

July 12, 1941.

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

Dear Cob:

Thank you for your good letter of the 9th instant. I am enclosing a copy of a letter that I received from Henry Iba as of July 7th.

I am not replying to this letter because it does not call for a reply. It is merely the end of our series of games that was started because Henry activated a number of newspaper men and friends of the University in getting on the schedule. Now he apparently does not want to continue.

I certainly would have been happy to have been down at the celebration of the new Carpenter Paper Company's inaugural. I know how busy you have been. But I am happy that you had that eastern trip. Mrs. Allen loves the East. She says it is all so beautiful and "a finished thing", so to speak. She is a worshiper of beauty. She has never liked the West like she does the East. She would love to live there, she says. I imagine I am one of those rough, rugged individuals that does not want a thing too finished. I have always been very happy in Kansas and I know of no place that I would rather live. I say that frankly. If I wanted to go on a vacation to spend some money I would go to California, but it would be of only a month's duration.

I would never want to spend over two weeks in New York or any of the large cities. Me for the seashore or the mountains for a vacation. But for everyday work, good fellowship and intelligent intercourse I will take the Kansas people. Personally, I think they are tops. True, it gets warm here occasionally, but the last two years have been perfect summer weather, and nowadays when man with his scientific knowledge can take his climate along with him, I am not one of these fellows to complain much.