

A

January 25, 1942.

Mr. George F. Veonker,
Director of Athletics,
Iowa State College,
Ames, Iowa.

Dear George:

Thank you for your very nice letter of the 21st instant extending apologies to us for the unthinking action of some of your students. I accept it in the best grace, and I assure you that we must recognize that the young people in their hearts mean not to be vicious at any time. They are so suffused with the spirit of enthusiasm that they lose their equipoise at times.

I would not have mentioned it myself, but since you brought it up I think this is a good time to set forth some of the incivilities that we have experienced at your college. For the past three or four years, and maybe longer, there seems to be a grand rush as soon as the doors are open on the part of the students to filter in the seats that are directly behind the visitors' bench in basketball.

We were on the floor practicing when the doors were opened and a certain definitely intentioned group fought their way to this location directly behind where we were to sit. Some of these goat-getting hecklers were vicious and loud in their remarks directed to the visiting players and to the coach. It did not pertain to the game, but became so personal that at times it was revolting.

I do not recall at any time that I have given these people an excuse to use such invectives. I believe I have conducted myself as a gentleman at all times that I have appeared at Iowa State College, but I can say frankly to you, George, that the reverse has been true as regards your student body sitting behind us. They have thrown missiles and have struck the players and me a number of times, and I am sure that since you have coached you can imagine the inhibitions that are necessary to keep from turning around and saying something or resorting to stronger measures. At no time have I done such a thing at Iowa State.

Last year just as the boys were going out a large object was dropped from the top of the rafters above the playing floor and barely missed one of the players. I do not recall whether it was a dead fowl or just what it was, but to my mind it was an object that would weigh at least ten pounds.

I believe at all times the boys of the University of Kansas have departed themselves in a fine, genteel manner. Their ~~own~~ playing has