

# ALABAMA

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE DEEP SOUTH

941-944 MARTIN BUILDING  
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Tuesday - March 9. 1937

Dear Old Pal:

Just finished up the copy for this week's issue of the Alabama Tail-Twister and am sitting here thinking about you. I don't hear from you as often as I would like. Someone told me a few days ago you were looking all to the good and were going to your office occasionally. That was cheering news, but be sure you don't over-exert yourself until you round completely into form. First chance I get I'll run up there and give you a little more advice. It won't cost you a cent--not even a bibbo, gravie or millstone.

Were you surprised to see your old side-kick pop out as a Dry? Honestly, I haven't been able to get exactly comfortable in this atmosphere, but I simply could not swallow that crooked Bibb Graves bill. When he got it passed over his finger-crossing veto he double-crossed the dries, and when he appointed Matt Murphy, John McNeel et al he insulted the Wets. I'd rather spend my dough with an honest bootlegger than with Bibb's Burglars. Just this week I hear that Dick McIntosh, McNeel's errand boy and graft collector, has been appointed state representative of four distillers. How about that?

I took out after the setup pretty hard, but not too hard, in view of what I know about the plans that have been laid for the cleanup.

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Beginning next week I propose to print every detail of the liquor board's operations, honest and dishonest, that I can get information about. When the time comes when I can't call a spade a spade I'll quit.

How did you like the layout on old man Miller? It doesn't mean that I already have a 1938 horse; I'm going to follow with layouts on the other prospective candidates. But-- it may be that old Sturdy Oak will be the best bet for another house-cleaning. It appears more and more that Storm Pit Dixon will be the Graves candidate. More about that when I see you.

I can't tell how tomorrow's balloting will go, so I shied completely away from predictions. Just from Baughn to Walker, though, it wouldn't surprise me to see the state as a whole go dry by 20,000 or more, with less wet counties than in 1935. I hope it comes out that way. But I'm keeping my money in my pocket, making no bets. The situation is too badly tangled.

Looks like Chauncey of Barbour wants to run for governor. (Read Major Squirm on that gentleman this week.) You probably have heard that he called a caucus of his legislative friends the last week of the special session, asked them to get busy for him. His position was: "Dixon can't win; Miller's too old; I'm the potatoes." Robin Swift, among others, told him he couldn't pull it, made him very mad, I hear. Well, Cock Robin told the truth, anyway.

Let's hear from you-- and I'll try to see you soon. Clyde

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Cruse, our photographer, will be up there Friday. Don't turn him down on any requests he makes of you for pictures. I have waited for some good stuff on my speaker long enough. Clyde will also be after some shots of the old-time fiddlers' jamboree.

Editorially, we are going to switch over for a spell and attempt to be a little constructive. Of course you and I know that the editorials on the Supreme Court issue were a bit severe-- even for a journal with which I am connected. Hugo Black wrote his local friends that he couldn't understand that sort of stuff coming from me. Surely Hugo isn't that dumb.

I'm, of course, pitching up the alley of the boys who advertise until I can break into the national advertising picture. If I can stay here a year-- and I believe I can-- I'll be myself in every issue after that-- and all the local mules and jennies can throw their advertising contracts in the river, as far as I give a damn. We are starting a high-powered state-wide drive to send the circulation up to at least 20,000 by the end of our first year. Then we can sell our back cover to Camels or Chesterfields or somebody every week for enough money to pay the week's entire operating cost. And then I'll never have to "trim" on anything.

Sit down and write me, you old dubber. I love you.  
Yours, *Hubert*