

THE KANSAS CITY STAR.

DAILY
COMBINED CIRCULATION
MORNING AND EVENING
600,000

SUNDAY
CIRCULATION
320,000

WEEKLY
CIRCULATION 450,000
PAID-IN-ADVANCE
SUBSCRIBERS

May 31---

Dear "Phog"; Been a long time no see so Howdy.

Also been a long time no write so a few lines in response to your baseball note of April 28.

Grandma Bess was unnecessarily concerned over that line. I hadn't heard anything and the line merely was intended as a sort of semi-smart crack.

I've been thinking lately that there might be a story in the baseball coach who could go through a season without umpire baiting---what is the good old so-called national pastime coming to anyway? It's a crime against baseball.

Guess you alls are planning a vacation now...wish you could and would drop in on us for a visit, seems like ages since we swapped conversation. Anytime you'll come this way and bring that dear old Grandma Bess the McBrides will put on the feedbag either at home or down town. I suppose that's merely wasting wordage on you but try us-----

May all go well with you is our wish.

Sincerely,

mac

File
McBride

July 3rd, 1941

Mr. Jim McFarland
J.E. McFarland Drug Co.
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Jim:

I just want to tell you that we were glad to get your letter. Bess and I are going to fool you sometime and run up and say "hello" and have a good visit with you some evening.

We'll let you know ahead of time and we'll try to pick out a cool evening.

I'm wondering if you read the Outlaw that ran in the Kansas City Star, serially, about two weeks ago. It was about the life of Jessie James, Jim Younger, and the other desperados of the pre and post civil war days. I read every issue and it was very interesting.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

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

FCA:rc

J. E. McFarland
DRUG CO.

OFFICE 835 KANSAS AVENUE

FIVE **Jexall** STORES

TOPEKA, KANSAS

June 25, 1941

Dr. & Mrs. Forrest Allen
801 Louisiana Street
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Folks:

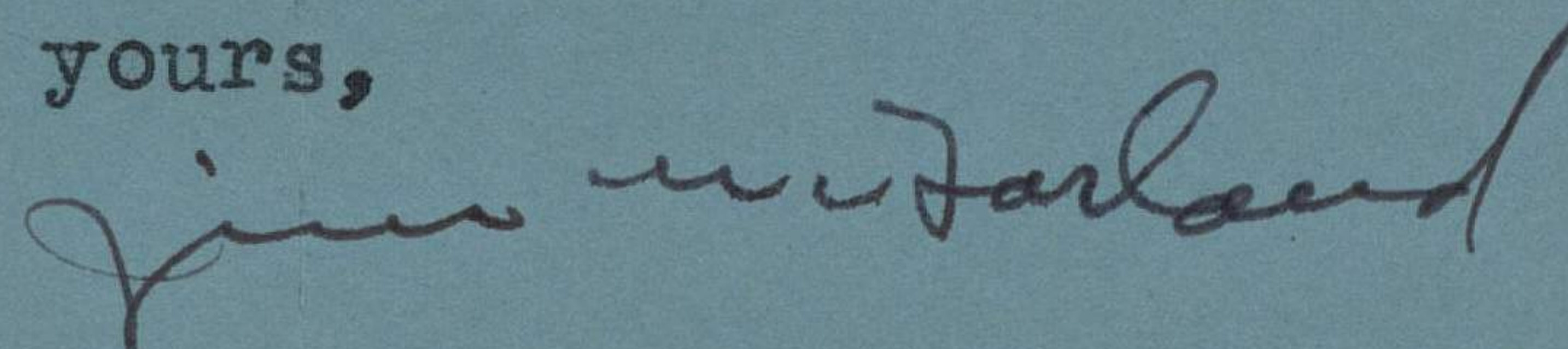
I just want to say it was a pleasure to attend your lovely garden party, meet your lovely friends, and eat your fried chicken. I really don't believe I could have had a better time at a picnic in Missouri.

I think your playground idea is a wonderful plan and no doubt appreciated very much by the people that are enjoying it. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if this whole world was operating on the thought of trying to do something for someone instead of destroying each other?

Jessie and I will be most happy to see you all in Topeka most any time.

Again thanking you with kindest personal regards,
I am

Sincerely yours,



J. E. McFarland

JEM:MAE

July 15th, 1941

Dr. C. H. McCloy
Research Professor of Anthropometry
and Physical Education
The State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Doctor McCloy:

I appreciated very much your kind letter of the 11th instant regarding the position of swimming coach at the University of Kansas.

We have combined our work in such a way that with the acquiescence of Mr. Henry Shenk it will not be necessary to hire an additional man.

I do want to thank you, however, for writing.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

FCA:rc

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

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY
DIVISION OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

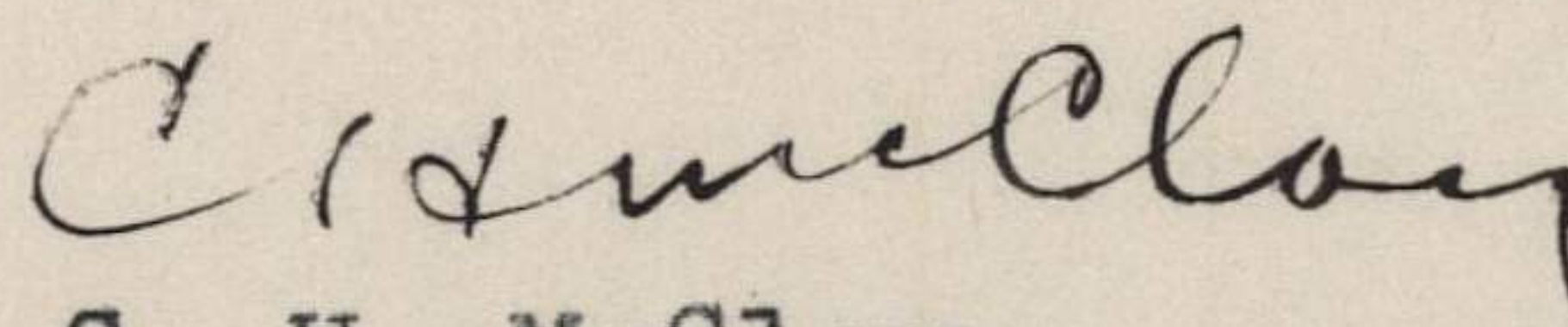
July 11, 1941

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

Dear Dr. Allen:

We have been told that the University of Kansas is interested in a swimming coach. We have a number of our graduates who are majors in physical education and have excellent teaching experience in physical education, who are also splendid coaches. If you would be interested in any of these, I should be glad to have their names and credentials sent to you. If you are interested, I hope that you will also tell me what other teaching abilities you may want. These are men who would be glad to assume responsibility for other than swimming activity, and which of such activities you would wish to have them teach would determine which of these men we would recommend.

Sincerely yours,



C. H. McCloy
Research Professor of Anthropometry
and Physical Education

CHM:ny

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD

ROY ELLIS, PRESIDENT

DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS
H. H. BLAIR, DIRECTOR

August 18, 1941

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

Dear Dr. Allen:

I am making a study of the leading men who have made definite contributions to the game of basketball. Your name has been suggested as one of the leading exponents in the field, and also one who knows the men who have made definite contributions.

It seems to me there is a need for a compilation of this information while you men, who have had a major part in pioneering this great game, can give us this information accurately and directly. I realize you are a busy man but I believe you would be interested in this logical approach to this study.

A resume of the findings will be made available to you if you indicate a desire for it.

Sincerely yours,

A. J. McDonald
A. J. McDonald
Basketball Coach

AMMc:jc

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD

ROY ELLIS, PRESIDENT

DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS
H. H. BLAIR, DIRECTOR

Dear Doc:

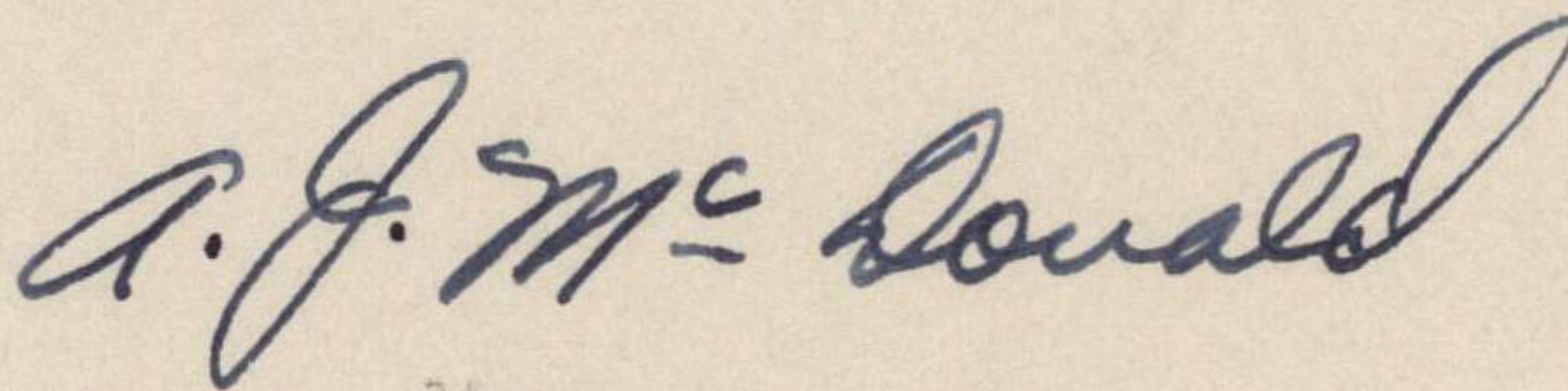
I am making this study as a thesis requirement for my Master's Degree in Physical Education. I am enclosing a copy of my thesis topic and outline.

This first questionnaire I am sending to 50 or more representative basketball men all over the country to be followed by a more detailed questionnaire to the 12 or more outstanding basketball contributors that will be selected by this jury of 50 or more.

I would appreciate any remarks or suggestions that you may have as I want to do a real job of impartial research. I would appreciate an answer at your earliest convenience as I am not sending out the other letters at this time.

I trust you have had a good summer and with kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely,



A. J. McDonald

AJMc:jc

August 25, 1941.

Mr. C. E. McBride,
Sports Editor,
The Kansas City Star,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mac:

I sent John T. Doyle the cutting from your sport page in the Kansas City Star in which you paid John T. a fine tribute. I said in my letter that doubtless C. E. McB. would send him one, but John T. in reply says you did not, so I have carried on the liaison in good style. He said that he appreciated what you had to say very, very much.

John T. says, "I am still going on with the Spalding firm. In fact, I am a vice president, in a sort of contact capacity. So maybe some day I shall stretch the itinerary and show up in Lawrence to thank you in person for your encomiums."

The reason I am sending you this paragraph regarding his continuation with Spaldings is because I thought it might provide a line of information concerning this grand old man to his friends in this territory.

And by the way, Mister, I heard from Mrs. Allen who ran across Mildred that you have been having trouble with your nose. I trust that it is nothing serious and that you are that great old Scotch McBride who couldn't be whipped by any physical impediment. I am younger and happier than ever, so you know what I think of downing this thing that causes infirmity of men.

I am going to bring a party of ten in to see the Yanks play the Blues Tuesday afternoon -- Mit, Bob, Mit's wife and Bob's girl friend, and a bunch of them. I have been promising these youngsters for quite a while and so I am going to make good on the promise.

I would certainly enjoy spinning a yarn with you, but the eight weeks in Summer Session have kept me awfully close here and then the trip to Iowa plus Jane's wedding seem to catch me on most of my leisure hours. Of course, I have been playing golf and doing a fair job of it, but I have a lot more fun than my score would indicate.

With all good wishes to you and Helen and the family,

I am

Sincerely yours,

a

March 7, 1941

Mr. C.E. McBride
Sports Editor
Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Mac:

I read your sporting comment of last evening with a good deal of interest.

I do not care to take part in any controversy such as this. This season makes my 24th year of coaching at Kansas and I will let my acts in those 24 years speak for themselves. I only care to make this statement.

Thompson, Livingston and Fitzgibbons were more aggressively repulsive the second half than they were the first half of the Nebraska-Kansas game at Lawrence. I was sitting on the players' bench with our players, and next to me sat Hal Ruppenthal, one of our cheerleaders. When Thompson danced before one of our players, who was starting to throw a free-throw, showing his maniacally, mephi-stophelico grin, I will admit that I could take it no longer. I leaned over and said to Hal Ruppenthal, who was parked on a thin ledge beneath the scorers' bench.

I said, "That is Dean Thompson's young son at the University of Nebraska. Dean Thompson is the Dean of Men at the University of Nebraska. The Dean should see him now." I imagine that I yelled this to Ruppenthal rather vociferously because the crowd had already challenged Thompson, especially as he seemed to be the greatest offender.

All during the first half they yelled "Rose Bowl" and "Big Shot" at Nebraska so I felt it justice to Mr. Thompson's acts that he he should be made conscious of the fact that he was the Dean of Men's son and that he perhaps owed something to his papa in the way of respectable attitude.

Now for the Nebraska game at Lincoln. Our Kansas team went out to the Nebraska fieldhouse an hour and fifteen minutes before game time. As we walked through the outer door and got into the inner part of the gymnasium I was accosted, not accidentally I think, by Cy Sherman, who seemed to be waiting for me. For the past several years Cy has shown rather an aversion to me and I assure you that this has been mutually happy, as far as I have been concerned. I have never cared a great deal for Cy Sherman after my experience in the fall of 1919 when Nebraska withdrew from the Conference and all the Missouri Valley schools abrogated their contracts with Nebraska with the exception of Kansas, whose policy was this: That Kansas would play out her existing contract in football with Nebraska but would schedule no other games.

Mar. 7, 1941

Mike Ahearn, who was then faculty representative at Kansas State, Dean Byer at Iowa State and Dr. Manley at Missouri all put double pressure on me to insist that I not keep that football contract. They wanted to punish Nebraska for withdrawing and they had signed a contract the same as Kansas had but were abrogating them. I stuck by my guns and we played the football game in 1920, but I gained the eternal ill-will of Dean Byer by not going along with them.

However, I was a fair-haired boy so far as Cy Sherman was concerned and for three or four years Cy Sherman thought I was a grand fellow. But when I consistently began to whip them in basketball, Cy, like a lot of other Nebraskans I know, just could not take it and he began to yip at my heels. I have never cared much for him and care less for him now. Enough of that background.

Cy swung over and said to me, "Phog, I want to talk to you", just as I was going down to the dressing room with my boys. I stopped and Cy said, "Phog, I had hoped you would be getting more mellow as the years rolled on, but instead you are getting more vindictive."

I said, "Cy, I just tore a front page from your own book for my own example. You are the most bitter, sour and dour old man toward your opponents whom I have ever met. Instead of your getting soft you have grown old and bitter." Cy said, "But you are giving the Conference a black eye." I said, "Well, then keep your muckers at home and teach them to act like gentlemen and they will not get a black eye."

I was just as vindictive as he was and the meeting ended in a dog-fall. I started on and had gotten about twenty feet when Hallie Bowers, a salesman for Lowe & Campbell, a Nebraska graduate and a good friend of mine, said, "Phog, you are going to need a bodyguard tonight. You had better look out." I said to him, "Hallie, I came up here without a bodyguard, I will stay here and I will leave here without a bodyguard and everything will be quite satisfactory so far as I am concerned." I then swung on to my dressing room.

During the half the football men, who make a little money on the side, sold apples and during the game Norman Sanneman, one of our substitutes, was struck by a half-eaten apple, and when it hit him it shattered and ricocheted out on the court. The spectators were throwing at me but their marksmanship was bad.

You doubtless will remember several years ago when Pat Mason was officiating they hit me with an apple core; we were playing at Lincoln at the time. The crowd is as bad as it could be and no one restrains them. You doubtless have learned regarding the episode of a spectator who followed me from my bench on the way to John Selleck's office where I was to phone Mrs. Allen.

I am sending you a copy of a letter which Mr. Stanley G. Waltz, General Manager of the University of Michigan Union, wrote Chancellor Malott regarding the Kansas team. I am also sending you a copy of the letter that he wrote me. Surely such letters as these could not come from a man who is apt to make a mistake as to the action of gentlemen and muckers.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation
Varsity Basketball Coach

C

February 22, 1941

Mr. C.E. McBride
Sports Editor
Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Missouri

My dear Mac:

Well, old fellow, it seems as if we do not see each other, but we apparently read about each other in the paper. This is about as close as we have come to contacting one another in the last six or eight months. But I am promising myself that this shall not be so if I ever have a moment to drop by and say hello. You and Helen must have had a great trip out West. Bess got a post card on your return and we followed your meanderings through your column. I think it is swell that you and Helen can miss the most dismal part of the winter here by spending your time in Southern California renewing old friendships and bringing your reader-public in close touch with many old-timers who formerly lived in Kansas City. I have enjoyed reading about Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shouse, E.M. Bainter, and a host of others I knew so well. They were fine people.

Yesterday I read in your sporting comment your article on "Basketball Crowds Needle Nebraskans!" Now I want to pass on a little silent comment that I would want no publicity on, but something I would not be the least bit afraid to take a few chips in the melee if I were invited, but in this case I do not want to be invited in on this fight because I am already in it.

May I say that the reason I think that the basketball crowds of the Big-Six are on the Nebraska outfit is because of the fact that they played muckerish basketball--not just the rough-touch, slam-bang, ding-dong type of the players slamming into the opposition--but the taunting, bickering, cheap alley-fighting, muck-racking, across-the-track stuff.

Mind you, they did not do their stuff in a physical way, it was a tongue-lashing of their opponents that they used. Without mentioning certain individuals on the Nebraska squad, they would single out Engleman and Bobby Allen. They walked up to Engleman with a sardonic smile and remarked, "Say, little fellow, how is that trick knee tonight?", and then with fiendish delight would either pat the fellow on the back of the neck or pull his knee guard. To Bobby they would say, "So this is Junior. The little boy Junior. Well, well, Junior, what are you going to do tonight?" It was premeditated and planned as a part of the strategy of attack. They began it early and they kept it up through the entire game. The Kansas audience was aghast.

Gwinn Henry said to me next morning after the ball game, "Say, Doc, what in the world were those Nebraska players doing? The thing that surprised me was the look of amazement on the faces of our boys when the Nebraskans were talking to them." Then I explained to him what the Nebraskans were doing and saying. Our own public was dumbfounded and flabbergasted. They had never seen any perpetration on the floor during the existence of the Big-Six.

Gwinn Henry had given up his seat to the Legislators who had come down for the game and Gwinn and Vic Hurt stood clear back at the end of the building which is under the balcony, and nearly 100 feet from the side-lines. Even from that distance Gwinn could not hear but he could see that there was something unusual taking place. The spectators who were around the side-lines and who could hear the remarks of the Nebraskans began to chip in. They first started on the Rose Bowl talk and then someone discovered, or at least they thought they discovered, that Thompson, the Nebraska forward, was the son of Dean Thompson, who let Mr. Littner run down at New Orleans. Thompson was the most exasperating of all. He is a rather insignificant boy who wears a fiendish pampadour. The side-line boys began to yell, "So this is Dean Thompson's boy. A fine example you are setting for your papa." That got him, evidently, as he turned around to the side-lines and shook his head as if he did not belong to the Dean.

Then Livingston and Fitzgibbons started after Engleman and Bob more than ever. Thompson was substituting for Livingston and Fitzgibbons. These three boys were the chief source of trouble because they were the boys who were playing Engleman and Bob. They were being switched on and off as the occasion demanded.

The officials were new men who had worked very little in the Big-Six; Hinkhouse and Grossman. It was the first game they ever worked for us and I imagine they thought this was the regular Big-Six procedure. When the Kansas boys would come to the free-throw line to shoot a free throw, one of these Nebraskans would fit himself in the line of flight of the ball, just outside the circle, and as a Kansan free-thrower would start to throw this Nebraska boy would drop his body down simulating the actions of the Kansas free-thrower in an effort to distract the Kansan. This is clearly a violation of the rule in the book and in the Big-Six, but it was not called because perhaps of the youth of the officials.

Between halves I discussed this with our players and told Bob Allen, the captain, to go to the officials and quote verbatim the rule about interfering with the free thrower and the muckerish talk and ask that the officials watch it.

I endeavor never to say a word to the officials before, during halves, or after the game if I can help it.

Just before the second half started I walked over to the bench to report a change in our line-up to the scorer. Coach Lewendowski was walking in the same direction and we met at the bench. Dees and Amen were sitting on the Nebraska bench about five feet from the scorer's table. I walked directly to Lewendowski and said, "Lou, never in all Nebraska's history have I seen such a muck-racking, corny cheap verbal exhibition as your boys are throwing out to some of our players. This never happened when "Brownie" was coaching nor did I remember of it when any of the other Nebraska men were

coaching. I am not sure just who is the cause of this but I have a pretty definite conviction (and pointing a finger at Amen) that this boy, Paul Amen, is largely responsible for this muckerish exhibition."

I had seen Amen on the baseball and football field and the basketball court, and he is one of those rough, tough mongrel types that accepts no decision with good grace.

It was time for the game to start and Lewendowski had no opportunity to speak to the men. The same players kept it up and before long Thompson was sent to the bench on four personal fouls.

Immediately after the game Thompson and these troublemakers came up, at the request of Lewendowski, and apologized to me. I said, "That is all right. Forget it." Lewendowski also sent the players to Engleman and Bob. Bob refused to accept it by merely waving the offenders aside and saying, "Just forget it now. We won't think any more of it."

Now here is my guess on this joust, Mac. Three young fellows, Elwyn Dees, Lewendowski and Amen, came to Lawrence with a lot of pep and spizerinktum and they were going to pull the old strategical verbal blitzkrieg of upsetting the boys. Elwyn had the background on a lot of the Allen family, Amen had the muckerish tendency because I have seen him in action many times, and Lewendowski had the ambition to succeed in his first year of coaching. They forgot the things that had been taught them as to behavior and sporting decency and apparently cooked this up in their quarters during their idle hours before the game.

Lewendowski called me up Sunday night after he arrived in town and I went down to the Eldridge Hotel and visited with Dees, Lewendowski, Amen and Mike Getto, who happened to be in the suite. Lewendowski is a pretty swell fellow who parries a mental thrust with a lot of good-natured camaraderie and an answer that can be used two different ways. He is quite a mental whip and his good-natured manner could easily put a fellow on a uneasy spot if he would permit it.

He began in a good-natured way about the band bothering his boys. I answered that the band was not behind his team and Dees confirmed my statement. The dressing room was the next question discussed and he did a lot of kidding about that. It was small, ill-ventilated, and all that. I answered that we had two large dressing rooms in the gymnasium, one right across from where we dressed, that we used the dressing room in the gym and walked over and if he wanted to use the other large dressing room in the gym and walk over he could do that. He finally decided to use the dressing room in the auditorium. Some of the Big-Six teams use the smaller dressing room in the auditorium, but most of them use the larger one in the gymnasium. He had his choice and he chose the auditorium.

The next thing was tickets. It was too bad that they could not get tickets; all the seats had been sold out. We answered him to the effect that he could have tickets. That we always reserved enough for the visitros so they would not be sut out and if he would come up the next morning and see Mr. Falkenstien, the Financial Secretary, he would get his tickets.

And then there was something else and something else. All these objections that he raised were not insurmountable and were handled politely and with discretion. Lewendowski's objections were never nauseatingly put but there was partially a self-injured air that left the listener feeling that the interrogator was not altogether too happy. Through the years I have met this type so much that we rather get accustomed to those fellows and we call them shirt-sleeved diplomats looking for a break. They just sort of feel a fellow out and see how the mental equilibrium is balancing.

Amen did not say anything to me after the game, but he heard me use his name and looked directly at me when I pointed a finger at him. I did not say anything to him, nor did I see Dees after the game, but Lewendowski came up, congratulated me and we passed off the incident with a friendly handshake.

In all the years that we have met Missouri, Kansas State, or Iowa State, we have never had these unhappy incidents and this is the first real bad situation we have had with Nebraska.

At Norman, Oklahoma, Ug Roberts and A.D. Paine were two of the worst offenders that I have ever seen. They pulled this cheap stuff and then ran up immediately after the game and wanted to shake hands. They called it, of course, "getting the other fellow's goat."

George Edwards and I had a talk at Columbia and we both agreed that when our players started that sort of thing we would yank them out of the game so quickly it would make their heads swim. Lou Menze is exactly of the same opinion. But some of these younger boys feel they should win a game any way they can and that any action is O.K. so long as you win and do not get penalized by the officials.

The crime is getting caught and so long as you get away with a lot of this stuff it is considered smart stuff. This is the practice that is maintained among hoodlums and pick-pockets, and if we as coaches permit that sort of muckerism then we certainly are not doing our job of training the boys to play the game and not resort to the alley-fighting standards.

No wonder they threw Rose Bowl epithets at the Nebraska boys. I am surprised that they did not receive worse. But the audience further back out of hearing range simply could not understand it.

Gwinn Henry said to me that next morning that he was going to speak to Biff Jones about it because he knew Biff would not stand such muckerism. Gwinn said Biff was a fine old sportsman and certainly if he had been down here some youngsters would certainly have been called on the carpet.

At the next opportunity I have to talk with Dees, I am going to tell him that I am surprised that a bunch of young fellows would so far forget themselves that in their endeavor to win a ball game they would stoop to shoddy tricks in encouraging a bunch of kids along such lines.

Page Five

Your short article of fourteen lines caused me to write a much longer letter than I had expected. But unless some of us who are in this game inform the sport writers who endeavor to keep the game with some semblances of sporting decency--such as you have done for years--then we fail to receive the aid that comes to us through your fine column.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:lg