February 2, 1944.

Mr. Reaves Peters,
Commissioner, Big Six Conference,
342 So. Chelsea Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Reaves:

I am answering your letter of January 31. I have given Mr. Falkenstien the information that you will be in Lawrence on March 3 for the Iowa State game and that you desire two seats.

In your letter of January 23 you stated that you had assigned Bud Knox along with Fred Winter for the Iowa State game at Ames on January 29. I desire to make a statement in regard to that game and the things that surprised me no end. Before the game Louie Menze told me that I would like Fred Winter, that he was a good official. I said to him that I didn't like his work a few years ago and I still hadn't changed my mind but I would keep it open until after this game.

In my opinion, he is a nice fellow and a fine gentleman, but a very poor official. I would decidedly call him a "homer". I realize what mob psychology will do to a nice fellow. Unconsciously, when a fellow works only in one area he is apt to be tinctured by his environment. I find that many of these hard-nosed officials who are accustomed to the rub of the game are better than these so-called fine gentlemen who have a finer fabric of gentility.

What I am saying is that Bud Knox, the old Pittsburgh Pirate player, is a much better official than Fred Winter. I would pick him any time to Winter on or off the Iowa State court.

This was the thing that amazed me. After the game, which we lost to Iowa State and in which Iowa State proved superior to Kansas, I went in the dressing room with our boys and found that Charles Moffett, one of our forwards, was emotionally overcome. I said, "What's the trouble, Charles?" He said, "That fellow called me a s-- o-- b--", and of course he spoke it out in straight English. I said, "Charles, nobody would call a fellow that." And then he wept and said, "But he did, Doc, he did. There was no ventriloquist in the crowd whose words could come to my ears as plainly as what he said to me." I said, "Charles, I can't believe it," and I endeavored to pass it off feeling that he was depressed about the game. And naturally when we get in the dressing room we try to forget the things that happen out on the court because the game is over and a griper has no place in a contest fairly won and fairly lost.