

2905 Alton Road  
Fort Worth, Texas  
October 4th, 1943.

Dear Amon:

Maybe you are interested in the new football season which is just getting under way. Things are sure messed up in football this year. The rules have been changed, and now Freshmen can play on University teams. Then, too, there have been many transfers from the larger schools to the smaller ones; for instance, Georgetown University beat Texas University 14-7 last Saturday. A lot of people, including Grantland Rice, think Georgetown, Texas, little school might actually win the national championship this year. Jackie Fields was the star of the game - not for Texas but for Georgetown.

SMU was beaten by Arlington, Texas. SMU has, also, lost to Tulsa. They have looked pretty bad on both of their games. TCU played its first game Saturday and beat Arkansas up in Little Rock 13-0. A freshman kid, 160 pounds, named Lucas from Pecos, Texas, played a great game on the ground. He made both touchdowns. Some folks this morning say he is the second Davey O'Brien, but he cannot pass - or, at least, didn't. Can you imagine a Dutch Meyer team without any passing? Sure looks like a funny season, and I'll try to drop you a line about it as it goes along.

By the way, your Dad went up to the Hired Hand's Mule Ranch last week. He ran around over the place like a frisky colt. You see, I am trying to raise some mules and am having fair luck at it. Of course, I have other things than mules, including some hens. Your Dad bought a half case of eggs - I don't know why because he gets quite a few eggs on his own place. He said he wanted to put the farm on a paying basis - he almost did. I have a little dairy on the place. They take the milk and make cheese out of it. I don't know where they ship it.

Clyde is getting along swell. He is driving a one-horse wagon, and it keeps me busy helping out with matters about the horse. The worst trouble is that people will feed the horse peanuts, candy, popcorn, or anything they buy, and the horse will eat anything that is handed to him. As a consequent result, he has the bellyache frequently and the Veterinarian's bills have gotten so high that Mr. Honea said we had to do something about it. So, we put a muzzle on the horse and some well meaning lady from the Humane Society has been raising hell with us about it - which just shows that people should not start complaining until they know all the facts.

Fain and Clarence are well and on the job. They are pretty busy because we have a whole crop of new boys, but we always do every Fall - so they have to keep pretty busy schooling them.

I get to read your letters and I notice that TIME is dragging pretty heavily on your hands. Well, there are certain things no one can do anything about, and TIME is one of them. Every night when the sun goes down, you are just one day nearer to home. When the sun is high noon, you are half a day nearer to home. So, there is nothing to do but drift with it. They tell us not to watch the clock when we are on the job. They should also tell us not to fight the clock. That won't do any good. Just relax and glide along with it.

Your old newsboy friend, Monroe, must be drinking loco weed milk. He has gotten the habit of hollering to the top of his voice most of the night. None of us have been able to tone him down. I can't figure it out unless it is because there are crowds on the street nearly every night. Seems like a lot of new people have moved to our town, and he sells many more papers at night than he used to. Maybe that is what excites him.

Margaret and Billye are still the two prettiest gals in the office; however, Jim and Fain have hired a whole flock of young fillies and some of them shaped up pretty nice. After all, These Texas girls are in a class by themselves. They have curves, and they know what to do with them. It's the first tinge of Fall and sweaters in all colors are showing up, and as usual, they are too tight in the first place - also in the second place.

I am going to New York in a couple of weeks. I sure dread it. Somehow or other I never did like lobsters, clams and all that sort of junk. The last time I was up there seems to me that was all they were eating. They have one pretty good new show called "OKLAHOMA", a musical all about a well set-up jane who just can't resist cowboys.

Someone said the music in the dance halls was pretty punk. I don't know - I don't get around very much. The most popular song in the country today is "PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA", and it was written by a Hillbilly by the name of Al Dexter. The records back it up with a Hillbilly band. The tune tells all about some gal who was out after her husband who was on the loose. It's one of those things with forty verses, each crazier than the first. Personally, I get quite a kick out of it because it is being marketed by a fellow named Kaye who I know in New York. The rights are owned by an outfit called Broadcast Music, which company is owned by the broadcast stations of the United States, and that sure does gripe the ASCAP crowd - but I guess it tickles the stations. They have a new wrinkle over here now. On all dance records, the officers

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of the Musician's Union get a quarter of a cent on each - pretty nice little melon - about like the ones that come from Weatherford in a tub.

Speaking of melons, they sure were high this year, and the quality was very poor. Very few were shipped, and so I happen to know a guy who did not have to lay out in the hot sand and label watermelons all Summer.

Out at my house I have a picture of a kid taken among a bunch of turkeys. The picture is a few years old and the kid is grown up - which reminds me that the wolves are eating up my turkeys up in Wise County. I wish you had time to work the creek bottoms over with some hound dogs. I bet you would have some fun. The turkeys would be thankful and so would I.

But enough of this - maybe it will help you pass the time of day. One of these days you will be back, and the thing that will surprise you most of all is that things are just like they were. You will probably say, had you known there were such few changes you probably would not have been as anxious to get back. Everything is ready for you to pick up and move along with the outfit.

Always with sincere regards and admiration.

Best wishes,

Harold Hough.