

You and I both know that the boy has got to have something more than mere athletic ability to be the hero that he should be, even though he is one of the greatest athletes in the world. I have in mind now so many stars - college athletes - that were "busts" when they got out of school because they thought that the whole world would continue to cheer for them just because they had physical excellence on the athletic arena.

The other night I had dinner with Waldo Bowman over at the home of Professor W. S. Johnson, head of the English Department here at the University. Waldo Bowman was a little, frail slip of a chap here from Linwood, a little town about 15 miles from Lawrence. He was not a good basketball player, but he had a wonderful brain. In his first year he did not make the team and barely made the squad. During one of my summer coaching schools here he came up to me, very impatient, and said, "Just what is the matter with me anyhow?" I didn't tell him that he had a very fragile physique, but what I did say was, "Well, Waldo, about everything. You will bounce the ball to the floor when it is not necessary. You pivot when it is unnecessary, and generally you pivot into your man without looking when you should always pivot to the sideline, because the guard plays between you and the basket, and if you would pivot toward the sideline you would always have possession of the ball. Then if you were careful enough to look before you bounced the ball or passed it you would be in position to make a good pass. You are jittery, jumpy, you do not have control of the faculties that will either make you a good player or a poor one." And then I showed him some other things, and all the while he searched me with his intense eagerness. I was of the opinion that he was resenting the things that I was saying to him, and maybe he was, but he paid rapt attention, and every day after that I saw the boy in the gymnasium by himself working these things out patiently and laboriously, but definitely.

The sequel to this story is that Waldo Bowman played on the ever-victorious team of 1923. He went in as a substitute in one of the most crucial games in a series at Columbia, Missouri, and it was his sparkling and intelligent play in that game that turned the tide to victory. The most the boy ever weighed in college was 127 pounds.

The other night I sat in his presence and I was thrilled at his leadership and intelligence. At present he is editor of the Engineering News Record of New York City. Every big engineering project in the United States comes under his scrutiny for write-up and criticism. He is still a very young man, but he is just as modest as he was the day he graduated from this University. He is now on a tour of the United States, calling on the big engineers of the country, and I say big engineers. His word carries much weight in councils of engineering.

Al Smith made a statement when he took over the Empire State Building that they could moor a zeppelin to the Empire State. Bowman, in his writings, challenged the fallacy of such a statement in his Engineering News Record, and showed why that was an untruth. Smith called Bowman up and told him that he had no right to make statements such as that. Bowman told Smith that his statements were founded upon truth