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Lawrence, Kansas
August 10, 1942.

Mr. Fritz Nutti,
Muddy Motor Co.,
Hopkins, Missouri.

Dear Fritz:

As I was cleaning off some of the accumulated rubbish from my desk I came across your two epistles. Doubtless you read Sunday's sport page of the Kansas City Star in which we invited Missouri to participate with us in a double-header when we play the two service teams, Great Lakes and the Pre-Flight School of Iowa City on January 29 and 30 in the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City.

I would like to have you as my guest and would like to ask you to sit on our bench at that time. Not remembering how you look, I am only concerned with one thing - whether you look like your counterpart and contemporary, Benito, or not. However, I am sure that no one would see you because you would be enveloped in the fog.

However, I am sure that there would be inarticulate sounds emitting from the density because of your loquaciousness, as evidenced by your two communications of February 28 and March 3, you could not remain inarticulate. There is one dangerous element that I have not been able to eradicate entirely from my mind. If such sputterings and ejaculations that generally come from Benito, as your vituperations would emit from that fog, then I would be afraid the Navy would turn their big guns on this sector of the spaghettibender's environment and annihilate all of us along with you. What do you seriously think about this hazard?

You mention my good friend, Henry Iba, gunning for me next year. My good friend, Iba, is always gunning for me each year, and I for him, and what a hot time we have. By the way, Fritz, I thought you would write me a letter after we met Henry in the Municipal Auditorium in the play-off last March. I looked expectantly for that letter, but nary a letter did I receive from you. You know that game was to determine the representative of the district. I believe I remember Henry telling me that he had a good boy from Hopkins, Missouri, coming up. Well, somehow we will just struggle along and do our best, as we have done heretofore.

By the way, I know that if Mr. McBride thought that you would say those cutting things about him he would go to bed with nervous prostration and not be able to edit his sheet for quite some time.

And too, if you want me to invite some representative slit-eyes, square-heads and other spaghetti-benders to sit on that bench let me know and I will do it just so you will feel comfortable.

Assuring you I would not feel comfortable without receiving an occasional love note from you, I am

Sincerely yours,