

Athens, Ala., Nov. 25, 1929.

My dear Memory:

Your letter to me and the one to Bob Henry arrived and were greatly enjoyed. Am glad to know you are enjoying your trip. In regard to stopping by Baltimore, I don't know what to say, but think it best for you to consult Bob. He should know of any outstanding specialist there, that is anyone that has made outstanding cures. Naturally, I want you to do whatever is possible to secure relief for your hearing. I can write to Mr. Sims and have him get me the address if Mrs. Sims has it.

Your statement that William will probably not write the article for Fortune because of the reported shaky condition of Goldman, Sachs would indicate the losses in N. Y.'s big houses have been much more serious than the public at large knows. Reading between the lines of what comes out of Washington it is quite evident that the business situation is not all that it should be by any means. So far as I am concerned I'm not taking on anything that looks like a risk. I am trying my best to unload and also to get all matters in which I have partners settled up. I want to get them closed up while I'm living and not leave the untangling to others.

Bob Henry's team was defeated last week by Decatur by a score of 6 to 0. I went out and saw them play. We haven't decided whether we will go to B'ham Thanksgiving to see Alabama and Ga. play; he doesn't seem to have his heart set on it. Says he's seen two good games already this year. He and I spent Friday night at home as he was threatened with a cold; he spent Saturday morning in bed and has been all right ever since. I took a dose of citrate of magnesia yesterday and spent practically the entire day in bed. Am feeling better as a result. Saturday night Bobby had his gang to meet here. Had chewing gum for refreshments; they all seemed to have a good time chewing gum--and the rag.

I went to Decatur this afternoon to see about renting the little storehouse; Greer Mason went with me. He and I went around and took a

look at the unidentified dead stranger who was killed in the Hilda hotel last Friday night by Henry Davidson, Decatur's biggest gambler. The two shot it out in Davidson's room when the stranger is supposed to have attempted to rob Davidson. Both fell dead, one across the other. 'Twas regular "big town" stuff. To show Decatur's style leading bankers, lawyers and Mayor B. L. Malone were the gambler's honorary pall-bearers today. The stranger was a rather small fellow, looking something like a moving picture actor. It is said a dozen shots were fired by the two; the tragedy has created great interest all over North Alabama as Davidson was well known to all the sports as a "dead game sport."

Friday morning when we awoke there was about four inches of snow all over the ground and it snowed the entire day Friday. Much of it stayed on until this morning and is still to be seen. Bobby and I decided it was unwise to attempt to heat up the entire double living room, so closed the glass doors and moved the typewriter inside the big room and the long table was relegated to the "library" portion. We also brought in the floor lamp, so I am writing just inside the glass doors and am very comfortable.

I make the fire every morning in your room, where I sleep, about six-thirty. Emma has the fire in living room laid for us in the afternoon, so it all works out where we are comfortable morning and night. I make Bobby bring up coal from the cellar--some times--for the fire in the living room, while Frank keeps the box on the sleeping porch filled.

Hortense asked us down to dinner yesterday, but I had taken my dose and had to be excused. It was very kind of her, but of course I felt like it was a duty affair and was not sorry that I had a good excuse.

Trust you will continue to have a good visit and enjoy the trip as much as I did mine. Naturally we miss you, but want you to enjoy yourself. Love to all; tell Bill will write him in a day or so.

Devotedly,

Harry