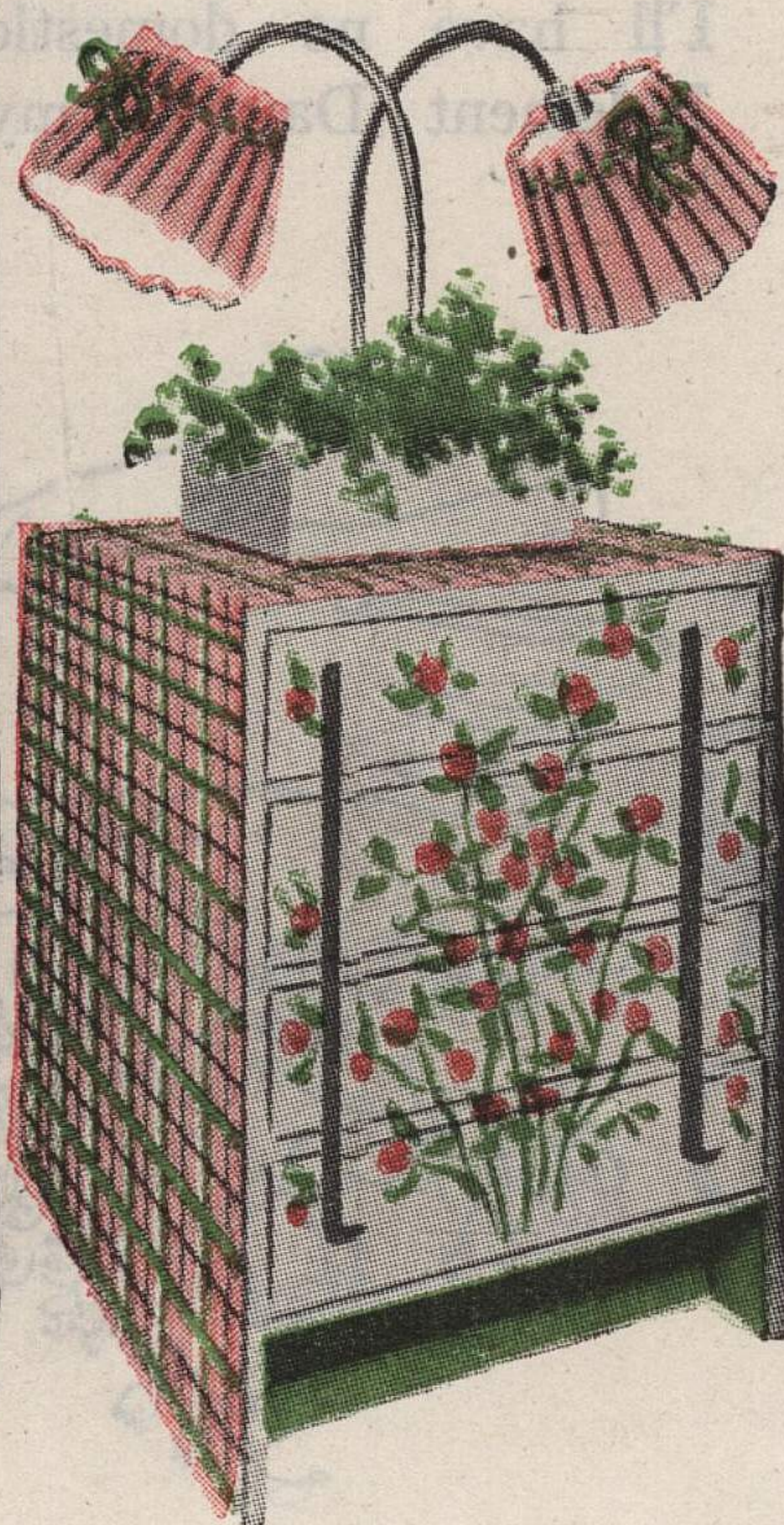




At left is Ann's room as we plan it for her, and at right the "before" picture of the furniture "handed down" by parents

A Pretty Girl Rates a

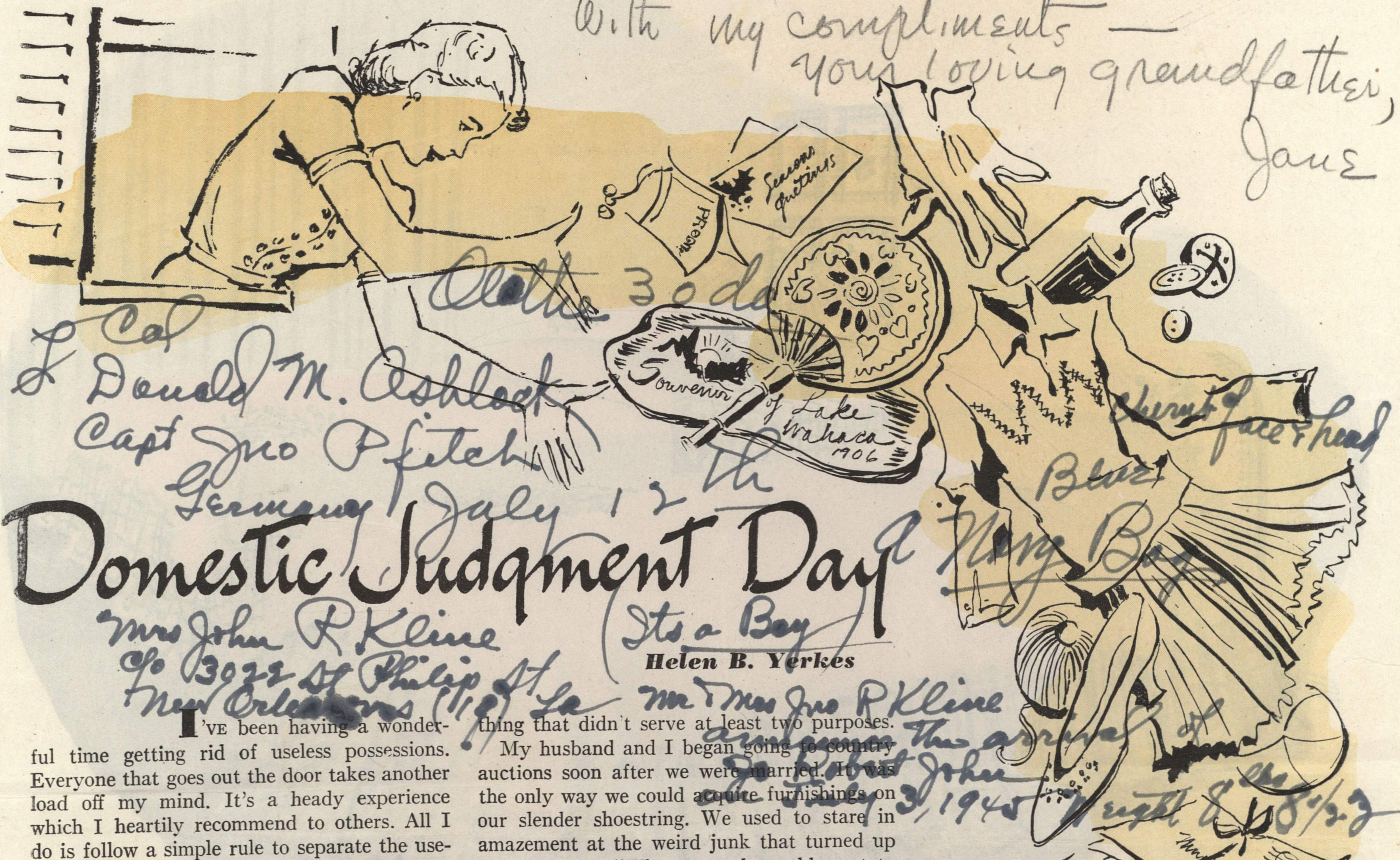
The saga of Ann and her behind-the-times bedroom which



PRETTY is as pretty does!" Grandma used to admonish us, smiling wisely and wagging a gentle finger. Well, Grandma would be proud of the fair young miss whose story comes to light on these pages. "Pretty" did all right for herself, as you can plainly see, and has got bigger and better plans for the future.

Ann came to us some time back with her problem, which we knew from the hundreds of letters we receive every month is a typical brow-creeaser with lots of junior misses all over the country. Ann was "stuck" with the bedroom suite her parents had bought for their first home when they were newly married. An example of the misguided buying impulses for "high style" and "French

With my compliments —
 your loving grandfather,
 Jane



Cal
 S. Donald M. Ashlock
 Capt. Jno P. Fitch
 Germany July 12th

Domestic Judgment Day

Mrs. John R. Kline
 3022 St. Philip St.
 New Orleans (119) La

It's a Boy
 Helen B. Yerkes

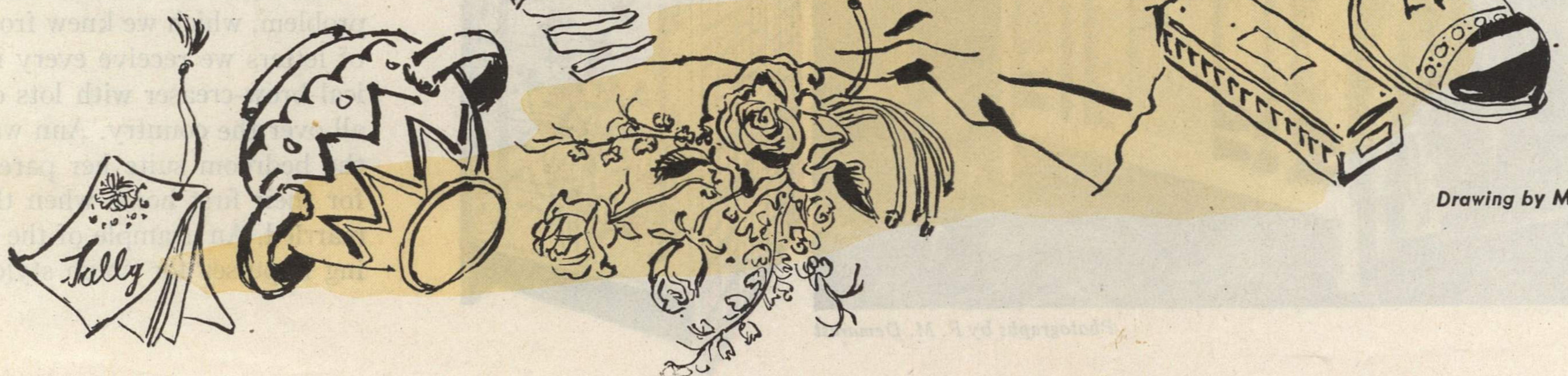
Mrs. John R. Kline
 3022 St. Philip St.
 New Orleans (119) La
 August 8, 1945

I've been having a wonderful time getting rid of useless possessions. Everyone that goes out the door takes another load off my mind. It's a heady experience which I heartily recommend to others. All I do is follow a simple rule to separate the useful sheep from the encumbering goats. I ask, "Has anyone used this object within the last six months?" If it's "yes" . . . it gets a stay of execution. If it's "no" . . . out it goes. For instance, my pot cupboard rivaled Fibber McGee's famous closet. Countless pie and cake pans, lids, scrapple pans, and assorted tinware were always cascading out. Only a few minutes thought was needed to pick out the utensils I actually used in my everyday cooking.

It's the same story all over the house. If I didn't go through this weeding process regularly we'd be smothered with impedimenta . . . old clothes, shoes, wilted accessories, bedraggled souvenirs, and of course, the children's hopelessly mutilated playthings. Very few of us can bear to relinquish the dear departed at once. Some deep instinct makes us tuck it away, with the vague excuse that it might come in handy some day for something. And a hundred to one, it never does.

I often think of the most carefree period in my married life. We moved to another state, taking along only a few essential things. We lived in a three-room, one-story house that was a shelter and nothing more. I never had so few conveniences—and I never enjoyed keeping house so much! There was a fine feeling of space and freedom in those bare rooms. Dusting was reduced to a minimum. Window and curtain washing vanished—we had screens and shutters. We had scarcely any-

thing that didn't serve at least two purposes. My husband and I began going to country auctions soon after we were married. It was the only way we could acquire furnishings on our slender shoestring. We used to stare in amazement at the weird junk that turned up at these sales. "Who on earth would want to buy all that stuff?" we'd say. But there was always somebody who would bid, and the junk would get a new home. Eventually, our house filled up, until I finally realized that our collection matched what we'd seen at auctions. Well, now I know! I may not be able to stop the flow of possessions into the house, but I can see to it that nothing stays if it doesn't earn its keep. I used to wonder why I felt like an overloaded pack-horse all the time. It was simply the weight of all those countless inanimate parasites on my mind. I refuse to be so burdened any more. I don't have to throw them away, either. Nowadays, especially, almost anything can be sold. And there's always the Salvation Army or some other worthy organization. Yep, I've finally worked up the strength to discard useless things the moment they've outlived their usefulness. I'll have no domestic Judgment Day at my house!



Drawing by M. K. Hoyt

July 20, 1945

Mr. J. F. Gilliland, Principal
Hutchinson High School
Hutchinson, Kansas

Dear Mr. Gilliland:

Thank you very much for your letter. This gives me additional data which will be helpful in writing the next Rebound.

I will follow your suggestion in regard to Don, but we will put you on the mailing list and be happy to do so.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education
Varsity Basketball Coach

PGA:MEH

HUTCHINSON HIGH SCHOOL

J. F. GILLILAND, PRINCIPAL

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

July 19, 1945

Forrest C. Allen, Director
Physical Education
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Phog:

I have your letter asking for further amplification about the boys. There is not much more to tell. Bob and Charles were both stationed at Pearl Harbor for two or three months around the last of the year. Mrs. Gilliland has two sisters living in Honolulu. The boys were able to spend quite a little time during their leaves at the home of one or the other of these aunts. About the middle of January Don, on a B29 on his way to the Mariannas, stopped in Honolulu for 48 hours. He managed a pass and the three boys spent some time together at the home of one of their aunts.

Both Bob and Don are stationed in the Mariannas; Bob, about half way between Guam and Japan. On a return trip from Japan Don stopped at Bob's station for gas. Having three days' rest period coming up, he was permitted to spend 48 hours there.

Since Don is not familiar with K. U. or the personnel involved in your Rebound, I doubt if it would be worth while to send him a copy. I would appreciate a copy, however. You can mail it to me at 16 West 18th Street.

Yours very truly,

J. F. Gilliland

JFG:ARC

A

July 17, 1945

Mr. J. L. Gilliland, Principal
Hutchinson High School
Hutchinson, Kansas

Dear Mr. Gilliland:

Thank you for your good letter of the 16th instant. I will see that your two Jayhawker sons get the Rebounds and if your third son a graduate of Denver would like to receive one we would be glad to send it to him. Now that we have both sons' addresses, we will send their copies direct, but in the event you would like a copy for yourself we will be glad to send it also. Kindly advise us if you desire to remain on our mailing list.

Your letter certainly makes interesting reading regarding the brothers' meeting and I would like for you to amplify on the matter a little if you care to. It will be a little while before I write the next Rebounds so you will have time to elaborate if you wish.

Thank you for your kind note regarding the moral builder, and I certainly do hope to do something for the boys who are doing so much for us.

Just this morning I have returned from Winter General Hospital where I saw Lt. Bob Dole of Russell. He was one of our boys here and was badly shot up in the Pacific. After you see a few of those boys it makes one feel that the most we can do for them is still too little.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:MEH

HUTCHINSON HIGH SCHOOL

J. F. GILLILAND, PRINCIPAL
HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

July 16, 1945

Phog Allen, Director of Physical Education
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Phog:

I was interested in your recent edition of Jayhawk Rebounds which came to Bob. Bob is now a lieutenant. He spent a year in the New Guinea area as skipper of an L.C.T. After a short leave in the States he is now out as a commander of an L.C.T. group. His address is Lt. Robert J. Gilliland, L.C.T.-6, group 97, % Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco. I have another son, a former Jayhawk, who is also in the Pacific area. I am sure he would be glad to receive a copy of the Rebounds if you care to add his name to the list. He was ~~V~~-7 enlistee at the University of Kansas. At the end of his junior year Uncle Sam put him in uniform, sent him to Oberlin for one semester and then to a midshipman school. He is on a destroyer escort and has seen plenty of action recently--Iwo Jima, Je Jima, Okinawa, etc. His address is Ensign Charles L. Gilliland, U.S.S. Connolly, D.E.-306, % Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco.

I also have a third son in the Pacific who is a law graduate from Denver University. He is on a B 29. He has completed 25 or 30 missions over Japan. You spoke in your last Rebound about brothers meeting in a battle area. These three boys happened to be in Honolulu at the same time about the middle of January and spent twenty-four hours together. More recently Don, on his return from a mission over Japan, landed at the island where Bob is stationed and spent a couple of days with him.

I am sure your letters to the boys are doing a lot to maintain morale. I want to add my appreciation to that of the boys for this service.

Yours very truly,



JFG:ARC

B

January 31, 1945.

Lt. John H. Glenn, USNR,
Naval Air Station,
Glenview, Illinois.

Dear Johnny:

Doubtless you have received the new Jayhawk Rebounds. I had expected to drop you a note and enclose it with the Rebounds, but my secretary was more efficient in getting the mail out to you than I was in getting my note written. Thank you for sending Warren Brown's column.

Of course things are popping along the gambling front now, with startling regularity. They haven't gotten the big boys yet. But the gamblers will continue to thrive so long as the N.C.A.A. outfit, a bunch of political athletic shadow boxers, do nothing but talk.

Tug Wilson's voice sounded like the hollow sound of a conch shell. I thought it sounded like Tug looked - rather sloppy.

I am happy that you have had an opportunity to visit with Hoot. I imagine, too, that you have had an opportunity to see Jane while she has been back there visiting the past week. Little Jill Mons is a corking good youngster, and a pretty one, too. Mrs. Allen is going to be desolated when Jane takes the baby away. Mrs. Allen has been caring for her during Jane's absence and she has become so attached to her that Jill is a part of her very existence.

We had a killer-diller last night - a typical dingdong Kansas-Kansas Aggie basketball game. They were ahead of us until the last two minutes, then we pulled up and finished with a three-point margin. But our friends, the customers, were prostrated!

I will be happy to hear from you at any time, and better still we would be delighted to have you sit on our bench and give us that old morale build-up of which Lieutenant John H. Glenn is capable.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

So They Tell Me

By WARREN BROWN

Mutuel Windows for Convenience Of Patrons Might Help Stadium

An entirely disinterested person who has the old-fashioned idea that basketball should be seen and NOT heard, was making his escape from the Chicago Stadium last Saturday night.

It was 2 minutes and 17 seconds after Great Lakes and Notre Dame had begun their game as a sort of backdrop for a publicly announced demonstration of microphonitis.

A cab drew up to the Stadium and discharged a passenger who seemed in a bit of a rush.

The driver watched the passenger dash through the entrance and then engaged the escaping patron in conversation.

"How far along is that second game, bud?" he asked.

"About 2,000 words," said the escaping patron, "though I may have missed a hundred here and there on the way out."

'Empire' Reported to Have Robbed Schultz

"Who's the favorite?" asked the driver.

"Everybody was wonderful, last I heard," said the escaping patron.

"I hear the 'empire' robbed Schultz in the first game," said the driver.

For one awful instant, the escaping patron shuddered. Could it be that there were public address systems OUTSIDE the Stadium, too?

"Where'd you hear that?" he asked.

"The guy who just got out of the cab told me," said the driver. "I just finished round-tripping him. He had to get to the Loop after the first game to get a bet on the second game."

Evidently Didn't Know Way Around Stadium

"He must be a stranger in the Stadium," said the escaping patron, "to have to go that far for a bet. And he's going to be very mad when somebody tells him."

"Tells him what?" said the driver.

"There was a kid game going on in there tonight. When he finds that out, and realizes he didn't have a bet on that, his whole evening will be spoiled."

"Maybe they ought to put mutuel windows in the joint," said the driver.

"Maybe," said the escaping patron. "That's the only artificial restorative they haven't tried."

CARRIER QUALIFICATION TRAINING UNIT
NAVAL AIR OPERATIONAL TRAINING COMMAND
U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION
GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS

23 January 1945

Dear Mr. Allen;

The enclosed clipping ties in with your remarks of early last fall and the recent Saturday Evening Post editorial.

I saw my first game at the Chicago Stadium last Saturday night. The gamblers naturally held the best box seats, and crowd the passageway between sections. However, all of this and more too will continue as long as college athletic directors are hungry for money. The student bodies never see a game now days unless they possess a "C" card and late liberty.

Have enjoyed my friendship with Foot at the B. O. & Q. Perhaps I can convert him into a true basketball fan during

'45.

Kindest personal regards to you,
Mrs. Allen and the family. Sincerely,
John

c

January 18, 1945.

Dr. R. W. George,
Tarkio College,
Tarkio, Missouri.

Dear Dr. George:

I am very sorry that I have neglected to answer your communication of December 8th. I know how important you deem those things, because I have had three sons of my own who played football, and I know that you are concerned about it. However, your letter was under a mass of correspondence that I had been unable to reach, which accounts for the delay.

This is an accepted medical practice such as you described in the case of your son. I do not believe it has any bad results. I have always thought that most of the time it was treating the symptoms and not removing the cause. However, with heat as an adjunct of this treatment, it has been found to be very helpful.

You can appreciate, not having seen the knee and not knowing much about the injury, how very difficult it would be for me to pass an opinion. I am sure by now, however, that your son is getting along nicely, as most of these cases respond to treatment if given a little time.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

Tarkio College

M. EARLE COLLINS, President

Tarkio, Missouri

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY and PHILOSOPHY
R. W. GEORGE, Ph. D.

Dec. 8, 1944.

Dr. F. C. Allen,
Department of Athletics,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Dr. Allen:

I remember that a few years ago one of our college boys visited you and received some very valuable suggestions concerning a football injury which he had been having trouble with for sometime. May I ask you to express your opinion as to treatment that the doctor is giving my son for a difficulty which has arisen following a series of knee bruises. As a result of these bruises he has developed a condition of "water on the knee". The doctor drained off quite a quantity of water this morning, bandaged the knee tightly, told him to take the bandage off at night and to put it back on each morning. It had been my understanding that there was danger in draining off this liquid and I am not sure that we have men in our town or neighboring towns that have had enough experience with this sort of thing. If you have had experience and if you have any suggestion that you could offer we would appreciate it very much.

Yours very sincerely,

R. W. George



AMERICAN RED CROSS

16 Oct. 1944

Dear Phog:

Received the "Rebounds" dated 12 September this eve. Was well in the middle of it when one of the men came stopping in to tell me that one of my fellow Kansans had made the Stars + Stripes and showed me the enclosed clipping. (You'll probably receive about 300 of them.)

Am finding my second trip to France, after a 26 year interval, quite interesting and busy. When I get home I want to meet the Recruiting Officer who told me that it was impossible for me to get overseas with a combat outfit.

I've had a lot of fun with your crack about Philadelphia since my section chief + tent mate is from that city.

I'll be seeing you at a game in the fall of '45.

Luck,

Goody

Phog Allen Mounts Soap Box Again

LAWRENCE, Kan., Oct. 13.—Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, basketball coach at Kansas University, said today that collegiate sports would need a post-war czar to "keep everything kosher" the way Landis runs baseball.

Dr. Allen, who is given to frequent outbursts of indignation on one subject or another, outdid himself this time and brought in the office of the President of the United States.

Predicting a post-war boom in collegiate athletics and accompanying skulduggery, Allen said that college administrators should see to it "that the office of the President of the United States should nominate the commissioner." That gives you an idea of how much Allen trusts college athletes and coaches.

Allen said that unless such an



Phog Allen

office were established, there would be a post-war scandal involving college football and basketball players. Just what specific information the good doctor had on his post-war scandal was not divulged.

"Something is going to happen," Allen said. "If educational institutions are efficient, they will set up some machinery that will protect them from a national scandal. As sure as you live, the thing is going to crack wide open and lay bare an incident where some group of college boys have thrown a game for a tidy sum.

"That will happen because there's more money being bet on football and basketball games in America than is bet on all the horse races being run. Soon the gamblers will show their hand."

E

November 6, 1944.

Mr. Ben Gould,
The Brooklyn Eagle,
Brooklyn 1, New York.

Dear Mr. Gould:

I am sorry that I have been unable to get to your letter sooner.

Answering your questions: Why is a commissioner necessary? I believe that I have said enough here lately in the press to state my position; namely, that organized baseball was subjected to the gambling racket in such a way that it caused a national scandal and a lack of confidence in the sport until Judge Landis took over.

I have no one in mind, but I would suggest that the only way to do this is for the American Association of University Presidents to ask the President of the United States to nominate a man and the presidents would elect him. As I have stated, he would be selected by the University Presidents and his term would be for life, like Judge Landis, and his salary would be at least \$75,000 or more. This would be a small sum for the colleges to pay because they could pay on the pro rata basis of the student population.

His powers would be absolute, as with Judge Landis, and there would be no "may" about it - he "shall" enforce the rules. His duties would be to set up a national organization, and his assistant commissioners like Griffith, Bushnell, St. Clair and Peters would be in the same relationship as the bank examiners are under the chief bank examiner. The czar would set out the rules for them to observe and there would be no alternative. His functions would be similar to those of Judge Landis.

You ask what good this would do. It would do the only real good that has ever been done to college athletics as far as administration is concerned. At the present time we have faculty members making the rules and administering them, and allowing the athletic director to be only a business agent because he neither makes the laws nor enforces them.

You ask how he would compare in scope to Landis or Layden. I am taking as my pattern Landis and not Layden. The man of necessity must be a lawyer because he would have to understand court procedure, and a man

without legal training would not be able to handle such a position. You will remember that Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis fined the Standard Oil Company fifty-two million dollars while he was a Federal judge. This act showed his fearlessness and his high regard for the law. This, in my opinion, is the type of man that should be a national czar of the intercollegiate world.

I know a lot of people say, how would you get them all in and some would not join. Only the colleges and universities that join this organization would be eligible to compete with member schools. The ones who did not come in would be recognized as professionals and would play only among themselves.

I am a little too busy at the present time to pass on how the new rules will effect the game this year, and the prospect. I will write you later if you are interested. Let me hear from you.

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH

BROOKLYN EAGLE

BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK



Oct. 16, 1944

Dear Coach Allen:

I have been requested by an agent for a national magazine to get some dope from a prominent basketball coach for a forthcoming article. Your recent remark that basketball could use a ~~commissioner~~ commissioner like Judge Landis to cut out gambling danger interests me as a good subject.

Accordingly I have written down a few questions on the next sheet which I would like to have you elaborate on as the basis for the article. Any other thoughts you might have on this and similar subjects would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Ben Gould

P.S. I'll be out of town next week so if you can get me the dope by the end of this week I'd appreciate it.

- 1-Why is a commissioner necessary?
- 2- Whom have you in mind?
- 3-How~~e~~ would he be chosen? For how long? What salary?
- 4- What would be his powers, duties, functions.
- 5- What good would this do?
- 6- How would he compare in scope to Landis or Layden?
- 7- How do the new rules affect the game this year?
- 8-What are your prospects?

14 August '45

Marine Hq. Sq 4

4. F.P.O.

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Dr. Allen;

After being without mail for 14 days your No. 17 "Jayhawk Rebounds" dated 25 June arrived, being forwarded from Edenton, N.C. and you can be assured it was received with much more appreciation than any up to now.

On 17 July Uncle Sam decided he needed a Special Services Officer for this wing. So after 16 days of traveling only a mile or two from land, (that was the distance straight down of course) we arrived on this island. We actually saw land once on our way here.

Our wash pan is a helmet and the sun heats our shower water - but the food is good and the tents are water proof so we are not faring so badly.

Any time we want fresh coconut all we need to do is pick up one or knock it off the tree.

Last week I went with the Military Government Representative to one of the

nearby islands where many of the natives are living now. The Rep. goes over to this island once each week to buy the handicraft made by the natives. They have a set price for each article they make - based on the number of hours or days it takes to make that article. Each native knows when he starts to make a belt for example, just how much money he will receive when it is finished. They are paid in American money. The M. G. Rep. is the only one authorized to purchase their handicraft which is a very good plan as he pays each one for the work done and in that way one is not paid too much and another cheated. The natives seem to be very pleased with the arrangement and are very friendly to the Marines.

We saw a King last week and to let you know the Marines have things well in hand the King was wearing a Marine G.I. summer helmet, G.I. shoes, G.I. khaki trousers and a white shirt.

The war news sounds good and we surely hope that before too long our next mission will be returning all these boys to their homes. Home was the main topic of discussion until the "Wee" hours, the night it was rumored Japan had surrendered.

It is encouraging to learn so many of these boys are planning on returning to school. There should be some great athletic teams when they all get home for many who come out as boys are going back as men. I surely hope that they get to come back soon and have some fun in athletics as they have earned that right.

It is time to turn to so I must get going.

Give my regards to Mrs. Allen and I hope all goes well for you and yours the coming year.

Sincerely
Griff.

H. W. GOODWIN

Formerly of

Goodwin and Schwinn, Wellington, Kansas

Announces the opening of an office in the Schweiter
Building, Wichita, Kansas, for the General Practice of
Law in Federal and State Courts

1 August 1945

August 14, 1945

Mr. H. W. Goodwin
Attorney at Law
Schweiter Building
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Goodie:

I am happy to have your announcement of
your location for the General Practice of Law in
Federal and State Courts.

This summer I may get down your way.
If I do I will drop in and say hello. With every
good wish to you and yours, I am

Sincerely,

Forrest C. Allen
Director, Physical Education
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:ef

July 14, 1945

Mrs. Alice K. Griffith
The Athletic Journal
6958 Glenwood Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Griffith:

I have been very negligent in answering your letter of June 5th, and giving you the information which you requested in regard to Gene Johnson. He is a graduate of Kansas State Teacher's College. Gene coached at Wichita, then he coached the McPherson Oilers, that A.A.U. outfit that went to the Olympics. He then coached at Salina. He got out of the coaching there and went into the motor car business, and is now in the insurance business in Salina.

I spoke at the Salina High School banquet for their team which had a Class AA in basketball, and I saw Gene there.

I trust this information will enable you to contact him.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:MEH

Gene Johnson

GRADUATE OF KANSAS
STATE TEACHER'S COLLEGE
EMPORIA,

COACHED AT WICHITA

NOW IN SALINA, KANSAS
IN MOTOR BUSINESS.

THE ATHLETIC JOURNAL

6858 GLENWOOD AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

June 5, 1945

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

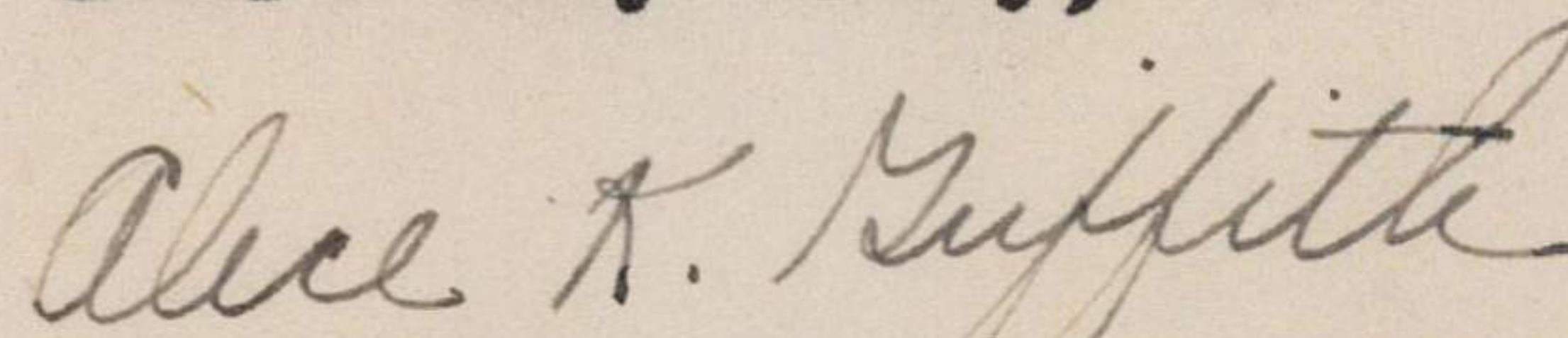
Dear Dr. Allen:

Thank you for your letter of May 28, agreeing to write again next year. As soon as you have decided on your subjects, I will appreciate it if you will advise me, so that I can arrange an interesting schedule of basketball articles without duplications.

Somewhere in Kansas, there is a man by the name of Johnson. I don't know whether he is coaching or not, but he took the basketball team to the Olympics in 1936. I have a request for an article from him on his down-court forcing defense. Can you give me his present address?

Thank you.

Yours very truly,



Alice K. Griffith

AKG:MA

512 Tuxedo Blvd.,
Webster Groves, 19 Mo.,
17 March 1945.

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

Dear Dr. Allen:-

This will acknowledge receipt of your
letter of March 14th.

We have not discussed the matter of
Dick's future education to any great extent since it
is very probable that he will have to enter the Armed
Forces some time this coming summer. He will be eighteen
on July 14th and since he is in good health and physical
condition, there is no reason to foresee that he will
be deferred or rejected.

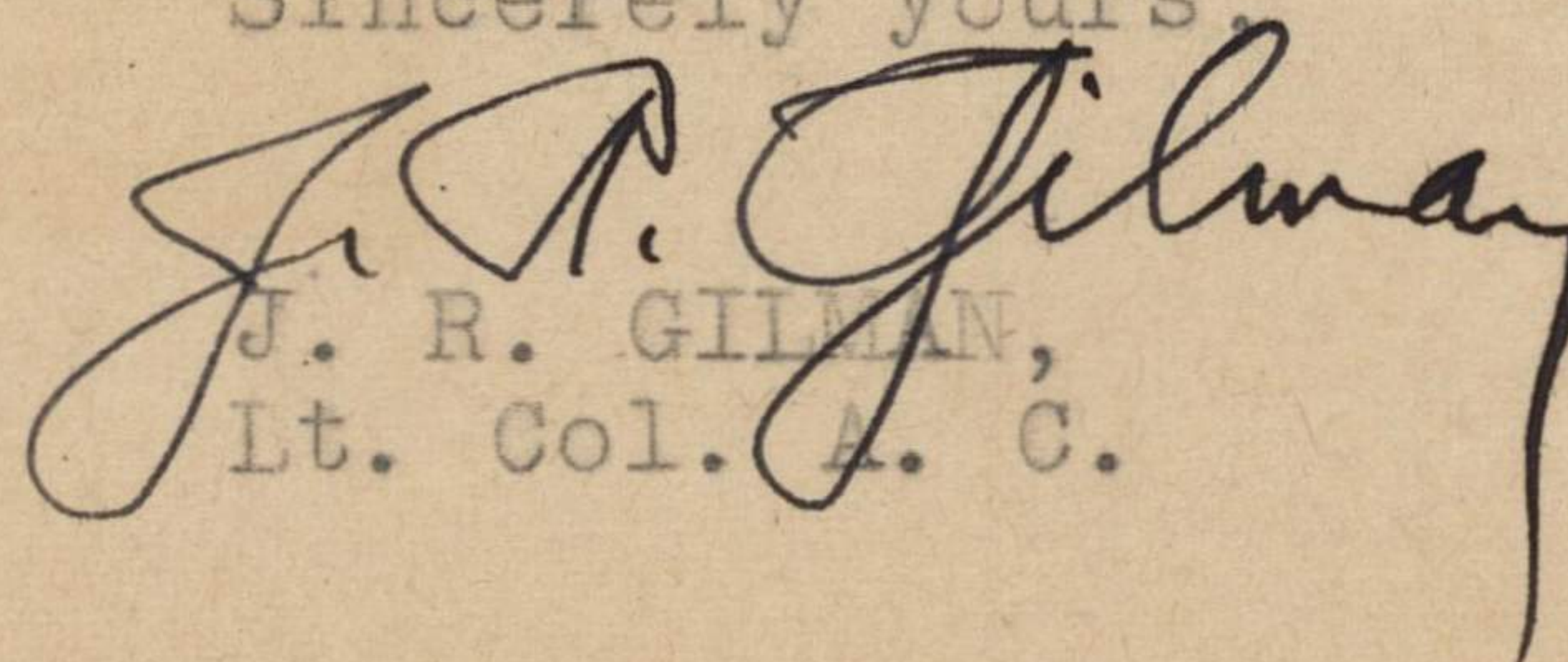
We naturally want him to continue his
education after the war but just what and where is pretty
hard to predict at this time. We know that his Uncle Herb
wants him to go to K. U. but on the other hand his older
sister who is now at Missouri wants him to go there.

Dick is a very good High School athlete.
He is probably equally good in football and basketball
but he is probably better in baseball than either. Last
year he had a 7-0 record in High School and in the inter-
mediate division of the Muncy League he had a 14-3 record.
The Yankess and the Browns have both shown some interest
in him but he definitely will not enter professional
baseball at this time.

We very much appreciate your interest
in Dick and your letter will be kept on file for future
consideration.

I want to take this opportunity to con-
gratulate you as well as commend you on your fight against
the professional gamblers. Keep up this good work and more
power to you.

Sincerely yours,


J. R. GILMAN,
Lt. Col. A. C.