

May 3, 1943.

Mr. Maurice L. Breidenthal,
Security National Bank,
Kansas City, Kansas.

Dear Maurice:

I just dropped a note to Tom Van Cleave and told him that some day real soon I was going to try to drop by and buy a luncheon for you and for him. It has been a long time since we have had an opportunity to sit down and break bread with you two Kansas City, Kansas, ruffians.

I like to hear you drawl that cuss word once in a while, and then have you express your expert opinion on something. That is not applesauce, that is what I think of Old Man Breidenthal. I will give you a ring before I start down to be sure that you are in the U.S.A. You travel almost as much as F. D., but I don't know what you would do with a coal strike on your hands. However, I am sure that you would get the job done. And too, I am sure that F. D. R. is going to do something about in 21 minutes. It is 9:39 Saturday morning when I am dictating this, and I am betting three to one that John Lewis will get whipped. They ought to put him on a flat bottomed boat and push him off toward North Africa.

I thought you wouldn't have time to read all of this mimeographed letter to the boys in the service but I wanted you to know that we are still trying to keep in touch with them and give them information regarding what athletics we have at the present time on Mt. Oread.

With all good wishes to you and your good family, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FCA:AH

Director of Physical Education,
Varsity Basketball Coach.