

February 26, 1945.

Lt. C. O. Burnside,
8111 Tenth Street,
Galveston, Texas.

Dear Commander, or Admiral, or what shall we call you, Old Fellow? -

When I was down at Norman, when we got our licking in an overtime game, I went down and came back with Dave and Mrs. McKown. They gave me your address, and ever since I have been expecting to write you and send you the Jayhawk Rebounds. I am putting you on our mailing list so that you will get the ones as they come out.

I am only sorry that I hadn't your address sooner and I could have sent you a lot of the earlier issues. I am sending you a few of those we have left, which may provide you with some interesting reading, I hope.

The Claude Monett's and the Verne Long's and the Murpheys were all there and we enjoyed a visit with them. It was not complete without you and the Mrs., I assure you.

I hope that you are fighting a good war and that you are as happy as is possible under the conditions. We think of you and talk about you a lot. Trust that you and the entire family are well. Give my kindest regards to the Mrs., and remember me to Cob, Jr.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH