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University of Oklahoma Association
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

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*It's surprising how much
can be written on a little*

Slip of Paper

Claire Bryant managed to look quite composed as she finally walked into the reception room. She had stood outside for a full minute, studying with great satisfaction the name on the door: Burton & Bryant, Attorneys-at-Law.

Suddenly the door at the left swung open, and a tall young man with a big grin filled the doorway.

"Hello, Mom!"

Together they walked into his office with its view of the tall buildings, the river, and the harbor out beyond. She looked and approved, then looked again and approved some more. She sat in the deep leather chair by the window and smiled back at her boy.

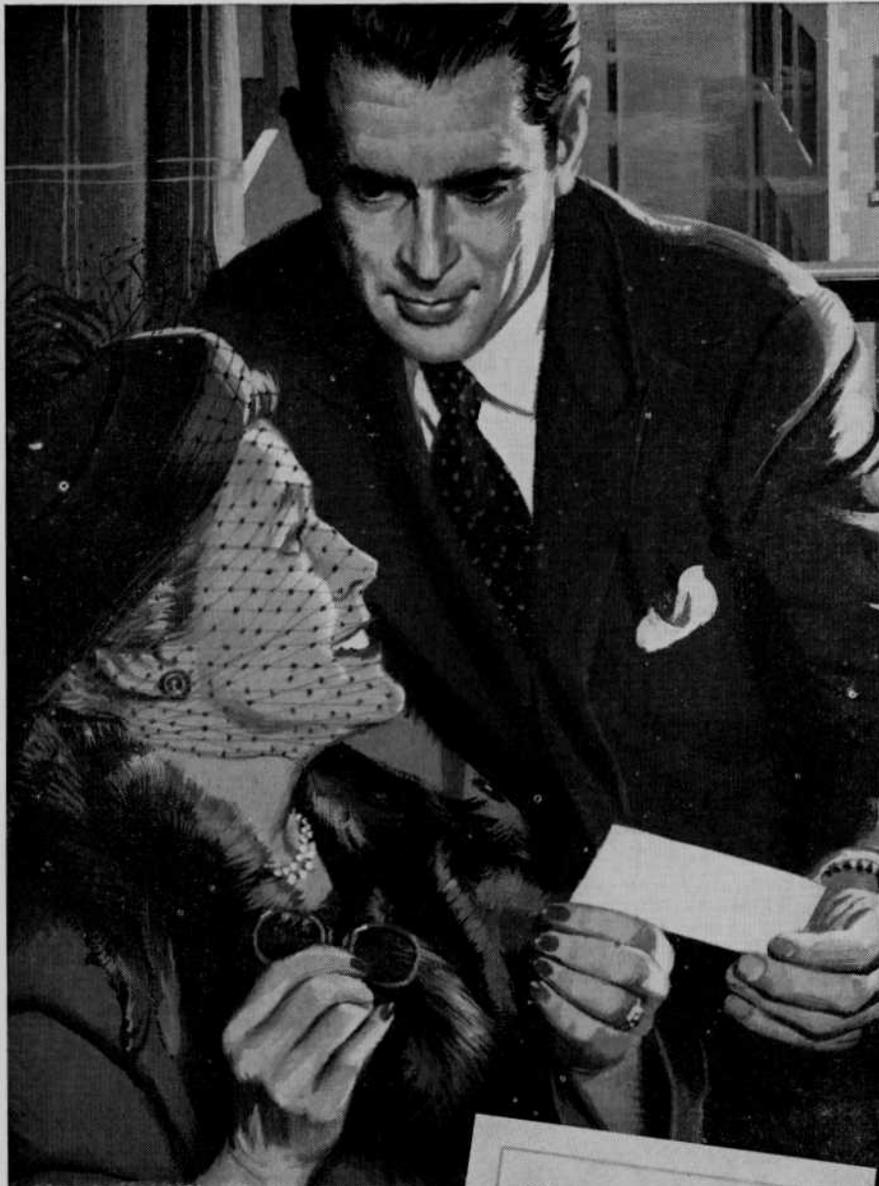
"Jack," she said, "for years people have been warning me not to dote on you too much. I took their advice seriously. I have tried hard not to spoil you. But today I'm bound to say I'm proud as a peacock of you—and as satisfied with myself and with life as I can be!"

"I'm happy, too, Mom. It was wonderful of Mr. Burton to take me in as a partner so soon. By the way—I've had Dad's big walnut desk moved up here. It fits in swell!"

"I noticed that," said Claire Bryant. "I wish he could see you now."

The young man grinned that nice, slow grin of his. "Just before you came in," he said, "I found something in the top drawer of the desk." He pulled a fragile, time-yellowed piece of paper out of his pocket. "That's Dad's writing, all right. But what the deuce does it mean?"

Claire took the piece of paper. Her face softened. "Yes . . . it's his writing. He was always writing himself notes in a sort of private shorthand he had. Can't you figure out what it means?"



The young man read the note again: "6-7-23—see RW re more ins."

"Who is R. W.?" he asked.

"That gives it away," she smiled. "R. W. is Robert Wilson . . ."

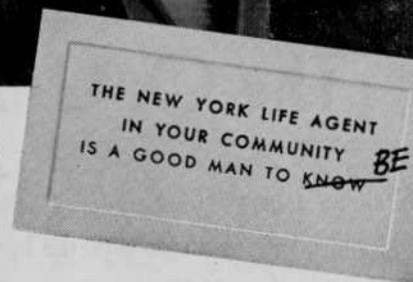
"You mean the agent who took care of Dad's insurance?"

"That's right—he was with the New York Life. Notice the date . . ."

"Six-seven-twenty-three—June seventh, 1923—why, that's the day I was born!"

His mother smiled. "Your father had a thousand plans for you. And being a lawyer, he never liked to put things off." She looked at the note again. "You see, your father got hold of Robert Wilson, whose advice he respected, and took out more insurance. That's why, when your father died, everything—including your law education—was provided for."

The grin again relieved the serious expression on the young man's face, "I suppose you don't frame a thing like



this," he mused, looking at the piece of paper. He dropped it into the top drawer of the old walnut desk. "But I guess I'll keep it here handy—to remind me how I got off to a wonderful start . . . yes, before I even knew it!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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