

January 9, 1939.

Mr. Fred J. Prallo,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Dear Freddie:

Gee, it was swell of you to send us that wire as you did last Saturday night. The boys certainly got a tremendous kick out of it. All of the boys think you are a great guy to remember us in the clutch.

We just needed a spark like Fred Prallo. The kids had the buck, too, and then Oklahoma was hotter than hot. We had no stabilizing influence or power in that game. That is all we needed - we've got the boys and if we had someone to fire their imagination we would go places. But we haven't. George Golay is still George Golay, playing like the proverbial race horse. He runs a good quarter, then when he gets to the turn he wants to jump the fence and eat clover, instead of running a good race. I had him in and out three times Saturday night. We also had Ebling, Reid, Bob Allen - all of those fellows in and out three times.

Corlis was the only man that played the entire game and he played a swell game of basketball. Engleman, of course, was the only one that counted points and he played a fine all-around game. Corlis couldn't hit and Harp was worse than terrible. You can see that no man on the Kansas team made more than two points, except Engleman, and Engleman is a youngster and not supposed to be so hot on the defense. But he played a swell all-around game. Ralph Miller is crippled and could not do himself half justice, but he used his head to fine advantage. But his leg just wouldn't function.

Upon our return to Lawrence Mrs. Allen told me about the unfortunate accident that Mit precipitated with you. She was heartbroken that you were hurt, and I am too, Fred. I sincerely hope that it is nothing serious. Mit is a rough, tough player, but I know that he didn't mean to hurt you. I am hoping that you have entirely recovered, but Fred, if there is anything wrong with you that I can fix up in any way, see if your boss won't give you a leave to run up here and let me work on you. I'll fix you up unless there is a broken bone, and I am praying there is nothing like that. A couple of days would make a new man out of you, and if we could have you up here to inoculate some of these parlor pinks with some of your old indomitable, unquenchable fighting spirit -- well, I believe we would go places.