

December 24, 1941.

Mr. Bob Busby,  
Sports Desk,  
Lawrence Journal World,  
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Bob:

I am sending you a copy of a little booklet that we made up for our basketball players on their trip last year to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and so forth. The same is self-explanatory.

I thought you might enjoy some of the yarns of the boys and the impressions that were made upon them as they recall them in their diaries. These educational trips are really worth while, and I am sure that the mothers of these boys will appreciate their impressions and viewpoints as depicted in this little diary.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.

FCA:AH



## *Muscleaneous Items*

Over the Associated Press wires the other day came a story which started off, "I'm tired of talking . . .," Dr. Forrest C. (Phogg) Allen, University of Kansas basketball coach, declared today. . . . That, of course, was too good to be true. A few hours later Allen issued a 400 or 500-word blast at Jap Haskell, University of Oklahoma athletic director; the Big Six Conference stuffed the cotton back in its ears, and sports editors stuffed some more copy into their wastepaper baskets.



HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH INFANTRY TRAINING REGIMENT  
Camp Wolters, Texas

January 14, 1942

Dr. Forrest C. Allen  
University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Dr. Allen (or should I say "Phog"):

Enclosed you will find an article I clipped from the "Dallas Morning News". The article was written by the new sports editor of that paper.

I wish that you could have read the letter that I wrote to the so-called sports editor. I believe that my fellow Kansans and I have another name for him.

In reference to the enclosed clipping, I heartily agree with all that you have said. I was just wondering what other coach of the Big Six would be gallant enough to stand up and defend the other teams of the Conference. I am sure that I cannot think of any.

I hope that your basketball team will have a very successful season and beat the daylights out of Oklahoma when you play them again. How about another Big Six championship Coach, just to show them how good we really are.

I did not attend the University of Kansas, but I am a fellow Kansan and even though I am a draftee in Texas, I do not intend to let a hill-billy sports editor of Texas to huff and puff about you.

Admiringly yours,

*Pvt. John E. Biscanin*

Pvt. John E. Biscanin  
11th Regimental Headquarters  
Camp Wolters, Texas

1 Enc.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"



February 6, 1941

Mr. Gene Billups  
Department of  
Physical Education for Men  
University of California  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Gene:

Sometime ago you stopped into my office and told me of your experiences with a fatal accident. You will probably recall that I asked you to write up this incident.

Our second semester has just started and I should like to use your experience as an illustration in my class. I would appreciate it if you could send me your write-up as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation  
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:lg



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEPARTMENT OF  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR MEN  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

February 11, 1941.

Dr. F. C. Allen  
Director of Physical Education  
University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear 'Doc':

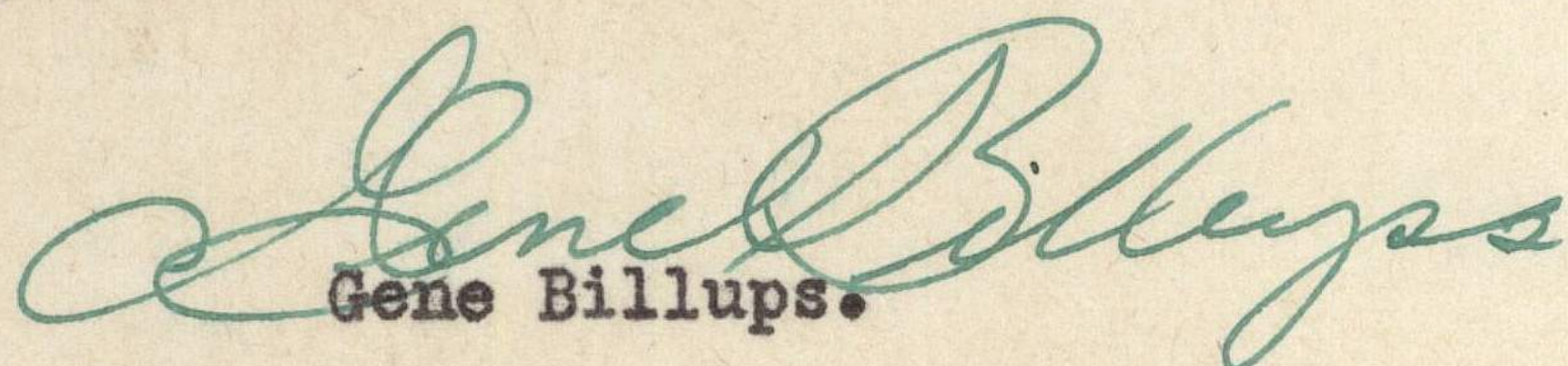
I'm ashamed of myself, 'Doc'. I fully intended to write you as soon as I returned to Los Angeles and recount the details of that accident I mentioned to you. But I had a lot of work to attend to as soon as I arrived here getting ready to administer the final tests for my subjects.

I had to make up my tests and then score them after giving them. Not having had much experience along that line, I was as nervous as a cat on a tin roof in a high wind. I was so darn afraid I would not do things just right. But it finally turned out all right and I recorded my grades and everyone was satisfied--  
I hope!

I am putting the facts about that accident on separate sheets of paper. It may seem sort of tautological in places, 'Doc', but please overlook that. I only hope it will prove of some small use to you. I hope that sometime I can do something for you that will really amount to something, because I can hardly ever approach repaying you for the wonderful inspirations and opportunities I received from you. I'm considerably past the hero-worship stage, 'Doc', so you know I mean it when I say that you are my 'ideal'.

Please accept my apology for not adhering to my promise to write you sooner.

Sincerely,

  
Gene Billups.



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While on my way to my home in Kansas City, Missouri for the Christmas vacation (December, 1940) I had a very interesting, although tragic, experience.

I had left Los Angeles on Friday, December 13 (!!!) and started driving east. The weather was ideal across California and Arizona, except for some snow at Winslow and Flagstaff, Arizona. Several days before they had a thirty-inch snow-fall at these places.

After leaving Flagstaff the weather was perfect clear on past Gallup, New Mexico about one hundred miles. There I started encountering snow, but the highways were clear and so it did not prove a handicap.

About twenty-five miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico nasty weather set in with a vengeance. Two days previous a heavy sleet storm had descended upon the country and coated everything with a sheet of ice. This storm evidently had swept diagonally in a northeasterly direction across the country as I never did run out of it until I was a few miles from Lawrence, and then I think that the snow had merely covered it up.

The highway was so slick from this sleet that a speed in excess of twenty-five miles per hour was next to suicidal. As I look back now, I feel as if fifteen miles per hour would have been a very fast rate. It was so slick that in negotiating the curves on the highway you had to be exceedingly careful. If you went around them too fast, you skidded over the outer edge; if you tried to go too slow, you would slide down into the inside of the curve due to the bank of the road. I have driven on slick pavement before, but never nothing like that--and I never want to again.



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A couple of hours after we left Albuquerque, darkness started setting in. It had been cloudy all day, and so night came earlier than usual.

Along this part of the highway (between Albuquerque and Tucumcara, New Mexico) is pretty flat. But about ten miles from Tucumcara (West) there are a few small hills and valleys that the highway dips into.

At one of these valleys the highway slopes down a very gentle slope to the floor of the valley and then rises again to pass on over the brow of the hill and so onto Tucumcara. This particular valley is only six miles from the town. Right where the highway levels off on the floor of the valley, there is a very mild curve. In fact it is so small a turn that in dry weather one would not even be conscious of it.

As I topped the hill on the western edge of the valley and started down the slope, I noticed some headlights down at this curve. At this time it was about 6:00 P.M. I did not pay any particular attention to the lights as I supposed they were parked on the side of the road. I was traveling about twenty-eight miles an hour due to the car gathering momentum downhill. When I was about a hundred and fifty yards away from the cars, I noticed people standing around on the highway.

They started flashing lights and waving at me and running around on the road. I started stopping the car, but the icy pavement did not give me enough traction to stop. I had to whip the car over to the edge of the highway in order to miss the people. The car skidded and edged over the side of the embankment. Luckily the bank was only a few feet high at this point and



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the car just rolled off into the field. The highway had been built up at this point and a distance of fifty feet back the embankment was over twenty feet high and perpendicular.

As I was trying to stop I noticed a car turned over on its side next to a bank on the North side of the highway. After my car had rolled to a stop, I climbed out to see what was the matter. As I got back on the road several men were endeavoring to turn the wrecked car over. I ran over to help them. We turned the car over on its back and I happened to be near the only door that was open. Some of the men said there was a little boy in the car.

I supposed he was unconscious, so I reached in until I felt his clothes and then started to lift him out. I finally got the little fellow out and felt of his pulse and heart but could detect no beat. I asked for a flashlight and endeavored to secure an optic reflex, but there was none. The little boy was dead.

I located the boys father and handed the lad to him. 'Doc', you know what I mean when I tell you about the look on that fathers face. You have seen it, I know. But I never had, and I never will forget it! It beggars description.

The father lay the boy back on the blanket and I covered the body up. As soon as I had done this, I thought I had better be getting over to see about getting my car out on the road again. I started across the highway just as a car came over the top of the hill to the west. In endeavoring to stop he slipped over the edge of the highway at the place where the embank-



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ment was the steepest.

All this time there was no one who evinced the slightest tendency to make any effort to direct traffic or get the injured people started to town. There were six people in the wrecked car and two of them were cut only slightly and the rest were plainly suffering from shock. The occupants of the car included the little boy, his mother and father and sister (four years old), and two ladies.

The car had skidded on the slick pavement and overturned and rolled over twice. The accident occurred only about five minutes before I 'slid' into the scene, but in that time three other cars had happened along and were mixed up in the general confusion by being stalled in various positions on the road.

While I was watching this latest arrival slide over the embankment, a large tractor-trailer transport truck came over the hill. I knew if that tried to stop and his wheels slid, the trailer section would jack-knife and wipe everyone off that highway for sure. So I grabbed a flashlight and ran towards him blinking it off and on. He fortunately was alert enough to get his truck stopped a couple of hundred yards away from the scene.

As I had sort of automatically taken over the situation, I felt as if I had to go through with it. So I immediately sent two men to the top of each hill and gave them instructions to stop every car that happened along and keep them there until I gave them a signal to let the cars by, one at a time.

Then I had all of the people who were in the wrecked car placed in two of the stalled cars which we had straightened up, and started them into Tu-



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cumcara. I gave each one of the drivers instructions to send the highway patrol or sheriff out immediately.

I fully expected to have some police aid within thirty minutes, but it was two hours before the sheriff arrived. In the meantime I stayed there and kept traffic moving. Of course all the travelers wanted to stop and view the wreckage, but that only clutters things up, so I made them keep moving.

Well, from this point on, it was only a matter of time and waiting for the police to arrive.

You know, 'Doc', you always said that a person would not be aware of the things they would do when an emergency arose, they would just automatically do them. Well, that is absolutely right.

I had always thought when you were speaking about 'leaders' in emergencies that people would not pay any attention if someone just started in bossing things. But I've changed my mind. Those people were actually grateful that someone did happen to start 'bossing' things. I had always felt as if only one or two out of a crowd could be depended on to help you or do as you said. But the people there never questioned or argued or anything. I just started talking and they went right ahead and did as I said. Thank God, I was lucky enough not to make any mistakes!! Those people seemed to regard me as a doctor and highway-patrolman rolled into one. I was never so surprised in all my life as when they just fell to and did as I directed. When they exhibited that much confidence in me, a total stranger (although everyone there were strangers), why I just had to make good.

'Doc', this is pretty much disjointed and rambling, but that's the way the whole affair was. So don't blame me too much.



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I do not know how much good this will prove to be, but if I can only convey in some manner the importance of being prepared to act in an emergency by knowing what to do, then I will be satisfied. I hope the account does this.



September 10, 1941.

Mr. Fred Bosilevac,  
418 Armstrong,  
Kansas City, Kansas.

Dear Freddie:

The other day a young Lithuanian from Western Reserve University stopped in my office to see me. He expects to enroll at the University of Kansas this fall as a pre-medico. His name is Leonard Zelinskas, and he is living at 839 Mississippi Street. He played freshman basketball at Western Reserve, and wants to come out for basketball here this fall.

I told Leonard about you because I thought you might have several interests in common. I am not sure whether you will be in Kansas City this fall, or whether you will be here on the campus to finish up your medical work before going to Kansas City. If you are here I would like for you to look up Leonard, and if you will remain in Kansas City I would be happy to have you write him a letter.

Leonard is a fine appearing young man, full of enthusiasm and determination, and I believe he will have a very successful career at the University of Kansas.

With very best wishes to you, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.



October 10, 1941.

Lt. Col. W. H. Brownie, QMC,  
110th QM Regiment,  
A.P.O. 35,  
Camp Robinson, Arkansas.

Dear Brownie:

I have a real good joke on myself and I want to pass it on to you. Your letter arrived Saturday morning just prior to the Kansas-Washington football game. I hurriedly scanned over the first part of your letter and paid very little attention to the first three paragraphs. Then I read your fourth paragraph which starts out - "Now for the real reason this message is written".

By overlooking the third paragraph and not answering it I committed the greatest blunder of all my corresponding experience. In that paragraph you presented the very same argument that I had presented to the students at William Jewell - that these boys played football for the sheer fun of it, that they do not have to have commercialized football to play for the fun of it. And when it is commercialized the bad features are added without the good ones.

If I ever needed a friend to argue my point, you certainly did it most emphatically and without any rebuttal. So, Brownie, read your own paragraph again and see if that isn't right in line with my argument. You said, "They are their own officials, and the ball changes side with very little other than a kidding dissent." Therefore, the college presidents of America will see the educational value of play, and by adjustments upon the state and by the students they will develop an intramural system that will satisfy the play instincts of the students without the big time stuff that is not a part of the educational institutions.

Brownie, I surely do like your letter.

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.

FCA:AH



October 4, 1941.

Lt. Col. W. H. Brown, GIC,  
110th GI Regiment,  
Camp Robinson, Arkansas.  
A.P.O. 35.

Dear Brownie:

Your very lengthy epistle addressed to Frederick Ware, a carbon copy of which has been sent to me, is hereby acknowledged. I also enjoyed the postscript, "A copy has been sent to the Doctor in his lair at H.U." I was greatly interested in your activities and enjoyed the descriptions of your environment in Mansfield, Ia., which you have given Fred Ware, our mutual friend. However, I feel that I should come to the point and reply to your real reason for writing the message to Fred.

I have tried to analyze carefully your arguments that you present in your letter to Fred. First, I might say to you that I have spoken on two occasions to football men wherein the newspapers have seen fit to give perhaps undue publicity. Last fall I spoke to the all-star Kansas City, Kansas, high school football men where Rotary was their host. This fall I spoke before the William Jewell College football team and three hundred students at a "Football Kick-off" dinner rally. I spoke to these boys directly and all the remarks that were made were prompted by a desire to present the true picture of "big time" football as it is now being conducted in a great many of our American colleges.

I coached football, Brownie, perhaps before you played it, and I believe I know the strong and the weak points of the game as I have officiated and followed it closely over since. The game as a morale builder and as a builder of men has no equal. Certainly I am not excepting basketball in this inclusion. But many sports at one time can be fine, and then they can become so distorted that they can be utterly ruined and useless; instead of being a morale builder they can become a morale destroyer.

In my mind's eye I run over a great number of former coaches and present coaches, and have asked this question: Are these coaches' sons playing football? I thought of Chet Brewer, who has a son at the University of Missouri, Henry Schulte, Bernie Dickman, Sam Bible, Major Jones, Harold Brown, "Hog" Allen, Bill Hargies, and a great host of others. Now, I realize that neither your son nor Sam Bible's son are old enough to be in a university, but I will watch with a great deal of interest and see how many sons of coaches will play football in college.



The warp and woof of the average football player at the present time is too rough and tough for the sense of coaches to compete against. Perhaps I should have said that we would rather have a son of ours major in a profession, and not in football as it is now conducted. True, there are exceptions, but it is the rule that I rather emphasize.

Regarding your statement concerning publicity, favorable or otherwise, I want to assure you that I have never sold my face for a banana ad, or Grape-nuts, or Luickies, or what-not. Nor have I endeavored to keep my name before the public unless I thought I had something to say. And I do think definitely that I have something to say and will continue to say it, not as basketball coach but as the head of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Kansas. (For your information, Brownie, I have never drawn as much salary for coaching basketball as I have as director of athletics and physical education.)

There are so many young fellows that are being misguided by the so-called big shot coach in athletics that I think it is high time for somebody to be at least half way honest with these youngsters. Stories may die natural deaths, but facts never will. The fact that we have conference rules which are being broken more than they are being kept is a fact and you know it.

Your own Cy Sherman, the arse of football hopes, in his column "Dress Facts", says:

"The founders of football and all college sports, for that matter, gave thought only to the idea that athletics should be conducted strictly on a basis of pure amateurism, but corrupting influences unquestionably have been permitted to intrude their slimy presence, thus to make a mockery of the amateur pretense.

"The head professor of basketball at Kansas U, apparently prefers to lop off the head of the chicken rather than exterminate its lice.

"That proposal conveys no appeal to this column. Football is a sport so wholesome, so desirable especially in a time of a national crisis, as to merit a definite place in the educational scheme.

"Now, then, can a tangible plan be worked out to save the gridiron game from the fate which Professor Allen and others, too, have foreseen? The problem is one which this column passes to the heads of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the body which has the means and methods in its hands, but in the past -- more's the pity -- it has failed, either through ineptitude or cowardice, to use!"

Cowardice is the word that should be used.

Certainly from as stalwart enthusiast for football as Cy is this is unmistakably an open confession that he and all other insiders know the mockery that is now being practiced under the guise of character building in a major sport - especially when big time proselytars work.



By says that apparently we prefer to lop off the head of the chicken rather than to de-louse it. Certainly I do not believe in lopping off the head of such a fine sport as football. I merely pointed out to those high school and college players that these coaches and the so-called friends of football are the ones who are killing it, and the yelp that the coaches emit shows that they have been struck by missiles which hit the mark.

When a gardener trims excessive branches from a grapevine he does it to improve the fruit. Certainly you will not deny this, will you, Brownie? By lopping off many of the football barnacles, football could be saved. And so could basketball, for that matter. But the way it is going at the present time causes people to wonder whether the men who make money out of football will permit it to be saved.

Why I make another observation? The future crop of coaches in both football and basketball will of necessity come from a group of men who are outstanding in the sport from the angle of technical skill. This is their laboratory work to show that they are experts. These men, by and large, are now athletes who are receiving either their board, room, tuition, books, and so forth, or a large part of it, and some are men who positively leave school with a larger bank account than they entered with. How in the world can these great builders of character challenge a boy to enroll in the university except by the same and only method they know - that is the pay check.

These major spectacular sports are nothing but a racket, or a business racket tied to the tail of the university or college. The boy is made to feel that that is the most important thing in his existence, when all of us know that it is not by any manner of means the most important. It is important because it is an incentive which should drive him on to the durable things of life, and that is the thing that he gets in the classroom and in the contact with his fellows. But when he knows that he is nothing more than a paid professional, keeping from the general public the truth of his status, then you and I both know that it is a racket.

I certainly have no quarrel with you when you say, "Football represents so much of a spirit of a game where mental, physical, and emotional expressions have a wholesome outlet that youth will demand, and have, in one way or another." Again I say, let's have it in the right way, and not in the way it is being conducted in the "big time". Again I want to say that I do not want to kill football, but I want to point to the boy who is playing it the danger of following wandering fires lost in the quagmire.

Brownie, I have never worried much about ostracism. I find that I make a few friends and lose a few, but when I characterize a group of coaches as "beagle hounds out sniffing the bushes for athletes to be given salaries for doing no work", I state exactly what I know and what you know. Of course, some big time schools have someone else to do their beagle-hounding for them, and they sit back as respectable individuals while the dirty work is done by the less important beagle hounds. Had I not talked to so many professors who tell me the pressure they feel from the advance agent for so many of these flunking athletes, then I might say that some of them might resent it. But I know this game from all the intricacies, as you do. And these professors do not resent this snap course idea



because they know how many of the wise boys hunt for them.

This part of your letter makes me laugh. "The coaching profession is heartily in accord with the University Administrators controlling the athletic situation to such an extent that the department is in harmony with the aims and ideals of the institution of which it is a part." What ideals do you speak of when there are certain assistant athletic directors in large institutions who are paid for nothing else than to handle the athletes, definitely paying large sums of money to keep them in school so that they may be eligible for athletic teams? I say that this is no part of an ideal.

I have coached 54 years and in my association with athletics and with the coaches of these sports I find a growing tendency to spend more but to cover up more skillfully. I have always tried to put more into physical education and athletics than I have gotten out of it, and I will continue to do so, but my standard in dealing with these boys will be, so far as possible, the standard that I use in dealing with my own sons. Certainly I would not want my son to sell his academic birthright for a mess of athletic pottage such as is being peddled around by "big time" promoting athletic coaches.

You will understand, Brownie, that there are a lot of decent coaches and a lot of coaches that are not doing the things that I mention, but there are a lot of "big time" coaches who are doing this and they are doing it to the detriment of both football and basketball.

Doubtless you realize that before I said this thing I knew exactly what a great number of individuals would say to me and about me. I said it last fall and I said it again, so don't you realize that from my first experience I could naturally judge what might come again? It was not an emotional outburst, but it was a thing planned and studied, debunking a lot of the junk that goes on in "big time" athletics.

You state that "coaches will put their shoulders to the wheel and push in trying to eliminate the evils . . .". You know oleoin' well that if the coaches wanted to meet this situation they could eliminate and cure it over one season of play. But, you say, they are doing it. How can I stop it? And in fact there are some coaches that I know of who couldn't turn out a championship team unless they got better material than the other coaches. Therefore, instead of working, they attempt to buy the team.

To show you that I was not spoofing you about football but that I also meant basketball in this charge, I am sending you a carbon copy of a letter that I received on October 2nd from a coach of national reputation who has had nationally known teams. I am also sending you a carbon copy of the letter that I wrote this coach. A boy who is 6 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 188 pounds, and who comes highly recommended by an expert coach, might do some team some good under the basket, you cannot fail to admit. And doubtless you will say that these coaches are character builders instead of athletic beagle hounds. This coach said, "I picked him up". That is why I call him a beagle hound rather than a bird dog.



This boy in question has nothing. He needs board, room, tuition, books, clothes, spending money, medical expenses, and what have you. If a coach does it for one he is forced to do it for the others. Then multiply this amount that is necessary to take care of this boy by the number of men on the first squad and you have the answer to the cost of basketball.

Bronie, I have enough data to prove my points conclusively. You and I both know a young star athlete from Kansas who matriculated at Nebraska and was wet-nursed, hauled in taxicabs to his classes because he would not walk to them, and imprecations were made to him in a most disgusting fashion just because he was an athlete. True, his ineligibility caused him not to play at Nebraska, but the disgusting example set by this chap and by the people who endeavored to get him eligible created a sickening stench among those who were on the inside of such a situation. Similar situations have happened on the campus of most every college in the United States that has tried to keep such men eligible only for their athletic ability. There was no other consideration involved in handling this young boy with strong gastrocnemius muscles who could peddle a ball forward. And still we talk about ideals. The name was not a long one. The first letter is B.

Thanking you for sending me this pleasant epistle to Fred, and wishing you and the great Army of the United States Godspeed, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.

FCA:AE  
Enc.



Tues. Sept 30, 1941.  
(In the woods near  
Mansfield, La.)

Dear Fred: *Walt*

I really have intended to write you long before this, but something has popped up to take precedence. My family will feel like they should have priority at this time when they hear I've written to you, and only sent them a convenient one-cent post card. However, should they ~~learn~~ the content of this letter, I know they will be in harmony with the thought and spirit of this epistle as they are not only ardent fans of all sports, but firm believers in the advantages afforded by a training in our competitive sports.

Our Regiment is in Bivouac  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles west of Mansfield, La., for the purpose of rest, personal and clothing cleanliness, and to give the necessary attention to some 200 vehicles before starting a move to our assembly area for troop movement back to Camp Robinson. As I sit at my improvised desk and office here in the midst of some of Louisiana's pine trees completing a few of my duties as the Executive Officer, I can see a sight that is good for my kind of sore eyes - I am sure you will appreciate the point as I try to develop it in these hastily written lines.

About 200 yards across the fields to a clearing where our vehicles are properly lined in a motor pool, and all drivers and assistant drivers are supposed to be busily engaged in what we call 1st and 2nd Echelon of Maintenance, I see this sight. There are some 40 men in non-descript uniforms, and of all things, playing football. They have hastily organized sides, use a huddle, give some kind of instructions, jump out of that huddle with a spirit, speed, and enthusiasm that would do justice to a major eleven. The ball (yes, a football) is snapped and a smash off tackle or an end run was never enjoyed more. The tackling is fair, there is no flinching when the ball carrier rams the line, and the pile-up is one effervescing enthusiasm and pleasure. Fumbles, bad passes from center, poor blocking, etc., are greatly in evidence. That does not matter - it is the game, the spirit of the contest that they are enjoying. They are their own officials, and the ball changes side with very little other than a kidding dissent. I know I should insist on a return to duty, but I also know they are not in condition to stand the "gaff" and that in a very short time they will return to their duties refreshed and in a better frame of mind. The field is rough, and the weeds are waist high, and a poorer place to play could hardly be found. Therefore if they escape without any serious injuries I'll be glad and feel the laxity in duty justified.

Now for the real reason this message is written. I have before me an A.P. story quoting our good friend Phog Allen on the death of Intercollegiate football, given at a football dinner at Wm Jewell College. I am aware of the fact some individuals desire publicity, whether favorable or unfavorable, as long as their name is kept before the public. Sometimes in seeking this publicity some individuals really do not believe what they say, and issue statements that will be challenged for the above stated reasons. Therefore it would be good logic to let their stories die a natural death and let the facts speak for themselves. However, I had an uncontrollable desire to "come back" and feel as tho' I'm entitled to be a commentator on the game this year in as much as I cannot participate as I love to



do, in coaching the game.

The scene before me of young men playing, and Dr. Allen's challenge, was too much, hence the following reflections.

You can't kill, or legislate out a spirit. Football represents so much of a spirit of a game where mental, physical, and emotional expressions have a wholesome outlet that youth will demand, and have, in one way or another. Therefore, it would be folly for our colleges to attempt to kill the game. History of the sport tells us Kings have tried to kill the game by making it punishable by death for anyone found guilty of starting a game of football. In our own nation, in not so many years back, State Legislatures have ruled the game out. Many Colleges tried to kill the sport, but found it to be a leech that hung on in spite of all opposition. Nearly all college Presidents in the early years washed their hands of the game. Later the game was tolerated, and, yet frowned upon by educators largely because they did not understand the game, and were afraid of the administration of so powerful an influence in the Colleges. I believe, sincerely, that the majority of College Administrators today see in this game that has so great an incentive and influence over student and spectator alike an adjunct to education that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the Academic life.

All coaches should rise up in arms and ostracise one of their own member who brands this fine group of men as "Beagle Hounds out sniffing the bushes for athletes to be given salaries for doing no work". Likewise, all professors should resent the snap course idea, and fear of flunking an athlete, if a minimum of work has not been completed.

The Coaching Profession is heartily in accord with the University Administrators controlling the Athletic situation to such an extent that the department is in harmony with the aims and ideals of the institution of which it is a part. The profession is not in harmony with the idea that the program is not an educational one and decidedly not worth while because it is a "money loser". The question of its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. We should be glad that 80 of the 640 Universities did make a profit out of an educational feature. The profession does not condone any institution or individual who violates the ethics of the game and profession. It is hardly in keeping with intelligent thinking for all Coaches to be branded as "Beagle Hounds", or all Colleges to be accused of paying players, and all Professors to be accused of giving free rides, any more than it would be rational thinking to say all Doctors were quacks and without ethics because a few of their profession were found guilty.

I have enjoyed some 20 years of association with athletics and the teacher of these sports, and have found very little ground for such rash statements as made by "Phog". It is regrettable when one who has earned his livelihood from the athletic program for so many years to turn out to be unworthy of the respect of his fellow coaches.

Such logic can only come from emotional judgment rather than rationalizing the facts to be had. I for one could not sit by and allow such statements to go unchallenged. Hence this lengthy expression to you of the view point of one who has given many years to coaching and is looking forward to the time when he can again be a part of the great game of football, and allied coaching duties. When all



Coaches will put their shoulder to the wheel and push in trying to eliminate the evils that are apparent to all, rather than being a drag to a worth while program, Then and only then, will we achieve fully the benefits that can and should be part of our intercollegiate contests and especially football in our American Democratic Schools and Colleges.

kindest regards

*W. H. Browne*

*Lt. Col. D.M.C.  
110 Q.M. Regiment  
Camp Robinson,  
Arkansas.*

PS: A copy has been sent to the Doctor in his  
lair at KU.

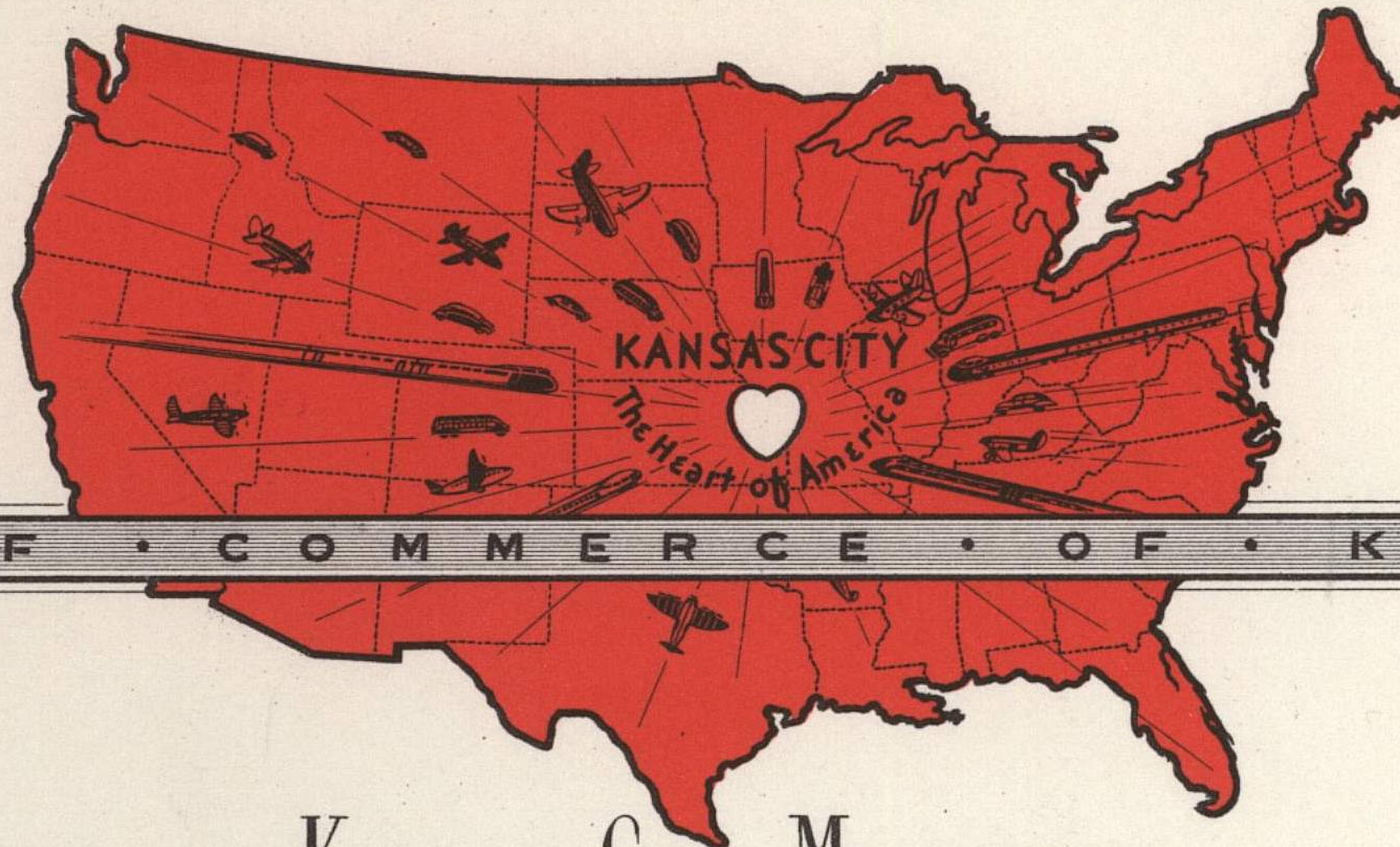
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# CONVENTION AND VISITORS BUREAU

H. E. BONING, JR.  
MANAGER

1028 BALTIMORE AVE.  
PHONE VICTOR 6688



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

February 25, 1942

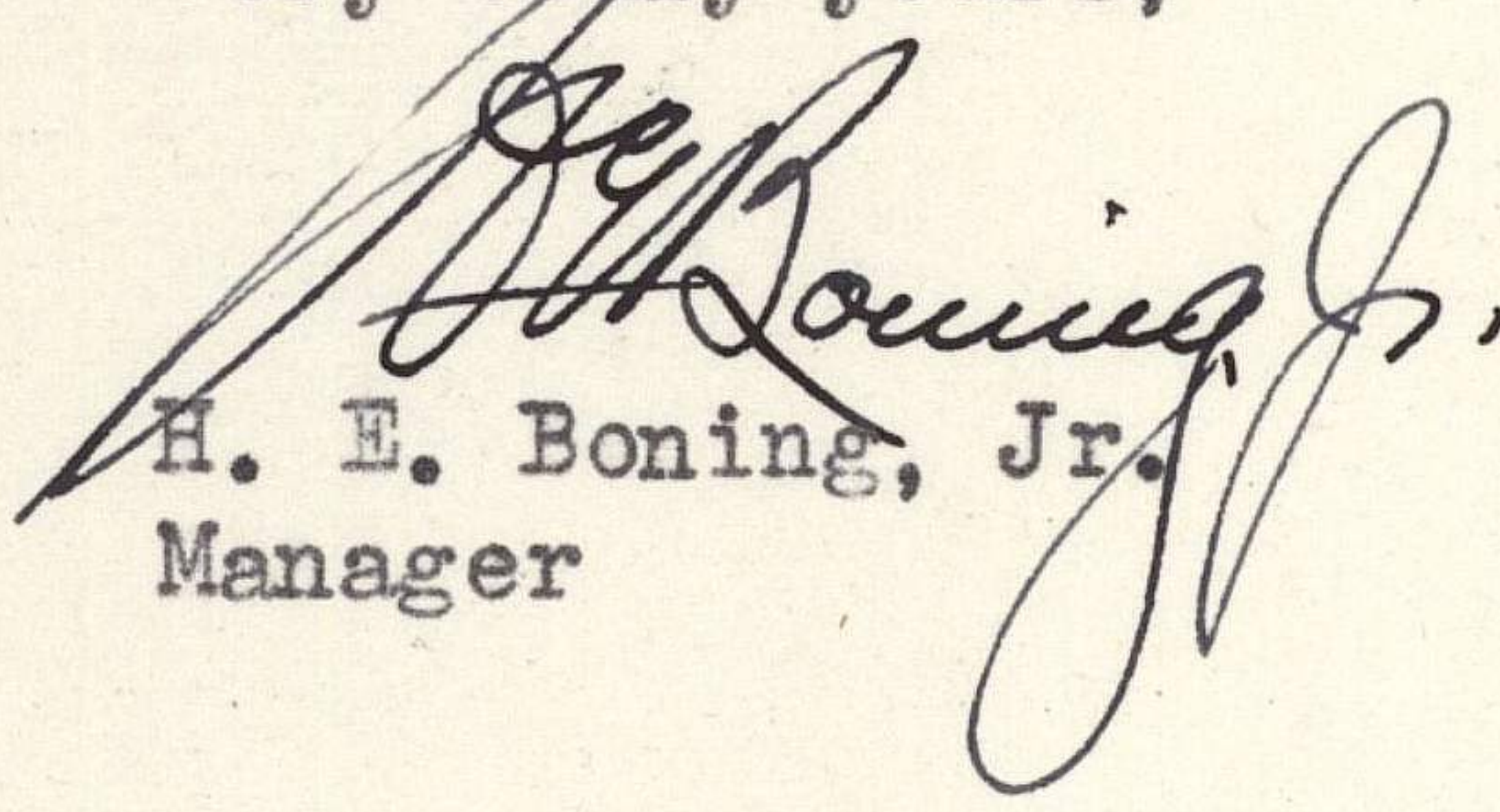
Dr. Forrest Allen  
Basketball Coach  
University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Dr. Allen:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I have just written to Mr. Marshall Diebold, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, inviting that organization to hold its 1943 convention in Kansas City.

I sincerely hope that this meets with your approval, and if it does, I would appreciate it, if you will write Mr. Diebold a letter concurring in Kansas City's invitation. Should you plan to attend this year's convention, it will undoubtedly be very helpful if you make a personal appeal to have the convention in Kansas City next year.

Very truly yours,

  
H. E. Boning, Jr.  
Manager

heb-t  
encl.



February 24, 1942

Mr. Marshall Diebold  
Secretary-Treasurer  
National Association of Basketball Coaches  
Carleton College  
Northfield, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Diebold:

I will sincerely appreciate it if you will place before the Executive Committee of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, when it meets to decide on its 1943 convention city, a most cordial invitation to hold the 1943 convention in Kansas City.

We had the pleasure of entertaining your group here in 1940, at which time, I am sure Kansas City proved its ability to serve you as a convention city.

It seems entirely probable that the NCAA Western plan offs and finals will be played here again next year. Your convention can be tied in with this great event, and at the same time, your members can take advantage of Kansas City's very central geographic location and ready accessibility from all parts of the country. Your convention can be held with the greatest economy in time and travel expense, which is most important in the light of our war effort.

Should your convention come here, you will again have our complete assistance in making your Kansas City arrangements; in handling your registration; helping you to build attendance, and in assisting you with publicity during your sessions.

I sincerely hope that your Executive Committee will find it possible to give Kansas City most favorable consideration.

Yours very truly,

H. E. Boning, Jr.  
Manager

heb-t

cc - Dr. Forrest Allen - Lawrence  
Mr. George Edwards - Columbia



February 24, 1942.

Mr. C. O. Burnside,  
Carpenter Paper Co.,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Cob:

Thanks for your fine letter.

We would like to practice as soon as we get into town, which will be at 5:10 p.m. Thursday on the Santa Fe. So I shall greatly appreciate any arrangements you can make for us.

I think we better arrange for a bus, but I'll talk to you about that when we get there. We will be at the Kingkade.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,  
Varsity Basketball and Baseball Coach.

FCA:AH



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS  
AUSTIN

DEPARTMENT OF  
INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS  

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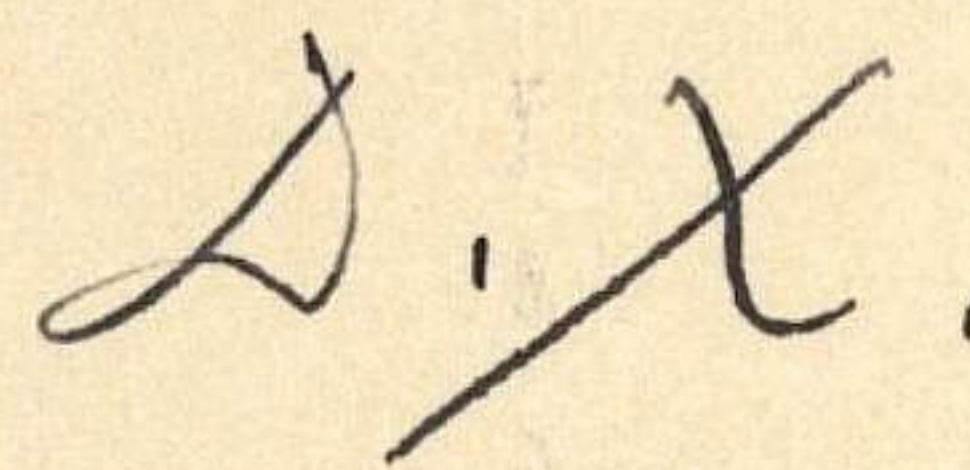
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

February 23, 1942

Dear Phog and Mrs. Allen:

I think it is fine the way you friends have come to the rescue during the greatest loss that has ever come to me. Rowena and I were a pretty good team, and it is hard to get going again when the team becomes broken. Her passing leaves an emptiness that even the years will not be able to erase, but she left a beacon which will shine always. Your expression of sympathy is most comforting, and we are very grateful for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours



Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Allen  
University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas