to looking forward for. Every couple of months you get to thinking, it's about time for one of Doc's letters, and it usually isn't long until the letter shows up. One of your letters was really a big help as Bill Brill got my address from it. We hadn't heard from one another for almost a year. Went into a Phi Delt meeting in London not long ago and met a man who said to tell you hello. It was Major Tebew from Kansas State."

I'm glad to get the good news about the treatments you've been receiving for your eyes, Bob. That is really swell, and I hope the infection has cleared up altogether.

Lt. William "Bill" Belt, who was our fencing instructor in the Physical Education Department in 1941 and 1942, was on the U.S.S. Tuscaloosa which distinguished itself smashing shore batteries during the invasion. Bill is aircraft recognition officer on the cruiser.

As I mentioned earlier in this letter, there is a restriction on publication of addresses in a newsletter such as this. The Office of Censorship advises us that the addresses permissible for publication are not sufficient for delivery of mail, so if any of you boys want a particular address I will be more than glad to send it to you in a personal letter. We do not want in any way to give aid or comfort to the enemy.

The Fifth War Loan is upon us. The opening Big Gun will be fired from the Haskell Stadium signaling the real start of the drive. Tuesday, June 20th, at 8 p.m. is the D-Date and the H-Hour for the mammoth bond sale and auction. Things difficult to get, such as Kleenex, nylon hose, a saddle, a new tire, 100 gallons of gasoline (the ration board permitting), lawn mower, garden hose, a yearling steer, - will be auctioned off with bond purchases. As chairman of the program and exhibit committee, we are working feverishly to get the job done in the most efficient manner. The quota for

Douglas County is \$2,213,400, the second largest in the state. Douglas County has never failed to go over the top in a bond drive, and I am sure that the Fifth War Loan drive will be no exception. The citizens are responding in a tremendous way.

The past week we in the States have gone through an unusual experience. Never before, perhaps, in the history of America, has there been such a profound emphasis upon prayer. The President of the United States gave to the press, and later that evening over the radio, a prayer for the welfare of you boys who are undertaking a task that is fraught with dire consequences.

Our people were transformed into another world. They knew what D-Day and H-Hour meant, and some way across the miles there was a linking of spirits and minds for the safety of our boys. Every church and every shrine had its significance. It might not be that the people are any more religious, but it emphasized the great need for some higher power to lead our boys through the holocaust.

We know that many of our Jayhawkers were in that invasion. But we have not forgotten the other theatres in the slightest. This invasion of Hitler's Europe seemed to center on all the deep emotions of our people. Certainly the other theatres of war and preparation for war have not been overlooked because we realize you boys in other sectors are doing your job in the same brave and fearless fashion, hoping for the day when you can return to the normal life that you so much desire. And the way things are looking now, that day of expectancy and realization is coming closer.

With every good wish to each one of you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

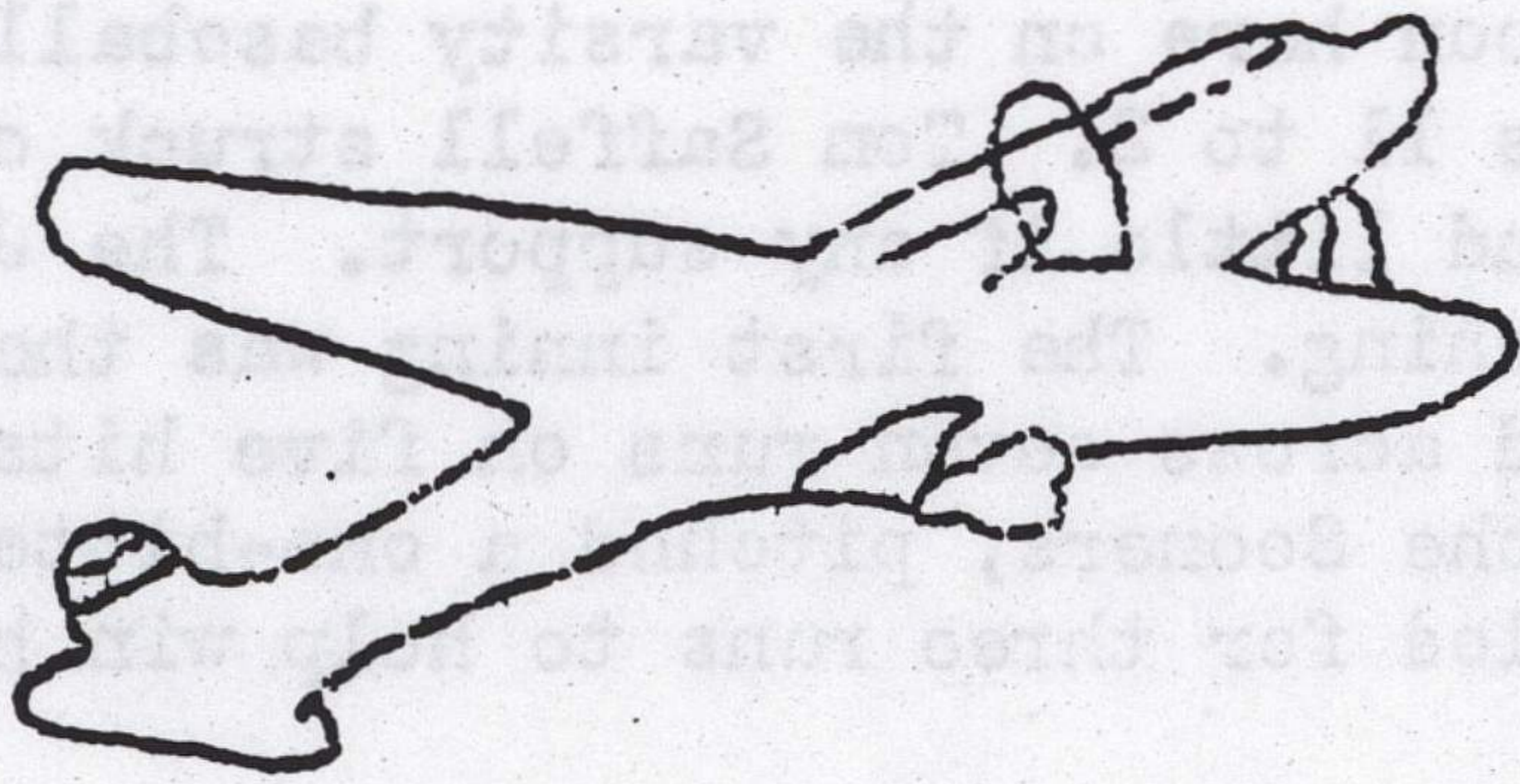
P.S. Note to Pfc. Miller Cameron: In your greetings to the boys of the baseball team we failed to add Bob Allen's name along with the rest of the gang. On page 7, par. 4, the reference is to Bob Allen being in the Army Medical Corps at the University of Pennsylvania. His address is 405 So. 40th St., Apt. 306, Philadelphia 4, Pa. I thought we had better clear this up for our Jayhawk Rebounders, else they might think that it was Bob Johnson, whose address is VF 15, c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York. As yet, Bob Johnson has not been coralled by the fair sex. Harold "Sparky" McSpadden, a star performer for the past two years as a Jayhawk basketeer, says, "Doc, these women are going to get us yet."

And too, I owe an apology to the 1943 ever-victorious squad. On page 8 I list the five boys who carried the brunt of the battle in most games, but I want now to mention the rest of the boys, some of whom took up the lead after Armand Dixon was called to the colors and Charlie Black was laid low with pneumonia. Certainly I would not leave the 1943 team out of any all-star consideration in anybody's league. The entire squad who received letters and experi-

enced a wonderful over-victorious triumph were: John Buescher (capt.), Ray Evans, Charlie Black, Otto Schnellbacher, Armand Dixon, Harold McSpadden, Jack Ballard, Paul Turner, Hoyt Baker, Bill Brill, Max Kissell, Bob Fitzpatrick, Don Blair, George Dick, Bill Forsyth, and John Short.

I just received an original master recording from Chief Specialist Ernie Klamm at 5738 Woodman Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. Ernie was one of our first Physical Education majors after the inauguration of the four-year course in the School of Education. Ernie tells me in his recording that he ran into C. Sp. Theno Graves in the shower room, not dreaming that a Jayhawker was so near. What a thrill Ernie got, he says, because Theno was captain of the track team of which Ernie was a star miler and two miler. Theno told Ernie about the Rebounds, and Ernie in his recording says he wants one pronto. Well, Ernie, I have just finished the Rebounds this morning and your appeal will receive immediate attention. You promised to write me a letter, and we want to know about your wife and family.

F.C.A.



JAYHAWK REBOUNDS

No. 9

June 12, 1944

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Lieut. and Mrs. Ole Nesmith just dropped in the office to say hello and good-bye. Ole has been stationed in the South Pacific area for fourteen months. He is on a 15 day furlough and is reporting to Liberator Training Unit, NAS, Hutchinson, Kansas, until further orders. Ole looks in first class fighting condition - down to his old football training days. It was good to see both Mrs. Nesmith and Ole. We remembered meeting Mrs. Nesmith in New York when our basketball team was playing in the Garden. She was formerly Miss Emily Lomb.

Lieut. and Mrs. Charles Black also called on us a week ago. We had a splendid visit and Charlie looks like a million, - finely conditioned and with an additional confidence that made him look like a tough combat adversary. Charlie was destined for the Will Rogers Field at Oklahoma City. He left here last Monday, arrived there Thursday and took his tests. They did 50,000 feet in altitude, among other things, and before he knew it he was on his way to Coffeyville. He is to fly a P38 Photo Reconnaissance, and the grapevine tells us that he is doggone disappointed because there isn't a gun on the ship and he wanted to do some shooting, but they do say that his ship is the fastest thing out of this world.

Charlie will be taking pictures and shooting other things than machine guns, but I'll bet his performance is as good in the air as it was on the backboards and rebounds. Good luck, Charlie!

Another recent visitor at the office was Major E. R. "Eddie" Elbel, a member of our Physical Education staff who is now on leave for military service. Major Elbel has just completed a two months course in New York City at the Institute for Crippled and Disabled, and has written a manual on exercise for the use of men in the rehabilitation program. Major Elbel's new assignment is in research in the school of aviation medicine at Randolph Field. Dr. Peter Karpovitch, a former classmate of Major Elbel's at Springfield College, Mass., is also associated with him in this important rehabilitation work.

Already the fighting Jayhawker K men are doing something about the second generation of athletes at the University of Kansas. Ensign and Mrs. J. Fred Harris report the birth of Michael Frederick, weight 8 lbs. 8 oz., on May 26, in Kansas City. Freddie was our star quarterback on the football team in 1933, '34 and '35, vying with Ad Lindsay as one of the most versatile spiral punters of a long line of Kansas gridiron kickers. Also, Ensign and Mrs. Howard Engleman announce the birth of an 8 lb. 8 oz. son, Howard Dodge Engleman. Howard was on the varsity basketball teams of 1939, '40, and '41, and broke my scoring record of 27 points when he scored 29 points in a Big Six game.

So Kansas will not need to worry about her oncoming future greats in an athletic way. Congratulations to both the Englemans and the Harrisers. Long may they live and prosper!

The baseball season closed Saturday afternoon here on the varsity baseball field when the Oklahoma Sooners defeated Kansas 11 to 2. Tom Saffell struck out 19 of the Sooners, but he issued 6 walks and had little if any support. The Jayhawkers made five costly errors behind his pitching. The first inning was the nemesis of the Jayhawkers as the Sooners pushed across seven runs on five hits, three walks and three errors. Bob Reese, of the Sooners, pitched a one-hitter, in addition to hitting a home run and two singles for three runs to help win his own ball game.

Baseball was not considered a championship sport by the Big Six this year as only Iowa State, Kansas and Oklahoma played baseball and none of them played four conference games. It was just an activity affair so far as the schools were concerned. Coach Elmer Schaaake took over the coaching reins after Jack Austin resigned from the Physical Education Department. Every one of the varsity coaches are employed in the Department of Physical Education as their major work, and are doing the varsity coaching as a side line. We are just carrying on until this thing is over and then Kansas will blossom out into a new athletic era - we hope.

On the evening of June 2nd the K Club, the University lettermen's organization, gave a K Club dance in Hoch Auditorium. They went "big time" and procured Jan Savitt's Top Hatters, one of the big time dance orchestras out of New York. For a war year the K Club has done exceptional things. George Dick, Gordon Stucker, Sparky McSpadden, Charles Moffett and Bob Malott have been the inspirational leaders back of the renaissance of the K Club. These five boys sponsored the football game at Haskell Stadium between the varsity and the alumni with a view of raising enough money to subsidize this dance. Over 450 couples attended this big party, and instead of losing money, the K Club made money. It was a beautiful affair, attended by Army and Navy officers, as well as the enlisted men of all branches who are now in the University. Chancellor Deane W. Malott crowned the queen, Miss Shirley Otter, and presented bouquets to the queen's attendants, Miss Norma Henry and Miss Margaret Gurley. The queen was presented a five-year pass to all athletic games by the Athletic Association. The Chancellor, in his presentation remarks, declared, "This is one thing that I have always sworn I would never do - crown a queen." But he did it gracefully, although in placing the crown he failed to tilt it at a rakish angle which might have been more becoming to the queen.

With the closing baseball game on June 10, the sport fans will now cast their eyes toward the gridiron sport. It looks as if the colleges are planning to carry on their regular calendar of sports next year. Kansas has already determined to go forward with football and basketball, as well as her other major sports. The football staff is complete at the University of Kansas with Henry Shenk as head coach, and Elmer Schaaake and Dean Nesmith assistant coaches. An eight-game schedule, with one or two open dates yet to be filled, has already been arranged by Acting Athletic Director Karl Klooz. The schedule is as follows:

September 15	Open
September 23	Texas Christian University at Kansas City
September 30	Denver University at Denver
October 7	Tulsa University at Tulsa
October 14	Iowa State College at Ames
October 21	University of Nebraska at Lawrence
October 28 and November 4	- Open
November 11	- Kansas State College at Manhattan
November 18	- University of Oklahoma at Lawrence
November 23	- University of Missouri at Kansas City

Football hopes at K.U. took a jolt when Bob George, frosh triple-threat man, Joe Dickey, half-back speedster, and Frank Gruden, all-Big Six guard, were transferred by the Navy at the end of the winter term along with several other outstanding boys. The discontinuance of the V-5 program this summer will also remove a potential source of manpower from the K.U. squad. Last year three V-5 boys won their letters at K.U. Too, the Navy has already announced that there will be a reduction of personnel in the V-12 program November first. This means that an entirely different team from that beginning the season may play the November games.

Naval transfers the first of July make a guess as to K.U.'s football prospects for 1944 even more hazardous. Since freshmen are ineligible to participate until after one semester, there is little likelihood of getting much help from that source. Undoubtedly we will lose more than we will gain by the July transfers. On the brighter side of the ledger is the fact that fifteen lettermen from last year are still in school at the present time.

Since Head Coach Henry Shenk has a pretty good knowledge of the competition in the Big Six Conference this coming season, I asked him what he thought of Kansas' chances. I recall the days when Shenk played for Kansas, and particularly in 1927 when he caught a pass from Art Lawrence (now coaching at Rosedale High School) and dashed 40 yards down the east side of the field for a touchdown that beat Missouri 14 to 7. Capt. Barrett Hamilton caught the pass from Art Lawrence that made the first Kansas touchdown. Kansas had experienced a rather mediocre season up until that time. Missouri was Big Six champion and had beaten Nebraska and Northwestern, and were prohibitive favorites.

So when I asked Henry Shenk about the prospects for this season he replied, "So far as the Big Six this year is concerned it looks as if Oklahoma will probably be the team to beat for the championship. They have a large V-5 unit and a good many of their players back from last year, and they can also be counted on to get some outstanding freshman talent. Iowa State should also present a strong team since they not only have a large V-12 unit but also play a group of naval trainees corresponding to our electricians' mates. Oklahoma beat Kansas 26 to 13 last year in a thrilling game at Norman, and Iowa State defeated Kansas at Lawrence in a rather drab game 13 to 6.

"Missouri and Nebraska and Kansas State have no naval trainees. However, this may be an advantage in Big Six competition next year. It is quite likely that the three schools that have naval trainees will suffer from the cut of personnel announced for November first, and those schools playing civilians should at least be able to keep their squad intact from the beginning of the season until the end. The civilian teams are able to have longer practice sessions and more time for chalk-talks than the naval schools. The naval trainees maintain higher standards of scholarship with fewer practice hours than do the civilians. These factors to a certain extent counterbalance the lack of manpower in the schools having civilians.

Coach Shenk went on to say, "Probably Missouri should be the strongest of the three schools with all-civilian teams. They still have Delestations, Collins and several other boys from their fine team last year who will have profited by a year's experience. Nebraska always has a good football team. Last year they had probably the poorest team they have ever had. Yet they were able to defeat Kansas by one point in a sea of rain and mud at Lincoln, perpetuating the 28-year old jinx. Coach Ward Haylett of Kansas State, whose team was in the cellar last season, recently announced that things were looking up for football next year with the return of 140 Army veterinarians to civilian status. These together with a promising

array of last year's high school stars, should provide Kansas State with some much-needed manpower.

"While the picture may change almost overnight, hingeing upon the progress of the war, various decisions of the Navy, and the general manpower situation, K.U. will have to battle hard to place in the upper bracket next fall. However, there is a fighting spirit evident among the players who participated in the Jayhawker's victory over Missouri last fall which had not been evident for several seasons and which may carry the young Jayhawkers to greater heights in 1944. It should be an interesting season, and fans are assured of good football entertainment with the results in the laps of the gods and the hands of the 17-year-olds, the 4F's and the Navy."

The Big Six Outdoor Track championship of the conference was won by Iowa State College at Lincoln, Nebraska, on May 20, with 67 points. Kansas showed surprising strength in taking second place with $56\frac{1}{2}$ points. Kansas won seven first places, and had she possessed a larger squad, as did Iowa State, undoubtedly Kansas would have been the winner. Other Big Six schools placed in the following order: Oklahoma, $34\frac{1}{2}$ points; Missouri, $32\frac{1}{2}$ points; Nebraska, $24\frac{1}{2}$ points; and Kansas State, 9 points.

Kansas has experienced a very successful indoor and outdoor track season under the splendid tutelage of Ray Kanehl. Kanehl graduated from the University of Kansas in 1927, having won a gold track shoe on Coach Harry Huff's Missouri Valley Championship track team. Coach Kanehl is in his first year at the University of Kansas, having come to us from Wichita East High School where he was chairman of the Physical Education Department. Kanehl won five track championships while at East High.

The experience of track coaches throughout the nation this season has been one of changing personnel. Kansas has been no exception. Of 92 men who have reported for track during the season, only 38 remained to finish the season. A number of these boys were Navy V-12 trainees who were transferred to other units. Several civilian boys were called into service by Uncle Sam. Last year Henry Shenk coached the Kansas track team to a third place in the Big Six. In looking over the records it appears that Kanehl has made the best record of any track coach at Kansas for the past seven or eight years.

The athletic directors have set the date of August 12th for the Big Six basketball coaches to meet at the Continental Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, to discuss, and if possible, draft a Big Six basketball schedule for next year. The teams have heretofore played a double round robin tournament, but with transportation what it is, some adjustment may be made in the schedule. Certainly Kansas will not play the great number of games in basketball that she did last year. Travel conditions were then severe, but they will be much worse this year.

Commencement exercises this year will be held on June 29. Dr. Chauncey S. Boucher of the University of Nebraska will speak at the Commencement ceremony, and Dr. Nelson P. Horn of Baker University will deliver the baccalaureate address Sunday afternoon, June 25. The June exercises will be the third graduation ceremony to be held at the University this year.

A campaign has been launched by students and faculty of the Medical School at Kansas City to build a Student Union. Your good friend and mine, Dr. Don Carlos Peete, is serving as chairman of the Dr. C. B. Francisco Memorial Fund.

Dr. Francisco passed away on February 23. This was soon after he made it a point to be present at the graduation exercises of his son, David, who received his M.D. degree from Dr. Francisco's hands. The State of Kansas and the University suffered an irreparable loss when Dr. Fran passed away. He was a great lover of athletics and youth. In fact, on every hand we hear that he befriended thousands of unfortunate people that no one else ever heard about. When he was present at the commencement a person told me that for years he had paid the grocery bill for a family of unfortunate people that no one ever dreamed they were being helped by Dr. Fran. Each month he kept this family in food without anyone knowing about it.

Dr. Francisco was a great humanitarian in every sense of the word. It is planned that in the student union at the medical center at the University of Kansas at Rosedale will be a memorial for Dr. Francisco who for thirty years gave his services unselfishly to crippled children. He was a respected and deeply beloved teacher at the University of Kansas School of Medicine. Dr. Peete stated to me that checks payable to the Francisco Memorial Fund should be mailed to the University of Kansas School of Medicine, Kansas City, Kansas. And it just occurred to me that I have not made my subscription, so this very day I am mailing a check to Dr. Peete so that I can subscribe to my great admiration and friendship for Dr. Francisco. I remember so often when he would call for tickets, and even though the basketball games would many times be sold out, Dr. Fran would say, "Phog, I have just got to have a ticket," and upon one or two occasions we made room for him by pushing the substitutes off to the side of the bench and allowed Dr. Fran to be our honored guest.

Several years ago I took a group of our varsity basketball team to Dodge City, Kansas, to aid in a demonstration clinic for an assemblage of ten visiting high school squads at the beautiful new Dodge City gymnasium. We put on the formations and plays that Kansas used in their practice and game drills, in both afternoon and evening sessions, and played a short scrimmage demonstration game for the benefit of the public. Much to our surprise and pleasure we found Dr. Francisco in attendance at both sessions avidly "eating up" our demonstration games. He, of course, was out in that section on professional work, but in his busy life of struggle he seemed to derive much benefit from the struggle of young men.

The Office of Censorship, Washington, has called to our attention the Code of Wartime Practices, so if we don't give full addresses for some of the boys you will know it is because of the admonition of this office.

I get a great kick out of receiving letters such as I received from Lacy Haynes, Sr. He is always thinking of the boys' interest overseas. He says: "I am sending you Tom Van Cleave's address. I presume you have him on the mailing list for the Jayhawk Rebounds, but I thought maybe you would be interested." Of course we did have Tom's address, but this only testifies that Lacy is constantly on the job, endeavoring to make Jayhawkers more happy and comfortable, if at all possible. Lacy during peace times never missed a football or basketball game. In fact, I believe that he has only seen the Jayhawker basketball team lose one game in all the time he has been coming. He is our good luck charm.

Ens. Don P. Ebling, at 339 Virginia St., Hollywood Beach, Florida, wrote me on May 29th. He says, "They are still preparing me as an officer..... I haven't seen many fellows from school except John Kline. He is scheduled to become a gunnery officer on a DE, but his school will last for about four more months."

Ens. Jesse Paul Turner, c/o Fleet P. O., New York, dropped in the office in May on a very short visit. On June 1, he writes, "When I returned to the ship we had a new captain and two other men had been transferred, so we have a smaller

happy family. I have assumed the positions of ass't gunnery officer and the 2nd division officer now, so I have some more duties that will make our future voyages more interesting."

Lt. W. R. "Dick" Channel, is at Camp Fannin, Texas, Hdq. 13th Regt., and says, "I have a platoon of men most of whom are 12 years older than I. They have a tough time of it but they work hard as the dickens and really try. They remind me of a K.U. basketball team that always works hard and puts everything it has into the game." Dick asks us to add to our mailing list the name of Pvt. E. K. Crowley, Fort Jackson, S. C., which we are happy to do.

Cpl. Jack Ballard is now with the 13th Armored Division at Camp Bowie, Texas, and says, "They couldn't have picked a better place to send me. I am only 125 miles from Ft. Worth where I was raised..... I saw Dick Harp before I left Ft. Riley. He was leaving for Adj. General's School in Washington on the 9th of May. We had a great time discussing some of the old gang from the S.A.E. house."

Good old "Jocco" Ballard was the cause of our getting a good licking in basketball at Fort Riley on February 7th. Jack is a greatly improved basketball player and when Jack returns the basketball brothers had better raise that basket to a height greater than ten feet. You know the rest!

Lt. C. W. "Chuck" Elliott, is now at Greenville, So. Carolina, and asks that we mail a Rebounds to Jim Alley, of Augusta. He wrote Chuck from the Aleutians asking how he could get it, and we are glad to put him on our mailing list. We started out to write to the boys who had played on our teams, but the mailing list has been enlarged so that it is for any Jayhawker or any friend of the Jayhawkers. Chuck says, "We picked our crew for our B-25 the first week so it may not be permanent, but my co-pilot is a Battenfeld boy from Junction City, Marvin Zoschke."

Ens. Roy Edwards, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif., wrote on May 16, and says, in part, "We are working in the group of islands where Fen Durand made his last landing. The entire island is covered with evidence of the terrific battle which was fought."

Mr. L. N. Anderson, traffic representative of the Missouri Pacific Lines in Kansas City, wrote me on May 11 and gave me the address of Capt. Harley L. Anderson, and asked that the Jayhawk Rebounds be sent to Harley, a member of our varsity basketball team in the balmy Howard Engleman days. Harley and Howard will both remember the wonderful telephone conversation they had when Howard, together with Bob Allen, was visiting Dr. Peete in Kansas City. Engleman is now speaking over Dr. Peete's telephone after calling Harley Anderson: "Hello, Harley, this is Dr. Allen speaking. I was just wondering how you have enjoyed working in the towel room in the gymnasium." Anderson said, "Fine, thank you, Doctor." Engleman speaking: "Well, I am very sorry to tell you that we are going to have to dismiss you for lack of funds in the department. You have been a good man but we can't keep you any longer. Come in my office when you get back to the University and I will do the best I can for you." Later, Harley got even with Engleman by offering him gratuities that Engleman never received, but we will let Howard tell that. These college days are dizzy days, aren't they, Howard?

Lt. T. C. "Tom" Bishop, a star on the three Kansas varsity basketball teams of 1929, 1930 and 1931, writes from a New York APO address, "What is the deal on the Rebounds? About two months ago I received a copy from C. E. McBride and I enjoyed the issue very much. I was in Texas at the time, but orders came for me to move, and now I'm sitting in North Africa." (C. E. McBride, you know, is

sports editor of the Kansas City Star, and Tom married Mary Mil, C. E.'s eldest and only daughter.) Good luck, Tom, old fellow.

Lt. Lawrence R. Johnston (baseball '41, '42), writes from the Central Pacific, "Regardless of where you go you see Kansas men. I met one, Roy Jindra, a marine corporal, aboard ship. Capt. Charles Groff, Topeka, is intelligence officer at garrison headquarters and is on this island. My roommate knew Gordon Gray at Harlingen, Texas, high school. He also said he knows a Capt. Weinecke from K.U. on another island in this atoll. Could that be Emil Weinecke?"

S/Sgt. Ralph "Red" Dugan, pitcher on our baseball teams of 1938, '39 and '40, is at the Las Vegas air base in Nevada, and in addition to giving the officers at the base their physical conditioning exercises, he is coach of the baseball team there.

Pfc. Millor Cameron is in the A.S.T.U. at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, and writes as follows: "Should like to be remembered to Knute Kresie, Bob Johnson, T. P. Hunter, Chain Healy, Don Pollom, as well as Jack Floyd, Larry Hensley, Jack Sands, Bruce Reid, Max Replogle, David Shirk, Richard Amerine, Ed Hall, and others. . . . Am in Term V-A.S.T. Mechanical Engineering here at L.S.U."

Miller, Bob is in the Army Medical Corps and in his last third of his senior semester at the University of Pennsylvania. He will graduate in early September and will intern for nine months at Bell-Memorial Hospital in Kansas City. On April 26th he married Jean McFarland, daughter of Jim McFarland of the McFarland Drug Company in Topeka. He had a five-day leave and just barely had time to get from Philadelphia to Topeka and return on his sojourn. They have an apartment and are very happy in their temporary quarters.

Cpl. Hoyt Baker wrote from Fort Bliss, Texas, on April 25th, and said, "I received a letter from Ross and he is now in Ireland. Paul, Jr., my youngest brother who is a senior in high school goes to the Naval Air Corps July 1st. I sure hope he gets to take his college training there at K.U. All four of us brothers are in service now."

Hoyt, I delivered the commencement address at Peabody on May 25th, and had dinner at Dr. Jessen's house. Your mother and dad were there, and I saw your grandfather. Your brother was in the graduating class and also at the dinner. We had a most enjoyable time visiting with the Jessons and the Bakers.

Lt. Denzel Gibbens, c/o P.M. San Francisco, wrote in April as follows: "I received your Feb. 15 Rebounds yesterday and was really pleased to get it. Thanks a lot. I've already written to Kresie hoping that we may be able to get together. I'm in the Jolly Rogers outfit and unlike Knute we are doing the dropping instead of being bombed. So far our crew hasn't been able to shoot any of the little yellow men down. Only one has come close and our gunners turned him at a safe distance. One of our P38's was on his tail and so the Japs have one less airplane and pilot. I'm in New Guinea and so far I have run on to no one from K.U. I wish I could as I would really like to sing the alma mater. We did have a boy from K-State. I taught the rest of the fellows 'My eyes have seen the milking of the Kansas Aggie cow' song. At first he wanted to know where they got it. Then he realized I was from K.U. We have some good natured joking."

Pvt. Floyd Svoboda, who was at Ft. Riley in April, says, "I want to thank you very much for mailing the Jayhawk Rebounds to me. Its really great to be able to read about the boys from K.U. The last I saw of a large bunch was last March, a year ago, when we were at the Leavenworth Reception Center. Since then even they have been widely scattered. I had a lucky experience while on maneuvers in Tenn. in March. I lost my brother's address, and a few days later received the Jayhawk Rebounds with a letter he had written and also his address. He (Lloya) is at present in O.C.S. at Ft. Benning, Ga."

Ralph Miller, in O.C.S. at San Antonio, Texas, wrote on April 23 that he was trying to get his gold bars at San Antonio, and that Ray Evans was in O.C.S. at Miami. We wish both of these boys the best luck in the world. They were both physical instructors at Scott Field, Ill., for several months before going to O.C.S.

Congratulations to Lit. Edward L. "Ed" Suagee, a member of the varsity football teams of 1939 and '40, who received his wings at Lubbock Army Air Field on May 23. Lots of good luck, Ed!

Cpl. Armand Dixon, c/o P.M., San Francisco, California, a member of the Ever-Victorious basketball team of 1943 with Otto Schnellbacher, Ray Evans, John Buescher, and Charlie Black, writes us from the Territory of Hawaii, "It sure is swell to know where all of the fellows are and a little of what they are doing, and they are certainly all doing a great job..... I believe that most of us - Otto, Ray, Charlie, and all the others are just waiting for the day that we can return and play basketball for K.U. again. I'm sure that they all have had that thrill that I get, just before the start of a game, warming up on the floor, and then the lights dim and a hush falls over all. The band plays The Star Spangled Banner, and the flag goes up slowly. As we stand on the floor I don't think there is one of us that doesn't have a lump in his throat."

And here's word from another member of that wonderful basketball team - Otto Schnellbacher, who says, "I am now at Hondo, Texas, advanced navigation school. If I make the grade here I will be an officer, but the studying is hard. If I had studied half as hard in college as I have here I would have been a strictly "A" student." We know you'll make it, Snelly, and we are counting the days - not the years - until you will be back with Armand, Ray, Charlie - yes, and old Grandpa Buescher if the Big Six would let him play another year!

Ensign Dick Miller, who has been at Corpus Christi until just recently, came home on a leave, and dropped in to see us before going on to San Diego. Dick looks swell, and we wish him all the luck in the world.

Lt. Larry Beaumont, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, the Kansas Aggie basketball juggernaut, came in the office a couple of weeks ago. He had a sprained sacro-iliac and could hardly navigate. We fixed him up before he continued on his way to the west coast. Larry has been in South America, Africa, and was heading for the Aleutians when he was called back and told to report to the west coast.

Lt. Bruce H. Voran, c/o Postmaster, New York, was a member of our 1939 and 1940 basketball teams. Bruce, I will never forget that night in the closing five seconds of the Kansas - Kansas Aggie game at Lawrence when Coach Jack Gardner's boys fouled you with the score tied. You missed the first one, but, brother, you hit the second one and the ball game was over. The Aggies had again lost by one point on the Jayhawker court.

Just as we are writing this letter to you we are happy to receive a note from Lee Huddleston from the Army air field at Liberal, Kansas. Lee says, in part, "I was just transferred here from Texas to learn how to fly B-24s, and my first day on the field I ran into Ed Suagee, neither of us having seen the other since Mt. Oread days back in '41. Of course the conversation drifted - I mean ran headlong - to K.U., and he showed me a copy of your Rebounds which Bill Greene, who was a ground school instructor of Ed's in basic flight training, had given him. I found so many interesting items and familiar names that I wonder if I could be put on the mailing list." Yes, indeed, Lee, we are mighty happy to put your name on the list.

I was delighted to receive a letter from H. W. Goodwin, formerly a practicing attorney at Wellington, Kansas, and a great athletic fan, who is now an American Red Cross Field Director somewhere in England. "Goody" writes as follows: "We have quite a number of Kansas men in our group. We desire to have at least one ship carry the fighting Jayhawk. Can you and will you send three or four illustrations of the fiercest, fightingest Jayhawks you can capture? Our Jayhawk will see and do plenty."

We hope that the Jayhawks arrived, "Goody", in time to darry the fighting Jayhawkers over on Adolph's beak. Adolph is catching plenty of H - E - double Q!

S/Sgt. George Hulteen, c/o Postmaster, New York, has sent me from "somewhere in India" a beautiful brass calendar for my desk. It is a perpetual calendar for the years 1944 to 1971, and George says, "I sincerely hope that it has run a long course of usefulness before you give up coaching. We who have benefited by your teachings look forward to the day when our youngsters can also come under your wing." This is a wonderful souvenir, George, and I am delighted to have it on my desk. Twenty-eight years is a long time, and if I stay here as long as some of you boys seem to think, I will be way past the retirement age.

Many people have asked us which basketball team I consider the best throughout the years. Well, when the war is over we will get you all together for a big conference and let you decide. These names of our ever-victorious teams of 1923 and 1936 pass in pageant review, and I thought you would be interested in running over the list with me. Our addresses are not complete for all of them, but where it has been possible to obtain an address we are giving it.

Members of the 1923 ever-victorious team were: Tusten Ackerman, now in Evanston, Illinois; Charles Black (No. 1), with the Libby-Owens Glass Company in Toledo, Ohio; Waldo Bowman, editor of the Engineering News-Record, McGraw-Hill Company, N.Y.; Paul Endacott, first vice president of the Phillips Petroleum Co. Bartlesville, Okla.; Robert Mosby, of Birmingham, Mich.; Adolph Rupp, basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.; Verne Wilkin, Kansas City, Mo.; Armin Woestemeyer, Lawrence; and John Wulf, Chicago, Illinois.

Members of the 1936 ever-victorious team were: Milton Allen, Lawrence; Marvin Cox, Yates Center; Ray Ebling, Amarillo, Texas; Roy Holliday, Kansas City; Lt. Bob Holmer, with the South Pacific Fleet; Francis Kappelman, who has been recruiting WACs in Chicago; Ray Noble, Union Wire Rope Co., New Orleans, La.; Fred Pralle, Phillips Petroleum Company, Bartlesville, Okla.; Paul Rogers, Lawrence; Sylvester Schmidt, Marysville, Kansas; and Wilmer Shaffer, Ft. Leonard Wood.

Lt. John Pfitsch, c/o Postmaster, New York, writes interestingly from England. In April, Johnny says, "I attended a short course in British games and sports at the U. of Birmingham. It gave me time to study the British school system and their psychology of games, which I find to be totally different from ours. I had a swell time and learned how to play cricket, soccer, and rugby. The people I met from Canada, Australia, South Africa and America were a fine bunch and we had a swell time exchanging ideas. I taught a class of British boys basketball for an hour. I think that is the only game they will ever take from us, but I know they will adopt it. I think the game will have a great future in the British Isles. Of course we were supposed to be learning their games and it ended up by us teaching them ours, but I believe they enjoyed it and the association with such a fine bunch was well worth the time spent."

In May, in another letter, Johnny writes: "I ran into a Major Frank Ebling from a town in Missouri above Kansas City the other day. He played for you in '25, I believe. At any rate he was a swell fellow and was very friendly. He had followed K.U. basketball all the way, through the years, and of course knew the famous Eblings although not being related. . . . I haven't been able to see any of the other fellows over here, but expect to run into any of them any day."

Lt. Wm. G. "Bill" Wade, c/o Postmaster, New York, wrote me shortly after the publication of the last Rebounds. It came too late to print in that issue, so I am quoting a part of his letter here. Bill said, "I have led a squadron on a few of the raids and I never fail to put a big K.U. in block letters on one of the bundles for Hitler and his gang. So you can rest assured K.U. is giving him a headache. . . . I have quite a collegiate crew - myself from K.U., bombardier from Illinois U., navigator from Brooklyn College, co-pilot from Yale, and waist gunner from Duke U. So we dedicate a bomb for each alma mater. Can you imagine five universities sailing down on Berlin?" We are certainly proud of you, Bill.

Lawrence Filkin, a major in the medical corps, wrote on the 5th of May from somewhere in England, as follows: Just received a Rebounds yesterday and have read it from cover to cover. Enjoyed it very much in spite of the fact that I know only a few of those mentioned. I guess after leaving school some eleven to fourteen years ago, my gang of teammates have rather scattered to the four winds. . . . England is a very beautiful country and the people are very pleasant and hospitable. Basketball is not universally played here as far as I can find out, but at least people know what the game is. Bicycling seems to be the national sport, along with cricket and rugby. Bicycles are everywhere ridden by all ages. Quite a sight!" Larry was on our basketball team, and also won his K in baseball in '32.

Pfc. W. E. "Bill" Bradford, c/o Postmaster, New York, also writes from England. "I'm now stationed at a B-17 field and so far have run into two K.U. graduates. One, Capt. Frederick Mann, is my commanding officer. I think he graduated in 1931. Before the war he was a lawyer with the Kansas Power and Light Company in Topeka. He was born and raised in Jefferson County, not far from my home. The other Kansan is Dick Webb. You'll probably remember him - he belonged to the A.T.O. fraternity and graduated in 1942. If I remember correctly he was in one of your B.B. classes at the same time I was. Dick is a navigator on a "Fort" and I do plenty of sweating when he's on a mission."

Yes, I remember the boys, Bill, and I wish you would pass on my greetings and best wishes to them. You are all doing a grand job over there.

Pfc. W. R. "Bob" Fitzpatrick, c/o Postmaster, New York, a member of our 1943 basketball team, also writes us from England: "Your letters are still reaching me and they are swell. It is something that you get to looking forward for. Every couple of months you get to thinking, it's about time for one of Doc's letters, and it usually isn't long until the letter shows up. One of your letters was really a big help as Bill Brill got my address from it. We hadn't heard from one another for almost a year. Went into a Phi Delt meeting in London not long ago and met a man who said to tell you hello. It was Major Tebow from Kansas State."

I'm glad to get the good news about the treatments you've been receiving for your eyes, Bob. That is really swell, and I hope the infection has cleared up altogether.

Lt. William "Bill" Belt, who was our fencing instructor in the Physical Education Department in 1941 and 1942, was on the U.S.S. Tuscaloosa which distinguished itself smashing shore batteries during the invasion. Bill is aircraft recognition officer on the cruiser.

As I mentioned earlier in this letter, there is a restriction on publication of addresses in a newsletter such as this. The Office of Censorship advises us that the addresses permissible for publication are not sufficient for delivery of mail, so if any of you boys want a particular address I will be more than glad to send it to you in a personal letter. We do not want in any way to give aid or comfort to the enemy.

The Fifth War Loan is upon us. The opening Big Gun will be fired from the Haskell Stadium signaling the real start of the drive. Tuesday, June 20th, at 8 p.m. is the D-Date and the H-Hour for the mammoth bond sale and auction. Things difficult to get, such as Kleenex, nylon hose, a saddle, a new tire, 100 gallons of gasoline (the ration board permitting), lawn mower, garden hose, a yearling steer, - will be auctioned off with bond purchases. As chairman of the program and exhibit committee, we are working feverishly to get the job done in the most efficient manner. The quota for Douglas County is \$2,213,400, the second largest in the state. Douglas County has never failed to go over the top in a bond drive, and I am sure that the Fifth War Loan drive will be no exception. The citizens are responding in a tremendous way.

The past week we in the States have gone through an unusual experience. Never before, perhaps, in the history of America, has there been such a profound emphasis upon prayer. The President of the United States gave to the press, and later that evening over the radio, a prayer for the welfare of you boys who are undertaking a task that is fraught with dire consequences.

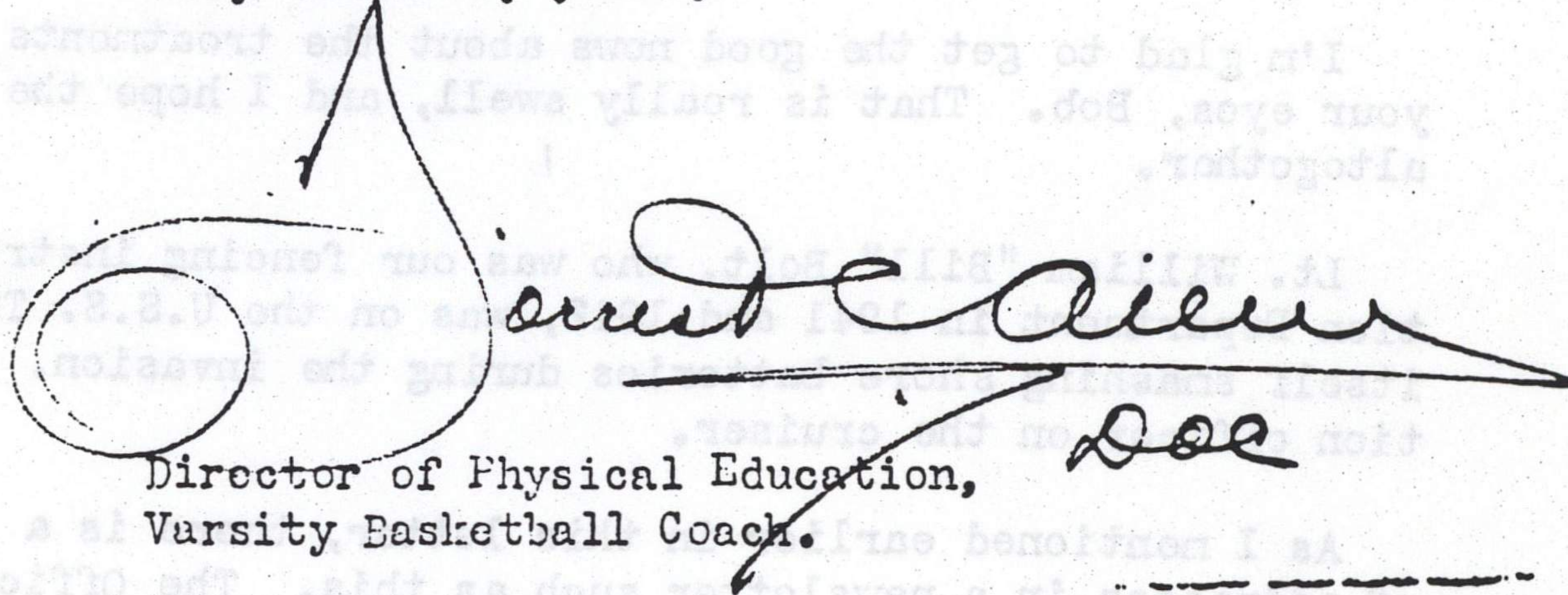
Our people were transformed into another world. They knew what D-Day and H-Hour meant, and some way across the miles there was a linking of spirits and minds for the safety of our boys. Every church and every shrine had its significance. It might not be that the people are any more religious, but it emphasized the great need for some higher power to lead our boys through the holocaust.

We know that many of our Jayhawkers were in that invasion. But we have not forgotten the other theatres in the slightest. This invasion of Hitler's Europe seemed to center on all the deep emotions of our people. Certainly the

other theatres of war and preparation for war have not been overlooked because we realize you boys in other sectors are doing your job in the same brave and fearless fashion, hoping for the day when you can return to the normal life that you so much desire. And the way things are looking now, that day of expectancy and realization is coming closer.

With every good wish to each one of you, I am

Very sincerely yours,



Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

P.S. Note to Pfc. Miller Cameron: In your greetings to the boys of the baseball team we failed to add Bob Allen's name along with the rest of the gang. On page 7, par. 4, the reference is to Bob Allen being in the Army Medical Corps at the University of Pennsylvania. His address is 405 So. 40th St., Apt. 306, Philadelphia 4, Pa. I thought we had better clear this up for our Jayhawk Rebounders, else they might think that it was Bob Johnson, whose address is VF 15, c/o Fleet Postoffice, New York. As yet, Bob Johnson has not been coralled by the fair sex. Harold "Sparky" McSpadden, a star performer for the past two years as a Jayhawk basketeer, says, "Doc, these women are going to get us yet."

And too, I owe an apology to the 1943 ever-victorious squad. On page 8 I list the five boys who carried the brunt of the battle in most games, but I want now to mention the rest of the boys, some of whom took up the load after Armand Dixon was called to the colors and Charlie Black was laid low with pneumonia. Certainly I would not leave the 1943 team out of any all-star consideration in anybody's league. The entire squad who received letters and experienced a wonderful over-victorious triumph were: John Buoscher (capt.), Ray Evans, Charlie Black, Otto Schnellbacher, Armand Dixon, Harold McSpadden, Jack Ballard, Paul Turner, Hoyt Baker, Bill Brill, Max Kissell, Bob Fitzpatrick, Don Blair, George Dick, Bill Forsyth, and John Short.

I just received an original master recording from Chief Specialist Ernie Klann at 5738 Woodman Ave., Van Nuys, Calif. Ernie was one of our first Physical Education majors after the inauguration of the four-year course in the School of Education. Ernie tells me in his recording that he ran into C. Sp. Theno Graves in the shower room, not dreaming that a Jayhawker was so near. What a thrill Ernie got, he says, because Theno was captain of the track team of which Ernie was a star miler and two miler. Theno told Ernie about the Rebounds, and Ernie in his recording says he wants one pronto. Well, Ernie, I have just finished the Rebounds this morning and your appeal will receive immediate attention. You promised to write me a letter, and we want to know about your wife and family.

F.C.A.

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

July 26, 1944

No. 10

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Today's news tells us that Colonel Count von Stauffenberg tossed a sizzling pineapple at Adolf while the paperhanger was cutting out paper dolls in his playhouse of hell. Now the squarehead is burned and bruised, with a probable brain concussion, while five of his generals and two of his admirals are injured. Soon after the explosion of fireworks, which blew up the upper basement, he received one of his gangster chiefs in crime, Benito. How much like Al Capone is his handyman, Benito Mussolini, in that they both have the same constitutional disease and they will both end up the same way. Both have paresis of the brain.

And then an announcement by Tokyo states that General Hideki Tojo has resigned as premier and with him his entire cabinet. More than any other person, Tojo is responsible for the Asiatic war. He nurtured it, planned it, fomented it, organized it, and launched it.

Tojo sent his envoys, Kurusu and Nemura, to talk peace, while out in the Pacific the Jap navy slipped up toward Pearl Harbor. The morning of December 7, 1941, came the code message which said that Japanese aircraft carriers were at the previously agreed stations far out in the ocean, ready to launch their torpedo planes and bombers at Pearl Harbor. Tojo gave the word. The war was on.

General Kunaiki Keiso, former governor general of Korea, and Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, who was premier in 1940, are the slit-eyed boys that are to rally the monkeys without tails to a new effort. Today Tojo is eating the bitter wormwood and gall which has crowned his nefarious effort.

You boys have thrown and are throwing the right medicine at the Italian jackal, mussy Mussolini, slimy Schnickelgruber, teets Tojo, and all the rest of these evil devils whose war-mongering has brought them to their unhappy ends. These candidates of hell have pillaged, raped and murdered innocent home and land owners - whole countries whose only offense against these international gangsters was that they possessed material possessions while gainfully employed in peaceful pursuits.

You doubtless have heard that old chestnut regarding Adolf and Goehring and Goebbels. The three most lonesome devils in the world were speeding down the four-lane highway of Berlin in their Dusenbergs at 140 miles an hour, and in the suburbs they ran over and killed a German police dog, the prize possession of the peasant home. Adolf commanded Hermann to throw that Dusy in reverse. "Go back and make full restitution to the peasant family for the loss of their prize dog." Hermann did as he was told, while Adolf and Goebby remained in their bullet-proof armored car. Hermann was gone quite some time. Much to the surprise and consternation of Adolf out came Hermann loaded with a large basket of choice edibles supported on his large equatorial diameter. Adolf jumped up from his protected location and exposed his chest to the German public, shouting, "Wat do you mean by going into dat poor peasant home

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and taking der food? I told you to pay, not take!"

With a worried look on Hermann's face, he said, "Vell, chief, it bothered me too. I went in dat peasant home and dere were twenty people sitting a circular table, whispering and earnestly conversing. I gave dem de Nazi salute and said Heil, Hitler! The dog is dead! And look vat day gave me!"

For a moment let us contrast the German General blood purge situation to our home front. John R. Bricker had ambitions to run for President. But when his colleagues thought Thomas E. Dewey was a stronger man, he submitted to their will and agreed to run for vice president, much against his wishes.

On the Democratic ticket, Harry Truman repeatedly said that he did not want to be a vice presidential candidate. But when his party felt that he would perhaps strengthen their ticket he agreed.

How different our American way of life is! It is the team work that the boys learn that transfers into the political, industrial and business life of America. Berton Braley once wrote a poem that I very much like. I will quote the first stanza, and the last. Of course he is talking about the halfback, when he said -

"When the stands are black with people, and they yell, yell, yell!
When the whistle shrills the signal for the start,
Then the spirit sort of grips me in a potent spell
And the blood goes dancing swiftly through my heart!
And the rooters are forgotten with their flags and all,
And the joy of battle pulses through my frame,
And there's nothing worth the having but that pigskin ball
And there isn't any glory but the game.

.

Is there anything that fills you with a zest more keen
Than to spill the interference in a pile,
Or to slam the runner earthward with a tackle clean,
Or to gather in a punt in proper style?
It's the game of Anglo-Saxons, it's the hard old stuff,
It's the horror of the timid and the tame,
And it calls for men of daring and of fiber tough
Who are worthy of a chance to play the game.

.

Razzle 'em, dazzle 'em, fool 'em with a trick!
Rumple 'em, crumple 'em, yet never twice the same.
Keep your eyes upon the ball, - and PLAY THE GAME!"

You Yanks are on the ball and you are crumpling those Nazis and Japs in a most emphatic way. You all have got your eyes upon the ball and you are certainly playing the game up to the hilt.

June 6, 1944, will always remain indelibly in our memory because on that day many of our Jayhawker boys, surcharged with deep emotions, catapulted themselves on the big triumphal surge of "Fortress Europe". Lt. Johnny Pfitsch, of Pflugerville, Texas, Ensign Ralph Schaake, of Lawrence, Kansas, and Captain Bill Wade, of Western Kansas, - and we are sure there are many others, - have banged their way into the paperhanger's country. And the best part of it all is that they came out alive. Doubtless there are many of our boys that will

not have had as good success as these three boys - an anti-aircrafter, an amphibious amphibator, and a ding-dong bomber wing-leader. These three "gungadeers" came through with flying colors.

Lt. John Pfitsch, APO 403, N. Y., says: "Just a note to let you know of my new location (France) and to tell you we are doing swell and are happy to be here putting an end to this mess. We are seeing lots of things and getting quite an education. The going is plenty tough but the American soldier has more than it takes to do the job. The boys in the infantry deserve everything they can get and more, and that goes for the air corps, and don't forget the navy. Gee, they have been working swell. I didn't even get seasick coming over, and that is something for me. I met a Lt. in the air corps the other day who is an old K.U. man. His name was Ramey (Bill). I didn't know him when I was there. He is flying a P47 around now. I am writing this from a well-dug-in position so this may be a little messed up, but I hope you get it o.k. Haven't heard from you for quite a while, so expect something any day. Tell everyone Howdy for me."

And that is John Pfitsch's estimate of a great team - Army, Navy, Air Corps, and I know that he meant to put in the Marines, because he is a great team guy.

Ensign Ralph Schaake, Navy 3950, N.Y., says, - "Tuesday in France, July 4, 1944. What a holiday! People here don't care much for fireworks. I know why and I too will be more than glad to spend a seemingly dull evening back in Lawrence. It would be a treat to sit and let the quiet soak in.

"I received the June 12 issue of Jayhawk Rebounds yesterday and have read it at least a couple of times. It was one of the most welcome bits of news I have seen. . . . I was in the invasion and I am sure I don't want to be in another one. I met a Coast Guard officer from Warrensburg, Mo. His name was Howard. He was a great fellow. He played high school ball with George Gelay. You perhaps knew of him. Everywhere I go I look for people from home but haven't found many naval officers that I knew. I have met several men from Kansas. They are all a great bunch. They know how to fight.

"I cannot get used to the climate or the length of the days. Half the night is gone and it is still light, much to our advantage.

"I sit and wonder, Doc, just what are these German kids going to amount to once things settle down. They have a very distorted outlook from my point of view, but I might be wrong. Who is to judge? They are grown into it, so to speak. I have seen many prisoners and I am frankly dumfounded trying to promote a formula that could possibly square them up.

"I am very thankful to be alive. Every one of these men that died knew what to expect. They died valiantly. We hope we can accomplish their goals.

"I was very glad to hear about K.U. doing so well in track. I haven't been able to see any British or French sports but have from time to time promoted athletic interests. They all like to play. My 15 kids that I had trained for small boats in the states were the toughest of the lot. They had to be and they all came through the thickest of this invasion without a scratch. They have lived for days on K rations. They can take it. In my crews, before they were taken from me May 17, I hadn't had a single offense against any one of them that went into their records. I am proud of that bit of work and they appreciated me, I think. We work with boys in the amphibious force, Doc, and one can really get things done. They have an enthusiasm, a recklessness, a drive that few adults have. They won't give up if they know you are watching. They have taught me a lot of things.

"Keep sending the Rebounds, Doc. I really enjoy them. Publish my regards to all, please, Doc.

Sincerely,

Ralph E. Schaake."

That is a swell letter, Schaake. Such words as yours stand out in bas-relief and show us what the strong young hearts of America are doing. Your letter is a challenge to us all. Good luck, "Shock".

Capt. W. G. "Bill" Wake, APO 559, N. Y., was a freshman at the University, and on account of illness in the family was not permitted to come back his sophomore year. But what a job this boy has done! Bill writes --

"A few changes have taken place since I last wrote to you. The big push for one thing. I was right in the middle of it. I guess we helped the boys out some. I have made my captaincy now and am a wing leader. I lead a wing on "D" day also. Have had quite a bit of success since coming over here. In my last raid, I lead the entire 8th Air Force and I guess I'm going to get the D.F.C. for it. Anyway, it was quite an honor and I was quite flattered when I was chosen.

"I see the G. I. Bill of Rights passed so maybe I will be a student at K.U. again if I'm not too old by the time the war is over. I had my 24th birthday just last month. . . . I hope we get Hitler and his gang routed out soon."

You bet, Bill, the G. I. Bill of Rights, which has been made a law, will enable our Jayhawk Rebounders to rebound in a big way on Mt. Oread, and what a time we will have. Gosh, the bullfests that will take place in the wee small hours of the morning when the veterans of World War II will be talking together. It will be better than any book that a fellow has ever read. And we are looking forward to sitting in on a lot of these. What a thrill you fellows will give us!

In Bill's letter of March 20th written on American Red Cross stationery, Bill said, "I never fail to put a big K.U. in block letters on one of the bundles for Hitler and his gang." So Bill is still throwing bundles at Adolf, and Adolf doesn't have to unwrap them. Keep tossing some bundles at that blankety-blank, Bill.

It is wonderful to have women in the war! Gracie Allen is fighting a great war over here, and she is a great strategist. At the big Fifth War Loan Bond drive in Kansas City, Gracie became a strategist. She asked all the housewives to save some extra grease. They have been doing that anyhow, but she wants them to save a little more and she is sending some aviators over Berlin, she said, and she is going to have them drop that grease on the sidewalks of Berlin. She says there will be a lot of sore Heinies over there! So if we had a few more gals like Gracie the war would be over soon. We would have them flat on their backs.

And now for the big news. Ernest C. Quigley, a Kansas athletic great of 1900, a former coach at St. Mary's College and St. Louis University, also National League umpire of many, many years, and the outstanding national sports official in the United States for many years, has been elected Director of Athletics at the University of Kansas.

We all welcome Quig, most whole-heartedly. He is courageous, energetic, dynamic and resourceful. One wag said that Quigley has been connected with professional athletics so long he should make a great success in college athletics.

And I know he will. Quig comes to the campus August first as the boss of all intercollegiate athletics. The friends of football, especially, know that he, being one of the great gridiron luminaries at the University, this sport will receive his first and prompt attention.

The fact that Quigley was a track man at the University insures the followers of track that Quig will revive the Kansas Relays and develop this very important cinder track sport. And the fact that Quig was a great baseball player and National League umpire and public relations representative of the National League, may mean that he will revive Kansas baseball prowess of former years. For many, many years Kansas was among the leaders in this diamond sport.

So football, track and baseball will all receive a stimulus under this dynamic leader. The fact that Quigley officiated in practically all the major intercollegiate and independent basketball tournaments shows his leadership in this splendid game. In the late thirties Ernie Quigley toured Japan and officiated in basketball tournaments for the Japanese. He said that after starting the Japanese games in early evening and working until four o'clock in the morning, the only way he could finish the tournament at all was to disqualify an entire team the first time any player on a team made a personal foul. He observed that basketball interest in Japan was definitely more intense than in the United States and that crowds numbering ten thousand attended these great tournaments. He felt that Japan had gone basketball as well as baseball mad, perhaps about the time they went war mad.

We hope hereafter that no fumble-brain-pee-wee-nit-wit will say that anyone other than Mr. Quigley is running athletics at the University of Kansas.

Summer football practice will begin on August 14th. Five weeks later, on September 15th, our first game of the season will be played here against Washburn University. There are still two open dates in the schedule but Head Coach Henry Shenk and Boss Quigley will soon arrange some games to fill these dates. The football schedule at present is as follows:

September 15 - Washburn at Lawrence
September 23 - Texas Christian University at Kansas City
September 30 - Denver University at Denver
October 7 - Tulsa University at Tulsa
October 14 - Iowa State College at Ames
October 21 - Nebraska at Lawrence
October 28 and November 4 - Open
November 11 - Kansas State College at Manhattan
November 18 - Oklahoma at Lawrence
November 23 - Missouri at Kansas City

Monday's mail brought me a letter from Pfc. Vaughn W. B. "Chick" Pontius, APO 4, New York, our former golf pro at the Lawrence Country Club. We are thrilled to know that Chick has proved to be one of America's first class fighting men. Wounded a couple of times, Chick relates his innermost thoughts as follows:

"I thought I would drop you a line while I am in the hospital. I received two wounds while I was on the front line. They aren't very bad, tho. I got hit in the right leg and once in the right arm. I received the Purple Heart July 13. They tell me that I will be ready to go back to the front in about another week. . . . I sure would like to have a golf club in my hand instead of a gun."

We can appreciate what the boys over there - and over there - are doing for us. Sure, every one of those boys would rather have a golf club in their hands, or some other fine recreational facility, than to be exchanging pot shots with the enemy who may have their number on one of those shells. Chick, we are proud of you.

Our good friend and Marine, Bill Winey, has been spending a couple of weeks here in Lawrence, and playing golf with his many old friends at the Lawrence Country Club. Bill is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green on the old California Road. To be specific, Harry Green lives in Major Art Anderson's former home, and before that it was Jim Barrows' domicile. Jim was one of the early Kansas Betas and an insurance man. When I saw Bill last week he was having a flare-up of malaria, but he acknowledged it was his own fault because he could have controlled it had he taken his stipend of quinine. Bill is looking fine and has had a great experience with the Japs, a la Australia and New Guinea way.

In our last letter we told you of the arrival of Lt. (jg) Howard Engleman's son. "Rope" expressed a splendid paternal and patriotic sentiment when he wrote regarding his young son -- "I didn't hear about it until about 20 days later, but anyway you have a young Jayhawk for your 1962 team. . . . Hate to be so far away but if so being will make a better world for him I won't complain."

This week I received another letter from Howard, in which he says, "Since I last wrote I ran into Knute Kresie who is exec. on a PT boat. We had a long chat. Also saw a young Haines fellow who is Bob Haines younger brother who lives close to you. I didn't remember him but I knew Bob and we hashed over old Lawrence stories. It's sure fun to meet an old Jayhawker out here in the Pacific. What a time we'll have when we all get back, and it won't be to talk of landing at Tarawa or invading Normandy, but it will be that overtime game with A. & M. and the rally against K-State at Manhattan when we were 12 points behind and had 8 minutes to go, and we licked them 4 points -- those events will haunt our memories.

"Doc, I'm not in such good shape being on a small ship with little shore time available. It is very easy to overeat and under-exercise. However, I play ball whenever I can and I still have that old love of the game that time and wrinkles can't erase. It will be good to get back, so see if you all at home can't hurry the day. If you ever go through Salina look up my son and teach him to rebound while he's young."

Howard Dodge Engleman will certainly have a soft touch and lay-up if he is like his daddy.

Our good friend and former coach of the Jayhawk golf team several years ago, Lt. Comdr. Wm. H. Shannon, Soldiers Field Station, Boston, writes -- "Your recent Jayhawk newsletter arrived just as I was leaving for New York - a short trip on business. Many thanks for it; I enjoyed reading it so much. Peculiar thing happened - I read in it about Larry Hensley and within 25 minutes he was at my door ringing the bell. Larry left my class in December 1941 with Germain Morgan as enlisted men in the Navy. Today he is a Lt. (jg) in the Navy Air Corps; he has seen plenty of northern duty and now he is bound (fast) for the southern and eastern duty. He looked so good to me after almost three years. I derive so much personal satisfaction and pride in meeting these few boys. I can imagine your pride of such a host of boys out in all parts of the world. Ben Barteldes, Luke Chapin, and Bill Seitz are in our present class. I turned over my complete file of Rebounds to Larry for reading; I am keeping a close watch on them for future safe-keeping. Teaching brings many real friends.

team as well as a lot of semi-pro boys that could give the big league boys a run for their money."

We know from past experiences that Dave will do a swell job.

Russell J. Chitwood, who was end on our varsity football teams in 1937, '38 and '39, and who has recently been with the Douglas Aircraft Co. in Tulsa, Oklahoma, received his commission as an ensign in the Navy in June, and is doubtless now at the Navy Air Base at Corpus Christi, Texas. He is assigned to the Navy Air Transport Command.

Ens. Robert E. Hunt, Area C-6, Camp Peary, Va., wrote us late in June saying that at that time he was bond officer for that area for the 5th War Loan. "This morning one man bought \$25,000 in bonds from me, so we should make our quota easily," Bob says. Bob was a member of our varsity basketball team in 1938, and on the baseball team in '40.

From the Pacific area comes word from Ens. Roy Edwards, USS SC-1054, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, who says, "I received quite a treat last week when I received a note that Clint Kanaga's ship was in the same harbor with ours. We received orders to get underway immediately so did not get to see him personally. However, I found his ship in the harbor and talked to him by the signal light. I am sure we will meet again soon."

Otto Schnellbacher, at Hondo, Texas, says, "I got your last Rebound, No. 9, yesterday and was glad to receive it. After reading it over I find some of the boys aren't too far away. In fact, I have flown over or by some of the places the boys are stationed here in Texas. I have been over Ralph Miller's location several times, for we fly over San Antonio quite often. May have to bail out some time and look him up. Well, maybe a train ride would take longer, but I prefer it to a parachute. . . . Still hoping I can return to school in September, '45, but it may be a little later."

Pvt. Wm. W. "Bill" Brill is now at Robins Field, Ga., after having traveled over most of the country east of the Mississippi, as he says. He writes further - "I run around with two rebels here. One played football at North Carolina and the other at Kentucky. They are two swell lads, but keep me plenty busy working out with them in the gym. One nice feature about these two fellows is they don't carry a grudge against the Yanks. The Civil War arguments are all in fun, but are getting very tiresome, and yet some don't let up.

"I added another name to my list of soldiers I have met from Kansas. This one belongs to the cadre here and lives in the same barracks as I. His home is a few miles west of Lawrence and he is a friend of Ralph Schaake and the Gibbens boys. He is a follower of Kansas U. sports and really enjoys reading your Kansas newspaper, the Jayhawk Rebounds. We share my copy each month, but since I am slated to leave here in the near future he would like to have his name added to your mailing list if at all possible. He is Sgt. John E. Pierson, 4525 AAF Base Unit (Signal School) Robins Field, Georgia."

You bet your life, Johnny Pierson, we delighted to have you as one of our Jayhawk Rebounders.

Bill, don't get discouraged about these rebels. A few years ago they didn't know that "Damyank" was two words. Now they do, so you see they are making progress, and Bill, they are swell fellows. Personally, I know of no more typically aggressive, competent and sometimes cocky boy than the boy from Texas. He will fight you like the dickens, throwing everything he has got at you, but he keeps his smile, and that is true Americanism.

"Things are about the same at Harvard. I was promoted to Lt. Comdr. on 15 April, I may be transferred now. I have hopes of sea or foreign duty, but the cards appear to be against me as they need specially trained men in the States.

"How is your golf game? I have not had a club in my hands this summer; I play softball a couple of times a week -- pretty rough on an old man. I'll be along for a round one of these days."

Ens. Loren T. Florell, a member of our varsity basketball team in 1938 and 1939, recently wrote from the Naval Training Station at Ft. Schuyler, New York, saying that he is now doing more studying than ever before in his life. "Have managed to break away to New York a few week ends to see the sights of the big city and see a few Yankee ball games. We have a good physical program, too, and believe I'm in good enough shape to play a few fast minutes of basketball, just like the good old days at K.U. Haven't seen a familiar face since I've been here, guess most of the '38 and '39 gang are in combat areas or training elsewhere. . . . Please send future Jayhawk Rebounds to me at 2119 Gage Blvd., Topeka, Kansas, as my address will be too uncertain to send them direct to me, and I'll always have them forwarded from this address."

Capt. Chester K. Friedland (Track '37, '38, '39) is still at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma, as base physical training officer, and says, "My twin daughters are getting along fine. They look so much alike I can hardly tell them apart now. Heard from Bill Bunsen (football '38, '39) a couple of weeks ago. He just completed his fourth year in the Navy and is now stationed somewhere with the Pacific fleet. He has a wife and baby that he certainly would like to see."

From Lt. John Glenn, USS Corregidor, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, my assistant coach and the inspiration to the boys on the bench in the University of Southern California - Kansas game, which Kansas won for the Western N.C.A.A. basketball crown in 1940, comes the following cheerful note:

"The first draft of college trained (V-12) officers are now reporting aboard various ships for duty. Naturally we have had a great deal of fun getting them 'squared away'. To be without movies nightly, mail call at noon, and no beer at the Ship's Service Fountain is just too much for them to understand. Strange as it may seem the long days appear to be hard on them while we have always been under the impression that their training was a tough grind. Despite the above remarks they are extremely willing and eager to learn which reminds me of how green and dumb I was fourteen months ago when going over the brow for the first time. . . . Am enclosing a clipping regarding the 'Mighty C', as we call her. The term 'baby flat top' or 'queen of the baby flat tops' seems to be the identification for the Corregidor in news releases. Frankly, I am mighty lucky to be aboard such a fine ship, and we are all very proud of her."

The clipping says, in part: "Lieut. John H. Glenn of Beardstown, Ill., has the responsibility of shifting planes from the flight deck to hangar deck and vice versa. He formerly was president of the Illinois Ice Industries. When the ship was commissioned, only 13 of her officers had been to sea before and less than 20 per cent of the crew had been on anything larger than a lake. The carrier has traveled more than 71,000 miles since then, and has been almost constantly in enemy waters."

Lt. Dave Shirk writes from the Academic Regiment at Ft. Benning, Ga., that he has about 3,000 men to maintain an athletic program for, and he is finding it a big job. He says, "My baseball team just won the Infantry School League by winning 16 of our 20 games. I have several big league players on the

our school of fine arts was afraid that she could not do justice on a mimeograph job so she passed it up, but I did send it on to Fred Ellsworth, our alumni secretary, and he is having an engraving of it that will appear in his Graduate Magazine.

Thanks, "Goody", and good luck to Lt. Col. J. B. Smith of our Jayhawker state.

Fred Ellsworth also called our attention to the July 8th issue of the Saturday Evening Post which carries an article, "The Longest Hour in History", written by Martin Sommers, describing among other things, Jim Arnold who was a letterman in basketball here in 1941 and also treasurer of his class.

From a pugnacious destroyer's bridge, hard under the German shore batteries, a Post editor gives you a close-up of how one of the hottest beachheads was punched into Normandy. Jim wrote Fred Ellsworth and stated when the destroyer was cruising around between the shores in the Solomon Islands they thought they were in some pretty rough spots, but, he stated, that was nothing as compared to what they got into on the USS McCook in this beachhead landing. Jim had a lot of things to say about coming back after the war, and they were much to the point. Between the lines we read a feeling of his, along with the rest of you, that you fellows want to be proud of the fellows back home for what they are doing to keep things going while you are away. I am reading in some of the letters the thought that after you have served ever there and when you come back you will have something to say about how this country is run. Jim graduated and will not come back to school, but will go into business but I'll bet he will toss in a few chips in straightening out some of the muddles that the country has gotten into while he has been away. However, Jim doesn't say that -- I am guessing on exactly how he is feeling.

But I do want to quote from Martin Sommers' article:

"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 curving 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.

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.

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 platform 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 appreciate 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,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

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

No. 10

July 26, 1944

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

Today's news tells us that Colonel Count von Stauffenberg tossed a sizzling pineapple at Adolf while the paperhanger was cutting out paper dolls in his playhouse of hell. Now the squarehead is burned and bruised, with a probable brain concussion, while five of his generals and two of his admirals are injured. Soon after the explosion of fireworks, which blew up the upper basement, he received one of his gangster chiefs in crime, Benito. How much like Al Capone is his handyman, Benito Mussolini, in that they both have the same constitutional disease and they will both end up in the same way. Both have paresis of the brain.

And then an announcement by Tokyo states that General Hideki Tojo has resigned as premier and with him his entire cabinet. More than any other person, Tojo is responsible for the Asiatic war. He nurtured it, planned it, fomented it, organized it, and launched it.

Tojo sent his envoys, Kurusu and Nomura, to talk peace, while out in the Pacific the Jap navy slipped up toward Pearl Harbor. The morning of December 7, 1941, came the code message which said that Japanese aircraft carriers were at the previously agreed stations far out in the ocean, ready to launch their torpedo planes and bombers at Pearl Harbor. Tojo gave the word. The war was on.

General Kuniaki Koiso, former governor general of Korea, and Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, who was premier in 1940, are the slit-eyed boys that are to rally the monkeys without tails to a new effort. Today Tojo is eating the bitter wormwood and gall which has crowned his nefarious effort.

You boys have thrown and are throwing the right medicine at the Italian jackal, mussy Mussolini, slimy Schnickelgruber, toots Tojo, and all the rest of these evil devils whose war-mongering has brought them to their unhappy ends. These candidates of hell have pillaged, raped and murdered innocent home and land owners - whole countries whose only offense against these international gangsters was that they possessed material possessions while gainfully employed in peaceful pursuits.

You doubtless have heard that old chestnut regarding Adolf and Goehring and Goebbels. The three most lonesome devils in the world were speeding down the four-lane highway of Berlin in their Dusenbergs at 140 miles an hour, and in the suburbs they ran over and killed a German police dog, the prize possession of the peasant home. Adolf commanded Hermann to throw that Dusy in reverse. "Go back and make full restitution to the peasant family for the loss of their prize dog." Hermann did as he was told, while Adolf and Goebby remained in their bullet-proff armored car. Hermann was gone quite some time. Much to the surprise and consternation of Adolf out came Hermann loaded with a large basket of choice edibles supported on his back.

diameter. Adolf jumped up from his protected location and exposed his chest to the German public, shouting, "Wat do you mean by going into dat poor peasant home and taking der food? I told you to pay, not take!"

With a worried look on Hermann's face, he said, "Vell, chief, it bothered me too. I went in dat peasant home and dere were twenty people sitting around a circular table, whispering and earnestly conversing. I gave dem de Nazi salute and said Heil, Hitler! The dog is dead! And look wat day gave me!"

- - -

For a moment let us contrast the German General blood purge situation to our home front. John R. Brieker had ambitions to run for President. But when his colleagues thought Thomas E. Dewey was a stronger man, he submitted to their will and agreed to run for vice president, much against his wishes.

On the Democratic ticket, Harry Truman repeatedly said that he did not want to be a vice presidential candidate. But when his party felt that he would perhaps strengthen their ticket he agreed.

How different our American way of life is! It is the team work that the boys learn that transfers into the political, industrial and business life of America. Borton Braley once wrote a poem that I very much like. I will quote the first stanza and the last. Of course he is talking about the halfback, when he said -

"When the stands are black with people, and they yell, yell, yell!
When the whistle shrills the signal for the start,
Then the spirit sort of grips me in a potent spell
And the blood goes dancing swiftly through my heart!
And the rooters are forgotten with choir flags and all,
And the joy of battle pulses through my frame,
And there's nothing worth the having but that pigskin ball
And there isn't any glory but the game.

.....
Is there anything that fills you with a zest more keen
Than to spill the interference in a pile,
Or to slam the runner earthward with a tackle clean,
Or to gather in a punt in proper style?
It's the game of Anglo-Saxons, it's the hard old stuff,
It's the horror of the timid and the tame,
And it calls for men of daring and of fiber tough
Who are worthy of a chance to play the game.

.....
Razzle 'em, dazzle 'em, fool 'em with a trick!
Rumple 'em, crumple 'em, yet never twice the same.
Keep your eyes upon the ball, - and PLAY THE GAME!"

You Yanks are on the ball and you are crumpling those Nazis and Japs in a most emphatic way. You all have got your eyes upon the ball and you are certainly playing the game up to the hilt.

3.

June 6, 1944, will always remain indelibly in our memory because on that day many of our Jayhawker boys, surcharged with deep emotions, catapulted themselves on the big triumphal surge of "Fortress Europe". Lt. Johnny Pfitsch, of Pflugerville, Texas, Ensign Ralph Schaaake, of Lawrence, Kansas, and Captain Bill Wade, of Western Kansas, - and we are sure there are many others, - have ranged their way into the paperhanger's country. And the best part of it all is that they came out alive. Doubtless there are many of our boys that will not have had as good success as these three boys - an anti-aircrafter, an amphibious amphibator, and a ding-dong bomber wing-leader. These three "gunga-deers" came through with flying colors.

Lt. John Pfitsch, APO 403, N. Y., says: "Just a note to let you know of my new location (France) and to tell you we are doing swell and are happy to be here putting an end to this mess. We are seeing lots of things and getting quite an education. The going is plenty tough but the American soldier has more than it takes to do the job. The boys in the infantry deserve everything they can get and more, and that goes for the air corps, and don't forget the navy. Gee, they have been working swell. I didn't even get seasick coming over, and that is something for me. I met a Lt. in the air corps the other day who is an old K.U. man. His name was Ramey (Bill). I didn't know him when I was there. He is flying a P47 around now. I am writing this from a well-dug-in position so this may be a little messed up, but I hope you get it o.k. Haven't heard from you for quite a while, so expect something any day. Tell everyone Howdy for me."

And that is John Pfitsch's estimate of a great team - Army, Navy, Air Corps, and I know that he meant to put in the Marines, because he is a great team guy.

Ensign Ralph Schaaake, Navy 3950, N. Y., says, - "Tuesday in France, July 4, 1944. What a holiday! People here don't care much for fireworks. I know why and I too will be more than glad to spend a seemingly dull evening back in Lawrence. It would be a treat to sit and let the quiet soak in.

"I received the June 12 issue of Jayhawk Rebounds yesterday and have read it at least a couple of times. It was one of the most welcome bits of news I have seen. . . . I was in the invasion and I am sure I don't want to be in another one. I met a Coast Guard officer from Warrensburg, Mo. His name was Howard. He was a great fellow. He played high school ball with George Golay. You perhaps knew of him. Everywhere I go I look for people from home but haven't found many naval officers that I knew. I have met several men from Kansas. They are all a great bunch. They know how to fight.

"I cannot get used to the climate or the length of the days. Half the night is gone and it is still light, much to our advantage.

"I sit and wonder, Doc, just what are these German kids going to amount to once things settle down. They have a very distorted outlook from my point of view, but I might be wrong. Who is to judge? They are grown into it, so to speak. I have seen many prisoners and I am frankly dumfounded trying to promote a formula that could possibly square them up.

"I am very thankful to be alive. Every one of these men that died knew what to expect. They died valiantly. We hope we can accomplish their goals.

"I was very glad to hear about K.U. doing so well in track. I haven't been able to see any British or French sports but have from time to time promoted athletic interests. They all like to play. My 15 kids that I

had trained for small boats in the states were the toughest of the lot. They had to be and they all came through the thickest of this invasion without a scratch. They have lived for days on K rations. They can take it. In my crews, before they were taken from me May 17, I hadn't had a single offense against any one of them that went into their records. I am proud of that bit of work and they appreciated me, I think. We work with boys in the amphibious force, Doc, and one can really get things done. They have an enthusiasm, a recklessness, a drive that few adults have. They won't give up if they know you are watching. They have taught me a lot of things.

"Keep sending the Rebounds, Doc. I really enjoy them. Publish my regards to all, please, Doc.

Sincerely,

Ralph E. Schaake."

That is a swell letter, Schaake. Such words as yours stand out in bas-relief and show us what the strong young hearts of America are doing. Your letter is a challenge to us all. Good luck, "Shock".

Capt. W. G. "Bill" Wade, APO 559, N. Y., was a freshman at the University, and on account of illness in the family was not permitted to come back his sophomore year. But what a job this boy has done! Bill writes --

"A few changes have taken place since I last wrote to you. The big push for one thing. I was right in the middle of it. I guess we helped the boys out some. I have made my captaincy now and am a wing leader. I lead a wing on "D" day also. Have had quite a bit of success since coming over here. In my last raid, I lead the entire 8th Air Force and I guess I'm going to get the D.F.C. for it. Anyway, it was quite an honor and I was quite flattered when I was chosen.

"I see the G. I. Bill of Rights passed so maybe I will be a student at K.U. again if I'm not too old by the time the war is over. I had my 24th birthday just last month. . . . I hope we get Hitler and his gang routed out soon."

You bet, Bill, the G. I. Bill of Rights, which has been made a law, will enable our Jayhawk Rebounders to rebound in a big way on Mt. Oread, and what a time we will have. Gosh, the bullfests that will take place in the wee small hours of the morning when the veterans of World War II will be talking together. It will be better than any book that a fellow has ever read. And we are looking forward to sitting in on a lot of these. What a thrill you fellows will give us!

In Bill's letter of Marth 20th written on American Red Cross stationery, Bill said, "I never fail to put a big K.U. in block letters on one of the bundles for Hitler and his gang." So Bill is still throwing bundles at Adolf, and Adolf doesn't have to unwrap them. Keep tossing some bundles at that blankety-blank. Bill.

It is wonderful to have women in the war! Gracie Allen is fighting a great war over here, and she is a great strategist. At the big Fifth War Loan Bond drive in Kansas City, Gracie became a strategist. She asked all the housewives to save some extra grease. They have been doing that anyhow, but she wants them to save a little more and she is sending some aviators over Berlin, she said, and she is going to have them drop that grease on the sidewalks of Berlin. She says there will be a lot of sore Heinies over there! So if we had a few more gals like Gracie the war would be over soon. We would have them flat on their backs.

And now for the big news. Ernest C. Quigley, a Kansas athletic great of 1900, a former coach at St. Mary's College and St. Louis University, also National League umpire of many, many years, and the outstanding national sports official in the United States for many years, has been elected Director of Athletics at the University of Kansas.

We all welcome Quig, most whole-heartedly. He is courageous, energetic, dynamic and resourceful. One wag said that Quigley has been connected with professional athletics so long he should make a great success in college athletics. And I know he will. Quig comes to the campus August first as the boss of all intercollegiate athletics. The friends of football, especially, know that he, being one of the great gridiron luminaries at the University, this sport will receive his first and prompt attention.

The fact that Quigley was a track man at the University insures the followers of track that Quig will revive the Kansas Relays and develop this very important cinder track sport. And the fact that Quig was a great baseball player and National League umpire and public relations representative of the National League, may mean that he will revive Kansas baseball prowess of former years. For many, many years Kansas was among the leaders in this diamond sport.

So football, track and baseball will all receive a stimulus under this dynamic leader. The fact that Quigley officiated in practically all the major intercollegiate and independent basketball tournaments shows his leadership in this splendid game. In the late thirties Ernie Quigley toured Japan and officiated in basketball tournaments for the Japanese. He said that after starting the Japanese games in early evening and working until four o'clock in the morning, the only way he could finish the tournament at all was to disqualify an entire team the first time any player on a team made a personal foul. He observed that basketball interest in Japan was definitely more intense than in the United States and that crowds numbering ten thousand attended these great tournaments. He felt that Japan had gone basketball mad as well as baseball mad, perhaps about the time they went war mad.

We hope hereafter that no fumble-brain-pee-wee-nit-wit will say that anyone other than Mr. Quigley is running athletics at the University of Kansas.

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Summer football practice will begin on August 14th. Five weeks later, on September 15th, our first game of the season will be played here against Washburn University. There are still two open dates in the schedule but Head Coach Henry Shank and Boss Quigley will soon arrange some games to fill these dates. The football schedule at present is as follows:

September 15 - Washburn at Lawrence
 September 23 - Texas Christian University at Kansas City
 September 30 - Denver University at Denver
 October 7 - Tulsa University at Tulsa
 October 14 - Iowa State College at Ames
 October 21 - Nebraska at Lawrence
 October 28 and November 4 - Open
 November 11 - Kansas State College at Manhattan
 November 18 - Oklahoma at Lawrence
 November 23 - Missouri at Kansas City

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Monday's mail brought me a letter from Pfc. Vaughn W. B. "Chick" Pontius, APO 4, New York, our former golf pro at the Lawrence Country Club. We are thrilled to know that Chick has proved to be one of America's first class fighting men. Wounded a couple of times, Chick relates his innermost thoughts as follows:

"I thought I would drop you a line while I am in the hospital. I received two wounds while I was on the front line. They aren't very bad, tho. I got hit in the right leg and once in the right arm. I received the Purple Heart July 13. They tell me that I will be ready to go back to the front in about another week. . . . I sure would like to have a golf club in my hand instead of a gun."

We can appreciate what the boys over there -- and over there -- are doing for us. Sure, every one of those boys would rather have a golf club in their hands, or some other fine recreational facility, than to be exchanging pot shots with the enemy who may have their number on one of those shells. Chick, we are proud of you.

Our good friend and Marine, Bill Winey, has been spending a couple of weeks here in Lawrence, and playing golf with his many old friends at the Lawrence Country Club. Bill is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green on the old California Road. To be specific, Harry Green lives in Major Art Anderson's former home, and before that it was Jim Barrows' domicile. Jim was one of the early Kansas Betas and an insurance man. When I saw Bill last week he was having a flare-up of malaria, but he acknowledged it was his own fault because he could have controlled it had he taken his stipend of quinine. Bill is looking fine and has had a great experience with the Japs, a la Australia and New Guinea way.

In our last letter we told you of the arrival of Lt. (jg) Howard Engleman's son. "Rope" expressed a splendid paternal and patriotic sentiment when he wrote regarding his young son -- "I didn't hear about it until about 20 days later, but anyway you have a young Jayhawk for your 1962 team. . . . Hate to be so far away but if so being will make a better world for him I won't complain."

This week I received another letter from Howard, in which he says, "Since I last wrote I ran into Knute Kresie who is exec. on a PT boat. We had a long chat. Also saw a young Haines fellow who is Bob Haines younger brother who lives close to you. I didn't remember him but I know Bob and we hashed over old Lawrence stories. It's sure fun to meet an old Jayhawker out here in the Pacific. What a time we'll have when we all get back, and it won't be to talk of landing at Tarawa or invading Normandy, but it will be that overtime game with A. & H. and the rally against E-State at Manhattan when we were 12 points behind and had 8 minutes to go, and we licked them 4 points -- those events will haunt our memories.

"Doc, I'm not in such good shape being on a small ship with little shore time available. It is very easy to overeat and under-exercise. However, I play ball whenever I can and I still have that old love of the game that time and wrinkles can't erase. It will be good to get back, so see if you all at home can't hurry the day. If you ever go through Salina look up my son and teach him to rebound while he's young."

Howard Dodge Engleman will certainly have a soft touch and lay-up if he is like his daddy.

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Our good friend and former coach of the Jayhawk golf team several years ago, Lt. Comdr. Wm. H. Shannon, Soldiers Field Station, Boston, writes -- "Your recent Jayhawk newsletter arrived just as I was leaving for New York - a short trip on business. Many thanks for it; I enjoyed reading it so much. Peculiar thing happened -- I read in it about Larry Hensley and within 25 minutes he was at my door ringing the bell. Larry left my class in December 1941 with Germain Morgan as enlisted men in the Navy. Today he is a Lt. (jg) in the Navy Air Corps; he has seen plenty of northern duty and now he is bound (fast) for the southern and eastern duty. He looked so good to me after almost three years. I derive so much personal satisfaction and pride in meeting these few boys. I can imagine your pride of such a host of boys out in all parts of the world. Ben Barteides, Luis Chapin, and Bill Seitz are in our present class. I turned over my complete file of Rebounds to Larry for reading; I am keeping a close watch on them for future safe-keeping. Teaching brings many real friends.

"Things are about the same at Harvard. I was promoted to Lt. Comdr. on 15 April, I may be transferred now. I have hopes of sea or foreign duty, but the cards appear to be against me as they need specially trained men in the States.

"How is your golf game? I have not had a club in my hands this summer; I play softball a couple of times a week -- pretty rough on an old man. I'll be along for a round one of these days."

Ens. Loren T. Florell, a member of our varsity basketball team in 1938 and 1939, recently wrote from the Naval Training Station at Ft. Schuyler, New York, saying that he is now doing more studying than ever before in his life. "Have managed to break away to New York a few week ends to see the sights of the big city and see a few Yankee ball games. We have a good physical program, too, and believe I'm in good enough shape to play a few fast minutes of basketball, just like the good old days at K.U. Haven't seen a familiar face since I've been here, guess most of the '38 and '39 gang are in combat areas or training elsewhere. . . . Please send future Jayhawk Rebounds to me at 2119 Gage Blvd., Topeka, Kansas, as my address will be too uncertain to send them direct to me, and I'll always have them forwarded from this address."

Capt. Chester K. Friedland (Track '37, '38, '39) is still at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma, as base physical training officer, and says, "My twin daughters are getting along fine. They look so much alike I can hardly tell them apart now. Heard from Bill Bunsen (football '38, '39) a couple of weeks ago. He just completed his fourth year in the Navy and is now stationed somewhere with the Pacific fleet. He has a wife and baby that he certainly would like to see."

From Lt. John Glenn, USS Corregidor, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, my assistant coach and the inspiration to the boys on the bench in the University of Southern California - Kansas game, which Kansas won for the Western N.C.A.A. basketball crown in 1940, comes the following cheerful note:

"The first draft of college trained (V-12) officers are now reporting aboard various ships for duty. Naturally we have had a great deal of fun getting them 'squared away'. To be without movies nightly, mail call at noon, and no beer at the Ship's Service Fountain is just too much for them to understand. Strange as it may seem the long days appear to be hard on them while we have always been under the impression that their training was a tough grind. Despite the above remarks they are extremely willing and eager to learn which reminds me of how green and dumb I was fourteen months ago when going over the brow for the first time. . . . Am enclosing a clipping regarding the 'Mighty C', as we call her. The term 'baby flat top' or 'queen of the baby flat tops' seems to be the identification for the

Corregidor in news releases. Frankly, I am mighty lucky to be aboard such a fine ship, and we are all very proud of her."

The clipping says, in part: "Lieut. John H. Glenn of Beardstown, Ill., has the responsibility of shifting planes from the flight deck to hangar deck and vice versa. He formerly was president of the Illinois Ice Industries. When the ship was commissioned, only 13 of her officers had been to sea before and less than 20 per cent of the crew had been on anything larger than a lake. The carrier has traveled more than 71,000 miles since then, and has been almost constantly in enemy waters."

Lt. Dave Shirk writes from the Academic Regiment at Ft. Benning, Ga., that he has about 3,000 men to maintain an athletic program for, and he is finding it a big job. He says: "My baseball team just won the Infantry School League by winning 16 of our 20 games. I have several big league players on the team as well as a lot of semi-pro boys that could give the big league boys a run for their money."

We know from past experiences that Dave will do a swell job.

Russell J. Chitwood, who was end on our varsity football teams in 1937, '38 and '39, and who has recently been with the Douglas Aircraft Co. in Tulsa, Oklahoma, received his commission as an ensign in the Navy in June, and is doubtless now at the Navy Air Base at Corpus Christi, Texas. He is assigned to the Navy Air Transport Command.

Ens. Robert E. Hunt, Area C-6, Camp Peary, Va., wrote us late in June saying that at that time he was bond officer for that area for the 5th War Loan. "This morning one man bought \$25,000 in bonds from me, so we should make our quota easily," Bob says. Bob was a member of our varsity basketball team in 1938, and on the baseball team in '40.

From the Pacific area comes word from Ens. Roy Edwards, USS SC-1054, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, who says, "I received quite a treat last week when I received a note that Clint Kanaga's ship was in the same harbor with ours. We received orders to get underway immediately so did not get to see him personally. However, I found his ship in the harbor and talked to him by the signal light. I am sure we will meet again soon."

Otto Schnellbacher, at Hondo, Texas, says, "I got your last Rebound, No. 9, yesterday and was glad to receive it. After reading it over I find some of the boys aren't too far away. In fact, I have flown over or by some of the places the boys are stationed here in Texas. I have been over Ralph Miller's location several times, for we fly over San Antonio quite often. May have to bail out some time and look him up. Well, maybe a train ride would take longer, but I prefer it to a parachute. . . . Still hoping I can return to school in September, '45, but it may be a little later."

Pvt. Wm. W. "Bill" Brill is now at Robins Field, Ga., after having traveled over most of the country east of the Mississippi, as he says. He writes further - "I run around with two rebels here. One played football at North Carolina and the other at Kentucky. They are two swell lads, but keep me plenty busy working out with them in the gym. One nice feature about these two fellows is they don't carry a grudge against the Yanks. The Civil War arguments are all in fun, but are getting very tiresome, and yet some don't let up.

"I added another name to my list of soldiers I have met from Kansas.

This one belongs to the cadre here and lives in the same barracks as I. His home is a few miles west of Lawrence and he is a friend of Ralph Schaaake and the Gibbens boys. He is a follower of Kansas U. sports and really enjoys reading your Kansas newspaper, the Jayhawk Rebounds. To share my copy each month, but since I am slated to leave here in the near future he would like to have his name added to your mailing list if at all possible. He is Sgt. John E. Pierson, 4525 AAF Base Unit (Signal School) Robins Field, Georgia."

You bet your life, Johnny Pierson, we are delighted to have you as one of our Jayhawk Rebounders.

Bill, don't get discouraged about those rebels. A few years ago they didn't know that "Danyank" was two words. Now they do, so you see they are making progress, and Bill, they are swell fellows. Personally, I know of no more typically aggressive, competent and sometimes cocky boy than the boy from Texas. He will fight you like the dickens, throwing everything he has got at you, but he keeps his smile, and that is true Americanism.

Lt. Bruce Voran (basketball '39, '40), APO 464, writes a very interesting note from Italy, dated July 10:

"I received your April Rebounds some time ago and fully intended to jot you a line long before now, but there haven't been many time-outs lately and my letter writing time has been clearly rationed. It was swell to hear of the activities and whereabouts of lots of the fellows I haven't seen since college days. Fen and T.P. certainly seem to be doing a whale of a job of setting these "rising suns".

"This Italian campaign has been quite a struggle. The Krauts had the weatherman playing guard for them all last winter, but when he decided to play on our team this summer we really started to roll. Just like in basketball and all group sports, teamwork in this business is the key to success. We are all hoping that the European war is in its final stages for we are all getting mighty eager to see the U.S.A. again. Count me in on that post-war reunion celebration and the sooner we can have it the better.

"Thanks for sending the Rebounds, and I'm eagerly looking forward to the next issue. Best regards to you, Doc, and a special hello to Ebling, Rope, Cappy, Bob, Harp, Kline and Nesmith. Best wishes to Bob (Allen) and wife. He picked a winner."

Bruce, you have just re-emphasized what I previously stated in my letter, that the Yanks play the game up to the hilt, but there is teamwork. I think we all realize exactly what you have stated.

S/Sgt. George Hulteen, APO 495, sends us the address of Major Robert C. "Bob" Ross, APO 788, New York, another varsity baseball player in '31 and '32. We are glad to put you on our mailing list, Bob. Drop us a line if you have any interesting notes you would like to communicate to your friends in the service. Keep your eye on that ol' apple, and swing hard!

Only this last week Lt. T. C. "Tom" Bishop, APO 49, N.Y., wrote me as follows from somewhere in Italy: "I am with a replacement command, and while our work does not entail the digging of foxholes, it is necessary for the war effort and someone has to do it. . . . The folks are still at the same old stand, 1608 No. Penn. Ave., Oklahoma City, and I am sure they will enjoy hearing from you. Dad's health is not too good, but Mother does not seem to

change from day to day. How she does it I'll never know. . . . So far I have not run into anyone from K.U. but in this new command we see thousands of men and I might bump into someone most any day."

For those who do not know, Tom played three stellar years of basketball and baseball for the University of Kansas in 1929, 1930 and 1931. Tom hails from Oklahoma City where he made a great record. He proved to be one of those Oklahoma boys who was a thorn in Coach Hugh McDermatt's side when he was tutoring those fighting Sooners. I can still see Tom blush when Ernie Quigley says, "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" But that has been a good many summers ago, and I'll bet Quig would have a tough time making Tom blush now.

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I endeavored to have one of our University artists sketch a B26 Marauder, flown by Lt. Col. Jay B. Smith of Valley Center, Kansas. You remember in my last Rebounds I spoke about the super-athletic fan, H. W. Goodwin, Field Director of the American Red Cross stationed somewhere in England. "Goody" wrote for the fightingest, fiercest Jayhawk we could catch. "Goody" sent us a couple of snapshots with "Mr. Jayhawk" painted in a ferocious, fighting attitude on the side of the bomber with Lt. Col. Smith standing to the side in bas-relief. The caricaturist that did "Mr. Jayhawk" has a kiss of death under his wing - a big bomb with Mr. Hitler's name on it. The artist in our school of fine arts was afraid that she could not do justice on a mimeograph job so she passed it up, but I did send it on to Fred Ellsworth, our alumni secretary, and he is having an engraving of it that will appear in his Graduate Magazine.

Thanks, "Goody", and good luck to Lt. Col. J. B. Smith of our Jayhawker state.

Fred Ellsworth also called our attention to the July 8th issue of the Saturday Evening Post which carries an article, "The Longest Hour in History", written by Martin Sommers, describing among other things, Jim Arnold who was a letterman in basketball here in 1941 and also treasurer of his class.

From a pugnacious destroyer's bridge, hard under the German shore batteries, a Post editor gives you a close-up of how one of the hottest beachheads was punched into Normandy. Jim wrote Fred Ellsworth and stated when the destroyer was cruising around between the shores in the Soloman Islands they thought they were in some pretty rough spots, but, he stated, that was nothing as compared to what they got into on the USS McCook in this beachhead landing. Jim had a lot of things to say about coming back after the war, and they were much to the point. Between the lines we read a feeling of his, along with the rest of you - that you fellows want to be proud of the fellows back home for what they are doing to keep things going while you are away. I am reading in some of the lectures the thought that after you have served over there and when you come back you will have something to say about how this country is run. Jim graduated and will not come back to school, but will go into business but I'll bet he will boss in a few trips in straightening out some of the riddles that the country has gotten into while he has been away. However, Jim doesn't say that -- I am guessing on exactly how he is feeling.

But I do want to quote from Martin Sommers' article: