

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. Veran, 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 carry 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. Will, when the war is over we will get you all