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August 12, 1938.

Mr. Joe Giannangelo,
540 Park Avenue,
Monongahela, Pa.

Dear Francesco De Pinedo:

I got your good letter of July 19. It seemed like every fellow I know had written me on July 19. Now don't understand that I didn't want to hear from you, but my correspondence was so voluminous (get that word, Francesco), that it has deterred me from reciprocating your kindness.

My coaching school was very satisfactory, thank you.

Now, about your debts. Allow me to congratulate you on taking care of them. You will never do anything that will give you more pleasure than paying your debts.

Now, the next thing I would like to say, Francesco, take care of those Italian athletes. I'll bet that table smells like garlic right now. I'll tell you, - if you will just rub some garlic on some of those boys necks it would cure them. But seriously, Joe, I'll bet you are doing a good job with them, and I'll bet you have them following you all over town.

If you had asked for an autograph for Gregorio Albani, or Dominico Cossata, or Antonio Chizzazi, I would have thought it was perfectly all right, - but for you to ask for an autograph for Alex Zelenski, a Jewish boy whose dad owns the whole doggone town of Charleroi, Pa., and then you want to give him more stuff! Don't you know that your old comrade, Mussolini said that you have to take everything away from these Jews after twenty years because they all get it back in the next twenty? And here you are out hustling for a Jewish friend instead of a Spagetti! But, Joe, I am autographing this picture print for you so that you can give it to Alex, but I couldn't get any of Dr. Haismith. Those have all disappeared long ago, although I used to have some in my desk. I am sending this to you with my kind regards.

Of course I want to be remembered to your mother and dad, and you tell your mother that I do like your place so very much, but I no can walk that far. You ask a disa question. Aska her why she don't ride out to see us on her bicycle. You tell her that I will be expecting to see her real soon. Seriously, Joe, I am awfully sorry to learn about your mother's illness. When a mother raises a big family she just about wears herself out, doesn't she? Of course, you know that these men don't work hard and it is to the women folks that the wear and tear comes more suddenly most of the time.