

January 18, 1943.

Aviation Cadet Denzel B. Gibbens,  
Squadron 106, Flight A,  
A.A.F.C.C., S.A.C.C.,  
San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Denzel:

You are a swell guy, Denzel, and I am tickled to death to hear from you. It is letters from fellows like you that will make our basketball team swell with joy and pride in their accomplishments. I am tacking your letter with others that I receive upon the bulletin board for our boys to read.

Knowing what the half-baked toady easterners think of our efforts, I can appreciate what you are going through. But stay in there and pitch - you are as good as any of them, and better than a lot of them, Gibby, and I am betting ten to one on you any time you meet those guys in any sort of an argument, whether mental or physical.

Bobby wrote from Philadelphia and said "You have certainly made my existence happy since your departure from Philadelphia. I can live with these guys now." We gave St. Joseph a terrific lashing, and they were a good team. We were pretty hot, Gibby, and we were pretty lucky, but I don't believe I have ever seen a Kansas team play any better than they did that night in Philadelphia, and frankly, it does make us happy when we make other people happy. When we left Philadelphia Bob was the happiest chap that I have seen. He felt that he possessed that Kansas team and that was worth a lot. The easterners are so toady that when you do give them a good licking it gives us a tremendous pick up.

I was talking to some of our Kansas basketball players the other day about the time the boys lifted you on their shoulders and carried you around McCook Field after you gave one of the greatest exhibitions that any Kansas athlete has given for his alma mater. You will always remember that for years and years to come, and we will always remember your achievement. That is life, Gibby. That is what makes us happy in the fellowship of our Kansas Jayhawker athletic friends.