

prettiest girls of Beloit, Kansas. Congratulations to you, Bill and Margaret, and may every good thing come to you and yours. Bill played football here in 1940.

Maj. Fen A. Durand, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, wrote on Dec. 12th: "I have been back with my battalion for nearly a month now, and it's mighty difficult to realize that I have spent a month's leave at home. After such a leave it's tough to settle down to this military life again, but it seems there is no alternative. . . . After seeing you in Lawrence, we went on to Fayette, Mo., where Katie and I were married on Oct. 21st. Her father was Dr. Merrill Smith of Fayette, whom you might have known about twenty years ago. . . . We flew to San Francisco where we spent ten days or so before I had to leave for overseas again. Believe me, it's hard to leave that second time, especially after having just been married! . . . I finally received word that Dana is in southern France. So far as I know he has not yet been in action, but undoubtedly he will soon have that opportunity. . . . Whom should I see the other day out here but Mike Sihlanick, who is a Lt. in the U.S.M.C. We had a fine talk together and he asked that I relay his regards to you and Dean Nesmith. I certainly enjoyed seeing you and your family again and wish that I could have had a longer visit with you all. Give my regards to Henry Shenk and Dean Nesmith, and the best of luck to the Jayhawkers during basketball season."

Fen, your letter came just after we had received word of the passing of your wonderful dad on December 24th in Junction City. I recall with what animation and pride he walked into the office here with you in October. I could see his fierce pride and love for his three fine sons who are all in the service. But life is like that. Mr. Durand filled a wonderful mission in life. Besides having one of the most hospitable homes in Junction City, graced with the presence of the wonderful mother of his boys, he was known throughout his entire community as one of the most public spirited and one of the most durable citizens of Kansas. The plan of life has been fulfilled. Our deepest sympathies to his bereaved family.

I have just today received a letter from Capt. Clint Kanaga, USMCR, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, who says, "Have time for a note so I thought I'd let you know that I'm fine as can be. Today makes a year our ship has been out of the States and 13 months on sea duty for me. It's gone fast -1944- and I can't say that it's been monotonous and uninteresting all the time. The war has gone a long way in a year - from England to the German border in Europe, and from Kwajalein to Luzon in the Pacific. Maybe a year from now we will be in Berlin and Tokio. We have excitement occasionally but not day after day under adverse conditions like the infantry. . . . Haven't had any mail for a couple of weeks so should get some soon. I always enjoy your newsletter - it's splendid for you to keep that up for I know everyone overseas eats up every word of it. . . . Hope you have a good ball club. One thing sure, when the war is over - with Evans, Snelly, and the rest back we'll take them apart again. . ."

Well, Snelly is up to his old tricks! I think many of you will be interested in this letter from Capt. Fred G. Heinlen, Asst. Physical Training Officer at Selman Field, where Snelly has been.

"I thought you might be interested in hearing about one of your boys, Otto Schnellbacher. He has just left our field to enter Bombardier's School but while he was here he did a fine job as a soldier and as an athlete. "He was the outstanding boy on our football team this year. His defensive end play and his pass catching ability was the best any of us have ever seen around here. He played the last five ball games we had and made the

all-opponent team of each of the five clubs. In addition to that he made the first team of the all-southern service team, a real honor when one realizes how many service teams played football in the south last season. "Because of his duties, we had Schnellbacher just for our last four basketball games. He was the big factor in winning all four averaging 22 points per game against pretty fair opposition. Now that he has gone, things will be rough. While he was here, I really looked like a good coach. This boy is a real credit to the University of Kansas and the coaching staff. He was well liked and was a credit to the service, the post, and Selman's athletic teams. We are sorry that he has left Selman Field."

Congratulations, Snelly! I always bet on you to deliver the goods.

Lt. Charles B. Black, APO 650, New York, writes that he is rather disgusted with Italy and is emphatic in his statement that we are always going to have trouble with the Italian race. Gosh darn it, Charlie, I have been having trouble with the human race for better than fifty years! But they tell me the first fifty are the hardest, so there is still hope.

Charlie writes: "I've visited many interesting things in Rome, Florence, Naples and Pompei, but wouldn't give two cents to ever go in any one of the cities again. There's a saying that Africa ends in Rome and Italy begins at Rome. It holds pretty much true. The northern Italians are more civilized, and much cleaner. . . . We are living in a Count's palace which is an antique, started way back in 1200. And I do mean an antique. But its warm and we have lots of servants and a swell bunch of boys in the squadron to mix with. We can't kick when we know what the doughboys put up with. . . . Do you remember Kenny Brown who went to K.U. in 1942? I met him in Naples where he had been for some time in a hospital. He had been wounded and was going back to the front. They really pour it on the Infantry officers. I've got a lot of respect for them. . . I send my fondest regards to Mrs. Allen and family."

Mrs. Allen and the family received your felicitations and good wishes, Charlie, and they are reciprocated a thousand per cent. They are very fond of you and your whole family. It is not necessary for us to say that we are proud of the fourteen missions you have flown. Glad the thirteenth is over!

We learn that Charlie's area basketball team won the championship and that they are to go on to the 12th area for a tournament.

Charlie's brother, Bob, is in England, flying a troop carrier, and doubtless has taken many troops into France. We know you both want to get the job over with. Here's the old good luck signal. Happy landing, good hunting and a safe return.

I have just received a new address for Cpl. John W. Ballard, APO 263, New York - old Jack Ballard, the boy that rides the motorcycles, the jeeps and half-tracks or anything mechanical, and when it doesn't go fast enough he just dismounts the baby and goes on foot faster than the vehicle.

C. E. McBride, sports editor of the Kansas City Star, called me and said, "Was Jack Ballard on your team?" I said, "Yes, he was", in the best Texas language I could command. He said, "Well, this guy Ballard just won the championship for his outfit at Camp Bowie, Texas, in basketball. He was the star and averaged 22 points per game. He was the whole show up there in the stratosphere with his 6 ft. 7 in., or something like that." On December 10th Jack had written, "I have worked conscientiously on timing my rebounds, and also my defensive tactics and I believe I am improving, no feelin'." From McBride's comment, he has not only improved, - he has arrived, and how happy I am for you, Jack. Listen, brother, if some of our opposing rats don't knock off some

of our best boys, the Big Six will be hoping that something had happened to some of them when you guys return.

Jack says, further: "I played a little football this fall whenever I had time during my off-duty hours. I was learning how to handle my 220 pounds to a good advantage. The Army has been building me up with their calisthenics program. I also have been studying up on my 'dirty fighting', and have given a few classes in it. The Infantry gets the credit, but without the Cavalry Recon. Troops, they would be paralyzed in their movements."

I have just received a V-mail from Maj. Lawrence E. Filkin, APO 390, New York, of the medical corps, who says: "Met an old friend of yours last night he was 2nd Lt. Bob Oyler. He'd been commissioned the day before. He's fine, but getting a few gray hairs, likes his work and wishes with me that there was a basketball court around these parts. We're new in the same outfit by virtue of my change of jobs some time ago. We expect to be able to get together quite often, and no doubt will have some fine bullfests about old K.U. We have snow almost daily and it has gotten pretty cold a couple of times. Nevertheless, it makes this miserable country almost beautiful, and we don't mind."

It was good to hear from you, Larry. And we are happy to put Bob Oyler on our mailing list. Bob, I hope your legal decisions are as direct as were your shots when you fired them at the bucket in old Robinson Gymnasium. Congratulations, Bob, on your commission!

F L A S H ! ----- We were just that, - a flash in the pan, when it came to holding the victory that we should have had twice in our game with Oklahoma. We were eight points ahead of the Sooners on two different occasions, but each time the boys forget to hold the ball. It was a heartbreaker for the boys to lose, because they should have won. But you know the boys are young. That is why they are in college, and I hope they will learn - and I believe they will, because they are all saying, consciously and unconsciously, "The Sooners are coming to Lawrence on February 13". Watch their smoke!

I will give you again our schedule for the remainder of the season so that you may keep up with our games:

January 27 - Iowa State at Lawrence
January 30 - Kansas State at Lawrence
February 10 - Nebraska at Lincoln
February 13 - Oklahoma at Lawrence
February 16 - Kansas State at Manhattan
February 24 - Missouri at Lawrence
March 2 - Iowa State at Ames

We have one additional game, not shown in the schedule above, that has just been arranged. The Olathe Clippers will play here in Hoch Auditorium on Tuesday, February 6th.

Major Arthur S. Anderson, M. D., was our affable and efficient team physician for all sports back in the thirties. His ready wit, friendly personality and high efficiency are shown in these lines, written from the Mitchell Convalescent Hospital at Camp, California. "Received my second Rebounds. Mrs. A. J. sent me my first while I was in China. Have had a lot of chasing around in the past year and a half. The Carribbean, Central and South America, Africa, Egypt, Arabia, India, Burma, China, Australia, Panama,

and what not. . . . The post had an ever-victorious football team and naturally I was tagging along as the Doc. All the players were from the South Pacific, all had malaria and most of them had been wounded from one to four times. I was proud to tag along with such a gang. We played junior college league teams and it was interesting to note that our gang, that had been killing Japs with their hands, played a lot cleaner than the pure and unsullied children in the opposition. . . . Saw some action in China, and that is a feat as there is but little of it to see out there. Was in Burma when Merrill's outfit moved in. This is the first medicine I have seen for two years. In China was teaching mule-packing and the care and feeding of the Tommy gun. Was recommended for a "purty" for heroism in fighting a rear guard action but will no doubt end up by being fined for hunting without a license as a medic should shed comfort and not ammunition.

"Irma, Sam (age 8) and I are living in a hunting lodge, 7 miles from camp, which is 2 miles from the border. Plenty of deer, quail, ducks and bass. Have an outboard and am able to get a lot done along these lines. Sam is a handy little kid, all Army. He can make a dry camp in the desert, cook, shoot and do for himself better than most adults. We have a lot of fun. . . . Schiller Shore, Major Inf., is the only K.U. representative I saw in China. Came back from Panama with Capt. Bob Morrison. We parted company in Boston. Things are booming down here and will boom more than the Saipan casualties come in. There is a lot to be done yet and patching up the returnees will be a big job for some time to come."

By way of emphasis as to the proper conduct of civilians when our boys return, is Wayne "Bill" Replegle's revealing letter, written from Oakland Naval Hospital: "Just a note to tell you that all's well here at this hospital. After working 6 weeks with orthopedies, I have spent another 6 weeks with outside athletics for men who are about to return to duty or are being discharged. Here one learns that war is serious, horrible, dirty and that there is no such thing as glory - no medal, no sympathy, no nothing puts the missing arm, leg or eye back on the man - and it's hard to make some of them smile. But I've found that being natural and friendly, just like at home in Kansas, does more than anything. My greatest moment and thrill was 2 weeks ago when Ed Hall walked into the fieldhouse and let out that glorious laugh and told me he was assigned to work with me with outside athletics. I've never been so darn glad to be with someone in my life as it has been to be with a real Kansan, as you know Ed Hall is."

When the boys come back the quickest way in the world to seal their mouths and their souls forever is to ask them how many Japs or how many Nazis they got. They want to talk about Massachusetts Street, Mount Oread, the football, the basketball, the baseball and the track scores. They want you to tell them about the bullfests at the Jayhawk and the Rock Chalk. They want to know if Mike Gette is still at the Eldridge Hotel, and if the coffee gang still drops in during the hours of the morning to run over the heroic achievements of each and every one of you boys who are overseas.

The last three nights a group of men, working under the name of the Civic Action Council, have been meeting and have outlined a two-fold purpose: "To have a construction and city face lifting plan which will encourage veterans to return to Lawrence and to provide many of them with early employment; and, to arouse greater civic pride throughout the community." The Lawrence Victory Plan is the slogan of this group, who are determined to have a Lawrence, Kansas, that is wide awake to the imperative needs of these returning veterans.

Listed below are eight points for an alert Lawrence:

1. The entire town must be not only acquainted with the Victory Plan but must

- be made a part of it.
2. The Council should be the clearing house and guiding group of the many committees working on the several projects.
 3. The projects must be kept within the power of our city to work on. The plan must not be of such a nature as to make the people feel it too great to cope with.
 4. Public sentiment must be built up, civic pride must be spurred. Pride of ownership must be awakened.
 5. The City Council must be acquainted with the aims of the central group. The City Council must be in on the ground floor of the Victory Plan and not have information reach it second-hand.
 6. The plan will develop and enlarge provided the proper and timely publicity is given. Everyone must have a part.
 7. Project committees must be appointed from active and forward looking citizens, both men and women. Many ideas, some good and some bad, will be reviewed.
 8. It will take hard and constant work to develop and enlarge the Victory Plan and the drive will have to be maintained by this Council.

So you see we are receptive to the return of the boys.

To Harold McSpadden - Dear Sparke: I read your letter of January 18th to the boys during the chalk-talk yesterday afternoon and everyone of them enjoyed it. The fact that you are doing the old psychological act by concentrating during the time of our games with our opponents shows that you have the old Kansas spirit, first, last, and all the time. Just got a letter from Dean Nesmith this morning from the Piccadilly Hotel, and this is the personnel of the traveling group - Admin. Officer, S. C. Staley, of Illinois; football, Cecil Isbel of Purdue; basketball, Howard Hobson of Oregon; baseball, Ethan Allen; track, Bill Hargiss; officials, George White; boxing, Billy Cavanaugh; training, Dean Nesmith.

With Sparke in New York, with his bowling alley grip, with Dean on the way over, and with the gang here keeping their knees bent and fighting them, we can assure you that we will hold the fort until each and every one of you return.

With the same old battle in our hearts here on the home front that you have got on the many fighting fronts, I am with best wishes to you,

Very 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

March 14, 1945

No. 14

Final Big Six Conference Standings in Basketball

	W	L	Pts	OP	Pct
Iowa State8	2	469	382	.800
Kansas	7	3	448	387	.700
Oklahoma	5	5	420	412	.500
Missouri	5	5	377	468	.500
Kansas State	4	6	445	448	.400
Nebraska	1	9	447	509	.100

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Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

My, how time flies! That was impressed upon me years ago when I was a teenage youngster as I walked in Heinie Kabeobler's Hot Air Cafe, and staring me in the face was a big clock, the second and minute hands stepped up twenty times, electrically. As these hands went whizzing around the clock, the caption below was, "My, how time flies."

That seems to me literally true now because as the years roll by the second hand and the hour hand seem to accelerate themselves, and now I find that my last Jayhawk Rebounds was written on January 19. And I had promised in my own mind and heart that you fellow Jayhawkers on the seven seas and the many fighting fronts would have a letter from me each month. To err and to procrastinate is human. I guess I am one of these guilty fellows.

The day before we started for Iowa State at Ames on March 1, I was sure that the Rebounds would have been dictated and I would reserve a flash for the result -- we were hopeful then! But with the myriad of duties I have deferred until today to write this letter. But this morning - the day when we go to Dean Corder's domicile at Welda, Kansas, where his father, Lee R. Corder, is superintendent of schools, for the purpose of a basketball banquet, - I am going to write this, come hell or high water. You remember the old grandpappy down in Arkansas. When the floods came the neighbors had all gathered on a high hill, and as the river rushed down the narrow valley they noticed a straw hat moving to and fro across the water. The neighbors marveled, and said, "Look at that straw hat moving back and forth, and not downstream! What a peculiar phenomenon!" (although the Arkansawyers used a different word.) One young hillbilly said, "Why, don't you remember, Grandpappy said he was going to mow that lawn, come hell or high water." . . . That is a rotten joke, but I had to make my point.

Now, into the story of the Big Six Conference race. In my January Rebounds I gave you the set-up of the race and the personnel of the team. You will see from the final Big Six Conference standings that Iowa State had what it took. They defeated Oklahoma at Oklahoma City, and Kansas State at Manhattan, on Saturday and Monday night prior to meeting us at Ames and defeating us on the following Friday. They defeated Nebraska earlier in the season at Lincoln. That was the difference. We lost to Nebraska at Lincoln in one of the hottest games that I have ever seen the Cornhuskers play. Iowa State got a further break in the fact that Kansas played Oklahoma at Norman, and Iowa

State played them at Oklahoma City preparatory to the Sooners going to New York. Oklahoma Aggies and Texas Christian played the other end of a double-header in Oklahoma City, and Iowa State won by 2 points. If it is true that the home court is worth from 2 to 6 points, we could say that Iowa State got a slight break in the schedule. But no one is belittling the efforts of that fine Iowa State team. They had the stuff and showed their merit all the way through, so we take off our hats to Louie Menze and the boys in Iowa. They are the real champions.

The three games we lost were to Iowa State, Oklahoma (one point in an overtime) and to Nebraska. In recalling the hot teams of years back, I remember Bruce Drake, Tom Churchill and Vic Heltz, and the fine 1929 team at Norman. We had a pretty good team and they ran over us roughseed something like 47 to 29. I thought that was the hottest team I had seen until 1939 when we met the Missouri Tigers at Columbia. We had a good team and thought that we were to tie and then win the play-off, but Missouri poured it on us from every angle, and every shot they took seemed to whiz through the netting in this game at Columbia. Then in 1940 we met Indiana for the NCAA finals in Kansas City and held them to 4 points in the first 8 minutes of play, and then they started shooting. And what a barrage! They couldn't miss from any angle. They hit impossible shots, one after the other. And yet we scored 42 points against them, but it wasn't nearly enough.

Nebraska scored 59 points on us while we got 45, and Iowa State scored 61 while we got 39. These two games compared with Oklahoma, Missouri and Indiana, and these are the games from 1929 to 1945, so you can see running into two outfits in the same year was just too much for a very willing, aggressive and hard fighting Kansas team. With every kind word to a dogged and determined Kansas team, we did not have the material that some of our opponents possessed this year. But we gave them everything we had, and I am mighty proud of these boys to be able to take second place, with none of the other four lower teams near the Kansas 7 won and 3 lost margin.

Early in the season I picked Iowa State first, Oklahoma second, Missouri, Kansas and Kansas State fighting it out for ties, and I thought Nebraska would finish last. The only game that Nebraska won was that 59 to 45 shellacking they gave us, so I rather look at their effort in that game as something out of this world. That is the first time that a Nebraska team, coached by "Lew" Lewandowski has defeated a Kansas team, but there must always be a first time for everything, and it happened. It has been six years since Kansas dipped her colors to the Cornhuskers in basketball. But you will remember in the last Rebounds I said, "We are looking for trouble when we go to Lincoln on February 10."

Now for a short resume of Kansas efforts in the Big Six. We lost a heartbreaker at Oklahoma in an overtime game, Kansas had the game sewed up three different times, but our lack of experience caused the boys to shoot long shots when they should have nursed the ball. In the Iowa State game at Lawrence on January 27, we defeated Louie Menze's team 50 to 35, although Firebeck, one of their stars, was on the sideline. Then the Kansas-Kansas State game at Lawrence was a typical Kansas-Kansas State game, on January 30. It was a thriller, and it looked as if Kansas was doomed to defeat, but Kansas won one of the wildest and most exciting games that a packed Heck Auditorium has seen in years. The massacre at Lincoln on February 10th has been recounted. On February 13 Oklahoma came to Lawrence and Kansas stepped out in front and maintained a lead, and looked like near-champions. Kansas played a marvelous game against the Sooners.

Maybe the press dispatches of February 16 gave you an inkling of the Kansas-Kansas State game at Manhattan. Kansas State was very much in the running for the championship. Since they had beaten the Sooners and had run up 70 points on Nebraska, and had defeated Missouri, they were in a championship mood. They had not lost a game on the home court and this was the game that Kansas was to get her licking. Not since 1937 had the Aggies won a game from K.U. Everything was in the cards for Kansas State to break this jinx. And what a ball game it was! The teams were splendid on both sides regarding their sportsmanship and fine attitude. But the crowd had come for blood and they wanted some of the Jayhawker meat. To make a long story short, Kansas won in one of the most hectic games. Atkins, the Kansas State boy, double dribbled in coming down the court and passed to an Aggie boy who shot a goal which would have put the Aggies one point ahead. The crowd was so wild they failed to hear the whistle or to see the double-dribble, and they thought the referees had taken the ball and the game away from Kansas State.

After the game, John Lance and Eddie Hogue, the officials, walked over to the scorers bench to verify the score, which Kansas had won by two points, and in the interval between the time John Lance left the scorer's table he was divested of most of his raiment. A part of that said raiment hangs on the bulletin board here in my office. It is a piece of cloth $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. It has black and white stripes, and at one time was a part of his refereeing shirt. This is once where a referee lost his shirt and almost everything else if he had stayed on the job long, but Coach Fritz Knerr of the Aggies grabbed Lance by the arm and what clothing was still on him and hustled him down the side entrance to the basement. There were only a few trouble-makers. The majority of the crowd were fine, and all the coaches and athletic officers at Kansas State were wonderful. It was just one of these mob scenes that happens when some chump starts to take matters in his own hands. President Eisenhower, Mike Ahearn, Coach Fritz Knerr, and Frank Myers, the financial secretary, were all wonderful in seeing that we all got courteous treatment. But for a while things were exciting. True, some nit wit shadow boxer let all the air out of my tires by taking the valve cores out, but this was done by some distorted brain who thought he was doing something to aid the war effort.

Everything is lively and I am going down there on March 23 to speak at a basketball banquet at the Manhattan High School. Of course, we will do everything we can to spread the gospel of good will and friendliness between the two Kansas cousins - Kansas and Kansas State. The student body of Kansas State were fine. I think it is a wonderful commentary to make when we think of Kansas and Kansas State, two bitter rivals, playing all these years without any more trouble than has occurred. It speaks well for the leadership in athletics on both sides, - and may it ever thus remain.

We had the surprise of our lives at Lincoln on February 10, when we had a fine visit with Ray Evans. Our Kansas Jayhawkers got a big wallop out of talking with him. Big, fine looking and poised, aggressive, this All-American in two sports was as modest as a college freshman. Ray stayed with us in our defeat and until late at night when we pulled out of Lincoln. He was consoling the boys after the red hot Nebraskans had peured it on them. He met a buck private with whom he had played baseball and he was just as swell to this G. I. Joe as if this private had been a general. That is the thing that makes Ray Evans great; that, and a lot of other things. Ray was on his way to his assignment with the Gypsy Task Force, and after arriving at his destination he wrote as follows: "This place is an ideal spot for our combat crew training. And before long you will be hearing quite a bit about a couple of our outfits." Ray's address is Lt. Ray R. Evans, Hdqrs. Gypsy Task Force, APO 632, c/o P.M., Miami, Fla.

From Lt. Dean K. Brooks, M.C. (APA 46, San Francisco): "Yesterday I went ashore and visited the spot where T. P. Hunter was killed. I talked to several of the men who served under him. They certainly praised him to the skies. They told me of some of his heroic acts on other fields of battle. John Krum and I are going up and visit his grave in the next few days. . . . Had dinner with Art Nichols (K.U. '43) the other night and while there met another K. U. Man, Dean Kipp, M '43, from Junction City. As usual the conversation drifted around to Phog's basketball team. We all figure that if we take O.U. at Lawrence we'll win the championship. How about it? I'll bet these boys would certainly be surprised if they knew how much guys out here are pulling for them. I wonder if they think about the guys out here as much as these fellows do about them."

And a letter from Cpl. Charles Lear, with the Marine Corps in the Pacific, assures us that he is coming to visit us when he returns to the States to tell us more about T. P. We have never gotten anything only the most tender expressions from all of T. P.'s buddies. He was a man beloved of all men.

Lt. Dave Shirk wrote from Benning Park, Columbus, Ga., late in January to say that he expected to report to advance officer's school some time in February, and when he finished there he would doubtless get an overseas assignment. You really have what it takes, Dave, and we are very proud of you. Yes, indeed, I remember Bill Sapp very well; and also Larry Kennedy. I appreciate all the fine things you are doing for these boys, and we hope they will cheer K. U.

I received from Rev. Robert A. Hunt, of Salina, a copy of a long letter he had had from Ens. Robert E. Hunt, which concluded with the following paragraph: "There are many things I will explain after the war that I cannot tell now. Even in these back areas, I have had my thrills. It is not all dull. I have flown 7,000 miles over the Pacific Ocean; sometimes in very severe storms. Our trips on these LCT's take refuge within the coral reefs." Best of luck to you, Bob.

From Ens. R. F. "Dick" Miller, VS-52, San Francisco: "Am now in the Hawaiian area, but not for long. Expect to leave in the next few days. I haven't run into very many Jayhawkers, but when I do we always have a big time. . . . Please say hello to all who are still there, and to those who read your Rebounds. The newsletter is great. Keep them coming."

Judging from the Camp Butner News (North Carolina), the post special service chief, Major Frank J. Anneberg is keeping busy providing opportunities for recreation for patients of the U. S. Army General and Convalescent Hospital and returnees of the AG and SF Redistribution Station.

Glad to hear from R. W. "Dick" Farris, PhMc/c, APA 197, San Francisco, formerly of Garnett, Kansas. Dick, we are putting Capt. Forrest M. Chapman on our mailing list.

I received a highly interesting letter from Lt. C. W. "Chuck" Elliott, APO 321, San Francisco, and am really sorry that space forbids me elaborating more fully on his letter. Chuck was in the Philippines at that time, and had 50 combat hours to his credit. But that was over a month ago. Lots of luck, Chuck.

Lt. (jg) Frank M. Bukaty is with the Armed Guard. He played on our football teams of 1938 and 1939, and baseball in 1939. "Buck" writes: "Since coming aboard this vessel a lot of water has gone under my feet. Have visited

many foreign ports which was an experience to see but have seen entirely too much water, which I wouldn't say is enjoyable. Not being able to mention the port, I can tell you that I have been to India. It is beyond comparison the worst country I have ever visited. When the good Lord laid it out He surely must have had an off day. Some of the sights you see are hardly believable unless one witnessed it himself. People by the millions, diseased, undernourished and exploited, mill around the country everywhere. Much has been written about their customs, mores, and religious beliefs, by more qualified men than myself, so I'll not venture into detail in this regard. I am only thankful that we departed from the country before contracting some form of deadly tropical disease. Before returning to the States we will have circled the world covering more than 25,000 miles." Buck, I too am sorry that I didn't get a chance to visit with you when you were home on a short leave.

Lt. Curvin H. Greene sends a change of address to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. He's the guy who told me they weren't going to shoot the Japs - they were going to throw rocks at them!

Sgt. Armand L. Dixon, APO 247, San Francisco, says: "Things have quieted down considerably from what they were a few months ago. The Jap planes have kept pretty clear of these islands, so I don't expect that we will be hampered by air raids. There are still a few snipers on the island, but they are being taken care of very nicely by patrols. Before long they may be cleaned out completely." Armand, thanks for your good wishes regarding the Big Six. We fell just one game short and that was one game too much. Remember, Armand, we are counting on you coming back, along with Schnell, big Jack Ballard, Ray Evans, Charlie Black, Hoyt Baker, and a flock of fledgling Jayhawkers that are going to be tougher than a beet when this fuss is over.

From good ole "Pappy" Nesmith - "Somewhere in Italy. It is cloudy today but I guess it is the first in a month. The things you see here really open your eyes. People begging for whatever you will give them. They are driven to it by hunger. Women working in the fields and oxen pulling plows and carts. Dirty, ragged, hungry little children playing in the streets and begging for scraps to eat. The Red Cross is doing a fine job. My hat is off to them. Basketball and baseball are the main sports. Chance of men being hurt in football too great. They want them to work and fight. . . ." Dean's address is AFHQ, APO 512, New York.

Dean, I don't know whether you are going to make it back in three months or not. From the time it took you to get over, I'm wondering if you have been mud-crawling in the ocean! How is deep-sea fishing?

We often think of our three Navy "musketeers" - Lt. Ernie Vanek, Lt. Murray Brown, and Lt. Gerald Barker. Ernie is still at Norman, Oklahoma, and is doing a swell job at the Naval Air Technical Training Center. "Bark" is out in the Pacific with an LST. "Bark", your letter was very interesting. Thanks a million. You are a regular guy. I wish I might have opportunity to answer in detail every one of the letters of all you boys. But gosh, I would be working day and night, and you would get tired of reading them. So this Jayhawk Rebounds will take the place of personal letters until this fuss is over.

To Major R. E. Weinzettel, APO 133, New York, my good friend from Medart's in St. Louis, Mo. Congratulations, Roy, on your majority. I knew you had the stuff. I appreciate your sending me the Stars and Stripes, as have many of my other friends. They are always interesting, these overseas letters of yours.

To Capt. S. M. Chambers, APO 339, New York - Stew, I enjoyed your swell letter immensely. The last report we had Capt. Paul Harrington was with the

77th Evac. Hospital. Hope you can locate this swell guy who played on three Missouri Valley championship teams.

Stew, I will always remember with delight our associations when you were on our varsity, and later when you were off. Mrs. Allen is fine, Jane is married and has a baby girl, Jill. Her husband is Lt. Elwood Mens - we call him "Heet", and he is a Navy flier. Mit is married, of course, and has a red-head six years of age - Judy. Isabelle is going to be a widow now because Mit is a Lieutenant (jg) in the Navy, and reports at Boston, Mass., on March 23. Bob is interning at Bell Memorial Hospital and will be in the Army Medical Corps July 1st with the rank of first lieutenant. Eleanor will be home from Philadelphia April 9, and Mary with her brood is out at Palo Alto, California.

This past week they nominated me for councilman in the first ward. Besides being in Red Cross work, Selective Service, and a lot of other things, I am keeping fairly busy, but I always like to hear from my boys who through the years have been a great joy to me. I am unopposed in the April 3rd general election, so I think I may win this one!

Good luck to you, Stew, and tramp the kickens out of the Krauts.

Capt. Kenneth C. Johnson, APO 557, New York, writes: "Have been receiving your Jayhawk Rebounds and I enjoy it very much. There has been a little delay in its receipt due to the incorrect address. I have been at the above address for a year now and my job is sub-depot engineering officer at a B-17 base."

From Lt. Comdr. W. H. "Bill" Shannon, Navy Supply Corps School, Soldiers Field, Boston, Mass.: "I am glad to see your expanded interest in community affairs. . . Lots of Luck. . . Things are per usual with me. I am still at the Supply Corps School - am tied up with the Contract Termination and Surplus Disposal program of training officers. Sea duty or foreign duty look dim, but I still hope to share the hardships with my friends and past students. I have tried so hard, but one must take orders. . ." Bill enclosed a clipping from the New York Times, and offered commiserations on our failure to win the Big Six title, but he assuaged our feelings with many soothing words.

From Lt. K. W. "Kenny" Keene, APO 235, San Francisco: "I received the last Rebounds a few days ago and noticed Lt. Evelyn Herriman was with the 44th Gen. Hosp. We have a lot of our boys up there. . . . We came in the assault waves in the first landings in the Philippines. A week or so before landing I ran into Lt. (jg) Dean Brooks, a Lawrence boy. We had a fine chat and he told me that Johnny Krum was nearby so the next day I took a L.C.V.P. over to Johnny's ship. We had a swell time recalling all of K.U.'s ball players and where they are located. . . . I've watched K. U. ball games since I was 12 years old and ushered for Sgt. Kellender. Shivers run up and down my spine when I think of that moment of silence before every game. . . . There are a number of anti-aircraft outfits here in the Pacific area. We are in third place for total number of Jap planes knocked down and we are only six planes behind the leaders. The boys and myself get a real kick out of seeing a Jap plane burst into flames and fall to the ground. . . ."

From Lt. M. F. "Mike" Andrews, Physical Training Director at the Aviation Cadet Detachment, Merced, Calif. Mike played football at K.U. in 1938. Mike writes, "Last January I was attending a two-week Physical Fitness course at San Antonio, Texas, and ran across Captain Gordon Gray. He is Physical Training Officer at Waco, Texas. Seems as the many Jayhawkers are doing a good job in physical training. . . . Just received a letter of commendation from the colonel for our work in physical training. . . . Before I close I want to say

after reading the November Rebounds that I am proud to be able to say that I knew T. P. Hunter."

Mike, you bet, we are tickled to death to put you on the mailing list. It is not necessary that a fellow play basketball, football or anything else, to get on our mailing list. You fellows are playing the biggest game right now that you have ever played, and any boy in this fuss is more than welcome to one of these Rebounds if he will just let us know his desires, and his address. I started writing these letters, Mike, to just a few of the boys, not necessarily basketeers, but we used the Rebounds name, of course, from the fact that we rebound from the backboard. The biggest hope that I have is that all of these boys rebound from the Japanazis. We will keep them rolling to you, Mike.

I am always glad to hear from my golfing friend, W. L. "Bill" Winey, Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, Calif. Bill, we were delighted that you were able to take in the Oklahoma game and see us beat the Seeners in Hech Auditorium. A lot of the boys would have given anything to have stood in the auditorium that night and with the lights out to have sung the Star Spangled Banner, and then witnessed a pretty good Kansas basketball team that night humble the Seeners.

Ens. W. A. "Bill" Fersyth, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, who played on a fine University of Pennsylvania team a year ago, writes: "Have been out here in the Pacific for a few months now and will be here too many more months. However, we have the Japs on the run, but they are still plenty powerful and can give us much damage. Some of their battle tactics make you wonder why you should take prisoners or why you should give them medical assistance. But then you remember you are not a Jap but an American and you take care of the little devils."

That is a swell attitude, Bill, but I think you are more Christian than some of us could be. Bill, you are one of the boys that we are waiting on to return to have a powerful Kansas basketball team.

A change of address comes from T/4 Lewis G. Musick to APO 228, New York. Lew played football in '42, and was Armand Dixen's buddy from Redondo Beach, Calif., the most outlying state in the Union. Some fellow from Florida said these Californians could out-lie any state in the United States. But Armand and Lewis are a pair of good guys.

From Sgt. R. S. "Bob" Charlton, APO 374, New York, son of Glenn Charlton, a Lawrence insurance impressario, comes the following: "You've done another swell job on Jayhawk Rebounds. Except for the news of T. P., the edition was swell reading. He was a man's man in every respect. Visited this city (Dijon) and found it most interesting. And by gosh, if they don't have a pretty fair gym with basketball being the favorite sport. We don't have much time for it, however."

We'll be looking for you back to help your dad in the near future, Bob.

From that fighting Texan, Lt. John A. Pfitsch, (from Pflugerville), APO 439, New York, one of "Blood and Guts" Patten's best: "We haven't been loafing. . . . I have been in all the countries bordering Germany lately and now am in 'der Fuehrer's backyard'. Before too many moons have passed I hope we are in the front yard with the Russians, and then we can all concentrate on the Japs. . . . Have been following with great interest the gambling incident of Brooklyn College. You really hit the nail on the head

several months ago, Dec. I figured you knew what you were talking about. . . We are still in there driving, Dec, so keep open a place for us. We won't be gone too much longer."

You bet, Johnny, we have already reserved a big wide open space for you here on Mt. Oread. As far as I am concerned, you can build your house right on this rock.

From Mid'n. H. D. "Sparky" McSpadden, USS Prairie State, New York, N.Y.: "I guess first of all you and the team are due a great deal of congrats on these victories against Iowa State and Kansas State. Deane and I were out together Sat. night and were thinking of you all at game time. I think Dean said that game against O.U. was the first he had missed in 8 years. We had a great time visiting, and how queer it was that we should be "Bulling" here in N.Y. - this war has caused many a funny meeting, I guess."

And From T/5 Virgil Wise, 123 Gen. Hosp., APO 121 B, New York: "I thought I had better drop you a line to let you know that I am still knocking around this torn up old world. I received your ever faithful and appreciated Jayhawk Rebounds about a week ago and will say that I was very deeply touched about T. P.'s mishap. If you remember, I was one of these small fry, so to speak, that T. P. always patted on the back when things got rough. . . There has been a slight change in my intentions for my post-war education. Due to the experience gained, and the interest which has been built up in me, in surgery, I am planning on transferring from the School of Education to the School of Medicine."

Congratulations, Virg. We will be tickled to death to see you an outstanding medice. You have the ability, and it will be good to call you Doctor Wise. Your name should give you prestige!

From Lt. Horace M. Mason, Transport Division 54, Staff, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco: "Have just been reading over my file of Jayhawk Rebounds and certainly get a bang out of them. It's been a full year now since I ran into a former K.U. athlete and being able to read about all the guys I used to kick around with fills a big gap. Last Jayhawk athlete I saw was Norman Sanneman, your wild man of a couple years back. He's a Civil Engineering officer, and was about to shove off with a Seabees outfit. . . We're in port for a couple of days right now and are taking it easy. The heat is terrific on this side of the equator, but the nights are wonderful. The tropics have their points, although I haven't heard of any of the guys coming up with the idea that they'd like to stay in these parts after the war. Hope your ball club is knocking them dead this season, as they have done so often in the past. I haven't seen any basketball since March of '43 when I was still at Great Lakes. Am attached to the staff of a flag officer and our mailing address is the division designation, rather than the name of the attack transport we are aboard."

M. J. "Milt" Sullivant sends his change of address to the Athletic Dept., NATTC, Chicago 17, Ill. Milt, if you will send Ed Westerhaus's address we will put him on the mailing list for the Rebounds.

Ens. Michael Gubar, APA 163, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco. Mike, your letter was a masterpiece and gosh, how I wish that we could print the whole thing. It is an epistle that the apostles of journalism should read. I am sure that I read your letter with more interest than you read the Rebounds. When you come back to the States I think you will capitalize on your experience as a reporter for the Kansas City Star. You write a chatty and a darn interesting communication.

To Jim Williams, a sterling athlete at Haskell Institute, who on January 28 was taking his boot training at Parris Island, S. C., and who is a Junior Rotarian, at the Lawrence Rotary Club, - we send greetings. Jim, you asked how Haskell is doing in basketball. When Marvin Vandaveer went in the service Milton "Mit" Allen took them over and he did a swell job. Haskell really made a fine showing this year. As you know by this letter, Mit is now in the Navy. I am glad that you will be back in Lawrence in April and I want you to know that if you are here on any Monday we want you to come to Rotary because you are still a Junior Rotarian. So we will be looking for you. Good luck, Jim.

Ens. R. L. "Bob" Turner, Commander Service Force, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, was back a couple of weeks ago and he looked like a million dollars. He really is an imposing officer. Wish Bob could come back to the University after this fuss is over. He was one of our very dependable guards two years ago. Let us hear from you often, Bob.

To Warren R. Anderson, APO 447, New York - thanks for the clipping, Deacon. That spot at 1100 Indiana Street is still O.K. I know you would like to put your feet under that table tonight, wouldn't you?

And to Jewell M. Campbell, ABCD, Navy 129, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, many thanks for the program of the Pei Bowl Classic, Pacific Ocean Area Football Championship. This was immensely interesting.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees, of Brazil, Indiana, for a picture of the mountain where Lt. Wayne Nees was fighting when he was killed. This peak is in the Gilbert Range on Attu in the Aleutians and has been officially named "Nees Peak". The widow of Wayne's captain sent the negative from which the picture was made. Captain Murphy spent several months up there after the battle, and took the picture. He lost his life in the Battle of the Marshall Islands. This photograph of the mountain is being framed, along with Wayne's picture. Fred Ellsworth, the alumni secretary, has borrowed our picture of Wayne to have one made for his gallery of World War II heroes.

Lt. Lester Kappelman, who made letters in varsity basketball and varsity baseball in '37, '38, and '39, returned to the campus for a short but very pleasant stay. Lester was wounded in the Vosges Mountains. A machine gun bullet severed the nerves and broke both the radius and ulnar in his forearm. He is looking fine and is fully confident that expert surgery, which he will undoubtedly get, will restore the arm to practically full use in time after the re-suturing of the nerves.

Lt. Col. Mark Alexander, a Lawrence boy who made a great record with the paratroopers in both Italy and France, was here for some of our basketball games. Mark graduated from the School of Fine Arts. He has a war record second to none and we were honored to have him as our guest.

Lt. (jg) Hevey Hanna, Jr., and Lt. Marion Haynes were on leaves and accepted our invitation to see the Oklahoma game here in Lawrence.

We are visualizing the time when you will all be coming back, and what a sight it will be for sore eyes! Today is a real spring day on Mt. Oread. The temperature is between 60 and 65. A torrential downpour two days ago has greened things until the buds are bursting, we feel, prematurely. The co-eds are realizing that spring has sprung and they have that wistful look in their eyes. Kansas girls are as pretty as ever. For the men on the campus, about all we see are Navy uniforms, with only a few 4-F'ers, many of whom are halt or lame. The faculty has been boiled down to the bare bone. And

occasionally now and then you can see one of the men who has made a romance of study weaving his way across the campus, but they are in the minority.

Outdoor track is in full swing. The indoor track team was not as successful as last year due to the fact that Coach Ray Kanehl did not have the material this year that he possessed last season. Henry Shenk and Elmer Schaake start spring football practice Monday. They are not at all sure as to the available material that may report, but they are going to find out.

In a letter this morning from Chancellor Deane W. Malett to heads of departments concerning the budget, the Chancellor says, "The University faces another year of uncertainty. Enrollment will depend somewhat on the progress of the war. We have no assurance of any military program after this semester, and it seems inevitable under present Selective Service policies that civilian student population will continue to decline. These facts should guide you in formulating the requests for your department for the year 1945-46."

So you see we are in a dilemma. In another two weeks we may know what disposition will be made of the Navy V-12 program and whether we have an opportunity to obtain a Naval R.O.T.C. for the University.

Athletics are as uncertain as all other activities on Mt. Oread, but we will carry on and will keep things going until you get back. And when you get back things will boil!

Harold A. Burt, formerly of Eureka, and captain of the varsity football team back in 1924, writes from Shreveport, La., that his son, Duke, is planning to come to K.U. next fall. Duke is a fine football player and an excellent student. He has played football at Sewanee for the past two years. Harold and Mrs. Burt and their family were on the campus a year ago, and what a delight it was to see him with two fine sons and a lovely wife. So the old Jayhawkers are sending their fledglings back to the campus. Harold has ambitions for Duke to get an Engineering education, but of course he wants him to play football as a part of a well-rounded life.

Kansas apparently will have no baseball team this year because the boys are getting mighty scarce. Norman "Whitey" Carlson, a dandy baseball prospect, who was a member of the varsity basketball team, went over to Leavenworth two weeks ago, and he is an A No. 1 soldier now. He was in 4-F due to a bad shoulder, but the Army doctors put their hands on him and he was worn, and they said, Brother, you are in, so he is on his way back home to New Jersey. He will be called from there.

Our 41st Annual Interscholastic Meet will be held in Stadium Field on April 21. Henry Shenk, Ray Kanehl, Elmer Schaake and the rest of the coaches are planning on a little smoker and bullfest the night before the Meet in Robinson Gymnasium. Boxing, cider and doughnuts, chocolate freezes on a stick, and so forth, will be served to the coaches and their friends. Just another effort to have the visitors know that we appreciate their coming.

Will do you remember the date of July 21, 1944, when Marine Lieutenant T. P. Hunter died on Guam, the first day of its invasion. Another invasion - Iwo Jima - cost the life of Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt, another University of Kansas immortal. Fred lettered in track in '40 and '41. I could not depict the unquenchable valor of the man as well as did the Kansas City Star of March 16, so I am quoting this to you in full.

"Out on lonely, blood-stained Iwo Jima, Capt. Fred Eberhardt, one of Kansas Universities greatest students lies among the yet uncounted dead,

and his year younger brother, who trained and fought beside him for nearly four years, has buried his kin and then from a hospital wrote the parents here (Salina) to break the sad news.

"As a man speaking to a man I must tell you plainly and directly-- Fred is dead,' Lieut. Charles Eberhardt, 22, wrote his father, Frank L. Eberhardt. I write you because I cannot bear to tell mother what she must know. I cannot tell you the date and place of his death, but I can tell you that I was there and that he was killed in action leading his men in the way which has made him a near-legend in our regiment. He died instantly, from an artillery shell fragment. . . . As you read this and feel its hurt, think of the ache I felt there on the field of battle. Only my responsibility to keep going in order to lead my men kept me from breaking under a strain which even before Fred's death had seemed almost beyond human capacity to withstand. To me, Fred was more than a brother, he was the best man I ever knew.

"Fred knew well that he might die and he was not afraid. Fred could have had a job with much less personal risk. After his conduct on Saipan and subsequent decoration he could have had nearly any job he desired. He was even given a chance to return to the states, but he could not accept it because of his deep and sincere conviction that he must do all he could out here.

"All of his actions were judged by their relationship to his own conscience, and that conscience was no vague light, no impetuous intuition. It was the rational judgment of one of the most sincere, imaginative and intelligent men who ever lived. He fought in the front lines of the marine corps because he knew that someone had to do it and that he could do it. Therefore, he would do it. He had only leaching for the rear echelon people who devoted their minds and abilities to saving their own skins and to personal gain.

"Above all, he was concerned with all mankind's suffering, and ignorance and greed and malice, and he hoped some day to be a part of the educational or administrative system which would work toward eliminating these ills. Meanwhile, he was doing the best any man can do in order to preserve the possibility of working for a better world.

"In the past months we spent many long nights talking, and found that after years of identical environment and then educations in quite diverse colleges we held almost exactly the same viewpoints. Fred's greatness so far was shown only on battlefields, and the loss of that greatness is a loss which extends far beyond our family. Knowing him as no one else knew him, I ask you to be brave as he was brave and face the world for which he fought with the same hope, the same visions and the same devotion.'

"As an afterthought and in a postscript, Lt. Eberhardt told his father he had been wounded in action, was in the Mariana islands, and was recovering. The Eberhardts have a third son, Ensign Chris Eberhardt, 24, now back in the states after assignments in the South Pacific."

Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt's legion of friends can recall with pride the words of one who said, "Only these are good to live who are not afraid to die." Certainly he knew this was his lot, his responsibility, and his choice.

Word just arrived yesterday that Lt. John J. "Jack" Griffin, a former student at the University of Kansas, and an athlete of much promise during his school days, was killed on Iwo Jima. Jack was a fine friend of Mit Allen, Fred Pralle, and the gang, and this comes as a shock to his many friends. Jack had a wonderful personality.

A short V-mail letter from Cpl. Jack "Jecke" Ballard, APO 263, New York, in which he says that he is one of the so-called "Blue Star Commandos" or combat rear area plough jockeys. He is in France. "We have enough work to keep us busy, but when we are off we really play." Jack says he is proud of

the showing made by the Kansas basketeers. Thanks, Jecke. He also says, "Maybe next year some of the old gang will be back in there racking up the buckets. I certainly look forward to the day when I can come back."

Ferrest Randall came in the office a couple of weeks ago while on leave, singing the praises of Lt. Comdr. Roland "Kickapee" Logan, who is doing a great job at the San Diego hospital in the rehabilitation office.

A V-mail from Delmar L. Curry, Sle, Navy 3205, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, has just been received. Delmar was formerly executive secretary to E. A. Thomas of the Kansas State High School Activities Association. He is now in the Admiralty Islands, and says that he keeps up with basketball progress by reading the New York Times overseas edition. He was pleased that Kansas was coming along well in basketball. Delmar said he had a letter from Mike Oberhelman, Big Six official and banker from Randolph, Kansas, who gave him the depe on the Big Six indeer sport. "Out here we have returned to our rainy season. In between our daily two or three downpours we are winding up our basketball competition with playoffs scheduled for April. I've been assigned to the Welfare and Recreation Department and am enjoying my work a lot. My wife wrote she thought Bob was now in Kansas City. I hope so, for that would be almost like having him at home." Yes, Delmar, Bob will be an intern at Bell Memorial Hospital until July 1, when he goes in as a first lieutenant in the Army medical corps. He is anxious to get into the real thing, he says. And I guess the medices have a reputation for doing that.

From Maj. F. G. Stith, APO1650, New York - "Just received clippings from Mrs. Stith about the basketball scandal. . . . Barbershop, drugstore and fireplug cowboys have had their day and still are, but not on the scale as brought to light by you. Varmints can't operate in the sunshine -- The rats! More power to you. Such as this really causes one to forget the war." Major Stith was one of my coaching school students years ago, and we are waiting for him to get back to have another one of these bullfests. Good luck to you, Major Ferrest.

To Col. D. S. "Dick" Adams, APO 394, New York - Thank you, Dick, for sending along the Stars and Stripes concerning the article, "A Phog Allen Reeter Reports". It is very interesting, the angles that some of these fellows take. Hope it won't be long now, fellow, until you are back with us.

And from Capt. Harry Gerden Gray, A.C., Physical Training Director at the Waco, Texas, Army Air Field, - "Saw Ed Elbel in San Antonio a while back. He looked good and is doing a good job with the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. . . . My brother Max is still instructing at Advanced school in Stockton, Calif. My brother Bob has been in the Navy over 5 years and has seen a lot of the action in the Pacific and around Italy and France, and has just been returned to the States." Yes, Gerdie, I remember Rowsey, one of Hank Iba's boys. He was a great player. Good luck to you, Gerdie.

From 1st Lt. Fred N. Besilevac, Medical Corps, Millers Field, Staten Island, N. Y. - Fred says, "My official capacity is train commander for hospital trains serving the N. Y. port of embarkation for wounded soldiers. I have been practically all over the country riding and delivering these wounded fellows to general hospitals in their respective states." Fellows like Fred Besilevac deserve a great deal of credit for struggling for a fine education. Here's hats off to him and men like him.

Marvin Vandaveer, athletic director and former coach of all sports at Haskell Indian Institute, writes from Fort Lewis, Washington, that he is in

the medical corps taking his basic training. The first aid and anatomy and physiology are just a review, but the drugs and medicines are tough, he says. He also says he can easily see why the mortality rates have been held at such a low level. "It was estimated that ten minutes after a man was wounded in the European Invasion he was receiving medical attention," Vandy will finish his basic training and then will go to school and come out a reconditioning instructor. He will be placed in a hospital or convalescing camp to give the sick, wounded and crippled corrective and reconditioning exercises and endeavor to restore them to physical health. Vandy says for me to pass his congratulations on to Mit Allen who did what Vandy thought was a wonderful job with the Haskell boys. Good luck, Vandy, and here's hoping we will see you back at Haskell before too many months roll by.

E. C. "Ernie" Quigley is doing a swell job on securing bonds and donations for the liquidation of the stadium debt, which is \$108,000. Ernie already has over \$25,000 and he says by June first he expects to retire a third of the stadium debt. If anybody can get the job done, Ernie will do it. He is busy day and night, making contacts over the state and getting the plaster off the concrete horseshoe which encloses Memorial Stadium Field.

The Red Cross drive in Douglas County went over with a smashing bang, having gone over the top of its quota of \$33,000 in four days. I have charge of the Red Cross drive here on the hill and the students, faculty and employees are responding nobly. It is young people who are fighting this war. It is their brothers and friends and sweethearts, and the students here are keeping the faith. In the organization houses the girls spoke to the boys fraternities and clubs, and the men spoke to the sororities and girls' organizations. The Jay Janes, under the direction of Mary Olive Marshall, made the collections. The slogan is a minimum of a dollar from every student. The Jay Janes are a tried and true organization and they always deliver the goods.

With the turn of every new day we are hoping and praying that that will be the last for the outlaws of Germany. And after they are finished off, the little brown men out west will be on the hot seat. Keep 'em frying, boys, keep 'em frying!

Very 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. 14

March 14, 1945

Final Big Six Conference Standings in Basketball

	W	L	Pts	OP	Pct
Iowa State	8	2	469	382	.800
Kansas	7	3	448	387	.700
Oklahoma	5	5	420	412	.500
Missouri	5	5	377	468	.500
Kansas State	4	6	445	448	.400
Nebraska	1	9	447	509	.100

Dear Fellow Jayhawkers:

My, how time flies! That was impressed upon me years ago when I was a teenage youngster as I walked in Heinie Kabobler's Hot Air Cafe, and staring me in the face was a big clock, the second and minute hands stepped up twenty times, electrically. As those hands went whizzing around the clock, the caption below was, "My, how time flies."

That seems to me literally true now because as the years roll by the second hand and the hour hand seem to accelerate themselves, and now I find that my last Jayhawk Rebounds was written on January 19. And I had promised in my own mind and heart that you fellow Jayhawkers on the seven seas and the many fighting fronts would have a letter from me each month. To err and to procrastinate is human. I guess I am one of those guilty fellows.

The day before we started for Iowa State at Ames on March 1, I was sure that the Rebounds would have been dictated and I would reserve a flash for the result -- we were hopeful then! But with the myriad of duties I have deferred until today to write this letter. But this morning - the day when we go to Dean Corder's domicile at Welda, Kansas, where his father, Lee R. Corder, is superintendent of schools, for the purpose of a basketball banquet, - I am going to write this, come hell or high water. You remember the old grandpappy down in Arkansas. When the floods came the neighbors had all gathered on a high hill, and as the river rushed down the narrow valley they noticed a straw hat moving to and fro across the water. The neighbors marveled, and said, "Look at that straw hat moving back and forth, and not downstream! What a peculiar phenomenon!" (although the Arkansawyers used a different word.) One young hillbilly said, "Why, don't you remember, Grandpappy said he was going to mow that lawn, come hell or high water." . . . That is a rotten joke, but I had to make my point.

Now, into the story of the Big Six Conference race. In my January Rebounds I gave you the set-up of the race and the personnel of the team. You will see from the final Big Six Conference standings that Iowa State had what it took. They defeated Oklahoma at Oklahoma City, and Kansas State at Manhattan, on Saturday and Monday night prior to meeting us at Ames and defeating us on the following Friday. They defeated Nebraska earlier in the season at Lincoln. That was the difference.

We lost to Nebraska at Lincoln in one of the hottest games that I have ever seen the Cornhuskers play. Iowa State got a further break in the fact that Kansas played Oklahoma at Norman, and Iowa State played them at Oklahoma City preparatory to the Sooners going to New York. Oklahoma Aggies and Texas Christian played the other end of a double-header in Oklahoma City, and Iowa State won by 2 points. If it is true that the home court is worth from 2 to 6 points, we could say that Iowa State got a slight break in the schedule. But no one is belittling the efforts of that fine Iowa State team. They had the stuff and showed their merit all the way through, so we take off our hats to Louie Menze and the boys in Iowa. They are the real champions.

The three games we lost were to Iowa State, Oklahoma (one point in an overtime) and to Nebraska. In recalling the hot teams of years back, I remember Bruce Drake, Tom Churchill and Vic Holtz, and the fine 1929 team at Norman. We had a pretty good team and they ran over us roughshod something like 47 to 29. I thought that was the hottest team I had seen until 1939 when we met the Missouri Tigers at Columbia. We had a good team and thought that we were in the championship hunt, which proved later we were to tie and then win the play-off, but Missouri poured it on us from every angle, and every shot they took seemed to whiz through the netting in this game at Columbia. Then in 1940 we met Indiana for the NCAA finals in Kansas City and held them to 4 points in the first 8 minutes of play, and then they started shooting. And what a barrage! They couldn't miss from any angle. They hit impossible shots, one after the other. And yet we scored 42 points against them, but it wasn't nearly enough.

Nebraska scored 59 points on us while we got 45, and Iowa State scored 61 while we got 39. Those two games compared with Oklahoma, Missouri and Indiana, and these are the games from 1929 to 1945, so you can see running into two outfits in the same year was just too much for a very willing, aggressive and hard fighting Kansas team. With every kind word to a dogged and determined Kansas team, we did not have the material that some of our opponents possessed this year. But we gave them everything we had, and I am mighty proud of these boys to be able to take second place, with none of the other four lower teams near the Kansas 7 won and 3 lost margin.

Early in the season I picked Iowa State first, Oklahoma second, Missouri, Kansas and Kansas State fighting it out for ties, and I thought Nebraska would finish last. The only game that Nebraska won was that 59 to 45 shellacking they gave us, so I rather look at their effort in that game as something out of this world. That is the first time that a Nebraska team, coached by "Lew" Lewandowski has defeated a Kansas team, but there must always be a first time for everything, and it happened. It has been six years since Kansas dipped her colors to the Cornhuskers in basketball. But you will remember in the last Rebounds I said, "We are looking for trouble when we go to Lincoln on February 10."

Now for a short resume of Kansas efforts in the Big Six. We lost a heart-breaker at Oklahoma in an overtime game. Kansas had the game sewed up three different times, but our lack of experience caused the boys to shoot long shots when they should have nursed the ball. In the Iowa State game at Lawrence on January 27, we defeated Louie Menze's team 50 to 35, although Firebock, one of their stars, was on the sideline. Then the Kansas-Kansas State game at Lawrence was a typical Kansas-Kansas State game, on January 30. It was a thriller, and it looked as if Kansas was doomed to defeat, but Kansas won one of the wildest and most exciting games that a packed Hoch Auditorium has seen in years. The massacre at Lincoln on February 10th has been recounted. On February 13 Oklahoma came to Lawrence and Kansas

stepped out in front and maintained a lead, and looked like near-champions. Kansas played a marvelous game against the Sooners.

Maybe the press dispatches of February 16 gave you an inkling of the Kansas-Kansas State game at Manhattan. Kansas State was very much in the running for the championship. Since they had beaten the Sooners and had run up 70 points on Nebraska, and had defeated Missouri, they were in a championship mood. They had not lost a game on the home court and this was the game that Kansas was to get her licking. Not since 1937 had the Aggies won a game from K.U. Everything was in the cards for Kansas State to break this jinx. And what a ball game it was! The teams were splendid on both sides regarding their sportsmanship and fine attitude. But the crowd had come for blood and they wanted some of the Jayhawker meat. To make a long story short, Kansas won in one of the most hectic games. Atkins, the Kansas State boy, double dribbled in coming down the court and passed to an Aggie boy who shot a goal which would have put the Aggies one point ahead. The crowd was so wild they failed to hear the whistle or to see the double-dribble, and they thought the referees had taken the ball and the game away from Kansas State.

After the game, John Lance and Eddie Hogue, the officials, walked over to the scorers bench to verify the score, which Kansas had won by two points, and in the interval between the time John Lance left the scorer's table he was divested of most of his raiment. A part of that said raiment hangs on the bulletin board here in my office. It is a piece of cloth $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. It has black and white stripes, and at one time was a part of his refereeing shirt. This is once where a referee lost his shirt and almost everything else if he had stayed on the job long, but Coach Fritz Knorr of the Aggies grabbed Lance by the arm and what clothing was still on him and hustled him down the side entrance to the basement. There were only a few trouble-makers. The majority of the crowd were fine, and all the coaches and athletic officers at Kansas State were wonderful. It was just one of those mob scenes that happens when some chump starts to take matters in his own hands. President Eisenhower, Mike Ahearn, Coach Fritz Knorr, and Frank Myers, the financial secretary, were all wonderful in seeing that we all got courteous treatment. But for a while things were exciting. True, some nit wit shadow boxer let all the air out of my tires by taking the valve cores out, but this was done by some distorted brain who thought he was doing something to aid the war effort.

Everything is lovely and I am going down there on March 23 to speak at a basketball banquet at the Manhattan High School. Of course, we will do everything we can to spread the gospel of good will and friendliness between the two Kansas cousins - Kansas and Kansas State. The student body of Kansas State were fine. I think it is a wonderful commentary to make when we think of Kansas and Kansas State, two bitter rivals, playing all these years without any more trouble than has occurred. It speaks well for the leadership in athletics on both sides, - and may it ever thus remain.

We had the surprise of our lives at Lincoln on February 10, when we had a fine visit with Ray Evans. Our Kansas Jayhawkers got a big wallop out of talking with him. Big, fine looking and poised, aggressive, this All-American in two sports was as modest as a college freshman. Ray stayed with us in our defeat and until late at night when we pulled out of Lincoln. He was consoling the boys after the red hot Nebraskans had poured it on them. He met a buck private with whom he had played baseball and he was just as swell to this G. I. Joe as if this private had been a general. That is the thing that makes Ray Evans great; that, and a lot of other things. Ray was on his way to his assignment with the Gypsy Task Force, and after

arriving at his destination he wrote as follows: "This place is an ideal spot for our combat crew training. And before long you will be hearing quite a bit about a couple of our outfits." Ray's address is Lt. Ray R. Evans, Hdqrs. Gypsy Task Force, APO 632, c/o P.M., Miami, Fla.

From Lt. Dean K. Brooks, M.C. (APA 46, San Francisco): "Yesterday I went ashore and visited the spot where T. P. Hunter was killed. I talked to several of the men who served under him. They certainly praised him to the skies. They told me of some of his heroic acts on other fields of battle. John Krum and I are going up and visit his grave in the next few days. . . . Had dinner with Art Nichols (K.U. '43) the other night and while there met another K.U. man, Dean Kipp, M '43, from Junction City. As usual the conversation drifted around to Phog's basketball team. We all figure that if we take O.U. at Lawrence we'll win the championship. How about it? I'll bet those boys would certainly be surprised if they knew how much guys out here are pulling for them. I wonder if they think about the guys out here as much as these fellows do about them."

And a letter from Cpl. Charles Loar, with the Marine Corps in the Pacific, assures us that he is coming to visit us when he returns to the States to tell us more about T. P. We have never gotten anything only the most tender expressions from all of T. P.'s buddies. He was a man beloved of all men.

Lt. Dave Shirk wrote from Benning Park, Columbus, Ga., late in January to say that he expected to report to advance officer's school some time in February, and when he finished there he would doubtless get an overseas assignment. You really have what it takes, Dave, and we are very proud of you. Yes, indeed, I remember Bill Sapp very well; and also Larry Kennedy. I appreciate all the fine things you are doing for these boys, and we hope they will choose K.U.

I received from Rev. Robert A. Hunt, of Salina, a copy of a long letter he had had from Ens. Robert E. Hunt, which concluded with the following paragraph: "There are many things I will explain after the war that I cannot tell now. Even in these back areas, I have had my thrills. It is not all dull. I have flown 7,000 miles over the Pacific Ocean; sometimes in very severe storms. Our trips on these LCT's take 12 to 14 hours and sometimes the seas are rough, so much so that we have to take refuge within the coral reefs." Best of luck to you, Bob.

From Ens. R. F. "Dick" Miller, VS-52, San Francisco: "Am now in the Hawaiian area, but not for long. Expect to leave in the next few days. I haven't run into very many Jayhawkers, but when I do we always have a big time. . . . Please say hello to all who are still there, and to those who read your Rebounds. The news-letter is great. Keep them coming."

Judging from the Camp Butner News (North Carolina), the post special service chief, Major Frank J. Anneberg is keeping busy providing opportunities for recreation for patients of the U. S. Army General and Convalescent Hospital and returnees of the AG and SF Redistribution Station.

Glad to hear from R. W. "Dick" Farris, P.M./c, APA 197, San Francisco, formerly of Garnett, Kansas. Dick, we are putting Capt. Forrest M. Chapman on our mailing list.

I received a highly interesting letter from Lt. C. W. "Chuck" Elliott, APO 321, San Francisco, and am really sorry that space forbids me elaborating more fully on his letter. Chuck was in the Philippines at that time, and had 50 combat hours to his credit. But that was over a month ago. Lots of luck, Chuck.

Lt. (jg) Frank M. Bukaty is with the Armed Guard. He played on our football teams of 1938 and 1939, and baseball in 1939. "Buck" writes: "Since coming aboard this vessel a lot of water has gone under my feet. Have visited many foreign ports which was an experience to see but have seen entirely too much water, which I wouldn't say is enjoyable. Not being able to mention the port, I can tell you that I have been to India. It is beyond comparison the worst country I have ever visited. When the good Lord laid it out He surely must have had an off day. Some of the sights you see are hardly believable unless one witnessed it himself. People by the millions, diseased, undernourished and exploited, mill around the country everywhere. Much has been written about their customs, mores, and religious beliefs, by more qualified men than myself, so I'll not venture into detail in this regard. I am only thankful that we departed from the country before contracting some form of deadly tropical disease. Before returning to the States we will have circled the world covering more than 25,000 miles." Buck, I too am sorry that I didn't get a chance to visit with you when you were home on a short leave.

Lt. Curvin H. Greene sends a change of address to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. He's the guy who told me they weren't going to shoot the Japs - they were going to throw rocks at them!

Sgt. Armand L. Dixon, APO 247, San Francisco, says: "Things have quieted down considerably from what they were a few months ago. The Jap planes have kept pretty clear of these islands, so I don't expect that we will be hampered by air raids. There are still a few snipers on the island, but they are being taken care of very nicely by patrols. Before long they may be cleaned out completely." Armand, thanks for your good wishes regarding the Big Six. We fell just one game short and that was one game too much. Remember, Armand, we are counting on you coming back, along with Schnelly, big Jack Ballard, Ray Evans, Charlie Black, Hoyt Baker, and a flock of fledgling Jayhawkers that are going to be tougher than a boot when this fuss is over.

From good ole "Pappy" Nesmith - "Somewhere in Italy. It is cloudy today but I guess it is the first in a month. The things you see here really open your eyes. People begging for whatever you will give them. They are driven to it by hunger. Women working in the fields and oxen pulling plows and carts. Dirty, ragged, hungry little children playing in the streets and begging for scraps to eat. The Red Cross is doing a fine job. My hat is off to them. Basketball and baseball are the main sports. Chance of men being hurt in football too great. They want them to work and fight. . . ." Dean's address is AFHQ, APO 512, New York.

Dean, I don't know whether you are going to make it back in three months or not. From the time it took you to get over, I'm wondering if you have been mud-crawling in that ocean! How is deep-sea fishing?

We often think of our three Navy "musketeers" - Lt. Ernie Vanek, Lt. Murray Brown, and Lt. Gerald Barker. Ernie is still at Norman, Oklahoma, and is doing a swell job at the Naval Air Technical Training Center. "Bark" is out in the Pacific with an LST. "Bark", your letter was very interesting. Thanks a million. You are a regular guy. I wish I might have opportunity to answer in detail every one of the letters of all you boys. But gosh, I would be working day and night, and you would get tired of reading them. So this Jayhawk Rebounds will take the place of personal letters until this fuss is over.

To Major R. E. Weinzettel, APO 133, New York, my good friend from Medart's in St. Louis, Mo. Congratulations, Roy, on your majority. I knew you had the stuff. I appreciate your sending me the Stars and Stripes, as have many of my other friends. They are always interesting, these overseas letters of yours.

To Capt. S. M. Chambers, APO 339, New York - Stew, I enjoyed your swell letter immensely. The last report we had Capt. Paul Harrington was with the 77th Evac. Hospital. Hope you can locate this swell guy who played on three Missouri Valley championship teams.

Stew, I will always remember with delight our associations when you were on our varsity, and later when you were off. Mrs. Allen is fine, Jane is married and has a baby girl, Jill. Her husband is Lt. Elwood Mons - we call him "Hoot", and he is a Navy flier. Mit is married, of course, and has a red-head six years of age - Judy. Isabelle is going to be a widow now because Mit is a Lieutenant (jg) in the Navy, and reports at Boston, Mass., on March 23. Bob is interning at Bell Memorial Hospital and will be in the Army Medical Corps July 1st with the rank of first lieutenant. Eleanor will be home from Philadelphia April 9, and Mary with her brood is out at Palo Alto, California.

This past week they nominated me for councilman in the first ward. Besides being in Red Cross work, Selective Service, and a lot of other things, I am keeping fairly busy, but I always like to hear from my boys who through the years have been a great joy to me. I am unopposed in the April 3rd general election, so I think I may win this one!

Good luck to you, Stew, and tromp the dickens out of the krauts.

Capt. Kenneth C. Johnson, APO 557, New York, writes: "Have been receiving your Jayhawk Rebounds and I enjoy it very much. There has been a little delay in its receipt due to the incorrect address. I have been at the above address for a year now and my job is sub-depot engineering officer at a B-17 base."

From Lt. Comdr. W. H. "Bill" Shannon, Navy Supply Corps School, Soldiers Field, Boston, Mass.: "I am glad to see your expanded interest in community affairs. . . Lots of luck. . . Things are per usual with me. I am still at the Supply Corps School - am tied up with the Contract Termination and Surplus Disposal program of training officers. Sea duty or foreign duty look dim, but I still hope to share the hardships with my friends and past students. I have tried so hard, but one must take orders. . ." Bill enclosed a clipping from the New York Times, and offered commiserations on our failure to win the Big Six title, but he assuaged our feelings with many soothing words.

From Lt. K. W. "Kenny" Keene, APO 235, San Francisco: "I received the last Rebounds a few days ago and noticed Lt. Evelyn Herriman was with the 44th Gen. Hosp. We have a lot of our boys up there. . . . We came in the assault waves in the first landings in the Philippines. A week or so before landing I ran into Lt. (jg) Dean Brooks, a Lawrence boy. We had a fine chat and he told me that Johnny Krum was nearby so the next day I took a L.C.V.P. over to Johnny's ship. We had a swell time recalling all of K.U.'s ball players and where they are located. . . . I've watched K.U. ball games since I was 12 years old and ushered for Sgt. Kollender. Shivers run up and down my spine when I think of that moment of silence before every game. . . . There are a number of anti-aircraft outfits here in the Pacific area. We are in third place for total number of Jap planes knocked down and we are only six planes behind the leaders. The boys and myself get a real kick out of seeing a Jap plane burst into flames and fall to the ground. . . ."

From Lt. M. F. "Mike" Andrews, Physical Training Director at the Aviation Cadet Detachment, Merced, Calif. Mike played football at K.U. in 1938. Mike writes, "Last January I was attending a two-week Physical Fitness course at San Antonio, Texas, and ran across Captain Gordon Gray. He is Physical Training Officer at Waco, Texas. Seems as tho many Jayhawkers are doing a good job in physical training. . . . Just received a letter of commendation from the colonel for our work in physical training. . . . Before I close I want to say after reading the November Rebounds that I am proud to be able to say that I knew T. P. Hunter."

Mike, you bet. we are tickled to death to put you on the mailing list. It is not necessary that a fellow play basketball, football or anything else, to get on our mailing list. You fellows are playing the biggest game right now that you have ever played, and any boy in this fuss is more than welcome to one of these Rebounds if he will just let us know his desires, and his address. I started writing these letters, Mike, to just a few of the boys, not necessarily basketeers, but we used the Rebounds name, of course, from the fact that we rebound from the backboard. The biggest hope that I have is that all of these boys rebound from the Japanazis. We will keep them rolling to you, Mike.

I am always glad to hear from my golfing friend, W. L. "Bill" Winey, Yard Dispensary, Mare Island, Calif. Bill, we were delighted that you were able to take in the Oklahoma game and see us beat the Sooners in Hoch Auditorium. A lot of the boys would have given anything to have stood in the auditorium that night and with the lights out to have sung the Star Spangled Banner, and then witnessed a pretty good Kansas basketball team that night humble the Sooners.

Ens. W. A. "Bill" Forsyth, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, who played on a fine University of Pennsylvania team a year ago, writes: "Have been out here in the Pacific for a few months now and will be here too many more months. However, we have the Japs on the run, but they are still plenty powerful and can give us much damage. Some of their battle tactics make you wonder why you should take prisoners or why you should give them medical assistance. But then you remember you are not a Jap but an American and you take care of the little devils."

That is a swell attitude, Bill, but I think you are more Christian than some of us could be. Bill, you are one of the boys that we are waiting on to return to have a powerful Kansas basketball team.

A change of address comes from T/4 Lewis G. Musick to APO 228, New York. Lew played football in '42, and was Armand Dixon's buddy from Redondo Beach, Calif., the most outlying state in the Union. Some fellow from Florida said those Californians could out-lie any state in the United States. But Armand and Lewis are a pair of good guys.

From Sgt. R. S. "Bob" Charlton, APO 374, New York, son of Glenn Charlton, a Lawrence insurance impressario, comes the following: "You've done another swell job on Jayhawk Rebounds. Except for the news of T.P., the edition was swell reading. He was a man's man in every respect. Visited this city (Dijon) and found it most interesting. And by gosh, if they don't have a pretty fair gym with basketball being the favorite sport. We don't have much time for it, however."

We'll be looking for you back to help your dad in the near future, Bob.

From that fighting Texan, Lt. John A. Pfitsch, (from Pflugerville), APO 439, New York, one of "Blood and Guts" Patton's best: "We haven't been loafing . . .

I have been in all the countries bordering Germany lately and now am in 'der Fuehrer's backyard'. Before too many moons have passed I hope we are in the front yard with the Russians, and then we can all concentrate on the Japs. . . . Have been following with great interest the gambling incident of Brooklyn College. You really hit the nail on the head several months ago, Doc. I figured you knew what you were talking about. . . . We are still in there driving, Doc, so keep open a place for us. We won't be gone too much longer."

You bet, Johnny, we have already reserved a big wide open space for you here on Mt. Oread. As far as I am concerned, you can build your house right on this rock.

From Mid'n. H. D. "Sparky" McSpadden, USS Prairie State, New York, N.Y.: "I guess first of all you and the team are due a great deal of congrats on those victories against Iowa State and Kansas State. Deano and I were out together Sat. night and were thinking of you all at game time. I think Dean said that game against O.U. was the first he had missed in 8 years. We had a great time visiting, and how queer it was that we should be 'bulling' here in N.Y. - this war has caused many a funny meeting, I guess."

And from T/5 Virgil Wise, 123 Gen. Hosp., APO 121 B, New York: "I thought I had better drop you a line to let you know that I am still knocking around this torn up old world. I received your ever faithful and appreciated Jayhawk Rebounds about a week ago and will say that I was very deeply touched about T. P.'s mishap. If you remember, I was one of those small fry, so to speak, that T. P. always patted on the back when things got rough. . . . There has been a slight change in my intentions for my post-war education. Due to the experience gained, and the interest which has been built up in me, in surgery, I am planning on transferring from the School of Education to the School of Medicine"

Congratulations, Virg. We will be tickled to death to see you an outstanding medico. You have the ability, and it will be good to call you Doctor Wise. Your name should give you prestige!

From Lt. Horace M. Mason, Transport Division 54, Staff, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco: "Have just been reading over my file of Jayhawk Rebounds and certainly get a bang out of them. It's been a full year now since I ran into a former K.U. athlete and being able to read about all the guys I used to kick around with fills a big gap. Last Jayhawk athlete I saw was Norman Sanneman, your wild man of a couple years back. He's a Civil Engineering officer, and was about to shove off with a Seabees outfit. . . . We're in port for a couple of days right now and are taking it easy. The heat is terrific on this side of the equator, but the nights are wonderful. The tropics have their points, although I haven't heard of any of the guys coming up with the idea that they's like to stay in these parts after the war. Hope your ball club is knocking them dead this season, as they have done so often in the past. I haven't seen any basketball since March of '43 when I was still at Great Lakes. Am attached to the staff of a flag officer and our mailing address is the division designation, rather than the name of the attack transport we are aboard."

M. J. "Milt" Sullivant sends his change of address to the Athletic Dept., NATTC, Chicago 17, Ill. Milt, if you will send Ed Westerhaus's address we will put him on the mailing list for the Rebounds.

Ens. Michael Gubar, APA 163, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco. Mike, your letter was a masterpiece and gosh, how I wish that we could print the whole thing. It is an epistle that the apostles of journalism should read. I am sure that I read your letter with more interest than you read the Rebounds. When you come back to the States I think you will capitalize on your experience as a reporter for the Kansas City Star. You write a chatty and a darn interesting communication.

To Jim Williams, a sterling athlete at Haskell Institute, who on January 28 was taking his boot training at Parris Island, S. C., and who is a Junior Rotarian, at the Lawrence Rotary Club, - we send greetings. Jim, you asked how Haskell is doing in basketball. When Marvin Vandaveer went in the service Milton "Mit" Allen took them over and he did a swell job. Haskell really made a fine showing this year. As you know by this letter, Mit is now in the Navy. I am glad that you will be back in Lawrence in April and I want you to know that if you are here on any Monday we want you to come to Rotary because you are still a Junior Rotarian. So we will be looking for you. Good luck, Jim.

Ens. R. L. "Bob" Turner, Commander Service Force, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, was back a couple of weeks ago and he looked like a million dollars. He really is an imposing officer. Wish Bob could come back to the University after this fuss is over. He was one of our very dependable guards two years ago. Let us hear from you often, Bob.

To Warren R. Anderson, APO 447, New York - thanks for the clipping, Deacon. That spot at 1100 Indiana Street is still O.K. I know you would like to put your feet under that table tonight, wouldn't you?

And to Jewell M. Campbell, ABCD, Navy 129, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, many thanks for the program of the Foi Bowl Classic, Pacific Ocean Area Football Championship. This was immensely interesting.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nees, of Brazil, Indiana, for a picture of the mountain where Lt. Wayne Nees was fighting when he was killed. This peak is in the Gilbert Range on Attu in the Aleutians and has been officially named "Nees Peak". The widow of Wayne's captain sent the negative from which the picture was made. Captain Murphy spent several months up there after the battle, and took the picture. He lost his life in the Battle of the Marshall Islands. This photograph of the mountain is being framed, along with Wayne's picture. Fred Ellsworth, the alumni secretary, has borrowed our picture of Wayne to have one made for his gallery of World War II heroes.

Lt. Lester Kappelman, who made letters in varsity basketball and varsity baseball in '37, '38 and '39, returned to the campus for a short but very pleasant stay. Lester was wounded in the Vosges Mountains. A machine gun bullet severed the nerves and broke both the radius and ulnar in his forearm. He is looking fine and is fully confident that expert surgery, which he will undoubtedly get, will restore the arm to practically full use in time after the re-suturing of the nerves.

Lt. Col. Mark Alexander, a Lawrence boy who made a great record with the paratroopers in both Italy and France, was here for some of our basketball games. Mark graduated from the School of Fine Arts. He has a war record second to none and we were honored to have him as our guest.

Lt. (jg) Hovey Hanna, Jr., and Lt. Marion Haynes were on leaves and accepted our invitation to see the Oklahoma game here in Lawrence.

We are visualizing the time when you will all be coming back, and what a sight it will be for sore eyes! Today is a real spring day on Mt. Oread. The temperature is between 60 and 65. A torrential downpour two days ago has greened things until the buds are bursting, we feel, prematurely. The co-eds are realizing that spring has sprung and they have that wistful look in their eyes. Kansas girls are as pretty as ever. For the men on the campus, about all we see are Navy uniforms, with only a few 4-Fers, many of whom are halt or lame. The faculty has been boiled down to the bare bone. And occasionally now and then you can see one of the men who has made a romance of study weaving his way across the campus, but they are in the minority.

Outdoor track is in full swing. The indoor track team was not as successful as last year due to the fact that Coach Ray Kanehl did not have the material this year that he possessed last season. Henry Shenk and Elmer Schaake start spring football practice Monday. They are not at all sure as to the available material that may report, but they are going to find out.

In a letter this morning from Chancellor Deane W. Malott to heads of departments concerning the budget, the Chancellor says, "The University faces another year of uncertainty. Enrollment will depend somewhat on the progress of the war. We have no assurance of any military program after this semester, and it seems inevitable under present Selective Service policies that civilian student population will continue to decline. These facts should guide you in formulating the requests for your department for the year 1945-46."

So you see we are in a dilemma. In another two weeks we may know what disposition will be made of the Navy V-12 program and whether we have an opportunity to obtain a Naval R.O.T.C. for the University.

Athletics are as uncertain as all other activities on Mt. Oread, but we will carry on and will keep things going until you get back. And when you get back things will boil!

Harold A. Burt, formerly of Eureka, and captain of the varsity football team back in 1924, writes from Shreveport, La., that his son, Duke, is planning to come to K.U. next fall. Duke is a fine football player and an excellent student. He has played football at Sewanee for the past two years. Harold and Mrs. Burt and their family were on the campus a year ago, and what a delight it was to see him with two fine sons and a lovely wife. So the old Jayhawkers are sending their fledglings back to the campus. Harold has ambitions for Duke to get an Engineering education, but of course he wants him to play football as a part of a well-rounded life.

Kansas apparently will have no baseball team this year because the boys are getting mighty scarce. Norman "Whitey" Carlson, a dandy baseball prospect, who was a member of the varsity basketball team, went over to Leavenworth two weeks ago, and he is an A No. 1 soldier now. He was in 4-F due to a bad shoulder, but the Army doctors put their hands on him and he was warm, and they said, Brother, you are in, so he is on his way back home to New Jersey. He will be called from there.

Our 41st Annual Interscholastic Meet will be held in Stadium Field on April 21. Henry Shenk, Ray Kanehl, Elmer Schaake and the rest of the coaches are planning on a little smoker and bullfest the night before the Meet in Robinson Gymnasium. Boxing, cider and doughnuts, chocolate freezes on a stick, and so forth, will be served to the coaches and their friends. Just another effort to have the visitors know that we appreciate their coming.

Well do you remember the date of July 21, 1944, when Marine Lieutenant T. P. Hunter died on Guam, the first day of its invasion. Another invasion - Iwo Jima - cost the life of Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt, another University of Kansas immortal. Fred lettered in track in '40 and '41. I could not depict the unquenchable valor of the man as well as did the Kansas City Star of March 16, so I am quoting this to you in full.

"Out on lonely, blood-stained Iwo Jima, Capt. Fred Eberhardt, one of Kansas University's greatest students lies among the yet uncounted dead, and his year younger brother, who trained and fought beside him for nearly four years, has buried his kin and then from a hospital wrote the parents here (Salina) to break the sad news.

"'As a man speaking to a man I must tell you plainly and directly--Fred is dead,' Lieut. Charles Eberhardt, 22, wrote his father, Frank L. Eberhardt. I write you because I cannot bear to tell mother what she must know. I cannot tell you the date and place of his death, but I can tell you that I was there and that he was killed in action leading his men in the way which has made him a near-legend in our regiment. He died instantly, from an artillery shell fragment. . . . As you read this and feel its hurt, think of the ache I felt there on the field of battle. Only my responsibility to keep going in order to lead my men kept me from breaking under a strain which even before Fred's death had seemed almost beyond human capacity to withstand. To me, Fred was more than a brother, he was the best man I ever knew.

"'Fred knew well that he might die and he was not afraid. Fred could have had a job with much less personal risk. After his conduct on Saipan and subsequent decoration he could have had nearly any job he desired. He was even given a chance to return to the states, but he could not accept it because of his deep and sincere conviction that he must do all he could out here.

"'All of his actions were judged by their relationship to his own conscience, and that conscience was no vague light, no impetuous intuition. It was the rational judgment of one of the most sincere, imaginative and intelligent men who ever lived. He fought in the front lines of the marine corps because he knew that someone had to do it and that he could do it. Therefore, he would do it. He had only loathing for the rear echelon people who devoted their minds and abilities to saving their own skins and to personal gain.

"'Above all, he was concerned with all mankind's suffering, and ignorance and greed and malice, and he hoped some day to be a part of the educational or administrative system which would work toward eliminating those ills. Meanwhile, he was doing the most any man can do in order to preserve the possibility of working for a better world.

"'In the past months we spent many long nights talking, and found that after years of identical environment and then educations in quite diverse colleges we held almost exactly the same viewpoints. Fred's greatness so far was shown only on battlefields, and the loss of that greatness is a loss which extends far beyond our family. Knowing him as no one else knew him, I ask you to be brave as he was brave and face the world for which he fought with the same hope, the same visions and the same devotion.'

"As an afterthought and in a postscript, Lt. Everhardt told his father he had been wounded in action, was in the Mariana islands, and was recovering. The Eberhardts have a third son, Ensign Chris Eberhardt, 24, now back in the states after assignments in the South Pacific."

Marine Captain Fred Eberhardt's legion of friends can recall with pride the words of one who said, "Only those are good to live who are not afraid to die." Certainly he knew this was his lot, his responsibility, and his choice.

Word just arrived yesterday that Lt. John J. "Jack" Griffin, a former student at the University of Kansas, and an athlete of much promise during his school days, was killed on Iwo Jima. Jack was a fine friend of Mit Allen, Fred Pralle, and the gang, and this comes as a shock to his many friends. Jack had a wonderful personality.

A short V-mail letter from Cpl. Jack "Jocko" Ballard, APO 263, New York, in which he says that he is one of the so-called "Blue Star Commandos" or combat rear area plough jockeys. He is in France. "We have enough work to keep us busy, but when we are off we really play." Jack says he is proud of the showing made by the Kansas basketeers. Thanks, Jocko. He also says, "Maybe next year some of the old gang will be back in there racking up the buckets. I certainly look forward to the day when I can come back."

Forrest Randall came in the office a couple of weeks ago while on leave, singing the praises of Lt. Comdr. Roland "Kickapoo" Logan, who is doing a great job at the San Diego hospital in the rehabilitation office.

A V-mail from Delmar L. Curry, Slc, Navy 3205, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, has just been received. Delmar was formerly executive secretary to E. A. Thomas of the Kansas State High School Activities Association. He is now in the Admiralty Islands, and says that he keeps up with basketball progress by reading the New York Times overseas edition. He was pleased that Kansas was coming along well in basketball. Delmar said he had a letter from Mike Oberhelman, Big Six official and banker from Randolph, Kansas, who gave him the dope on the Big Six indoor sport. "Out here we have returned to our rainy season. In between our daily two or three downpours we are winding up our basketball competition with playoffs scheduled for April. I've been assigned to the Welfare and Recreation Department and am enjoying my work a lot. My wife wrote she thought Bob was now in Kansas City. I hope so, for that would be almost like having him at home." Yes, Delmar, Bob will be an intern at Bell Memorial Hospital until July 1, when he goes in as a first lieutenant in the Army medical corps. He is anxious to get into the real thing, he says. And I guess the medicos have a reputation for doing that.

From Maj. F. G. Stith, APO 1650, New York - "Just received clippings from Mrs. Stith about the basketball scandal. . . . Barbershop, drugstore and fireplug cowboys have had their day and still are, but not on the scale as brought to light by you. Varmints can't operate in the sunshine -- the rats! More power to you. Such as this really causes one to forget the war." Major Stith was one of my coaching school students years ago, and we are waiting for him to get back to have another one of those bullfests. Good luck to you, Major Forrest.

To Col. D. S. "Dick" Adams, APO 394, New York - Thank you, Dick, for sending along the Stars and Stripes concerning the article, "A Phog Allen Rooter Reports". It is very interesting, the angles that some of these fellows take. Hope it won't be long now, fellow, until you are back with us.

And from Capt. Harry Gordon Gray, A.C., Physical Training Director at the Waco, Texas, Army Air Field, - "Saw Ed Elbel in San Antonio a while back. He looked good and is doing a good job with the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. . . . My brother Max is still instructing at Advanced school in Stockton, Calif. My brother Bob has been in the Navy over 5 years and has seen a lot of the action in the Pacific and around Italy and France, and has just been returned to the States." Yes, Gordie, I remember Rowsey, one of Hank Iba's boys. He was a great player. Good luck to you, Gordie.

From 1st Lt. Fred N. Bosilevac, Medical Corps, Millers Field, Staten Island, N. Y. - Fred says, "My official capacity is train commander for hospital trains serving the N. Y. port of embarkation for wounded soldiers. I have been practically all over the country riding and delivering these wounded fellows to general hospitals in their respective states." Fellows like Fred Bosilevac deserve a great deal of credit for struggling for a fine education. Here's hats off to him and men like him.

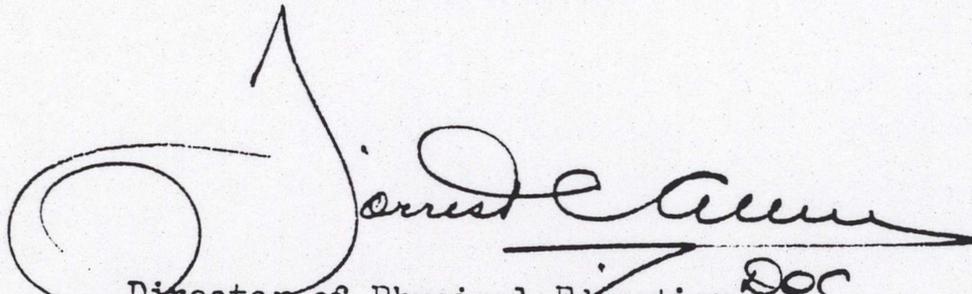
Marvin Vandaveer, athletic director and former coach of all sports at Haskell Indian Institute, writes from Fort Lewis, Washington, that he is in the medical corps taking his basic training. The first and anatomy and physiology are just a review, but the drugs and medicines are tough, he says. He also says he can easily see why the mortality rates have been held at such a low level. "It was estimated that ten minutes after a man was wounded in the European Invasion he was receiving medical attention." Vandy will finish his basic training and then will go to school and come out a reconditioning instructor. He will be placed in a hospital or convalescing camp to give the sick, wounded and crippled corrective and reconditioning exercises and endeavor to restore them to physical health. Vandy says for me to pass his congratulations on to Mit Allen who did what Vandy thought was a wonderful job with the Haskell boys. Good luck, Vandy, and here's hoping we will see you back at Haskell before too many months roll by.

E. C. "Ernie" Quigley is doing a swell job on securing bonds and donations for the liquidation of the stadium debt, which is \$108,000. Ernie already has over \$25,000 and he says by June first he expects to retire a third of the stadium debt. If anybody can get the job done, Ernie will do it. He is busy day and night, making contacts over the state and getting the plaster off the concrete horseshoe which encloses Memorial Stadium Field,

The Red Cross drive in Douglas County went over with a smashing bang, having gone over the top of its quota of \$33,000 in four days. I have charge of the Red Cross drive here on the hill and the students, faculty and employees are responding nobly. It is young people who are fighting this war. It is their brothers and friends and sweethearts, and the students here are keeping the faith. In the organization houses the girls spoke to the boys fraternities and clubs, and the men spoke to the sororities and girls' organizations. The Jay Janes, under the direction of Mary Olive Marshall, made the collections. The slogan is a minimum of a dollar from every student. The Jay Janes are a tried and true organization and they always deliver the goods.

With the turn of every new day we are hoping and praying that that will be the last for the outlaws of Germany. And after they are finished off, the little brown men out west will be on the hot seat. Keep 'em frying, boys, keep 'em frying!

Very sincerely yours,


Director of Physical Education, Doc
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH