

February 9, 1940.

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

Dear Cob:

Well, I guess we were kidding each other and apparently we didn't make it evident enough in our own minds that the recipient of the epistle still seems to be confused. Anyhow, let me tell you, Cob, I knew all the time you were kidding and I was kidding right back.

Yes, we will be happy to be down there March 8th, and although I have had some teeth extracted I still am alright - like the old man who said that he had "pullman teeth" - one upper and one lower, but, he said, "Thank God, they hit!" So I may be articulate enough to answer the purpose. I am sorry I neglected to state in my previous letter that I would come, because I meant to do so, but overlooked it for some reason.

I don't like the idea of those fellows at Norman calling the game at 7:45. It makes us hustle like the dickens to get back to catch the train. If they would call the game at 7:30 we could make it, but it is certainly putting pressure on the boys when they call the game at 7:30, and hardly give the visitors a chance to take a decent bath before rushing out in the cold endangering their health.

Bruce says Tom Stidham has to cater to the clientele at Oklahoma City, that they cannot get down from O. C. in time to see the game at 7:30. Well, bless his soul, you tell him that we call our games at 7:30 and people come from Kansas City, 42 miles away, and they do not kick about it.

Especially is this difficult now since the train does not go through Norman, but is made up at Oklahoma City. This makes it tougher than ever on us, but we poor Jayhawkers must stand this inconvenience for the folks that live 18 miles from Norman.

Now, Cob, I am not trying to get sarcastic. And I am not worrying about the kidding that I might get as far as our basketball record is concerned, because while I like to win, I think we can successfully compare our wins and losses with most any of the sport teams in the Big Six and not suffer by comparison. So I get a lot of kick out of these things, and when I find a fellow kidding me I like to kid him back a little. You know, Cob, how fond I am of you, and when apparently you get hot and bothered about some of these things at the University I know that it is because of your pride in the University and her possessions. You want to see them make the best showing in any company.