

ALABAMA

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE DEEP SOUTH

941 MARTIN BUILDING
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Sunday - January 31. 1937

Dear Colonel Alf:

A sorrel-topped, freckled son of a sea cook from Montgomery just walked into my private office. His name is E. Reid. We immediately launched into a discussion of state affairs, and the air hereabouts already is foul with profanity.

We decided to drop you a line and ascertain if Rep. John O'Neal of the lively town of Paint Rock quoted you correctly in a speech to the Alabama Mad House this past week.

"I wish to announce," said he, "that I have visited our speaker at Athens, held an executive session with him, found him fast regaining his health; and I am authorized to announce that he expects to be with us the last two weeks of the present legislative session." (Loud cheers.)

How did you like the crack in the pants I gave Mustachio Ralph Hurst last week. I bet he doesn't repeat his tale about Lee Edmundson putting up 50 grand for "Alabama, the New Magazine of the Deep South," any more.

I have the Sons of Mitches running around in circles now. Our anti-sit down strike has those bastards standing up 24 hours a day. I spent last week in Montgomery. Same old seventy-six.

God bless you Harry. And now, here is Mister Reid of the Mooney Cipipal Racket, who desires to say a few words:

Mr. Reid:

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Dear Mr. Speaker:

Since our good friend Hubert Baughn decided to cross swords with the labor group and since Rep. William C. Taylor of Mobile rose in the House this week to bray loud and long about the financing of Alabama, The Deep Magazine of the New South, by the "big donkeys", I decided I'd spend my week-ends protecting Baughn and Huie from any physical encounter with the Mitches, Bob Moores and other equally distinguished laborites.

You really ought to be down at the legislative whirlpool to watch the seeting excitement caused by your former legislative counsellor, Mr. Baughn, when "Bull" Bonner and A.C. Lee threw the sit-down strike bills into the hopper. When the clerks of the two houses read the caption of the bills, Atticus Mullin picked his "peg" up and let it down so hard that Bibbo, in his sanctum below, thought that Jim Simpson had dropped a sample sack of that high-priced cement Gaston has been buying in an effort to arouse his senate colleagues to action in an investigation.

As soon as the brigands leave the battle-ground in Montgomery, Hubert and I are going to drop down on the back seat of his high-powered car and follow the lead of his uniformed chauffear to Athens to give you a first-hand account of every detail of the legislative session and until that time we beg leave to further explore the situation that we may not overlook any item of interest.

Looking forward to seeing you, we are

Your friend,

Hubert and Ed