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Mr. C.E. McBride
Sports Editor
Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Missouri

My dear Mac:

Well, old fellow, it seems as if we do not see each other, but we apparently read about each other in the paper. This is about as close as we have come to contacting one another in the last six or eight months. But I am promising myself that this shall not be so if I ever have a moment to drop by and say hello. You and Helen must have had a great trip out West. Bess got a post card on your return and we followed your meanderings through your column. I think it is swell that you and Helen can miss the most dismal part of the winter here by spending your time in Southern California renewing old friendships and bringing your reader-public in close touch with many old-timers who formerly lived in Kansas City. I have enjoyed reading about Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shouse, E.M. Bainter, and a host of others I knew so well. They were fine people.

Yesterday I read in your sporting comment your article on "Basketball Crowds Needle Nebraskans!" Now I want to pass on a little silent comment that I would want no publicity on, but something I would not be the least bit afraid to take a few chips in the melee if I were invited, but in this case I do not want to be invited in on this fight because I am already in it.

May I say that the reason I think that the basketball crowds of the Big-Six are on the Nebraska outfit is because of the fact that they played muckerish basketball--not just the rough-touch, slam-bang, ding-dong type of the players slamming into the opposition--but the taunting, bickering, cheap alley-fighting, muck-racking, across-the-track stuff.

Mind you, they did not do their stuff in a physical way, it was a tongue-lashing of their opponents that they used. Without mentioning certain individuals on the Nebraska squad, they would single out Engleman and Bobby Allen. They walked up to Engleman with a sardonic smile and remarked, "Say, little fellow, how is that trick knee tonight?", and then with fiendish delight would either pat the fellow on the back of the neck or pull his knee guard. To Bobby they would say, "So this is Junior. The little boy Junior. Well, well, Junior, what are you going to do tonight?" It was premeditated and planned as a part of the strategy of attack. They began it early and they kept it up through the entire game. The Kansas audience was aghast.