

January 9, 1939.

Members of the Varsity Basketball Squad:

When you hear this message from me I will be on my way speeding to Columbia, Missouri -- should I have said speeding? No, I will be driving sanely and maybe fast, but I will have the machine under control. I trust that when the whistle blows at 7:30 tomorrow night that you will have this Jayhawk machine under control trying to throttle the Aggies.

I felt since I had an opportunity to see two teams meet tonight that we will be meeting in the next 15 days or less, that I would rather that you boys be left on your own today so that I could impart some much needed information to you when we meet our opponents who will challenge us every inch of the way for our right to stay in the first division.

I am leaving you today with the consciousness that I have given everything I have in an effort to impart to you the best basketball that I know. Sometimes I have been elated and sometimes I have been sorely distressed at your performance.

Now, each one of you become a teacher first, of yourself, and then of your fellows. Perhaps it is a better thing that I remove myself from the theater of instruction today and let you fellows figure out just what's wrong. You and I do know there is something wrong, or we would play improved and sustained basketball. I am afraid we can't say much for our sustained basketball, and sometimes I question the improvement. Make up your minds that you are not going to loaf one second today, and come to the game tomorrow night imbued with that idea and we will see what we can do with Kansas State.

Now, I want each fellow on the squad tomorrow to take a rest regardless of whether you say you can't sleep or not. I am expecting you to go to your room, take off your clothes and rest, at 2:30. If you have a 3:30 class, then hike to bed as soon as you can. I want every man off his feet, so that he will be ready to go tomorrow night.

I am making arrangements with Carl Clifton that this deer that my old athlete down at Warrensburg, G. C. McPheeters, shot for me in Texas, to have it cooked for us tomorrow night. With all the freezing and thawing and freezing again, and with some of it spoiling in transit, we have saved just eleven pounds of good deer steak. And the boys that play the best game are going to get the biggest pieces. Those that do not play so well