

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin, Texas, 78756 USA, November 3rd, 1989. 512-42-0537.

Dear Joe,

Thanks for yours post dated October 31st and here yesterday, the 2nd Nov. As you can see I answer with my usual despatch.

News first. Not much I fear. I guess you heard that McCollum died from going into a diabetic coma. How he managed this I dont know, since you get warnings way before this state.

Also Chester Teegardan ~~also~~ hopped it some time in October. He went from a heart attack. Seems some months ago he had been told he had to have a heart op--- clogged arteries and all that. He opted to go on a diet to try and "clear" 'em. I am told that an attorney who represents himself has a fool for a client. To that we can add self medication. I shall miss Chester. we had know each other since 1935 when we first started to correspond, he at the time being in Indiana University, Bloomington, Illinois or some place like that, or was it Indiana? Anyway we kept in touch over the years and when my cruiser was in Brooklyn Navy Yard being repaired from a dust up at the Battle for Crete, he chucked this job in a Chicago steel works and came to see me. we meeting at Sig Klein's place. Last time I saw him personally was in 1947 at the worlds championships in Philly.

Another thought strikes me. In case I dont write you for some time, or in case you call me and I dont answer, you should get in touch with my daughter whose phone number is below.

Call and if a kid answers--- Johannah usually rushes to the phone like all teen agers, ask for MUM or DAD, failing that Bob or Vera and they will tell you what and how and when.

Get a precaution and like the boy scouts I believe in being prepared.

The Old Timers Bash went off ok. I cant recall meeting Carl Linch and wouldnt recognise him if I did. But then so many came up and chatted or nattered and its small wonder I'd remember anyone but those I have known for years.

Douggie white was there and looked bloody horrible, poor old sod. I was up on the dais while he was down on the floor at a table and I didnt get any chance to chat. Then too I left the deal around 1030 when Murdock's booming voice so disturbed me I ~~left~~ went to bed.

NOW, YOU told ME not to tell anyone you were shiting down the letter, THEN you UPS and GOES and TELLS everyone, I am left with my dick in my hand. Naughty naughty--- YOU I mean.

I am truly sorry you decided to quit. I hardly look at any mag these days since none of 'em are worth reading. All full of bullshit and monkey butt bovine bowel movdment and assorted hyperbole. So there is nothing in them that is worth a pinch of pandas poop. In the latest M&F (what a lovely logo) the only