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 3½ inches long and 2½ 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 troublemakers. 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 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 conseling 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.