

It was then that John told me he didn't owe me anything. That I had never been offered the job at Stanford anyhow, and that I had nothing to do with his getting the job at Stanford. He told me the proper way to get a job at Stanford was never to apply but get someone to present your name and have the Stanford authorities ask you. I told him that apparently was exactly what was done, because Pop Warner had talked to me about this man who had written me, and then his eyes popped wide open for once in his life.

I said to John, "You are right, John, I never did do a thing for you. I have heard a lot of people say these things about you, but I never believed them. That is fine, John, you don't owe me anything, but I never would have believed it if I hadn't heard it from your own mouth."

I said, "Do you remember Dr. Storey writing me about you, and about my writing the letter concerning you?" And he said, "Yes, you did write me a nice letter." Then I said, "John, that is great. That is a wonderful confession from you - to say that I wrote you a nice letter."

I said, "John, you have been telling Ralph on the way back from California what prestige Stanford has. If Stanford had such wonderful basketball prestige how did it happen that they did not hire a Stanford man to coach basketball, and how did it happen that they hired a Kansas man to coach basketball?"

I am pretty frank to say that I didn't handle him very easy in the last few minutes. Then I told him about some things that were pretty close to his inside. I told him about the time here when the Chancellor had agreed with me to arrange for Bunn to act as my assistant when he was teaching in the Engineering school and was to get so much money for assisting me in freshman basketball. For some reason the raise was not granted by the Chancellor and John came to me and said, "Well, Doc, you promised it to me." I said, "Yes, John, but those things are all contingent upon the Chancellor's recommendation." John said, "Well, I made my budget out accordingly and I counted on this money." I said, "Well, John, the only way you could get it would be for me to pay it out of my own salary, and if you feel that I should do this, I will." He thought it would be right, so I paid him the difference in what I wanted him to have and what the Chancellor promised he would have, but the budget was not O.K.'d.

This really made him wince, and he said that he didn't remember. Then I said, "John, perhaps you and I had better go out on the front porch so I can be a little more plain with you." We did this. I then told him more definitely things about Pop Warner, and finally he did remember the above-mentioned incident, but it seemed like he had difficulty in recalling it. I told him I could excuse him on that because he was a hard worker and wanted to get ahead financially, and since the boss promised him that regardless of what the Chancellor failed to approve, that the boss should make it good.