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January 29, 1942.

Mr. Don Pierce,  
Sport Desk,  
Topeka State Journal,  
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Don:

I am sorry that you cannot print our difficulty with Frosty. Frosty was my assistant and when he worked under me did not agree with some of the things that I insisted upon having done. Frosty went down to the dressing room with the boys and said, "Some day I will write a book and by gosh, it won't be a Basketball Bible, either."

I think there is enough in those lines for you to get what I mean. So I do not want you to print it. At the same time, Frosty was carrying water on both shoulders. I gave Frosty every break that I could possibly give him, but I do not think he is worthy of support. There is no rivalry between Frosty Cox and me. He went out over the country, after I had helped him, and I do not have time for such fellows. So I would not want you to dignify him by making any comparison.

He goes out all over the country, and especially in Kansas, and proselytes the Kansas boys. If he had any gentility or respect or sense of fair play he would go in other state than Kansas, but Frosty is one of the boys that somebody paid his way through college and he has never appreciated it. He always thought he had more coming than he got. He was not popular with his teammates when he was on the Kansas team. He was hard and unyielding and selfish. None of the boys on the team liked him, and during the time he played if ever a coach had a headache I had one. Jim Bausch, Rub Thompson, T. C. Bishop and Frosty -- that was a combination you couldn't tie. They did nothing but fight from the time they got on the team until they disbanded.

I used to think Frosty was a great guy. I thought he was an underprivileged boy from Newton, Kansas, who had not had an opportunity at home and needed some help. Red Lupton offered him \$75.00 a month if he would play football and not play basketball, just as a gift, of course. He got a lot that I know nothing of, but I told him that if he accepted one penny of that I would never recommend him for a coaching job. I don't think I owe him a penny, nor did I ever for his playing. The primal purpose of a fellow going to college is to get an education. If he is a chiseler, then he is not a student. And I am afraid that is what he was. He was bright, fine looking, and he would fight, but I am not sure that he is terrifically happy. If he is, I am happy for him.