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June 22, 1944.

Mr. C. H. McBride,  
Sports Editor,  
The Kansas City Star,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mac:

I tore a clipping out of your sport page, dated at Columbus, Ohio, on June 3, which read "Split A Cage Melon", Eight Teams in N.C.A.A. Meets Share \$21,033.

How the N.C.A.A. basketball chameleon (lizard - not wizard) changes its color! Only back in 1940, Director L. W. St. John, President Bill Owens, and a lot of hobby-pot railroad joy-riders met in Chicago, the day preceding our finals with Indiana, and decreed that they did not want any pot-hunters in their league. Sure, they would not give any of the melon to the teams who were making the attraction. And just about this amount - \$21,000, was taken in at the gate in Kansas City. They didn't pay taxi fares, they allowed us so much a day which was so darn small in fact that I was afraid they were going to ration the oxygen in the hotel and in the Municipal Auditorium.

Bill Owens and Professor May and someone else came in and met the afternoon of the final game with Indiana. I spent three hours with those august gentlemen instead of being with my boys. They were very sympathetic to the fellows who had promoted the "windfall", but they saw no reason why the schools should get any of the money. I reported that to Chancellor Malott upon my return and he said, "Listen, we are entitled to some of that money, and I want you to appear before the N.C.A.A. to impress it upon them." So in September I met with the "hipokum" - Major Griffith and all the salubrities and celebrities assembled there.

I also met with "Wimpy" Olsen and Jim St. Clair, the boy who was permanent chairman of the nominating committee of the N.C.A.A. before they elected him president. These two oily gentlemen invited me over for breakfast before the time that we were to meet the high priest prohibitus in his council chambers with the college cogitators. With long, sorrowing faces (imagine Olsen with a long face!) they sympathized with me and told me they had been out with St. John, Major Griffith and the rest of the boys the evening before. I was out with my family at the Lake Shore Hotel in Chicago, with Jane, Eleanor and Mrs. Allen and we spent a happy evening.

Olsen and St. Clair impressed upon me this fact - that there wasn't a chance to get a penny of that money. Sometime when the boys get in funds they might consider it, but not this time.

I never said a word for ten minutes. I let them talk, and finally when they thought I was about ready to completely break down, I said, "Listen, I wouldn't hurt you fellows for anything in the world and