

May 12, 1945.

Mr. Edwin Browne,  
Director of Publicity,  
University of Kansas.

Dear Mr. Browne:

I did not realize until Fred Ellsworth mentioned it that we had not been sending you our Jayhawk Rebounds. These eras and epochs happen so rapidly at the University when men change positions that we sometimes fail to recognize the new man coming in. We had previously sent our Rebounds to Wayne Davidson, and of course Fred Ellsworth, being the Alumni Secretary, asks for it so he can keep up with his mailing list.

We started the Rebounds by just writing to the athletes. It first started with basketball, - the ball rebounding from the backboard, and the basketball players in the service rebounding from tough opposition, we hope. That is the significance of the name. Since then the Rebounds mailing list has been enlarged so many times that now we, like Sherwin-Williams paint, "cover the earth".

Fred Ellsworth suggested we send the last copy to you, and any extra copies of previous issues. You can see that these extra numbers are not complete serially, but he thought you might be interested. We try to write a monthly letter. We will put you on our mailing list for the future.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH





Dear Sir:

I suppose that this is quite out of the ordinary, but a friend of mine and myself have been arguing about the relative I.Q.'s of athletes and non athletes. He claims that non-athletes have, on the average, a higher I.Q. than the athletes.

It seems to me that in the days when athletic games, particularly football, were merely games of brute strength, this trend of thought might have had some backing; however, in the modern athletic games namely, basketball, football and various games which have become a science; I believe that the athlete, as a rule, is keener than the average student.

Since Sir the question I want you to answer is this, "an athlete, in comparison with non-athletes, 'duller' or 'brighter' and do they tend to be 'thick headed'?"

I thank you for any light you may be able to throw on the subject, and I remain,

Sincerely yours

T/sgt F. H. Bell 17064111

468 Ftr Sqdn HPO 959

C/O Post Master

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



July 20, 1945

T/Sgt. F. H. Bell - 17064111  
468 Ftr. Sqdn APO 959  
c/o Post Master  
San Francisco, California

Dear Sgt. Bell:

I do not know what I am letting myself in on when I answer your query of a recent date.

First, I think that it is a general conception that athletes as a whole are dumber than a non-athlete. However, it must be considered that an athlete spends two hours a day on intensive training which many times fatigues him and makes him less comprehensive of intensive study. An athlete in order to be eligible for the varsity teams must be passing in more than the average hours carried by a non-athlete.

In 1930, I collaborated with a number of other educators on the text by Ginn & Company - Higher Education in America - My chapter being on Organization and Administration of Physical Education and Athletics. May I quote you from phrases of my contribution on pages 592 and 593 --

We hear little of the thousands of athletes who have graduated and have taken their places as worthy citizens, but we hear much about the undesirable athletes who sift into the institutions and bring them no credit. Many men graduate from college and become prominent in the professions and in business because of their athletic inclinations. Athletics and the urge to play kept them in high school and led them to college. Even though such a primary motive is insufficient, in many instances it helps the boy to the place of larger vision and truer motives.

Of other undesirable students who matriculate and fail to live up to college standards, however, we hear very little. A recent survey was conducted in one of our Mid-Western universities to determine what percentage of the student body was eligible for athletic competition under the present ruling of twenty-seven hours of passing work the preceding semester. The findings were interesting. Out of a total enrollment of 4082 students, 2197 were found to be eligible and 1992 ineligible. But it was the average of the student average standing in the women's classes that brought the average of the student body a little past the 50 per cent mark. Of the men students, 1240 were eligible and 1461 were ineligible; of the women, 957 were eligible and 531 were ineligible. Perhaps it is unjust to the athlete to focus so much attention upon the undesirable reflection that he brings upon his school when his class grades render him ineligible for intercollegiate competition.

In spite of a mass of such statistics which might be compiled there are those who see no remedy for the evils of the system except the abolition of intercollegiate athletics and the establishment of an extensive system of intramurals which will engage the entire student body in a program of play in their stead. The organization of the American college is such that a spirit of rivalry in intramurals could not be sufficiently aroused to take the place of intercollegiate competition. In spite of the fact that nature has endowed us with wonderful powers of substitution, we should have difficulty



T/Sgt. F. H. Bell  
Page - 2 -

in finding something else to take the place of our great team games as they are now enshrined in our competitive civilization. Intramurals will always be more or less "fooling play." Competitive athletics will always be serious play. Even if intramurals could supply, in the physical education program, the need for recreation, and at the same time build up the physical body so that it can successfully meet life's demands, with the revenue from athletics taken away there would be small chance for an appreciable system of intramurals to exist. The sole source of revenue for athletic and play purposes in many of our colleges is from the gate receipts of football games. Especially is this condition true in the colleges of the South. It seems unjust to say that commercialism is abroad in college life when the extermination of one sport would mean the curtailment of the possibilities of play. When it is a matter of making sports pay for sports, the plan is not commercialism.

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This survey was made at the University of Kansas. You can see that the women students brought up the average. That is because they did not have that two hours of intensive, fatiguing, fundamental exercise.

Coaches today do not want the duller or the slow thinking athlete, so at the present time I believe that the best athletes are the brighter ones, but we still have the thick headed boy who does not want to work hard and wants to coast through college. Frankly I think you will find that the opinion varies as to the individual.

*Sincerely yours*

Since you have written me, I want to enclose a copy of the monthly letter that I write to boys who have been in athletics here and who are in the service now. I call this the Jayhawk Rebounds. Your Rebound from the backboard and then still another idea in naming the communication was the thought that we would rebound from the Japanazis. I started sending this letter to boys who played on my teams but now I send it to all the boys who desire it because the non-athlete fights the war just as heroically and brilliantly as the athlete.

If I have not made this clear, please feel free to write me again. At any rate I hope you will enjoy the athletic yarn.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education  
Varsity Basketball Coach





*Account*

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February 13, 1945.

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

Dear Doctor Allen:

Naturally, I was very much interested in the recent news concerning the five members of the Brooklyn College basketball team. I also recall that at various times in the past two or three years, some of the New York sports writers have taken occasion to "snipe" at you on some of your statements concerning gambling on basketball games. Therefore, I was astounded to see in both THE WORLD TELEGRAM, but especially in THE MIRROR, articles which, in effect, commended you. In case you have not seen these, they are enclosed.

Josephine finished her course at Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing on December 20, wrote her State Board examinations the last week in January and returned to Presbyterian on the 2nd of February, where she is on duty in Sloane Maternity Hospital. The day she finished she made application for the Army Nurse Corps and expects to be called to duty about May first.

Richard received his second wound on the 17th of December, this one a shell wound on the left forearm. Apparently there was some involvement of the ulnar nerve as he has been receiving heat treatment and special exercises for the left hand. A letter received this morning, dated February 1st, said that there had been an operation on the 29th of January and some particles of clothing were removed and that the Major had told him he would be in the hospital for another ten days. If the Major's prediction was correct, that would make him 55 days in the hospital this stay and 13 days on his first trip. Apparently he received this wound in fighting in or near Sarreguemines. A telegram from the Adjutant General said that the wound was received in action in Germany.

I have followed the newspaper reports of this year's Big Six Basketball race with the hope that Kansas would again be on top. Other than scores, most of my information comes from one of the Topeka papers and so I am considerably behind on up-to-date news.



Dr. Forrest C. Allen

2/13/45

I noticed, however, that THE WORLD TELEGRAM carried the score in favor of Nebraska in the ~~is~~ most recent game.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

*Carley Brown.*

EGB:VEC



Ens. V.S. Brown, USNR

USS Card, Co F.P.O.

New York, N.Y.



March 29, 1945

Dear Dr. Allen;

Here on an extremely quiet watch, there is nothing to do but think-sometimes I don't want to think. Aside from those from Mother, your "rebounds" are the best letters I receive. Each line recalls a steady procession of events-today is always forgotten, the misty tomorrow something awaited for, but the yesterdays at school seem like the only real thing that has happened to us.

I'm quite sure that you new knew me at school. While T. P., Scoot Somers, and Fred Eberhart were making names on the Hill, I was skinning by in classes and trying to push my nose into nearly every activity the Hill had to offer. You were the man that consistently beat Nebraska-although Dad was a K.U. man, '09 or '10, my brother went to Nebraska on through medical school and Ed Weir, my cousin, both constantly dinned into me the invincibility of Nebraska on the football field.

Although it has come to me in black and white to read again and again, it still doesn't seem possible that T.P., Scoot, and Fred are gone. In the spring of '42, with high hopes, I organized the first Flying Jayhawk Squadron, the largest in the country at that time, and washed out at Corpus Christi with ten hops to go before graduation. Guess I didn't have enough on the ball. Why should it be fellows like that die when there are plenty of the rest of us. It certainly makes our job clear that our work isn't finished after the war but goes on in reconstruction of the old world into a new one that these boys wanted and died for. I'm sure they are still living and will live forever for at least some of us to see when we step across the line and sit with the Peers of Time.

You would have enjoyed being aboard the return leg of our last cruise. With a fairly calm sea most of the way, the hanger deck looked like Stillman's Gym with volley ball, badminton, and basketball tournaments in progress even with individuals punching the bag and playing catch-everything but somebody skipping rope. We, in the Air Department, won the officer's championship and in a double overtime thriller at that against the Supply, Gunnery, and Engineering department team. My contribution was that Kansas twist for five points.

Called on Henry Werner's brother for a very pleasant, and charming seems to fit in, time. Sort of have the bug to go there after the war as a vacation on a bicycle tour of the country.

Doc we all know how extremely busy you are and what a great job you are doing. Even with all this you still can put out the Rebound. Humbly, thank you. Could you add Lt. Emmett Park, USNR, USS Stockdale DE 399, Fleet Post Office, N.Y. to the list?

It would be possible for me to send you some gum, but after seeing the boys sweat out the line for it here my conscience won't let me.

Can you tell me where Clint Kanaga is located? I certainly hope he is safe and stays that way-after so long in the Marine Corps you begin to push your luck.

Sincerely,

Joe Brown



CLAIR F. BEE  
U. S. MARITIME SERVICE  
SHEEPSHEAD BAY  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Phog

Please send me a  
good basketball picture of  
yourself and a short brief  
for inclusion in a book  
I am adding to my library -

Do you have one with  
your son? Would also appreciate  
past great player photos if  
any are available -

Appreciatively  
Clair

C. F. Bee, Comdr  
156 Quentis St  
Brooklyn N.Y.



CLAIR F. BEE  
U. S. MARITIME SERVICE  
SHEEPSHEAD BAY  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Phog

Don't forget your

picture — boys' too and

your personal coaching

and teaching background —

Naturally I know

most of the background

material but I want

to be authentic —

Best regards

Clair

C. F. Bee, Comdr.,  
156 Quentin St.,  
Sheepshead Bay  
New York.



June 9, 1945.

Mr. John W. Bunn, Dean of Men,  
Stanford University,  
California.

Dear Johnnie:

I have intentionally held your letter of January 24th on my desk so that I could reminisce a little on that 1920 Nebraska game. But I am leaving for Chicago Sunday to attend Rotary International. They have elected me Governor of this District #123, and it is imperative that I attend. So I am just penning a few lines to you before leaving.

When George Nettels and I toast our feet in the fall or winter days our conversation always reverts back to that Nebraska game, and you come in for a large share of the discussion. I will never forget those last few tense moments.

I am sending you a copy of our Jayhawk Rebounds in which is a yarn about Bill Johnson when he flew back after his father's death in Oklahoma City. Knowing Hugh McDermott and the background on all of this stuff, I thought you would enjoy it. It also gives the dope on our family - where they are and what they are doing.

I was going to pen a line or two on the gambling situation. I wired Ned Irish the names of those fellows and it did not dawn on me that Ned never gave that information out. He knew a year before I sprung the story all about the expose, but the newspaper men and Ned held it under cover. He is a shrewd businessman, and of course it would have cost him a lot of money to have broken the story. But it would have been better for him had he done it. I am firmly convinced that when scandals like this break they are dangerous. It is not over, by any means, in the east. These boys have been doing this thing for several years, and the wise boys know it.

My kindest regards to you, Bonnie and Mrs. Huff. Be seeing you some day soon, I hope.

Very sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF MEN

January 24, 1945

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

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


Dear Doc:

Thanks so much for the copy of your letter to the members of the Kansas faculty in connection with the effort to clear the indebtedness on the Memorial Stadium. You haven't lost any of your old touch. As familiar as I am with the story of that 1920 Nebraska game, your recounting of it made the chills run up my spine again and literally brought tears to my eyes. My only regret is, and I can still picture the scene, that we permitted old Sandefur to try for the final goal instead of Lonborg as per your instructions. I don't see how your appeal can help but bring effective results. May I suggest that if it can be done in a strategic manner that somehow or other the egotism of our director will be eliminated from his public utterances. Maybe this goes over with our Kansas constituents but I cannot see why it would. Too much credit is taken unto "I" for raising \$113,000. Most people who give like to have a feeling that they are providing a generous help. The institution is bigger than the individual and therefore emphasis should be made in this direction rather than on "Mr. I"

You did a grand job with your story. It is that kind of an appeal that will bring results. Thanks again.

Best wishes to you,

Cordially yours,

  
John W. Bunn  
Dean of Men

JWB:jmg

*You blats on gambling at Madison Square Garden seem to have aroused some people to action. I noticed that you knocked off Missouri.*



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF MEN

July 18, 1945

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

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

Dear Doc:

Last month you were kind enough to send me a copy of "Basketball Rebound" together with a nice personal letter. I am sorry that I have not been able to get around to acknowledging your letter or to reading the Rebounds until yesterday. Needless to say I enjoyed both very much. It was an opportunity to reminisce in my mind all my pleasant experiences and to renew vicariously many of my acquaintances at Lawrence. I see that you haven't slowed up your pace one iota. Frankly, I don't see how you stand it. That Allen strain must be made of very stern stuff. I have always heard that those southerners are tough hombres, now I am assured of it.


George Nettels and I have been corresponding some here of late. I was sorry to read in the last issue of the Graduate Magazine that he had been defeated as president of the Alumni Association. I understand, however, that for the first time in history some rather active campaigning was carried on by his opponent.

My usual trek through Lawrence this past year had to be cancelled because our Deans' Meeting was called off. This will be the first time that I have not been able to get to Lawrence at least once during the year. I miss the friendliness of the place and the opportunity to renew old acquaintances. In this connection I am wondering if Mrs. Allen felt that I omitted calling her on my last visit. I did not get to contact her but I did try to. So will you please tell her that I regretted very much the lack of opportunity for a visit.

That story of Bill Johnson's was a dandy and measured up with the one about Endicott at Missouri.

Thanks again for remembering me, Doc, and with best wishes, I am

Cordially yours,

  
John W. Bunn  
Dean of Men

JWB:jmg



July 30, 1945

John W. Bunn  
Dean of Men  
Stanford University, California

Dear Johnnie:

It was not at all necessary for you to write a lengthy epistle in respect to my short note enclosing the Jayhawk Rebounds. We have put you on the mailing list for the Rebounds but your letter of the eighteenth sounds as if you did not get No. 17 which would recall the Iowa State Dream Touchdown game. I am sending you one along with this letter and I am again putting you on the list.

My secretary's mother took ill and she was called out of town. I cannot check this list until she gets back because I let her handle that.

Doubtless, of course, you have learned long since of Memi Nettels' illness. It certainly was a shock, but although I wrote to Mathilda I have not had word from her recently. But I am sure she is getting along. At least I sincerely hope she is.

Yes, it was a very active bit of campaigning by a group in Kansas City, Missouri. I do not know the reason, only George told me that J. C. Nichols had pledged his vote to Charlie Shaeffer. So when a good Beta like J. C. doesn't vote for George then the campaign must have been thorough and forceful.

We have missed your trek through Lawrence this year. The ODT messed up a lot of plans, but it was best, of course, under the conditions.

Mrs. Allen understands how busy you are in the short time you are here in Lawrence, so she can understand not seeing you, of course. With best wishes to you and yours, I am

Sincerely,

Forrest C. Allen  
Director, Physical Education  
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:ef  
Enc.



## STANFORD UNIVERSITY

OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF MEN

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

8-3-45

Dear Doc:-

No I did not get No. 17 so the rereading of the story of the Iowa State game was great fun.

Did I ever tell you the sequel?

One day in the office I received a call from Glendale, California. A parents wanted his boy to transfer from Chicago U. to Stanford. In identifying ~~myself~~ himself, he said I am "Red" Paine the coach at Iowa State in 1920 when my team got dreamed out of a football game by that lucky psychic "Phog" Allen. From that point on we had a great time over the phone at his expense.

And if you think Red does not to this day suffer as a result of that game, just bid him about sometime. He is a good scout but its a serious matter and I think he feels a humiliation to be "dreamed" out of a game.

I am sitting here awaiting transportation for Europe, which may be the beginning of my return to an actual part in athletics. I can't get it out of my blood.

Thanks sincerely. John.  
sorry to see Mr. Hutton leave.



August 7, 1945

Dean John Bunn  
Stanford University  
Stanford, California

Dear John:

That sequel was interesting indeed. Do you remember Dr. Red Payne's initial? Your most interesting letter provided some happy reflections and some laughs. Is Dr. Payne practicing medicine in Glendale?

The latter part of your letter surprised me. Are you going on the Athletic Specialists' junket? You write very interestingly. I don't blame you for wanting to get back in athletic participation. The battling rather satisfies the virile type, of which you are one.

Tell me all about it, your trip and so forth, and let me have the dope on Dr. Payne pronto, please.

Sincerely,

Forrest C. Allen  
Director, Physical Education  
Varsity Basketball Coach

FCA:ef



M/Sgt. ~~D. E.~~ Blair

No 1289 Engr C. Bn.

A.P.O. 408

To Postmaster

NEW YORK, NEW YORK



JUN 1864



13 July 1945  
Marseille Area, France

Dear Doc

Have received two issues of the  
Rebounds since arriving in the  
part of the country. At the present  
time I have misplaced them so I  
don't remember if I had any  
specific questions on any of the bags  
or not. I do remember seeing that  
Jesse Paul Turner had tied the knot  
and Charley B. was going great guns  
still on this time in the air and  
not on the hardwood.

I wanted to ask about "Rope"  
Engleman as my folks wrote they had  
heard on the radio that he had been  
burned while in the Pacific. I expect  
that the next issue will carry all  
the news that you have on it. Rope  
is one of the finest both on the court



and off in my book. Guess a lot of us will never forget the night in K.C. in the Southern Cal. game when he and Bob put the game on the ice. Be sure to include any thing you know about the accident in the next Rebounds.

I presume that you have read what a beautiful place this is here in Southern France. If you don't believe me just read the newspaper and they will tell you what a heaven it is. The troops here along with my outfit are waiting for to (you know what and it would be censored if I told you) ~~~, and they have set up a "vacation ground" for the men to enjoy while waiting. Sports program to the maximum. Such sports as softball for those men who have ancestral traits of mountain goats.



Especially the outfielders. An infield bunt with the aid of the rocks can be converted into a home run.

The entertainment program is a lot better. Mickey Rooney and Bobby Breen had a show here several weeks ago and Bob Hope was here today. He had a good show and is an excellent showman.

I wrote Charley while I was up in Germany but don't know if he received it or not. I didn't have any thing except an old address so the letter would probably have to be forwarded thru several addressis.

I was very fortunate while down here to locate my brother who was located in a camp about five miles from here. I saw him a number of times before he left. He was here for the same purpose that I am.



(4)  
My address is now A.P.O. 408 and I  
will retain that address until I  
am settled again.

Guess that is all for now. Give  
my regards to your family and all  
the school gang.

Sincerely  
Dan Blair

ADDRESS.

M/Sgt. D. E. BLAIR  
HQ 1289 ENGR C BN.  
A.P.O. 408 10 Postmaster  
NEW YORK, New York.



May 12, 1945

Germany

Hi Doc:

Well, well, V-E Day has finally come and needless to say, we Yanks are one happy bunch of fellows. I guess the square heads decided it was best to have peace on earth, rather than farewell to man. I have been spearheading one of the 3rd Army's drives during this last phase of the war and believe me the German soldiers were a sad and dejected bunch of the so called "supermen." When things looked tough, they just threw in the towel. What a contrast that is to the Yanks. Remember one time up near Cologne we were cut off from everyone for two days, and the Germans were throwing everything they had at us. None of the fellows got frantic or unhappy, (probably because most of them didn't know the predicament we were in) We chose to fight it out, and finally



those wonderful doughs came up and gave us a hand. We took off again and ripped their supplies & communications and the first thing we knew they were surrendering by the thousands. So it was all through Germany. On this last drive we crossed the Danube below Regensburg and slipped thru the enemy lines at night. For two days we wandered around behind their lines and then the tanks caught up with us and off we took again. One night we took off on a suicide mission and went 60 miles in 16 hours. The doughs caught up with us 3 1/2 days later. We didn't have a single mishap but I must say we sure had some close shaves. One time in particular I know I aged ten years, so don't be surprised if I turn up with gray hair when I visit you upon my return to the states.

You know Doc, the Germans weren't the worst enemy we were fighting. The Hungarian S.S. were



nothing but plain S.O.B.'s. The  
Germans themselves were afraid  
of them because they looted their  
homes and stole their livestock,  
as well as abuse the people. The  
American soldiers didn't loot or  
steal as the German propaganda  
paper stated we did. When we  
saw something we needed  
we requisitioned or shall I say,  
liberated it!

Yes Doc, I finally got off  
the bench and into the ball  
game. I'm glad I got to be a  
first stringer in time to throw  
in a few baskets for Uncle  
Sammy. I got a varification  
on my points too. Now we are  
sweating out a trip to the CBI  
and a few more baskets against  
the Japs. I'll throw in a couple  
for old T.P. Hunter too, just wait  
and see. Old "Betsy," my machine  
gun and "Axis Ashburner," my peep  
gun haven't failed me once in our trip  
from the Western border to the  
East of Germany.

I am in the best of shape except  
for my left hand. Guess I was  
bucking too hard for a purple heart.



I am planning on taking advantage of the educational program that the Army is sponsoring until there is shipping space home. If I can I would like to go to some European University or to an English College. It would be quite an experience to attend Oxford wouldn't it? That is all a problem for the future at present but worth thinking about and hoping for.

I see where my old buddy Max Kissell has done went and got himself hitched. You know about that Doc. Guess we won't be pestering you with our raustabauting when we get back in school. Man oh man, just think, he's got himself tied down to a ball & chain now. He did pick a peach of a girl tho, didn't he Doc? Best of luck to him in both his married life and temporary Naval career. Tell him, who knows, even ol' Jocco may hitch his wagon to a star someday, I hear it happens to the best of men!



Do you ever hear from old Duck  
Ebling, Doc? That guy sure can  
razz me. He doesn't say a mean  
word or a kind one when we  
talk, he just razzes. If you have  
his address, I certainly would  
appreciate it. I'd kinda like  
to sharpen up my wits to him  
in a letter.

Gosh but it's great sitting here  
and not having to worry about  
blackout. Even my mind seems  
to feel as tho the blackout has  
been lifted. You'll probably  
say, "it certainly has," if I don't  
sign off pretty quick so I guess  
I'll ramble off to bed for now.  
Thanks again for the last  
Jayhawker. I treasure those  
things as do all the fellows.  
Be writing to you again one  
of these days.

Sincerely your friend  
"Jacco!"





M  
E  
M  
O

to Dr. Allen

from Lt. Richard P. Brown, AUS

Belgium

17 July 1945

Dad (Dr. Earl G. Brown) sent me the copy of #15 issue of Jayhawk Rebounds, which I enjoyed reading very much, and was quite surprised to mention it.

The paper certainly illustrates how everyone is scattered all over the world.

Still enjoy following the goings on in Kansas - the 137<sup>th</sup> was part of the K. National Guard.

Our 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. which back was a Lawrence boy - Muzzy.  
Sincerely, Dick.