

November 8, 1944.

Mr. Ned Irish, Acting President,
Madison Square Garden Corporation,
307 West 49th Street,
New York 19, N.Y.

Dear Ned:

I am answering your letter of October 24th. First, I want to assure you that the information came to me first hand, and not second or third hand. And I am sorry to tell you that you have failed to convince me in the least.

You state, "It has always been my feeling that a boy who competes and is good enough after a strenuous training session to make a varsity team . . . has demonstrated his character pretty well to a coach." That is a faulty statement, to say the least. You also state, "Continued allegations regarding tampering with players will certainly cause the public to get the impression that these boys are not the fine upstanding youngsters that you and I know them to be."

Upon that statement I should say that you would have gained much more by meeting the issue squarely and admitting some of the facts that you know have happened, rather than to have sugar-coated a very bad situation. I am reminded of a story told regarding Grover Cleveland. His friends advised him that scurrilous opponents prior to his election were going to print the fact that it was alleged that he had an illegitimate son. They wired him for advice. He replied promptly, "Tell the truth", and upon that frankness he was elected President of the United States. The public had confidence in his integrity. Had you met the issue squarely and admitted that there was much vicious gambling with consequential tampering of college players, then the public, many of whom are in on the know, would have had much more confidence in your statement.

Lawton Carver, in his stenchy International News Service story out of New York on October 23, says: "There are men on the main stem whose life and passion is gambling and these reptilian characters are sometimes influenced by the grip of their art to such an extent they dip their unwashed thumbs in activities over which they seek financial control. You can see a great many of them in Madison Square Garden on the night of any fairly important Garden sports program, dickering and bargaining over the odds, while a platoon of cops thirty yards away handles such an awesome problem as the traffic on Eighth avenue."