

This gambler, this hero, struts the earth with a dignity, self-respect, and angelic air that, ordinarily, is reserved for a saint. Who raises him to such a lofty pedestal? If you will recall the era of the Union Station massacre, soon you will recollect the fact that these gunman, notorious killers, were for a time heralded as heroes. Newspaper headlines glorified their misdeeds until a public, enraged and embittered, demanded retribution. They demanded that these outlaws be hewn from the statue and stature of glory and be cast into the gutter of shame and despair.

Whether that international authority on comity of nations, or is he that authority on how to achieve harmonious labor relations, or that mighty executive who can administrate governmental affairs with nary an error, is astute enough to lead the world, I don't know. I mean your good friend "Bill" Cunningham. Once a splendid sports writer, and now an authority on everything. He may not have glorified gamblers, but there are other sport writers who ventured from their field, and became authorities on ethics and saintly life. Without restraint or hesitation, these purveyors of sport news lifted notorious gamblers and law-breakers into the realm of respectable sportsmen. Cloaked with a sanctity of respectability, these gamblers with the tentacles of an octopus reached into number pools, horse and dog racing, baseball (betting within the park), numerous other sports, and, of course, the Brooklyn scandal is current history.

A czar at the helm of collegiate sport would help, decentralization of sporting contests would hamper the gamblers, but if the presidents of the collegiate in liaison with the newspapers and periodicals of the country would train their verbal fire upon these gamblers, then they could be driven to the gutter from whence they came. Abarrage of shame and ridicule directed honestly and without fear can rectify wrongs without singing the innocent.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Layton
Harry

P.S. How are the Calif. goober berries.