

Sept 1, 1930
SUNDAY.

Dear Dad and Mother:

Labor Day with us is a rather dull and stuffy holiday, but it's better thus, I imagine, than trying to go out-of-town in the rush. Every resort and means of conveyance is terribly crowded on holidays and week-ends.

Trust Bob Henry reached home promptly and safely. Bet called, Friday I think, and wanted to have him visit with her. Said her kids were just back from camp and Bob had gotten out of the hospital. I judge he is rapidly recovering by the enclosed clipping from today's Tribune. His sources of income must be practically inexhaustible.

We're quite disturbed over Ike's pre-nuptial difficulties. You know, he is supposed to be married Sept. 8, here, but the union has struck a snag in the fact that the catholic church won't permit them to have a protestant as well as catholic ceremony. Upon the prior assurance that it would be allowed Ike had ~~xxx~~ promised his mother that he would be married in the protestant ~~xxxxxxl~~ faith as well as the other. I spent three hours talking it over with him yesterday. My advice, which he ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ solicited, was to fight it out now instead of making some futile compromise. So I rather think, and hope, that he will tell her she will have to decide between him and the catholic church.

Unfortunately, he now hates the catholic church because of a visit Friday to a priest here in Brooklyn. The priest advised him to just forget about the protestant ceremony and urged him to deceive his mother in regard to his promise. Then he added that if Ike were to have the protestant ceremony first while waiting a

2--
dispensation permitting it, that the girl "would be no better than a common woman" until such time as they went through with the catholic service. I'm surprised Ike didn't bat him in the face. He was thoroughly disgusted with their narrow attitude.

Perhaps they won't wed although the girl has quit her job, accepted numerous heirlooms from Mrs. Parrish, and the announcement of the wedding was published yesterday and today in Jacksonville. Poor Ike is considerably up a tree. I'm afraid he won't settle it once and for all now and thus pile up future difficulties.

Things are none too bright for the Washburns, either. His job at the Manhattan Towers plays out next week and ~~xxxxx~~^{they} will have very little cash coming in. I don't know how they'll live but musicians have ways of getting by better than most people.

Times are very hard here but, I learn from Shelby, W.J. McAnn and Tommy Allen are coming up ~~here~~ and probably will improve the situation. He is fearful lest that pair try to bunk with him.

You could have knocked me over with the Chrysler building when I got your cards from MONTEVALLO (must be, heaven 'cause my Mother wanted to go there). Note that Chic Sale architected Henry Clay Reynolds Hall and a very good job he did of it too. It's a mighty, pretty structure.

Wish I could have had the trip, though. It would have been a pleasure to see that section of Alabama, and Cousin Julia, etc. Alabama certainly has made progress in the last decade, probably more than in any previous score of years.

I imagine the politicking must have been interesting too. The letters of congratulation surprised me a lot, they were ~~from~~ so numerous and from such well known and varied sources. Apparently

3-1
Dad's race attracted a good deal of attention, and that favorable. However, Bob Henry tells me Judge Merrill is a power trust man so I wouldn't expect too much. Keep an eye peeled for their dirty work; it might be possible to expose it in some way. ~~It~~ I didn't realize that the A.P.C. had learned so little from the recent Washington revelations.

Well, I must write Dad a business note before dinner so ~~that~~ I'll finish this off with love to each of you,

devotedly,

Wm