

Sept 29 1930
FRIDAY NIGHT.

Dear Dad and Mother:

Mamie is industriously studying the rules of backgammon, a game which has swept New York this summer. I was interested at once when I learned it was a modification of parchesi--or the other way around, since Backgammon is centuries old. So today Mamie went by Macy's ~~axat~~ and got a board, rules, dice, etc., and we're beginning it. We used to have so much fun at home when I was a kid with our parchesi tournaments after I'd finished studying my lessons. Luke Pryor was very fond of parchesi, too, and he and I played every time I was down there. "Shoot Boooly" was his favorite expression. It's much faster than bridge, something like craps and has taken a big hold on the card playing crowd of New York.

We were not surprised to see by the Democrat that Will Leslie had died; perhaps he is better off because he had no hope of recovery. Was it ever decided what he suffered from? Just a few years ago both he and Luke looked strong enough to last for years.

We had a letter from Atwood about mid-week, mentioning Will's death and saying that she was to be operated on in a day or two. Seems they discovered ~~hax~~ the growth in her ear was not malignant, that radium had caused it to abscess rather than to dwindle and that immediate removal was the best course. She said she had been in intense pain and under codeine most of the time. Her handwriting showed it very clearly, being shaky and uneven. If it would do her any good I'd send Mamie down there for a day or two. Apparently she has friends ~~there~~ in Baltimore or Washington, though.

Mattie Buchanan's tricks don't amuse me much. I think she's pretty much of a petty opportunist, also known as a chiseler. She purposely missed her train while out at our house but we fooled her by shooting her right back to town, to a theatre and into a hotel. Cashing her a ~~laxax~~ check en route, incidentally. She, like most people, has no more sense of ~~gratiti~~ gratitude than a hog.

Ike and Helen seem to be ideally happy. He has said nothing of a catholic ceremony and neither has she, so Ike tells me. We've seen a good deal of them since they were married and Mamie and Helen have been together quite a lot. We find her pretty much O.K., like the singed cat being much better than she looked at first. She pronounced her maiden name just like it's spelled, Shel-kof-sky and it's Polack-French or vice versa. Her pappy is mechanical supt. of the Jax Journal, I think, having held a similar job on one of the Montgomery papers for several years.

I should say Brittle is married; has a wife and two children. Laura, his wife, is with her folks in Fitzgerald, Ga., and Britt will drive through in his new Nash and bring them back about October 1. Britt is a charming fellow and really brilliant. Keenly practical and alert. He also worked in Montgomery and Mobile, right after the war.

Just let me tip you off to the best radio feature nowadays. It's the Camel hour, Thursday nights at 9:30, with Willard Robison's orchestra. Hear him play Handy's many blues, and sing them, it's a panic. He is a composer, arranger, conductor, and a genius to boot. We're going up and watch him broadcast one night soon.

We haven't broken the news to Jen that Sarah doesn't look so hot---and we won't. I never mention any such durable topic, even in unguarded moments.

Sorry you-all can't spot this preacher named Kelly. Perhaps I can get a better line on him later. My friend Fallon is a New York Irishman, but a very high type. Will let you know more of this Kelly when I know his name definitely.

By way of cleaning up loose ends, Mamie will look out for a life-size gravy boat like the Europa and I don't know what has become of Louie. Also note that Pitcher Coffman of the Browns is the father of a new son; perhaps Dad can advise me whether to score this as a wild pitch or a passed ball. Off at the mc Crack on of the bat.

I'll have to finish this off and cover some pressing industrial topics for Dad. With love,

Devotedly,

