

March 28, 1945.

Mr. Jack Carberry,
Denver General Hospital,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Jack:

I am a little late in writing you to tell you how very much I enjoyed my visit with you at the hospital. Of course, I was darn sorry to see you incapacitated, but you were taking it like a true soldier and snapping out of it in the usual fashion characteristic of the fighting Irish.

I left Denver Wednesday afternoon and on the train picked up one of your papers and saw your comment regarding my criticism of the A.A.U.

I am sorry that you could not have been in attendance at the Junior Chamber of Commerce because I certainly took the N.C.A.A. for a buggy ride due to the fact that they have done nothing regarding their supervision over important points, such as proselyting, subsidizing, protection against the inroads of the tinhorn professional gambler, and so forth. Most of the rules of the college conferences are as badly disobeyed as are the rules of the A.A.U., and the administration is just about as bad. If there is anything we need it is a high commissioner of athletics to do something that the athletic directors, the faculty representatives and the coaches are failing to do. So I wanted to let you know that I am not putting a soft pedal on the organization of which I am a member.

I met some boys at the Municipal Auditorium at the N.C.A.A. finals last Saturday night here in Kansas City - all Kansas City boys, and they came to me and said, "Say, that guy Jack Carberry is no friend of ours because he said some things against you." I said, "Don't worry about Jack. He is all right. He speaks his own mind and what he says he believes."

The fact of it is that I heartily agree with you that if I did step outside of my own organization and flay somebody outside and still try to protect our own wrongdoers, it would be an unforgivable premise. But I have not done that and I am sure that you know it.