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**Mansfield
Jeffersontown,
Jefferson County,
Kentucky.**

My Dear Mr. Konta -

I return the "perspective" with a few marks. I happen to have put forth several books. So those *lines* I have *marked* out. I think also that as so much is said of me in the body of the document my name should not appear among the signatories. I have been ailing for a day or two, which will explain the delay.

Sincerely
H.W.

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**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

Dear Mr. Konta -

I have made only two marks by way of suggestion. I am just off for Kentucky. I will go to work on the "copy" at once. Good bye, or rather, au revoir.

Sincerely
H.W.

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**Hotel Henry Watterson
Louisville, Ky.**

My Dear Konta -

I return the proof. Of course Eddie Riggs should *read* and revise if need be his matter. We need only look sharp after repetitions in the main text of the Chapters.

H.W.

**The New Hotel Monteleone
New Orleans**

Dec. 18th 1915

My dear Mr. Konta

I seize the very first leisure moment since the arrival of the gorgeous basket of roses, to thank you with all my heart for so kind and touching remembrance of our Golden Wedding Day.

I wish indeed that you could look in upon us at this blessed time! Our friends are trying to make us forget that we are no longer young and charming.

I hope in the near future to have the pleasure of telling you how very much your friendship is appreciated by my husband.

He joins me in kind regards and best wished.

Sincerely
Rebecca Watterson

**Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.**

Jany the 19th 1916

My Dear Konta -

Here we are again in God's country and settled for the rest of the Winter. Come down and take a plunge in the ocean. First, how are you, and, second, how goes our book? It is very lovely on the bay and the fish they tell me bite beautiful. "Drop me a line," as the Pompano said to the tenderfoot.

Your Friend
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.**

March 1st 1916

My Dear Konta - With printers and publishers one must do as he can, not as he would. Thank you for the dummy. It will assuredly make an imposing and I hope a satisfactory book.

It seems to me that you might with advantage give out the excerpt matter I enclose, adding to it the two, or three remaining pages which are missing from the matter sent to me. Being so wholly local any one of the dailies would be glad to get it. The part referring to Tilden, as you will recall, was printed by the "World." It I have eliminated. In this do, however, as you deem best.

I shall ask you to hold my completed volumes until I reach home early in April, when I will write, or wire. I break camp here the 15th, taking it leisurely back to Kentucky via several intermediate points.

My affectionate salutation to the Serkle of Kulture at the Club, an orange drink on the side with Britt!

Your Friend
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla., March 26th, 1916

My Dear Konta;

Do me the favor to send my copies of our "History" by parcel post to -
Jeffersontown

Jefferson County
Kentucky

I am on my way home and shall get there by the time this reaches you.

I hope to be in New York early in May when we may crook elbows and _____ to beat the band.

I did not see how the Club election came out. Kindly advise me

Your Friend
Henry Watterson

**Prince George Hotel
Fifth Avenue & 28th Street**

Oct. 31st 1916

My dear Mr. Konta:

I am living in a flower garden of your making, and I am trying to tell you how happy I am, and how grateful for your kind remembrance of me. It is an old love - my love for flowers. In my early childhood I lived in our greenhouses in winter and in the open garden in summer and, somehow, they have seemed to me part and parcel of my being.

Believe me, my garden this morning is as fresh and gay as yesterday, for have I not bathed each flower and given it its place of recognition for the day?

Sincerely your friend
Rebecca Watterson

The Courier Journal

825 Ninth Street
Miami, Fla.
Jan. 20th '17

My Dear Mr. Konta -

Here I am, a trifle the worse for wear, but still able to sit up and take notice. Between the middle of November and the middle of December - when I reached this sunny land - I was down and out. I had taken a house here, and, surrounded by a flock of children and grand-children, with Mrs. Watterson to boss the ranch, I am getting to be myself again. I am writing just to say "Howdy - good luck and God bless you!" These scraps may amuse an idle moment. Drop me a line once in a while. Mrs. W. desires to be remembered heartily, and I am

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

The Courier Journal
Miami, Florida
March 24th 1917

My Dear Konta:

I am just shooting off to that ribald sheet in Kentucky a few incongruial [sic] remarks anent your excellent letter in the World about a Department of Education. The suggestion is wholly admirable. Why not retire Woodrow from the Presidency and make him perpetual Minister of Education?

Frank Cobb might elaborate this idea in one - or more! - of his thundering editorials!

I break camp here in a few days taking it leisurely back to God's country. But you may look for me to swoop down upon the Man-of-all-Work Club the last of April, or early in May. As soon thereafter as possible a dinner. The cartel shall read that whoso gets up from table sober shall be subject to fine, or imprisonment, either or both! This is prohibition territory and I am as dry as a bone.

Your Friend
Henry Watterson

“On the Wing”

[A newspaper clipping, as follows, is pasted on the page.]

Mantle Marble Recovering
Special Cable to the New York Times

London. March 23. - Sir Martin Conway informed The New York Times today that Manton Marble, who has lately been seriously ill, had rallied marvelously and might live for years. Mr. Marble is in his eighty-third year. More than forty years ago he was editor and proprietor of the New York World.

So, it seems that Marble is still after all alive. It is queer. He is 87 years old. I know this because in 1860, when I first knew and became intimate with him he was 30, I 20. The dates in his case perhaps were lost in the shuffle. In 1886, thirty years ago, I crossed the ocean with him. Afterward, Mr Dana and I fell in with him in Paris and in Switzerland when he acted so oddly that we both reached the opinion that he was doping himself.

H.W.

Mch 28th 1917

**The Courier Journal
Louisville**

May 3rd 1917

My Dear Konta;

I shall reach the hospitable "shades" of the Manhattan Club next Tuesday evening the 8th inst. prepared for the worst! We'll make you President of Hungary yet. I looks toward you!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

May 8th 1917

My Dear Konta -

You are all too good. Likewise too splendid. We shall be calling you "Alexander the Magnificent!"

Aside from its "numerosity" your list is unimpeachable. Since you ask me to "name a friend," let me suggest General - Doctor - M. O. Terry - my scientific running mate, who may be found at the Waldorf-Astoria. Dr. Terry was Surgeon General of New York for twelve years. He owns most of the town of Fort Myers, Florida, and is a gentleman well worth knowing. I think you met him with me and will recall him. There is no one else unless you ask Randolph Marshall, who is Mr. Burnett's factotum and manager of the Herald and a man well to know.

I am held here by matters of urgency, but shall reach New York - the Club - not later than Friday evening.

Your Friend
Henry Watterson

Manhattan Club
Madison Square
5 P.M.

My dear Col. Watterson:

I find as the afternoon wears on the usual fever of a *malarial* cold is coming on. With me it culminates from 8 to 10 - rendering me anything but a sympathetic companion or an enjoyer of the good things which will be before you to night.

Prudence advises me that home and bed is my best role for tonight - even at the loss of your good fellowship which to me would be the *attractive* point of the whole affair.

Please make my regrets to Mr. Konta who, as I understand is the dispenser of *joy* -

As ever

Yours

J. B. Burbank

Manhattan Club
Madison Square

May the 29th 1917

My Dear, Dear Konta;

I must go to-day. I am all in. If I go farther I go dead, and you don't want a dead one on your hands! I go, but shall come again! Good bye, good luck and God bless you -

Affectionately

Henry Watterson

Manhattan Club
Madison Square

Aug. 17th 1917

My Dear Alexander: The Kids were crazy for Coney Island. They would have of Saratoga. Did't want that though - not even C___ - only their dip in the ocean and the merry-go-round of dreamland. So, we had to come straight through. You and I will have our fling later. Just a word to say "how'dy." Mrs. W. sends her cordial regards.

Your Friend

H.W.

**Reisenweber's
Hotel Shelburne
Ocean Parkway, Brighton Beach, N.Y.**

Aug. 31st 1917

My Dear Alexander;

I have received your terrifying letter. To escape the sanguinary decree of the Lord High Executioner, I fly in *continently* to the Capital of my Country, to the protection of my government, to the bosom of Woodrow! I am off for Washington! Excuse the pen - you can not excuse the ink! I shall come again! Beware!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[Note at top: "rec'd 8/17/17 with clippings from "C.J."]

These scraps may amuse you. They will show you that

"I am lonely without you -

Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about you."

Who was the ___ woman that Martindale robbed? Please ascertain and drop me a line.

Aff H.W.

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier Journal
Louisville**

Oct. 13th 1917

My Dear Alexander - Take a minute to look over the field and tell me - confidentially - man to man what you think of the New York situation and outlook.

Aff
H.W.

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier Journal
Louisville**

Oct. 18th 1917

My Dear Alexander - Thank you hartily [sic]. At this distance it seems that the World's disclosures about Hylan ought to beat him. The menace of Hilquitt ought likewise to mass the same vote on Mitchell. On the whole I think I will bet on his reelection. Certainly his defeat would be a sort of calamity. Love to Frank. He is making a great fight and as I think of the strongest line.

Aff H.W.

Henry Watterson
Editor

The Courier Journal
Louisville
"Mansfield"
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

Nov. 26th 1917

My Dear Alexander - We did have a good time "for sho'" - though perhaps we overworked the phiz water and failed to take account of the prismatic tints of the evolutionary cock-tail! Why will you drink, my dear? Beware of Rum! Beware of those pop-eyed sluts of a certain club! Just a line to say "how'dy" I am a peasant slave again and lead the simple life. Take ker o' yerself!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

P.S. I have just read a readable novel - "Scandals, by Cosmo Hamilton
H.W.

Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.

Jan'y 27th 1918

My Dear Alexander;

Here we are at last upon our old camping ground, comfortably bestowed and settled for the winter, and I crooks my elbow and I looks toward you!

How goes it with you?

Do write and tell me something. What was it caused the World to sheer away from Wilson and then to sheer back again? What are the boys up to at the Club? Have you paid Frank Cobb that twenty five cents he says you owe him?

I expect to be in New York by the middle of April, going directly from Florida, my first purpose to embrace you and then attend the annual meet of the Associated Press.

Affectionately,
H.W.

**Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.**

Feb'y 4th 1918

[Not addressed] When the wind is howling- and the weather falling - slippers on and sweater - somethin' on the side to drink - nothing else to do - these clippings may amuse an idle half hour without too much reminding you of canvasback and terrapin, Key West crayfish and Florida pompano - "Yum! Yum!"

H.W.

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. Mch 24th 1918

My Dear Alexander;

I am thus far on my way homeward, having broken camp a week ago at Miami. It is the loveliest place in the world and I shall not rest until you have seen and enjoyed it. We have passed a delightful winter but are glad that it is over. I shall attend the annual meet of the Associated Press in New York the last of April and hope to remain long enough for you and I - just you and I - to find some cosy hole-in-the-wall to talk it over! Meanwhile - love and affection! Mrs W wishes to be cordially remembered. These printed scraps may amuse an idle half hour if you ever have such an anomaly!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**The Courier Journal
Louisville, Ky.**

July the 9th 1918

Where art thou, oh, my friend? I have come up out of the Valley of Death. I am yearning for a turn among the Delectable Mountains!

H.W.

**Reisenweber's
Hotel Shelburne
Brighton Beach, N.Y.**

Sept the 6th 1918

My Dear Alexander; We shall remain here until next Wednesday the 11th - why can't you and Mrs Konta come down and have a shore dinner with us - any evening about 7:30 - a *bully* good kitchen? I am getting on slowly in regaining strenth [sic], but apparently surely.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier Journal
Louisville, Ky.**

[circa Oct 7 1918]

All Hail Konta!

I looks toward you, Konta!

I am with you, and I want to

Knock some one down in your behalf!

Drop me a line!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**The Courier Journal
Louisville, Ky.**

Oct 12th 1918

Don't let these things trouble you. In the long run tittle-tattle and bully-ragging never hurt any man. Brace up, and we'll have many a bout together.

Affectionately
H.W.

**Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.**

Dec the 18th 1918

My Dear Alexander; Quit your mooning and drooning, pack your grip and take the Florida Limited. Change cars at Jacksonville. Catch the night express for Key West and get off at Miami next day. You will find here two old friends whose hearts will hail your coming and grow brighter and warmer when you come. This is an earthly paradise. Not only Cale Van Hamm and I, but Mrs Van Hamm and Mrs Watterson, will help put the big pot in the little one. This is an excellent hotel. The company is of the best. Forget all about the beastly smelling committees that smell nothing. We want to see you.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Halcyon
On Biscayne Bay and the Sea
Miami, Fla.**

Dec 22nd 1918

My Dear Alexander; Our letters, written the same day, crossed en route, which shows that -

“You love me and I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.”

Mrs. Watterson says that there is more truth than poetry in this, and sends her love for good measure.

Do write at once and tell me if there has been a break between Frank Cobb and Woodrow Wilson, as one might infer from a recent paragraph in the New York Herald.

Brace up, cheer up and, as the grasshopper observed to the bumble-bee, “have some style about you.” Don’t doubt that your friends love you heartily. We know you murdered the girl. We also know that you cut the heart out of the bunch of cabbage. What are trifles of that sort? You wear your sensibilities too much on the outside. Never say die, and shuffle the cards!

Van Hamm sends greetings.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson