

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

Jan'y the 20th 1919

My Dear Alexander; Thanks for your very welcome letter. We are leading the simple life down here - very simple. The swells and the sports go to Palm Beach - the ladies and gentlemen come to Miami. I am writing in a desultory way an autobiography under contract with the Doran people - to appear first serially in the Saturday Evening Post. A big - very big - money offer got me. I do not need money. But, have you not heard me say, as I swept a fat pot from the middle of the table, -"how I love money!"

You do me infinite honor anent the picture. I am delighted to learn that it will hang in the Club. This is much better than the Metropolitan Museum. If debts are ever paid by

"Deep affection,
and recollection"

be sure you have the wherewithal in daily installments!

The health of both of us is perfect for people at our time of life. This is a delightful hotel. The occasional yachting life varies the hum-drum of society, whilst around about we have some agreeable people to keep us from going to sleep entirely.

Nevertheless we are counting the days between now and springtime, when we shall break camp and tend northward, with little old New York the objective point in our cartel of travel.

The world is in a mess, is it not? May it not be on its last legs staggering toward the abyss that yawns before it? I wonder.

I am ready to dance before it is too late and Old Teetotal bids Gabriel blow his horn!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

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

Jan'y 31st 1919

My Dear Mr Konta, - Just a word to say "how'd'ye" and commend the enclosed to your friendly survey. It will show you where I am and what I am about. Reduced to words this would read "doing nothin' but enjoyin' hisself in Heaven!" I shall be with you the middle of April. Don't let the boys drink it all up before I get there. After the 30th of June - the Deluge! Except to say "I love you," I have nothing to write about. One day here is just like another. From sun to sun, from flower to flower, from girl to ___! No, never any more!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

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

Feb the 19th 1919

My Dear Alexander; There "warnt no buffday dinner" - nor breakfast, nor supper - "nor nothin' of the kind." If there had been yours would have been the first "invite." We shall have our fling in April when I hope to be in New York, "head and tail erect!"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

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

Feb 27th 1919

My Dear Alexander; I am counting the days now - presently shall be counting the hours - when I shall be in dear, little old New York, both with you and of you! We are booked to leave here the 29th of March. Stopping over a day or two in Washington - to get a look at Woodrow's hair - this should bring us to the Hotel Prince George the 2nd or 3rd of April. Will it be possible to get a drink, or - in anticipation of July - is everything already closed? My health continues robust. I am a trifle ahead of my poker game. All I need is the shake of a hearty hand and the sound of a voice that is dear! This is you, Alexander dear, and - maybe - if he will be good, Frank Cobb. Get the Saturday Evening Post - March 1st - containing the first installment of my autobiography. The best part of it is I get \$25,000, spot cash, and in a volume later on for the Dorans \$5,000 more with the usual royalties, which they assure me will amount to \$100,000 more. So, I shall be able to "set 'em up."

Affectionately
H.W.

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

Mch 21st 1919

My Dear Alexander; Drop it! Let it fade from your memory! I promptly declined a proposed dinner from the Lotos Club and wrote to Phoenix Ingraham asking him not to proceed with Manhattan Club dinner. Functions - all functions - are hateful to me. We shall forgather in the days now - and crook elbows - but no **Functions!** See?

Affectionately
H.W.

[Two notes on Manhattan Club note paper. The first undated but in April: "My Dear Alexander; I can wait no longer. My wife calls me. Aff H.W.
The second, April 13th 1919, "Good bye, good luck and God bless you! Aff H.W.]

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

May the Third 1919

Where art thou, oh, mon frere?
Wot t'!!!
And old Cobb? Which cob? Corn-Cobb!
Does the Manhattan Club stand in the same old place?
Is anybody love anybody, anywhere?
Don't everybody speak at once!
Aff H.W.
"Let the *Canakin* clink!"

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

June the 12th 1919

My Dear Alexander; There is nothing the matter with me that love won't cure, and I have nothing to complain of in the matter of love! Yet, I think I give what I get, for it seems to me that the older I grow the harder I love - and the more grateful for love - to none more than to you.

I have not written because I have been in the throes of an Autobiography and there has been "nothing doing" out here in the wilds except that.

Mrs W and I expect to go East about the middle of July - the Shelburne, Brighton Beach - where and whereabouts we shall pass six, or eight, or ten weeks.

What are your summer plans, dear boy? Write and give me a tip, or two anent the lads at the club and the ladies of fashion around Sherry's and Delmonico's.

I can still sit up and take notice.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

The Courier Journal

July the 31st 1919

My Dear Konta; You know that I love Frank Cobb. Nothing would give me greater happiness than the joust - the drink-fest - you propose in his honor. But an "Octoroon" - or is it Octogenarian? - must consult his capabilities. I am booked to attend the annual meet of the Inter-State Perry Commission, of which I am the V.P. at Put-in-Bay the 25th of August, meaning to go thence to New York. I am not equal to making two journeys in one month, which cooks my convivial goose for the 6th. But I promise to be with you heart and soul, and - also - that I will tell it in gaol, nor proclaim it in the streets of *Asehlon*, that you are going to violate the laws of your country and indulge in spirituous - perhaps in malt - liquors! *Look* - how'll you get it? How can you publicly drink it? How conceal your condition going home? Frank is but a boy yet. You and he may yet dance the can-can on the grave of Prohibition. But I - Alas and alas, am a-well-a-day!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

Friday Aug 22nd 1919

I loves you, dear Alexander, and "I looks toward you." I am here for a month - maybe for six weeks - supervising the publication of My "Memoirs" - the volumes "half calf" - My local habitation the Prince George Hotel - "Do you get me?"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

Wednesday [Aug. 27]

My Dear Alexander; I am not feeling well at all - rather too much for a starter yesterday - and must go over to the Prince George and *turn it*. Happily the world does not end with this week! Make my compliments and regrets to my colleague of St Louis, and believe me as ever

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

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

My Dear Mr. Konta:

Thank you a thousand times for the magnificent red roses. They bring a message of cheer and Kind remembrance.

Sincerely
Rebecca Watterson

Thursday, Aug. 28th

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

Aug the 31st 1919

My Dear Alexander; Apropos of what we were saying last night I come upon the enclosed among my proof slips.

Aff H.W.

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

Sept 21st 1919

My Dear Alexander; Do not forget that you are to lunch with me - here at the club - the coming Wednesday, 10 o'clock, midday, to meet Col. Marion Taylor, of Kentucky, My Kinsman and friend - no one else except ourselves and Col Sam *Buck*.

Aff
H.W.

[Two notes, both stamped Sep 22 1919, the first on Manhattan Club note paper: "Dear Alexander; The enclose is from my "Autobiography" - I do not think I sent it with the other matter. Aff H.W."]

The second on Prince George Hotel note paper: "These are suggestive of my familiar knowledge of France and my life-long friendliness to the French people. H.W."]

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

Oct 3rd 1919 [date-stamped Oct 8]

My Dear Alexander; Our journey homeward was uneventful - always is - but we arrived in time for a birthday dinner - one of the grandchildren - your bunch of Orchids, which Mrs W has carefully preserved, holding the center of the table!

Write! What have I to write about? One day is like another at "Mansfield." It seems that Doran requires additional "copy" and I shall have a bit to do for a day or two. Then? I believe I will write a play in ten acts and twenty tableaux! Plenty of murder and fornication with a touch of Adultery!!

Love to Frank Cobb!
Have one on the House! H.W.

The Courier-Journal

Nov. the 7th 1919

My Dear Alexander; I am delighted to have the opportunity of endorsing Louis Mark - to whom my salutation! - and of serving any wish of yours. "Heah's yer mule."

I was tickled mos' to death, as the darkeys say, by the result in Kentucky. It cleans out a vile nest at Frankfort. Morrow will make an able Governor and is a dear, good fellow beside. Party politics cuts no figure with me.

The printers strike seems for the present to have put an estopal upon the speedy appearance of our book. If they get it out by Christmas I shall be satisfied. I think that in price they are putting it at too high a figure. What do you think?

We shall be pulling out for Florida the last of the month. Thus far all of us has escaped the ravage of our beastly climate. We shall go to Havana direct for a month - then maybe Nassau - not settling down at Miami - the only decent place in Florida - before the beginning of the New Year. All of us wish you could run down there before the Winter is over.

Be gentle with Frank Cobb. He is getting along in years, you know, and Lord! think of having to *carry* [curry?] Woodrow!! By the way, I am afraid poor old Woodrow is in a bad way and I have written him a friendly letter.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**The Courier-Journal
Louisville**

Nov 27th 1919

My Dear Alexander; We are just starting for Cuba, via Floriday, expecting to pass the whole of December, and perhaps January, in Havana. Look! If you could join us there! Why can't you? As my little Granddaughter says "Wot's the matter er yer?" Are you nothing but a Wall Street money-grubber? A Manhattan Club gambler? Has Frank Cobb hypnotized you? Or is he too profitable a sport? This message to him -

"Frank - if you were not a poor dog day laborer - or worse, an ill-paid Night *hawk* - Frank if you had any git-up and git, or style about you! - you would pick up Margaret and the kids and take a day off - take the Havana boat with Aleck - dominoes goin' an' comin' - and run over to Kuby!"

This message to Mrs Cobb - "I know that Frank is hard to bear! I have found him so. But Lor' child, he aint no wus'n common! Give him time an' he'll come round all right! But, meanwhile - Cuby! Havanny! - both of you - jess for a week! - jess for a day, or two - the "World" could afford the expenses."

On receipt of this I want you and Frank to dine with me at the Club the 20th of December - to dine with Mrs Watterson and me - Carte Blanche - I have the needful wine hid out - McCurdy will show you - neither of us will be there in the body, both in the spirit - writing me - sending me a certificate - that you did so.

Let me warn you and Frank against growing old. It is all foolishness. The French aphorism is the wisdom of the ages - "a man is as old as he feels, a woman -" - Well I have known some of 'm looked pretty good at 78 - Mrs Watterson's age!!

Show this to Margaret!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Our Havana Address - Care of the Daily Post, Havana, Cuba.

**Hotel Inglaterra
Habana**

Dec 14th 1919

My Dear Alexander; Just to say "how'd ye" and "hooray" and "lay me in the grave with Juliette!"

"And on his breast a turtle dove,
To tes-ti-fy that he died in love."

We leave to-morrow for the States. Drop me a line when you feel like it to Hotel Halcyon, Miami, Fla. Where we shall pass the rest of the Winter

Aff
H.W.

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

Feb 1st 1920

My Dear Alexander; I am rejoiced to learn through Jim Buckley that you are turning your eye favorably in this direction. I shall rejoice yet more to take your hand and welcome you to Paradise. Miami is no less.

Joe Greaves, the Manager of the Royal Palm, who has just left me (for three weeks old lumbago has laid me by the heels!) bids me say to you that he will make provision for you of some sort, terminating in what you require; first a bunk swung to the telephone lines; then a cot in the laundry, with a dining-room attachment; and, finally, a parlor suite - but no lady appendage! I think you can safely chance it.

So, come along. A jazz band shall meet you at Miramar. The Pompano in Biscayne Bay are dancing to greet you. Brer Tarrypin sends you a wireless to say "how'd ye."

Aff
H.W.

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

Feb the 16th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I am Eighty years old to-day. That is a little beyond the span of most of my forbears, though none of them died young. I enjoy life measurably - shall have a luncheon and dinner in honor of the event - but the end has no terror for me and I shall be ready to go whenever the Master calls.

I sent the volumes to the French Ambassador and received promptly the enclosed friendly acknowledgment.

It is a grief that you are not coming to Miami. Also, a mistake. The travel is not so bad and the place Paradisaic - strawberries and cream and perpetual sunshine. Good looking girls too!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

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

Feb 24th 1920

My Dear Alexander; It occurs to me that you may not have gone to the Traymore, and I write to say that I sent you a letter there containing an interesting enclosure.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

I was grievously disappointed by your change of plan.
H.W.

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. Sunday Mch 7th 1920

My Dear Alexander; After sundry and divers adventures by flood and field, here we are in a comfortable hotel, where we shall remain until the end of the month; then homeward, Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Kentucky; then April 27th to New York, where, April 29th, the Kentucky Society will "tender" - I believe that is the word - me what they call a "banquet." You will receive an invitation and I shall rely upon your presence. After the "performance" we will go off somewhere and have some fun!

I wish you might run over here if only for a day, or two. This part of Florida is delightful all through March. The pompano are plump and abundant; the crabs and crawfish are soothing; but there is no drink. If one wants to make a [word indecipherable] bow-wow of a beast of himself he must go to the Bermudas, or Hell-for-Sartin, or to Cuby! Come along!

What shall we do for a drink in New York? Couldn't we pitch a tent somewhere in the wilds of Madison Square? How this world is given to Hy-poc-ra-cy! I am beginning to suspect Woodrow Wilson!

Take keer o'yourself. Ez fer Frank Cobb's politic emulate the renowned Simon *Sugg* mandate as to religion - "fergit it!"

Tell the boys about the Club to beware of drink, and, as our little friend Richelieu observed, "if you must have something to love, Your Majesty, love me!"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. March 19th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I have never sought to appear "what I is'nt" - to prance in borrowed plumage - as Andrew Johnson once observed "to go whoring after strange Gods!" I confess to a stiff back and a game leg. But, when it comes to sitting in with you and Phoenix Ingraham and Frank Cobb I can hold my own and maintain the honor of the day when there were giants, including a John Van Buran, a Martin M[rest of name smeared, unreadable], and a Charles Boanerges *Wuax*!!

The message to [word indecipherable] O'Brien was on the wires thirty minutes after your letter reached me. Lord, how I wish I might have been there to do loving homage to Phil Britt. A sweeter-natured gentleman does not press shoe-leather.

We shall continue here a week yet. Then directly home. A succession of domestic concerns of one sort and another will keep me in Kentucky until the 27th of April when I shall take the train for little old New York - to meet the Kentucky Society which gives me a banquet the 29th. Then - then We Will Sport!

How dare you talk to me about being "depressed" and - except the drink gets short - "low spirrits?" In the bright lexicon of Youth and beauty there's no such word as "the blues." Quit gambling and go to gambolling - with the girls! Those that you and Phoenix can not stand up to, turn them Over To Mee.

Buy me long on red heads and short on brunettes!

Woodrow is becoming just a kind of faker. Hoover is a myth. And Bryan's the same old donkey he has always been. My Presidential choice is Rosalie Jones! I am agin the Treaty. I am agin the Hohenzollern. But I love my old Monte Carlo sporting partner Anastasia! I have a letter from her in which she says "the Riviera is lonely without you." Ah, me, "Ten on the Zero and the limit on 36 in the deep, dark black."

And next day it snowed.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

March 23 1920

My Dear Alexander; Depression - sometimes mental and sometimes physical and sometimes both - is temperamental. Now and then, when you get Aces-up beat by Three Douces [sic] it becomes improcative [sic]. You are no longer a young man yet you are not an old man. Unless you force it you will not be for twenty years yet. Look at Mee! I am four score.

- "four score and upwards and I fear
not in my perfect mind" -

Yet, I count myself a man of high aspirations and peregrination, and - unless you mind your gait, and listen to reason, and, in point of fact, take a drink - I will have nothing to do with such *scopungers* as yourself! Show this to Phoenix Ingraham and have one on the house - that's me - from the reserve *cache* in your possession, or words to that effect!

When I reached your age I thought it was all over. The girls were - measurably! The gamble was [word unreadable] ceases to amuse and did'nt need the money! But the drink was'nt - "camaraderie" - after all the back-bone - the *shield* and buckles - of the virile man. Two and three years ago the comrades of a life-time - Jack Macauley and Charley Pierce - were snatched from me. But you remain. And Frank Cobb remains. (I'll masachree that boy yet if he don't let up on ole Woodrow!) And I want to add the President of the Club if he will let me. I promise not to be a garulouse old man. Just an *aposite* [or "eposite"] story now and then.

We leave here the coming Saturday. Home the next day. Three weeks of virtue there. Then the 28th of April - the green-sward of Madison Square, with the blessed hope of something to allay the dust of travel and quench the thirst of the insurrecto!

Love to all. If you happen to catch John *Linn* sober, love to him. Drop me a line to Jeffersontown.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

April the 5th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I have not been over well since I came up from Florida. Old Anno Domini chiefly. Yet if you could drop in on me I could furnish you occasion to sit up and take notice. Fried chicken with cream gravy. Peas and asparagus right out of the garden. And something to wash 'em down. Still a good bottle of red, or white wine - maybe of Assmannshauser - certainly of straight Rhine wine - a bit of Kentucky whisky forty years old - no more champagne, alas! Will you come? Are'nt you going to St. Louis and can't you drop in en passant, as we Oitalians say?

What do the boys about the Club do for a drop o' spirits? Has it ceased to be respectable to be a drunkard? Has John Lynn reformed? Do they hold the prayer-meetings in the Old Bar, or the Wash Room? Has McCurdy joined the Choir Invisible?

I am sure Phoenix Ingraham is yet on deck - "with a heart for every fate" - and that there must be some place where we may get together and forget the Pussyfoots!

Just a line to say 'I love you' and to invoke a smile!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

The Courier-Journal

Jeffersontown, April 15th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I was over-induced - lured - into accepting from the Kentucky Society of New York an invitation to a banquet in my honor fixed for the 29th, inst. On reflection, and after my return home, the folly - vanity - futility - of this impressed themselves on my mind and I wrote withdrawing my consent a week ago. The P.O. is so uncertain. No acknowledgment of this letter. Maybe it miscarried? The correspondent's address I enclose. [Note attached: "Joseph M. Hartfield, Care of White & Case, 14 Wall Street."] Won't you do me the very great favor to drop by 14 Wall Street and make sure?

I have received at one time and another, of one sort and another *commonigers* like the enclosed. [From reading Konta's reply, Watterson is talking about a request from the French War Library for a free subscription to the Courier-Journal and some of his wartime files.] My friendship for France would insure methods of succor far beyond any League of Nations. In no event will the Wilson "League" carry - anywhere - before the people or the Senate.

I shall scarcely be in New York now before the Mid-Summer. Then you and I will paint the old thing Sky Blue - or Red!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

May the 8th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I wish I might be with you in Atlantic City. I like sea food. I dote on the Board Walk. Time was when the girls were "no slouchs" and, as Bardwell Slote observed, "no mo' was I."

We could talk philosophy and muse upon the peticoats that were, not all of them the cleanest!

Where shall you be in July and August?

I still have a bit of pain in the back, but the "misery in the chest" is almost gone. It is that dam'd old bone in the leg! Old age is scarcely a blessing. It would have been worth considerably more than 30 cents to me if I had never been born. See?

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

May the 12th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I wrote you in care of the Traymore - an arrow in the air - and am sending this to Exchange Place to make sure of not letting go your dear, old hand. I am still down with lumbago. Anno Domini has always been a hard task-master.

Where shall you be during July and August? What's to hinder you taking a week off and looking in upon this "earthly paradise." I can not offer you any of the excitement of the Club - the Wilsonian surprises of Frank Cobb - the wit and wisdom of John Lynn - even the beauty and grace of Phoenix Ingraham - just a bit of bacon and greens, with a morsel of old Bourbon - very old Bourbon - to wash 'em down!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[Note on paper, by Konta: "Shall try to visit Marse Henry and to test his V.O. Bourbon.]

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

May the 21st 1920

My Dear Alexander; Eureka! Come at your own sweet will. All days are alike at Mansfield and every one is summer!

On reaching Louisville go to the Courier-Journal office and to the room of my Secretary, Mr. Y. E. Johnson, who will put you en route to Jeffersontown. The trolley Station is just across the Street. At Jeffersontown the Watterson Express Unlimited will be waiting for you. Ten minutes more and here you are!

Old lumbago still has his bony hand upon me, but I can creep about and sit up and take notice, and, likewise - a little on the sly! - a drink! Hurrah for Bill HohenWhatshisname! Hurrah for Debs! Hurrah for Crime! Down with Virtue and Prohibition! "Another bottle of Champagne for the ladies in the Back Parlor!"
Who said "Dry?"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

June the 2nd 1920

My Dear Alexander; I will not say that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but I did hope to have you with us ere this. Never have I seen the country-side more gorgeous in its flora and greeneries. After your Board Walk adventures you stood in need of rest - repose - the simple life of buttermilk and whiskey!

Well, don't get too much back in the grind of the Wall Street melé. The Penn train around 2 o'clock, p.m. is due to reach Louisville at the same hour next day - drive to the C-J office - Johnson will be waiting with a car to bring you directly out - and, lo, the Fried Chicken!

Tell dear old Frank that if he does not put a stopper on his friend Woodrow I will accept an offer of a million a week from the Wood, Johnson, *Loudon* crowd to go to New York and edit The Independent Bumble-Bee And Blow Gun. It may "skeer" him! Then you will beat him at dominoes and we will go off and enjoy the proceeds!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

June the 10th, 1920

Alexander! You can't fool me! You have too good a thing in Frank Cobb and can't let go! Poor Frank! I am sorry for Frank. Except for the Deputy Sheriffs en route, and the arid wastes at the end of the journey, I would take the next train for New York.

Now listen: the world is on the way to its Fourth Collapse. Tyre and Ninevah have gone. Greece has gone. Rome has gone. At High Noon the Thirteenth of June, 2013, the Bolsheviki having swallowed Europe, Asia and Africa, Prohibition having degenerated America - the Women actually on top of the men - the trump[et] will sound - the flag will drop, and Old Hell-fer-Sartin take possession of *Yonkers* Dam and all other sea-ports - then an interregnum of Ten Thousand Years, when each of us shall be born again - the Manhattan Club at the North East Corner of the South West Section of Heaven! See?

Let's all turn Republican - get on the dam'd old boat and sink it. My preference still being for Debs if I can't get Carrie - always partial to caatts!

Aff
H.W.

A Threnody

Indited by A. Korn Kobbe In Memory of Frank Irving Cobb

I

You write that Frank is always wrong.
But ere I say that's bunk,
Won't you with me in part agree
He's sometimes right - when drunk?

II

You write that Frank is always wrong,
Which seems a drastic quiz,
For well you know at domino
He's dead right out for biz!

III

You write that Frank is always wrong -
I grant in politics
He's off his base in Woodrow's race,
And headed for a fix.

IV

His efforts hard straight Wilson-ward
To lure the Democrats,
Though bravely spoke will end in smoke,
The bunch exclaiming - "rats!"

V

But after all tis not for us
To take the judgment seat;
For you and me well know that he
Is mighty hard to beat.

VI

So, let dear Frank e'en turn his crank
What if he does go wrong -
A pal more sweet we shall not meet
In story, or in song!

Jeffersontown
Jefferson Kounty
Kaintucke
And also Konta!

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

The Fourth of July

Washington's birthday - the day when Frank Cobb nominated and elected Herbert Hoover President of the United States and Phoenix Ingraham drove the Prohibitionists out of the Manhattan Club - Our *kindofa* day!

My Dear Alexander; It is too bad you could not have come to us when the dew was on the Side-Board and the meadows in their bloom; for, in mid-summer, Kentucky is God's country for sho'! I am saving you a bottle of Chambertin of '88. I still have some whiskey of '80 - if the pesky dry agents dont drop down upon it.

You ask me for my politics. I am an anarchist. Debs and Goldman is my Presidential ticket. Then - la Deluge! File then let there be cakes and ale! If any man says "Bryan," shoot him on the spot!

Old Anno Domini has been treating me scanlous. Lumbago. Stitch in my side, misery in my chest, bone in my leg. Chills an'ager. Natur left me. Nearly as old as John Lynn. Yet still in the ring.

Are you going to Saratogy? It is unfixed when we go East. Maybe not till the last of August. Then a month, or two in town after a week or two at Coney. What do the boys do for a drink between drinks?

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

July 6th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I have not been as happy in many a day as I am this morning by reason of the nomination of Cox at San Francisco. He has been from the first my choice - my only choice - and I believe his chance of election is good notwithstanding the mess Wilson has made of things Democratic. The Club ought to get up a rousing ratification. Put me down for 3 - three - drinks, and a pony on the side with you and Frank!

Aff
H.W.

Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky

July the 16th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I am returning the clippings. If they have any value pray keep them. Those that refer to Cox you might post in the Club as a rebuke to sinners. The poor fool Easterners! They know nothing - care for nothing - West of Jersey.

Was *Elwell's* woman - the Kraus girl - a Madame and the place in 63rd Street a "house?"
Forgive me if you know nothing of such things!

Don't be a poor dog wandering round the glimpses of the moon after Mrs Konta takes her boat, but pack your traps and take train for

Mansfield

Jeffersontown

Jefferson County

Kentucky

Affectionately

Henry Watterson

The poor old Manhattan - the dry old Manhattan - The drinkless Manhattan of Madison Square!
[Word missing] for John Lynn My heart goes out to Phoenix Ingraham. Also, for Genl. Burbank!

"Mansfield" - July the 24th 1920

My Dear Alexander; It is not possible for me to be in New York the 6th of August. Could not Frank Cobb arrange between now and Christmas - or, say Thanksgiving - to change the date of his birthday? August is no month to be born in. But, if this may not be and the clan is bound to forgather, may I not - as a certain party would say - may I not contribute to the solemnity of the occasion something out of the small store of alleviants in your possession, a drop, or two of Angostura, or, maybe, a cigar?

I can not figure it out any way but that Cox is bound to be elected. Harding seems to me a respectable dub. I shall vote for Debs of course - if Emma Goldman fails to get back in time - being a Futurist of the Charley Murphy persuasion [sic]! Don't tell anybody. Tell Phoenix Ingraham to beware of the Bolshoveki of Riverside Drive and ask John Lynn to take a drink.

You missed your chance to see Kentucky in her glory when you failed to come in June. It is as hot as blazes now. But the electric fans are all over the house and the warmth of your welcome remains in expectancy unabated.

"So long!" Au Revoir! Passer le temp au graton?

Aff

H.W.

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier-Journal
Louisville**

Jeffersontown, Aug 24th 1920

My Dear Alexander; It seems to me that Cox will sweep the country as Roosevelt did in 1904. Harding is not unlike Parker - a most respectable candidate who lacks the gift of making votes. Cox is "a Corker," as Teddy was. There is neither go, glow or grow among the Republicans. The Democrats are fairly united and by mid-autumn they will get into their fighting jackets and carry all before them.

I shall leave here the 8th of Sept - two weeks hence - for Erie, to attend the annual meet of the Perry Inter-State Commission, and shall go thence to New York, aiming to reach the Prince George Hotel and the Manhattan Club on Saturday, the 11th, for an indefinite, but, I hope, a long stay. My lumbago still pursues me. But I can still take 3 meals a day and a drink! Lord, what shall we do for a drink - for several drinks? Are you a free man, or are you a vassal?

Love to Frank.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier-Journal
Louisville**

Jeffersontown, Aug 25th 1920

My Dear Alexander; I was across county yesterday and last night - dancing with the girls and playing poker with the boys - when your message came; but, as you must have received ere this a love letter acquainting you with the precarious state of my health - and other indiscretions - I will not burthen the wires with a reply, giving you instead a sample of my "handwrite," which it is to say "how'd'ye" and "I looks towards you, Mr Brown!"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

August 31st 1920

My Dear Alexander; At dinner yesterday I drank the last half of a bottle of Chamartin (1892) held for you - the like we shall not see again - though I have some very good Musigny left, and quite a lot of excellent Spanish Burgundy I brought over and bottled myself twenty years ago. My Cellar (literally a cellar!) is by no means dry yet - even a little sparkling wine left - though my day for that sort of thing is well over. Nevertheless and notwithstanding I shall not give up sporting with the boys and on occasion loitering with the girls a lick, or two!

I am going to pull out of here the 8th of September, to-morrow, week, for Erie, where the Perry Commission holds its annual meet, thence to New York, on Saturday the 11th at the Prince George Hotel. I shall expect to find you head and tail erect, with enough of Frank's money to buy me a drink and pay the fine!

It looks to me that Cox will be elected "hands down." If Frank wants "big influence" with the Administration he will have to come to me. Tell him this. It aint so, but we may "skeer him!"

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**The Courier-Journal
Louisville**

Jeffersontown, Sept 5th 1920

Wots the matter with U old sweetness?

Don't you love nobody no mo?

Or is you gone into your hole and draw'd the hole in after you?

Maybe you are in Saratogy!

By the time this reaches you I shall be on my way East via Erie, where the Inter State Perry Commission, of which I am V.P. holds its annual meet. We shall reach the Prince George Hotel Saturday morning the 11th. As I once heard Old Buck say to a delinquent friend at the White House "Could'nt you leave your card?"

I have written Frank Cobb warning him not to win all your money.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Prince George Hotel
Fifth Ave. & 28th Street New York**

Sept 11th 1920

My Dear Alexander; Here we are for an indefinite stay and shall be rejoiced to see you My lumbago Embargo keeps me closely to the house. But I seem to me to be on the mend.

Aff
H.W.

Prince George Hotel Sept 14th 1920

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

My Dear Alexander; I hope your visitation to the Doctor was not prostrating and that his ministrations were successful.

Thank you for "*Mareleine*." It is thoroughly stupid and vile. I do not wonder that [it] is "a best seller."

Won't you add Gen M. O. Terry to your interesting aggregation for next Sunday night? He is at the Waldorf. He will be the not least appreciative of your guests.

Do drop in at the Prince George when you can.
Mrs. Watterson sends her love.

Affectionately
H.W.

[From On board, S.S. Lapland]

Copy Sp 29 1920

My dear Marse Henry

From early morn until the bar lights are doused, I have been lifting the bubbling glass to your dear memory. Just think of it - *bully* beer for 10 cents per (with nothing extra for the head) and cocktails at thirty. Last night I broke a Moet seal for \$6 and felt I was saving a little fortune!

Good lord, what fools we all are. Here is every one on board just dipping into drink, and not one case of D.T. yet reported. Prohibition is a farce!

My great love to you. I do wish you were here to say "when."

Affectionately
AK

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

[Copies of Letters of Introduction, about Oct. 1, 1920]

My Dear Edward; This will be presented by My very dear friend, Alexander Konta. You will recall that my Autobiography was dedicated to him. He goes to Paris on a hurried visit and I can not resist the very great temptation to bring you together. Mr. Konta is the head of the resident Hungarian Society in the United States and as you will perceive a gentleman of all accomplishment.

Edward Tuck

82 ___ Champs Elysee

My Dear Ambassador; Allow me to present and commend to your attention and confidence my dear friend Alexander Konta, of New York. He is a gentleman of accomplishment and virtue whom it is good to know. Pray treat him as I am sure you would treat me.

His Excellency Hugh C. Wallace

Ambassador Extraordinary

My Dear Louis; Be good to my friend Alexander Konta, who is making a hurried visit to Paris. He is a friend on this side as you are on the other side of the great pond. Treat him as you would treat me. Mr. Konta is the head of the Hungarian Society of the United States and a gentleman not only of all accomplishment but of all the manly virtues.

Louis Meredith Howland

36 Avenue de l'Opera

**Manhattan Club
Madison Square**

Oct 1st 1920

My Dear Alexander; The enclosed might serve as an "Exhibit."

Governor Myron T. Herrick, a former Ambassador to France, is a very good friend of mine. I think he may be now in Paris. If so it would be worth while seeing him.

Mrs. W joins me in love.

Aff

H.W.

Prince George Hotel

Oct 6th 1920

Old Sweetness! How is you? The enclosed is for Myron T. Herrick, the former Ambassador to France. It may be of use to you. Mrs W joins in love and the like o'that an sich!

Aff

H.W.

The New Hotel Monteleone

New Orleans Dec 15th 1920

All hail and thrice again, most noble, brave and approved - dear My Friend and Fellow Student - to the land of Prohibition and the home of the Bootleg[g]er! Florida, have gone crazy like Cuba, expecting to get rich overnight. I chucked Miami and came here. New Orleans is not so "pisoned" with profiteering. But we are very comfortable and expect to pass the Winter here. I have all my family with me. I read your interview in Monday's World and wholly agree with its tenor as far as [it] touches matters I know about. I am poorly, thank God, but a trifle less crippled than I was in the Spring. Love to Frank Cobb. I looks toward you both.

Affectionately

Henry Watterson

The New Hotel Monteleone

New Orleans Dec 17th 1920

My Dear Alexander; Your letter from the "Aurania," like a veritable whiff of ocean air, has just blown in upon me and I am rejoiced to know that you are safe and sound once more on terra firma in, if not God's country, not wholly yet the Devil's! I had hardly looked for you so soon and had sent a letter to the Manhattan Club to welcome you on your arrival. Yours must have been indeed a sad journey to the old home.

We have chucked Florida for this Winter at least. Taking lessons from Cuba the profiteers got too rampant. They are bad enough here. But it is a great city and people have to live somehow.

The world is on the way to another collapse. First Asia. Then Greece. Then Rome. And now We, US & Co. Then another Dark Age interlude as another civilization with its strange gods - maybe goddesses - refusing to believe that *Human Nature can be improved and even made perfect by removing from it every imaginable temptation, such as drink, gambling, smoking, dancing, short skirts, Sunday baseball, and moving pictures of thrilling love scenes.* [The italicized text is from a newspaper clipping attached to the letter.]

You know that being the only son of the Seventh Daughter of the Seventh Son in a straight Scotch line from Bryan Boru, the Celt, I know everything that ever has been, is, or will be! Frank Cobb thinks that of hisself. But Lord, he's a boy yet!

Is he robbing you or are you robbing him?

Don't drink the town as dry as a bone before I get there - leave me a reminiscence - for though the drouth here is much embracing, we get through the fog once in a while a dew drop to keep us from actually dying of thirst!

To Hell with Feminism. Woman was made for the delectation of man and the reproduction of the species. She has none other function. No creative act can be traced to her doing, no decisive word to her tongue, or pen. Man the convex she the concave, she simply receives and reflects. Frank might work this into a leading editorial for the Sunday World's Woman's page!

Go to! Go to! Get thee to a grogery! Or a nunnery, where all the nuns are gay both night and day and ready for play! Excuse haste, a bad pen and a limited knowledge of French!

Affectionately

H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Dec 28th 1920

My Dear Alexander; Taking my aeroplane at New Orleans, I scot across the Gulf to Galveston in 3 hr, 15 m, 22 sec. And am safely ensconced in this Fortress, the original Castle of the Count de Galves. I am looking out yonder on the Gulf of Mexico where William Morgan fought the Spaniard and whence we drove first the British and then the Mexicans. My armed Felucca, carrying the black flag, lies in the Bay.

Yesterday, My Grandson and I made an expedition and crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico at a point midway between Matamoros and Molino del Pompano. We stormed a hacienda, killed 4 Dons and 17 men at arms, captured and liberated 3 damsels in distress, and now Mrs W says she's going to get a divorce! Shameful! You had better run down and help me straighten things a bit!

This is a real Paradise. We live like fighting Cocks. Beats Florida hollow. But very expensive.

I have been appointed Colonel of the Texas Rangers. If you and Frank will come I will put you on my staff with a pair of uniforms dazzling to the birds in the air. My destination, however, is to become a pirate and descend on Cuby. I want to march a brigade of cut throats up the Prado and set the standard of pillage in front of the Palace to shame the poor, looting Havanese!

The World should have a special correspondent to accompany the excursion and take count of the dead, not to mention the spoil.

You pore ole slobs! You don't no nothing about war, havoc and the heroics of life! Nothing but ping-pong and poker, now and then a look-in at the movies. Harding has just wired me the Secretaryship of War, or Command of the Army at my own option. But I shall decline. Nothing can take me away from Texas! The Alamo!

"Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

I grew up on it.

Why were you not born a Texan?

So long! Ta! Ta!

Affectionately
H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Jan'y the 7th 1921

My Dear Alexander; Your welcome letter blew in, like a breeze off the Gulf, laden with the fruitage of Florida and Cuby!

What should I do without you?

“Day-time and night-time,
I'm thinking about you - ”

Selfish thoughts maybe, for I am a weak, fond old man - four score and upward - and I fear me not in my perfick mind.

My old friend LaFitte drops in once-in-a-while and we have a rum punch and a talk about religion and piracy. He tells me it is dry doings over on the Reservation where he is serving time for his sins. But he is recompensed that Old Hickory, who is with him, has a longer term to serve than he has.

I have always adored Piruts! That's one reason why I love you!!

Did you get any Wien Wust in Wien?

Poor Frank Cobb! I can see his mind is going. I, too, read the World! Deal with him gently. Cheer his sad heart. You'll find that presently His tight wad will part! Don't let him get away from the 8th of January. Why that's to-morry! How time passes. Ask Frank if he does'nt want me to write the leading article for his editorial page of the 4th of March, “A Good Bye to Woodrow.”

Only 58 more days!

Me? I bear him no malice. A schoolmaster he was and a schoolmaster he remains. A most able, well-intentioned, impossible. Yet a Man of Destiny.

Hie thee. Get thee!

Aff-
H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Jan'y 24th 1921

My Dear Alexander; You ought to be down here with me. My girl Serena de Ojos del Monte, has a pal, Sophonisba y San Jacinto, who wants a feller; and Lafitte, the pirut, tells me its O.K. - A.B.C.!

Poor old Frank! Margaret makes him walk a chalk line! (Mrs W, looking over my shoulder, says you and I are a couple of ole dubs - she does'nt use just those language - who have nothing left but fancy, and don't need looking after - which is mainly true!![]) Anyhow, here's to Margaret! I don't care how many brats she has, she'll always be the sweetest ever!

My love to Frank. If he wants me to come on and tell him how to run The World, my aeroplane is at the door! Lord! I'm afraid Harding is a dub. I wonder? What a fraud the whole political outfit really is!

I find myself thinking a great deal about Frank Cobb. He is the best ever. But he can't play cards! No Base ballist ever could. Frank has reached the age when one thinks life a failure. But, he'll get over that when he learns not to expect too much of it.

“One lass,
An occasional glass,
And a friend on the side-”

(Turn over the pages of your Sam L???, and stick a pin!) Me!

“I tweak no beak among ye -
Hawks must not pounce on hawks!”

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. That is not true. Anyhow, I am a prophet in Texas - as witness these enclosures. Note likewise these menu cards. The Kitchen! Beats the band!

Come on!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

P.S. Tell me shall I address 20 Exchange Place of The Manhattan Club?
H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Jan'y 22nd 1921

My Dear Alexander; Galveston was established by Lafitte, the pirut, as the base of his ingenious proceeding against the Spaniards. He was a gentle pirut, a courtier and wit. Gov Claiborne, of Louisiana, sent out a force to capture him. He captured the force, royally entertained it, and sent it back loaded with presents to the Governor. Between 1803 and 1815, and 1817 and his death in 1826, he was a terror to Gulf commerce.

Last midnight I met him - that is his ghost - on the beach, and he says "you writing to Aleck Konta?" And I says "What's that to you?" And he says "Tell him to touch Frank Cobb gingerly, for he is a good man with a growing family." And, says I "I will."

When a boy I doted on Lafitte. He was my ideal hero. Gus Thomas and I are making a drammer out of him. Don't you want to coloborate? You can write in the deep, dark Manhattan Club music.

Poor old Woodrow! Scarcely a scare-crow. What a collapse! Just a schoolmaster. Did I not "call the turn?"

Harding may be a dub - but an honest dub - who wants to do right. I have a little hope that things are going to mend. The Ohio man may prove another Monroe. Then another "era of good feeling." The "World" seems to me a trifle too partisan. These are not party times. The old parties are in abeyance. Just two old empty bottles with the old dirty labels.

We shall probably remain here until the last of March. Drop me a line. Love to Frank.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[Undated]

Life is so personal. It seems almost solely an individual ^temperamental^ affair. And, touching sexual questions, the average man - often self-deceived - is such a liar! A man may be old at five-and-twenty and young - measurably young - at fifty. The Scriptural limitation of three-score-and-ten has been extended by scientific agencies and better conditions to four-score-and-five, or six; but, as far as procreation goes, a man is "all in" at seventy!

Eminent scientific gents are prone to go astray - sometimes grief, as in the case of Sir Oliver Lodge - sometimes theory, maybe conceit, as in the case of your friend Steinach.

Nothing can physically make an old man young again. It is a world of sin and sorrow, disease and death. Whence? Whither? What existed before nothing existed? What is Eternity?

Behold, I show you a mystery!

Let us eat, drink and be merry, but not because to-morrow we die. A poor reason. He is a fool who refuses to enjoy. Moderation according to capacity should be the rule. Look at Me!

Woman was made for the delectation of man and the reproduction of the species. Treat her good and she is likely to be good. She is a creature of adjustment. She is concrete, the man convex. She lies beneath.

Here endeth the First Lesson.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Feb'y 18th 1921

Where, Oh, Where? Here I is! Me, and Stede Bonnet, and Jean Lafitte, and all the other Piruts!! Who would not be a pirut? Not a pirut, like Frank Cobb, who histes the black flag a'gin Charley Murphy and tries to beat Aleck Konta at Pinocle! No, never; but a real Pirut, like Me, cutting throats and scuttling ships, up and down the Spanish Main! Ring forth boy! Let's have something! If you don't write, I'll think you are ill.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Feb'y 24th 1921

My Dear Alexander; A letter from Jusserand ten days ago advises me that the Bureau des Etrangers, &c &c had conferred upon me, &c &c, and yesterday the official notification and insignia arrived. I owe this to you. Be sure I [am] fully sensible of what is a delightfully agreeable debt, dear boy, to be gratefully treasured by my progeny!

Do write oftener. I am rather lonely out here. I miss you and Frank Cobb and the liquid wickedness of the Manhattan Club.

“So long!”

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

March the 10th 1921

Dear Alexander; I am writing a novel. It is to be entitled “Piruts And Piruts.” You and Frank have prominent places in it. Both of you, however, sail under a white, not a black flag. You cause your victims to tilt the bottle instead of walking the plank.

I talked the matter over with Lafitte, who meets me every night with a flagon of Jamaica Rum, and we have a symposium on the Beach - ie, the Spanish Main - surrounded by maidens from Guadalupe and Acapulco, Yoba Dam and Hell-for-Sartin. Nice girls. Passionate and complying. Did you know that Galveston is an Island? I did not until I came here. Now I understand the true inwardness of the lines

“Oh, had we some sweet little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone.”

Here it is, and out of the window I see mermaids twirling their auburn tresses and houris leaping from their scallops into the sea, disporting of theyselves.

You and Frank ought to be here.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[Undated]

Lafitte, who drops in every day about noon - to fetch the rum and have a drink with me - is sitting by my side as I write. He is reading the latest issue of the World. "Lord," says he "if I had had such an organ! And, Frank Cobb! Is'nt he a wonder! How he does go after that old bloke in the White House! And, little Dougherty! My! Why did'nt they live a hundred years earlier? What times we could have had in the Gulf of Mexico!"

Tell Frank to deal gently with George Harvey.

All politics is scoundrelism - more or less. Parties start out like a country girl come to town to seek her fortune. The town boys soon show her a thing or two!!

"We are all going to the devil," as Aminadab Sleek observes. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Europe is taking the route of Greece and Rome, and we follow after. See? Woodrow being gone, what is left? Nothing, except to jump in the Hudson and holler "fire!" A pock and a murrain on Prohibition.

Texas is turning Populist.

"Just one more."

Affectionately

H.W.

P.S. It is a world of sin and sorrow, disease and death!

[No letterhead] The Ides of March

My Dear Alexander; I am about breaking camp here. On the whole it has been an enjoyable Winter; good hotel; not too much company, but enough; the hours sufficiently distant for comfort; occasional midnight episodes with the Piruts; no work, and I do hy bominatate work. If I had had you and Frank Cobb - you to load with my whimsies and Frank to lecture for his delinquencies!! Lord, that boy! Now, with no more to say about W. W., he's gone off on a tangent about Warren Gamaliel! They ought to let me edit the World a lick, or two. I'd reduce its circulation a thousand a-day, until I laid it low!

In ten months the World will be supporting, or quasi-supporting the Administration.

They had better pay me that dinner they owe me. Canvasback, Tarrypin, Bourgonne, Champagne (This first!) Only, they waited till - What was it Dr Johnston wrote to Chesterfield? - till I was too old. Truth to say, I am too old to enjoy the publicity. But I would dearly love you and Frank - just us girls!- and a quiet corner with easy access to a *b?? thereunto appertaining*.

Now for business! I have diverted my solitude by inditing a screed entitled "The Epic of Texas." You pore ole Furriner perhaps you may have heard that Texas has - is - an "Epic" ??? Well, anyhow, I have writ a piece - about 3000 words - maybe four - I might stretch it to five. If I could dispose of this for a good price I would wreck the whole sum on a dinner to you and Frank! *Three* or thereabouts. The extra proceeds to go into dominoes. When I get home I'll have it put in type and send it to you. Maybe you could auction it off at the corner of Wall and Nassau and promise the surplus to the poor!

Mark me. The world approaches its doom. You and Frank and I will stand on the roof of the Club and see the show out in Madison Square. Then we'll go over to the Garden and have prayers. And then - if we are sober-nough - we will go way back in the Bar Room and exclaim - "Here Lord!" and "Just one more."

Enough for a single dash of a mile. It is now nearly midnight. Lafitte awaits me on the beach. Mol?? Lunaire, the bare-back rider, and the giddy blondes of the Royal Palm cry "Come!" I go!

Aff
H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Mch the 20th 1921

My Dear Alexander; Old Don Whiskerando de Lombago, Lafitte's Lieutenant, has had me in his grip for a week - the Blondes over at the Royal Palm are desolé; the Senoritas have gone into mourning; never a flirtation, or a game of penny-ante; So, I am going home - back to Kentucky where I can play poker and take a drink and cuss in several dialects!

The personal letters you mention went to the Library of Congress, which made a very flattering demand for them a year ago. There was a vast aggregation, for I have through life regularly filed and ticketed the bulk of my correspondence. But what does it matter: Save for the use of fools who think they write history and merely confuse it, they are N.G. There is but one wisdom - but one philosophy - to live our life whilst we have it - to enjoy it - to help others enjoy it - not to debauch, tho rather to protect, the girls, whilst enjoying them - leaving the dead past to bury its dead, the future to take care of itself. See?

Woman was created by Nature for the delectation of man. Man was compelled by nature to be delectated. Thus the reproduction and perpetration of the species. Otherwise, the Deluge!

When shall you be going West? Why can't you stop over with us at "Mansfield?" I may not be equal to the journey to New York till midsummer. Meanwhile I want to see you.

I got up the Autobiography because I was paid a good price. You may have guessed from my poker game that "I love money." Anyhow, except for money - some of it "down" - I would not have undertaken it. Nothing could pay me to do it again, though in the sum total I have had considerably more than \$25,000, and the royalties are still coming in. Truth to say, my desires have been always moderate and I have quite enough "salted down" to see me through and take care of my "forbears."

Ta!Ta! See you later! Be good!

Aff
H.W.

P.S. Them blondes send me word they are going to sit up and take notice. I answered that I would rather have them lie down and let me take notice. Old men are permitted to be impudent.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

March 22nd 1921

Beloved Alexander; I leave here the end of the week. So, change the address to Jeffersontown, Kentucky.

Tis good by to the still
I loves you still,
And *Has* no work
And never will -
For all the world, like Lucky Bill

Aff
H.W.

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

[The first paragraph was written at the top of the sheet, over and through the letterhead.]

Dear Aleck: [two words indecipherable] as I am *over our intimate friend* - we have passed *scores of* letters since the 4th of March - I began this and am not going to send it - so you can put it in the volume of Intimate correspondence, or the fire!

March the 22nd 1921

My Dear Mr Secretary; Just this word to you and the President; no line up with any cause, or Nation on the other side of the Atlantic. We can better help Europe "out" than "in" a League. Internationalism is a fad of professional peace propogandists. Politics - partyism - is bad enough in all Nations; internationalized it would be permeated by corruption. We should toe the line of the "Monroe Doctrine." The trouble with Wilson, aside from his being a schoolmaster, was inordinate vanity - he could never forget himself - very able, wholly the scholar, personally upright, but

**Hotel Galvez
Galveston, Texas**

Show this to Frank and ask him why he did'nt publish a screed I sent him a week, or ten days ago. H.W.

[Pasted on the page is a picture, clipped from a newspaper, of a woman identified as Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon]

The World should not print bogus pictures - so, it should'nt! This is no more like my little sweetheart Clara Smith than Yvette *Enilburt*, or Florence Leeds. If they don't do better I shall have to stop my paper! Tell Frank we romanticists of the bounding West are tired of the cynical airs and graces the hirelings of the Eastern Seaboard give themselves!

The Oleander,
Dear Alexander
Is blooming just outside my window,
Whilst you are toying
With cards and cloying
Time's blossoms like a very Hindoo!

And there's Frank Cobb
Who's got a job
To write six columns daily,
Yet plays with you
The Domi-noo,
I'm sorry for him - re-a-ly!

You'd better both,
And nothing loath,
Be thinking of the Hereafter,
For I tell you,
In a year, or two,
There'll be no time for laughter.

This world is bound
To run a-ground,
Just like an Ohio steamer,
So you and Frank
Must turn a crank
Toward the Great Redeemer.

He'll bear your crosses
And pay your losses,
If you'll be good, like me,
And this is why
My beamish boy
I drop into sweet Po-e-see.

Farewell, old top!
Take with your sop
Three drinks and charge to me,
And Frank, dear lad,
(Though it makes me sad!)
Who a Woodrow Saint would be!

Henry Watterson
Editor

**The Courier-Journal
Louisville**

[April 4, 1921]

I am inditing a love poem in seven cantos and three canteens beginning thus:

“To be your bride is not my fate-
For wed[d]ed bliss I am not slated-
Says she to me absquatulate-
And I absquatulated.”

The melody should commend itself to your cultivated sensibilities. If Frank wants it for The World he can have it at the usual figure 0.0.0. I can only write in rhyme and metre,

“For its hame, hame, hame-
Hame in my ain countree!”

Birds are singing round my window. Flowers are blooming in the garden just beyond. And squashes - And turnips - ! And onions - ! Better come on.

To hell with Stillman. Make me a date with Florence. I used to know them all.

Aff
H.W.

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

March the 31st - No - April the 4th 1921

My Dear Alexander; Did I ask you - was I sich a ass as to ask you - to dispose of a piece of my writing? I am getting “softenin’ of the brain.” I have more offers - this is neither lyin’ nor vanity - than I can dispose of. I might as well have asked you to pay my poker debts - having none.

Frank Cobb! Between him and Bob Bingham I shall be hurried to an early grave. He, that is Bob, told me yesterday that he considers Frank Cobb - bar none - Bar None Mind You - the greatest living writer for the press. I shall have to bring those two together. Truth to tell you, Bob Bingham - if he did get those Flagler millions - is a dear, and was before he got them.

Drinks!

Hurrah for Adultery! Have I already said that? Well, I’ll say it ag’in - more’s the pity for me!! Woman was made for the delectation of man. Don’t let this get away from you. Nor Frank, either; though a girl once told me that he -! Well, never mind. She said she wanted a man who preferred cooperation to acquiescence. This is lewd. Don’t read it.

I have no one else to pour out my heart - to empty my soul - upon, and you must just grin and bear it. Frank is so *Material!* The Club is so public! Lord, can’t we go somewhere where a gentleman may get drink like a gentleman, and throw a perlieceman out o’th winder?

Affectionately
Henry Watterson
**Mansfield
Jeffersontown**

**Jefferson County
Kentucky**

April the 18th 1921

My Dear Alexander; I take it back. You are no pirut - that is, no true pirut. Neither is Frank. Just a couple of land-lubbers without any sense of freebooting, poetry and art. I was going to send him an emotional extravaganza for the World and have you put up for membership in the Jeffersontown Academy of the Nude in Nature. But now?

Say! You never tell me nothing. I knew Fifi [Anne Urquharft Potter Stillman] when she was a baby and her mother [Cora Urquhart Brown-Potter] when she was a girl, and when she grow'd up, and after she went on the stage. She and I have had ^{^once^} a grand old run-around in London. I can give personal testimony to her virtue - dead sure, cock sure testimony. It goes without saying that Stillman's a skunk - dam'd, eternal, son-of-a-bitch of a skunk - is'nt that the Vote of the Club?

I am greatly rejoiced that George Harvey has the English Embassy - which I expected him to get - and that he has been confirmed by the Senate, where I feared he would have trouble.

Well, take keer o'yerself!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

May the 10th 1921

My Darling Alexander; (I have just had a toddy with Mrs W's approval - of that "Old *Fowl*," (1852) which will explain and account for the "Darling.") My very noble and approved good master - why can't you run out and pay us a visit - a hour and a hour and a half - or Two Hours!! - say A Week - even a Day, a day and a half, or two days - Why? Can't you afford it? Frank Cobb left you as poor as that? Let up a lick, or two, and replenish! Come!

Mansfield was never looking lovelier. The corn-tops are not yet ripe, nor the meadows in their bloom, but "the birds make music all the day," and the greeneries are glorious. At this moment I can hear the dove piping love to the jay, and the mocking-bird poking fun at the two of them. Gee! All nature is in a state of beatitude. Come!

Gee! Bring Frank with you! I'll rig you a gambling house under the trees. Milbrey, my granddaughter, age 7, and Kent, my grandson, age 11, shall serve as pages; no rake-off for the house!!

I am preparing a thesis showing Frank how to run the World. First, he should denounce Stillman as a son-of-a-b from Bitter Creek, high up and North side. Then he should take his stand by Fifi, and say to all comers, "Come on." Then he should stigmatize Stokes as a son-of-a-b from Bitter Creek, South Side and very low down. Then he should line up with Me, an' Warren, an' Charles Evans, an' the likes of us an' sich.

I am thinking of establishing a New Party!!! If I do I shall want an Organ! Do you think the Pulitzers would part with the World? Under threat of a Rival!!

I am reading Margot. Find out for me all about Peter Flower. Margot's father was an old pal of mine. Least said of that the better. But I am in a certain dilemma about Peter Flower.

Find out for me whether Mrs Cora Brown Potter be still living. She was an old pal of mine. Indeed, I had a real brotherly affection for her and intimacy with her. Aggravate me a little and I will go to New York and Kill! __! __! The __!

Now will you come!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

May the 19th 1921

My Dear Alexander; Are you so material - so wedded to the fatted calf of Wall Street and steeped in the vital juices of the Manhattan Club - that you take no interest in letters - belle lettres - "Shakespeare and the Musical glasses?" You may recall that during the Shakespeare year I endeavored to show that William Shakespeare, stable-boy and showman, no more wrote the plays that stand in his name than I did. My guess was that Marlowe wrote them. The enclosed appertains to this view.

May the 23rd 1921

I am just in receipt of your of the 19th. On the instant I wrote Governor Miller. There is no reason why, if he offers you the place, you should not take it. There is I fear likely to be a job hid out somewhere. I see Jim Metcalf is out after it. His wife used to be a sweetheart of mine. Should I be for you, or him. She has not written me.

May the 24th 1921

I am still worrying about Fifi. I think you and Frank Cobb are a couple of no-such-things that you have not rushed to the rescue. To Hell with Stillman! And, the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Courier-Journal
Editorial Department**

Jeffersontown, May 24, 1921

Dear Aleck; Why, why are you not beautiful, like Me? If you can't be, like Frank Cobb, in those calm, sedative moments, when if you want rest, relaxation and repose, you read the Word? Fifi? Bless you, Fifi's all right. Stillman is a son-of-a-bitch! The universe is full of them, Alexander!

Don't you worry, son. It does not pay!

Look at Me! Playing chuck-a-luck when I was 3 years old; was a finished gambler at 10; ripped a lady's *bowds* [bodice?] open - (excuse French, haste and a bad pen) - at 13; and have been keeping company with you and Frank ever since. I refuse to walk the floor. That girl in Mizzoura - ! Why, I cared for the baby, who is now in the Senate of the United States.

About that Albany business? How about William *Barnes*? We have always been good friends. Should I write to him? Don't quit 20 Exchange Place. What would Konta be without the gamble? What would the street be without Konta.

Wake up! Cheer up! The doldrums were made for slaves.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

Courier-Journal
Editorial Department

Jeffersontown, May 27th, 1921

My Dear Alexander; I have just taken another drink. So here goes! Aleck, dear, do you think I will die a drunkard? My sixty year old - "real crow" - whiskey is almost gone. You better come along. Ask Frank what he thinks about my dieing a drunkard?

81 yrs. Three months. 17 days. Won't he ever die? Gee! Anyhow I wish I were betwixt you 2 boys, and ___!

I just picked up the enclosed. Don't tell anybody. Burn!!

Aff

H.W.

P.S. At the last moment I concluded not to send the enclosure. Too licentious. Might impair your morals. Frank might get it and print it in the world! Lord!

Courier-Journal
Editorial Department

[May 19, 1921]

This has gone to Gov Miller Aff. H.W.

My Dear Governor ^Miller^; I am advised that ^the^ New York ^Legislature^ has passed a moving picture censorship and that a State Censor is to be appointed by you. Although I write as a Kentuckian and from Kentucky, I am ~~quite half~~ ^in a way^ a New Yorker; I grew up there, my father ^in my young manhood^ a considerable real estate owner; and a member, latterly elevated to honorary ^life^ membership of half a dozen New York Clubs; pass two, or three months of every year in New York ^City^ and am deeply concerned in all that concerns it and its people. [Paragraph mark] The post to be created is one of unusual responsibility, involving ^especially the call for^ intelligent reach of vision and immovable integrity [Paragraph mark] I want to recommend and commend my dear ^old^ friend Alexander Konta for the place. He has every ^needful^ qualification. I am sure that, if you can see your way to this, he will honor your selection and do justice to its duties. Assuredly I shall be ^personally^ most highly gratified.

Sincerely
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

May the 31st 1921

And no Alexander! "Mansfield" is a world of Green and Gold - the Country-side a Bowl of Roses - and no Alexander! We have a beloved Sheppard's dog who won't come to the kitchen-boards laid before him. We call him Silly Billy - we ought to call him Alexander Konta!!

Affectionately
H.W.

Jeffersontown

June the what is it - 1921

My Dear Aleck:

Have I the *caeuths scribindi* - so called - and do I pester you with letters? Sometimes I am lonesome, and want your sympathy - sometimes happy, and want your society - always loving you and seeking to throw off the lassitude of an old man.

There is nothing more to be said about the Confederate seal. I have one of the copies made from the original seal. Bromwell, Benjamin's private Secretary when B was Confederate Secretary of State, became by father's law clerk in Washington after the War of Sections. He was a drunken fellow who drifted to London where B got him employment as a mail carrier between London and Paris and he was lost off a channel steamer. If he left any "effects" the original seal was probably with them. That, however, does not interest me.

I don't believe there was misdoing - I won't say "wrong doing," because I approve of it and like to know if its going on - between Fifi and anybody, and still think "Jimmie" a son-of-a-b from Bitter Creek, high up and North side!!

What do you think of me? I am in an elaborate correspondence with the President touching a most honorable appointment he insists I shall accept, the duties of which - the head of a Kentucky Commission - I am nowise equal to! Presently I shall be suspected of being "out after a girl!" Lord!

Why do we grow old?

I hate an old man.

Don't you dare to get old on me, Alexander Konta - don't you! I'll be around in September and October and you and I will forgather. But the drink? What about the drink?

Ask Frank why he did'nt print the last screed I sent him. I am offered money for all I write by the Herald, the Tribune and the Times, and when I send the World a "piece," gratis, I expect it to appear. See? Ask him to have one. The drinks are on me - if possible - if not, "on the house."

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[Newspaper clipping "Shakespeare's Handwriting."]

Either a hoax or a lie outright, no sich a dealer, and no sich a copy - "six lines" of monkey-dung!!

Here we have an example of loose, ipse dixit newspaper writing. No “second folio” has probably been found. The known bits of Shakespeare’s handwriting were those of a rustic. His last “Will and Testament” is that of a rustic. “Sir Sidney Lee” is himself a fraud - being a clever little Israelite of the name of Einstein - or something - who had it legally changed, and whose “Life of the Poet,” is a *fandango* got up to tickle the British. William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, could not possibly have written the plays; a *stable* boy at 19, a “sweet Will” theatrical manager at 30, a sharp money lender when he returned to Warrickshire - well-to-do - if not rich - but his name is on the title pages, England has adopted him and the Stage swear by him as the one great actor-author. Do you get me?

[Clipping from a Konta letter regarding a letter from a “fellow in Eureka, Mo., about Marlowe being the author of the Shakespearean writings.]

[Circa June 12, 1921]

I don’t think he has any authority. I know of no such plays. In my salad, literary days I had a scheme - and indeed a contract with a publisher - to write “A Biography of The British Drama,” and, working in the Library of Congress, made an extensive collection of data. The War of Sections came along and knocked it, like Beecher’s Life of Christ, “as high as a kite.” The Marlowe suggestion, however, came originally from me. I made it contrawise to the Baconian theory, which, nevertheless, has some curious citations in its support, it being the merest surmise.

July the 4th 1921

Where art thou, oh, my Alexander Konta?
Gonest away where the mails know thee not.
Gonest away where the Postman's unknown,
Deep in the Caves of Wall Street,
Down among the dead men of the Stock Exchange.
Oh, me! Oh, my! I was once there!

Frank Cobb on his vacation! Gee!
Was'nt his mind vacant enough?
I always have been sorry for Margaret!!
But - after all - she has her children...
And Wilson is no longer President!
And - take him sober! Frank is'nt so bad!

Don't talk to me about politics,
I'm a world Statesman. Time was,
When I canted with old Gladstone and ranted with old Gambette,
Don't you know I'm a Chevalier de la Lyin d'Honneur,
And a Fighter from Bitter Creek,
High up and North side?

H.W.

“Mansfield,” July 12th 1921

My Dear Alexander; During the 1916 “Festivities” I made a great collection of “Shakespeariana.” I wrote some “stuff” that, had it not been printed so far inland, might have attracted attention.

I grew up in the Library of Congress. In 1861 I had nearly completed “A Biography of the British Drama.” The Appletons had contracted to publish it. The War! Spludgereens!!

The Jonson encomium..? Why “Sweet Will” was the manager of the Globe Theatre! Did “dear Jack” write all the “editorials” of the [word(s) indecipherable] during the forty years that we were inseparable? William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, was a lovable, sensible and liberal theatrical manager, who fathered the plays of some one (Marlowe I think) who was not killed in the tavern brawl, as history says, but escaped to the continent and continued writing - having already written, under his own name, the three greatest plays of the time, sending his plays to his friend Shakespeare in London - this will account for the easy at home in continental subjects.

Lord! How I do go on! I am growing worse than - almost as bad as - Frank Cobb. Don’t show him this! Those brats of his must be growing well apace and if they knew their father had ever had any intimacy with me they would think it queer and tell their mama, and then, poor Frank would get a lecture about both of us!!

No, I take it back. Margaret is a dear for shor! It is Frank and his dishonest old politix that sticks in my gizzard. Why don’t he git in with me an’ Charley Murphy an’ Penrose and ultimately -

Lodge and Knox!!

Lord, if I had the editin’ of the World I would come out in favor of the Pope and Brigham Young and Charley Murphy an’ “the Hall!!

What on earth has become of William Travers Jerome? Alack the day, poor Jennie! [Jennie Jerome Churchill, mother of Sir Winston Churchill, died June 29, 1921.] She was a dear Aleck! I knew her from her girlhood through all her troubles and loved her dearly.

Every incriminating Stillman document is a forgery, paid for with Stillman money, Stillman himself a God Damned Son-of-a-bitch, from Bitter Creek high up the North Side!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, did not write, and could not have written the plays, or the poems, that stand in his name. Who did actually write them will never be known. Behind the Shakespeare myth stands England, which has adopted it as its literary trade-mark, stands the English-speaking stage, Shakespeare having been a playor, and stands the evidence of title-pages, whatever that may be worth. But, that the lad of twenty who held horses in the alley-way of the Globe theatre, would a few years later have produced "Hamlet" and "Othello" and "Macbeth," is preposterous. Yet volumes filled with inventions, have been printed to support this claim. I have a goodly collection of these in my library, got together during the Shakespearean recrudescence in 1916, but somewhat scattered and dispersed. Most, if not all of the stories about him, are inventions. Nothing is known of his boyhood. There has arisen about the name a multitude of fables to sustain the original legend. The man, William Shakespeare, made money in London, returned to Stratford a loan shark, and died in affluence. There is nothing in the outer life of the man to identify him with the authorship of the plays. He did not write them, could not have written them. Merely a stage conceit, a literary quidity. This in strict confidence: I wrote them!!

Mansfield, July 28th, 1921

My Dear Alexander;

I think I have told you that I am the only son of the seventh daughter of the seventh son in a straight line back to Bryan Boru, of Scotland. That means That I know everything that ever was, that is, or that ever will be. I tell you this, Alexander, to warn you against Frank Cobb.

I know that you beat him out of his money and that constitutes a reason for your continued acquaintance. But, what of your immortal soul?

He is a Kansas-born Jayhawker of the school of Jim Lane. As a gambler he is all right in New York. But think of his setting up for an exemplar!! Yes'r! That man's screeds, Sir, make me want to edit *The World*!

Me!! Living the idyllic life - the dove now cooing about my window! It is time the frisky Jay from an adjacent limb is crying "don' you believe him, Mars Henry - love's a fiction!" I don't believe him, Alexander, for don't I love you? I would even love Frank if he would mend his politics and come out for Goldman and Debs! I am not so sure about Hylan what is your Mayor's name? New York is so egotistical!!

I do wish we could have you out here with us a lick, or two. Just now my Grandsons - Watterson Miller, *age* 18, Dartmouth (our College) and Austin Gilmour, *age* 15, my little Scotchman - son of my deceased daughter Ethel - his father - another Alexander - the broadest of Scots and the dearest of fellows - are with me. From their babyhood they have been my playmates. I think they would interest - certainly amuse - you. They give promise of becoming first class men.

"Mansfield" is the loveliest of homesteads. We live pretty well - still a shot in the larder - several shots in the locker - some of it as furback as 1873. Our moonliker is bully. When I use the term "locker," I do not mean it literally. Long ago Mrs W. threw up the sponge and surrendered the keys. The fact is she has just mixed me a drink. Ask Margaret if she does that for Frank? I repeat, our moonliker is bully - me in the hammock - "mother" to give me an occasional shove with her slipper - the kids raising Cain - making merry - (they are now gone to Mammoth Cave for a pic-nic!) - on the lawn, what could be better suh, for a Chief of Scouts, "retired," and "Editor Emeritus," an honorary member of several Drinking Societies, a thrice decorated son-of-a-gun from Bitter Creek, high up on North Side, and - Your Friend

Henry Watterson

“Mansfield” Aug the 12th 1921

My Dear Alexander; There are no “facts” touching William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon - mainly conjectures. Long after his day England discovered him and adopted him as a kind of literary “trade mark.” He had lain in an unnoticed grave 200 years before Stratford became a shrine and as such to qualify and advertise itself.

He was an actor - “alleged” - albeit a Manager - and the stage began to swear by him - the actors to herald him as one of themselves - “better have a bad epitaph than their ill report.” (You can get a fight any night at “The Lambs,” saying what I am here saying! His name appears upon the title pages.

Without something to go upon it is “impossible” to go against such testimony. But that the Stratford stripling who held horses in the alley back of the London theatre, became a manager, gained a competency to return to Warwickshire “a rich man,” and to die and be buried without distinction, wrote “Hamlet” and “Macbeth” and “Othello,” - why it is preposterous. You might as well - 300 years hence - contend that I wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States - not to mention the Star Spangled Banner - and entrusted them to Jack Macauley - “dear Jack” as from sea to sea the play-folk called him, even as I did - my Louisville fidus Achates for thirty years!

Confidentially, I did write them - very late at night - with you and Frank Cobb - trying to impress Frank with my virtue as an authority and get him to edit the World “right” and to do justice by Me and Debs and Emma!

But, to get back to Shakespeare. His will is that of a rustic. The five, or six signatures claimed to be his, are those of a rustic. He probably did not know how to read.

But, he has England behind him; the Stage behind him; and his name is upon the title pages.

The Marlowe suggestion is just a surmise. He was not killed in the tavern brawl. It was the other fellow. Marlowe got off to the Continent. Then he continued his playwriting sending his stuff to his friend Shakespeare, who produced it. This would account for the French and Italian mis en scenes. The “Merchant of Venice” was another “try” of “The Jew of Malta,” a juvenile production. But there are no “facts” - never will be. All is guess-work, like my authorship of “The Declaration” and “The Constitution.” Touch the tintinabulum and let us have something!!!

The Lee book is merely the clever scheme of a cheeky Hebrew to signalize his Knighthood - no new *food* in it - simply a compilation of the old inventions.

Affectionately

Henry Watterson

All my data of 1916 is scattered - and I have not the strength of sight, or limb, to look it up.

Courier-Journal
Editorial Department

Jeffersontown, Any-old-date, 1921

If you and Frank have taken the double-barreled shot gun I recommended and emptied one barrel into the guts and t'other in the gizzard of Stillman, I will say no more on that subject.

As for Stokes - who is a member of the Club - I have known him for fifty years - and I can truly say he was a *damphool* when I first met him, and has been failing ever since.

Frank does not conduct the World to suit me. He must come out in favor of the *Gyasentes* in Besarabia, the Schwampscots of Saragossa, and the Ladies of *Dothequils* Square in Honolulu! He must drop the scientific gent who writes his learned treatises. He must print more about the prize fighters. He should issue an occasional Poker supplement. Then his Sunday picture edition should contain more nude pictures of the girls. There ought to be a private mark on each picture indicating just where, and when, and how!!

Frank is too serious. Touch him up a lick, or two, on the light fantastic! I am for Debs for President in 1984. I go in for the League of Nations and nominate Danunzio for Sultan of Turkey. Should we not elect George Harvey an honorary member of the Club? This is serious.

Affectionately

Henry Watterson

P.S. I am afraid I shall not be able to get to New York before the last of August. Can't you - can't you - run out here and pay us a visit. You take the train at 2 p.m. Next afternoon at 3 p.m. you roll into Louisville. I meet you at the station and haul you out here to Mansfield - loveliest of drives - Bardstown Road and Watterson Pike - Mrs W at the door - and Big Milbrey and little Milbrey - and Kent!! - don't forget Kent, age 11 - and "Jim" and "Belle" and the little Nigs and big Nigs - including Old Victor - Yea, and "Tighe," and "Rab" and "Sandy" - !

Aff

H.W.

P.S. No. 2 - N.B.

Why can't you run out and pay us a visit? The greeneries are gorgeous. The linnets are singing "come to me Aleck." Tell Frank if he will come I will have him elected an honorary member of the *Jeffftown Press* Club!

For President

W.W.D. Stokes

For Vice President

James A. Stillman

Platform - How To Treat Wives!

**Hotel Shelburne
Brighton Beach
New York**

Sept 1st 1921

My Dear Alexander; Here I am with my tribe - Mrs W and two Grandsons - for a sojourn of a fortnight before going up to town - Prince George Hotel - for an indefinite stay. Come down and take a bite of Sea food - any old time - and you will find us rejoiced to see you. To Hell with Prohibition!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Shelburne
Brighton Beach
New York**

Sept 9th 1921

My Dear Alexander; Take no account of me. From to-morrow and onward for a couple of months I shall be at the Prince George and shall be rejoiced to see you when I can and may. But you are at home and have your avocations - your exits and your entrances - whilst I am a bird of passage with no engagements, obligations, or connections, - "jest a simple child o'natur," - ready for anything, or nothing - short of murder ! I draw the line at murder. I would take a drink? I wonder

Aff
H.W.

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

Sept. 26th 1921

My Dear Mr. Konta:

I want you to know that you have two very appreciative friends for whom - allow me to say - you are always doing generous things.

The two big boxes of beautiful flowers pleased me beyond words, and the novels for Henry have been read by both of us. Henry is improving, but a bronchial cough is always slow and tedious and difficult to manage.

He sends love in which I venture to join.

Sincerely,
Rebecca Watterson

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

Oct 23rd 1921

It is a whack! I shall look for you Tuesday evening. We will go forth and toy with the forbidden
- Yea, slay the Phillistines!!

Aff
H.W.

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

Nov 2nd 1921

My Dear Alexander; After many accidents by flood and field - including a busted sleeper and a freight wreck - we reached home Saturday.

Here I am with all my memories of our forgather in New York intact and lively. The kids, the Nigs and the dogs were glad to greet us. It is good to be under one's own vine and fig tree, with a shot of sperrits in the lock up and a bit of sugar in the bottom of the glass!

"How'd ye!"

My respectful compliments to Mrs Konta. I am kind o' in love with that lady. Do you want to fight me a duel?

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Mansfield
Jeffersontown
Jefferson County
Kentucky**

Nov 16th 1921

My Dear Alexander; How did you come out in the election? Did you put your Judge over?

We go to Florida the 28th, inst.

Lord, how I would rejoice to see you down there! I'd introduce you to a live Pompano!
Also to the giddy *gushers* of the Halcyon and the blooming blondes of The Royal Palm!! We could take them "fishing"!!!

So long!

Aff
H.W.

Jeffersontown
Kentucky

November the 1921

Hurrah for Debs!
Hurrah for Emma Goldman!
I am an Anarkist

Don't tell Frank Cobb! I am sorry for Frank! Poor Frank! Let us all have something on the house! Yes, Hylan too!!

Thank you for your sweet letter, you sweet thing! But let there be no mistake about my attitude toward Mrs Konta - and Mrs Watterson, who is looking over my shoulder says "Me, too!"

Mrs Konta is a dear!

We go South pretty soon now. I will advise you however just when we start. We should pass a month, or more - through the holidays into January - at Jacksonville.

Take the boat - or the train - and run down there for Christmas!

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. Nov 30th 1921

My Dear Alexander; As you will observe I am in Florida - the land of sun and flowers - of Blondes and Pompano - the former imported from the North - mostly bony and scraggly - occasionally fat and frowsy - the Pompano far more desirable.

The fault may be in me, however!

Congratulations on your judicial victory. Now we can do as we please - hit a Policeman - *speak* to the ladies in the street - even take a drink on the sly - when I am in New York.

I am still licking my chops over our night at Rileys, but, Lord, I wish you'd run down here a lick, or two.

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. Dec 6 1921

My Dear Alexander; You are still a child in worldly wisdom and geographic knowledge. You are almost as innocent as Frank Cobb. He ought to give you a writing job upon The World!

The Pompano is the Spanish Mackerel, translated and gone to Heaven, and thence descended into the Waters of Earth for the edification of men and the delight of women.

Against the wiles of the blondes I need no warning; God and nature took care of that end of it "yars an' yars ago," for me!

Hurrah for Fifi and to Hell with Stillman. Fatty had nothing to do with the death of that girl. Women should neither sit on juries, nor vote. She was made for the gratification of man and the reproduction of the species. If a wife, she should rock the cradle, if a mistress she should rock the bed! (Frank might want to print this in his Sunday issue!)

The World (not of N.Y. but of the Universe) is slowly, but surely sloping down toward another collapse. The fate of Tyre and Sidon, Greece and Rome, Hell-for-Sartin and Yuba Dam will be upon us the 22nd of February, 3 Thousand (one) 1, at 6.45 p.m.!! I am the only son of the 7th daughter of the 7th son, in a straight line from Bryan Boru of Scotland, and I knows!!! Touch the bell if there is any bell to touch.

Don't you think they are rubbing it in rather rough on Morse?

Down here the sensation is Lina - Lina Clark - but, Look, if you don't know the Pompano, how could you know her?

Affectionately
Henry Watterson

[This was Watterson's last letter to Konta. Watterson died on Dec. 22.]

**Hotel Seminole
Jacksonville**

Jacksonville, Fla. Dec 25th 1921

My dear Mr. Konta:

I am not strong enough to write but I must tell you that I appreciate your anxiety and interest and sympathy. Above all else I want you to know that Henry held you to his heart of hearts - that he loved you inexpressibly.

He has left us and I am desolate. There is nothing you can do for me - only remember me as Henry's wife and your devoted friend.

Affectionately
Rebecca Watterson