

November 17, 1937.

Mr. C. O. Burnside,
Carpenter Paper Co.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Cob:

It was swell of you to wangle that list out of Bus Ham. I am putting your name down for one of the author's copies of Better Basketball, Incorporating Technique, Tactics and Tales. I am very sure you are going to enjoy the Tales side of it, because that is a lot of yarns that we wrote regarding actual happenings as we pounded along the road in our daily run of events.

I am rather surprised at the estimate you placed upon the team when they were down Norman way. From all reports we had it was most glowing and the Jayhawkers rose up on their hind legs and smoked the Sooners, hip and thigh. It was a glorious victory and we heard nothing but praise for the performance. I will be glad to talk to you when we play basketball, and learn all the angles that you present. Kansas will be a lot stronger next year because they have been quite active.

No, I did not get to see Fred Ellsworth, and have not talked with him this fall. There was one exception, however, when I was toastmaster at the Teachers Association dinner, and Fred was the generalissimo behind the curtains. I just exchanged with him the routine of the handy man Friday and the animated cartoon.

We get along splendidly, but my estimate of his ability to do other than to play the convenient role has not been enhanced by my experiences with him over the past few years. He is not a Sir Galahad nor a Sandow. However, he is a good fellow.

Cob, we are always mighty happy to hear from you, and I know Mrs. Allen always enjoys the greetings that you send her. She mentions many, many times the fine conversations that she had with you when you were both in class together. It is queer, but she is rather like I am. She thinks old C.O.B. is a pretty good guy.