

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.

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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.

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A note to Clint Kanaga: Clint, I have not forgotten the matter of the gold basketball for T. P. Hunter. Immediately upon receipt of your letter I went to Julius Marks and told him to look up his past record and check to see if T. P.'s gold basketball wasn't mailed to his mother at Margaret, Texas, or to his sister in Tulsa, and Julius promised me that he would let me know. I am sure that it was ordered. When I started to dictate this letter to you I called Julius again and he is going over his books and checking the mailing because he has a record of every address. You tell T. P. we are going to get that gold basketball for him and have it in his possession. He deserves a thousand of them, and we certainly aren't going to delay. I want to say here and now that had I dreamed that T. P. didn't have his ball I would have activated myself no end. T. P. is "No. 1" in my own mind, and, I might add, in everyone's.

Mrs. Allen and I had your brother, Bill, to dinner the other night. Bill is a great boy and we enjoyed him very much. Mrs. Allen loves to see boys eat, and I might state here and now that Bill didn't disappoint her! He tore into those fried chickens like you boys have been tearing into the slit-eyes. He annihilated them.

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We want to tell you a few things about old Mount Oread. She was never more beautiful. This Jayhawk Rebounds is dated Wednesday, July 26, but it is now Friday afternoon at 3:17 and I am trying to close my letter. Sometimes we work on it for two weeks, piecemealing it here and there. The campus is as green as early spring. We have had some wonderfully cool weather in July, not a day going over 97 here in Lawrence, Kansas. The lawns are beautiful and the foliage is gorgeous. Ordinarily at this time of year the campus is brown, but it is as green as can be. The past week we have had rains and for the past two weeks we have had Colorado weather in the evenings with most of the people sleeping under blankets.