

August 19, 1943.

Cpl. Jack Ballard,
Troop G, 3rd Training Regt.,
C.R.T.C. Bldg. 2524,
Fort Riley, Kansas.

Dear Jack:

I was delighted to have your good letter of August 15. It happens that this fellow cutting the die for the basketballs, according to Julius Marks, hasn't recovered from his shingles, or hasn't caught up on making dies for bullets for Uncle Sam. I called Julius Marks and he said that he would get on him again, but I guess the die cutter thinks that it is better to cut dies for bullets than it is to cut dies for basketballs. Anyhow, Jack, your name is in the pot and the ball will be forthcoming soon because we have used additional pressure to have Julius exert on the die cutter. Of course, when government orders come they take priority over civilian orders, and that is the cause of the delay.

Your letter was both informative and interesting and I am going to use a lot of it in the next Jayhawk Rebounds. I am going to start on that tomorrow, I hope. It is quite a little chore and from time to time we gather this information so that we can pass it on to the boys in the various camps.

Give Dick Harp my kindest regards. Tell him I will never forget that long shot that he made in the Oklahoma Aggie game at Oklahoma City - that play-off game, you know, when the score was tied and we were playing an overtime period. Dick made a shot with less than a minute to go somewhere between Wichita, Kansas, and Stillwater, and the ball game was over. Kansas represented the Missouri Valley in the N.C.A.A. play-off. And then of course Dick shone in the Southern California game. We will never forget it.

Some time if and when I get out near Manhattan I will drive down in the Republican River flats and see my old pal, Jack Ballard. Congratulations, Jack, on your ascendancy to a corporalship. I'll bet old Uncle Jack really takes care of his boys. Jack, you will have to get like Bo McMillin. You know, Bo says, "I sho love my boys". Now, Jack, Bo talks southern-like, so that will be no chore for you to say, "I sho love my boys". Have you forgotten, Jack, how all those Yankees on the basketball squad rode you when you started your southern drawl? Those were grand days, weren't they, Jack? Maybe we will have some more of them before you assume the state of married man and father. Eh, Jack?

Sincerely,