November 9, 1937 My dear No. DCMOTO

1 4 20 1

On Sunday you played football with Isaki. I got news that you played wonderful. Your legs are short, but you can run like a dog. Your head moves Al. Too bad I wasn't there. If I were there, I would through my hat 100 ft. high.

I feel that if your eyes were blue, you would not be working in the mursery but you would be playing professional. Next time you play, I will go and watch you. I am so glad you played so well.

Your uncle,

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