

February 19, 1940.

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

Dear Cob:

It was swell of you to wrote the dandy letter that you did as of the 16th instant. You know, Cob, you and I know each other so well that when we start to kid each other we still have to make an apology.

If I inferred that you spoke discouragingly of our basketball team, I was kidding you again.

You are one of our very best friends that resides in Oklahoma. All the boys look upon you as a real pal and the patron saint that lives in Oklahoma. When I told them that you were going to be down at the game you can imagine their joy and surprise in having that statement in the affirmative, and of course we will be expecting you to eat breakfast with us when we come to Oklahoma City on March 8th.

Every one of our remaining six games happen to be the very last for each one of the six teams. They close the season with our games, so you can imagine that they won't be saving any steam for anyone but Kansas.

Yes, all the boys talked about what a wonderful reception they received at Stillwater. They said it was the finest crowd and finest group of boys, all in all, that they had met. So you see, after all, when a group of kids feel that they played a good game in a good environment among a lot of fine people that is just about all the youngsters can take with them in durable satisfactions. It would have been a good game to win, but we just didn't take advantage of the 18 to 15 lead and let it slip away before we started to fight. I have taken so many lickings through my life that another doesn't produce the scar it did in early years. I have a more workable philosophy than I had when I was young and full of spizzerinctum.

My love to you and the family.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education and Recreation,
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH