

913 Clay st.,  
Savannah, Tn., 38372  
Dec. 14, 1983

Dear Sally & Jack:-

Every year, it seems, I get a Christmas card from you, and never do anything about it. In fact, I scarcely do anything about Xmas or New Year's for anybody. Lazy, yes; blase, yes. I guess I have seen too many of both holidays, but if I do manage to get off my butt and shop for some Xmas cards, the best of them are all gone, and all that seems to be left are a collection of hearts and flowers. Meanwhile, forgive the sticking typewriter keys. They're like me; they don't get enough exercise.

That award they gave me for laboring 20 years in the pro football salt mines was nice in its way, the way being that at least somebody remembered me. I tossed it in a remote, deep closet along with some other awards for leading a wasted life, but, frankly, I did relish the fringe benefits. They included four days in the nice little city of Canton, O., where everything was free just as in my old freeloading days. I gorged on filet mignons and other delicacies unavailable in Savannah, Tenn., and I deserved everyone of them because I had a helluva time getting from Savannah, Tn. to Canton, O. For a start, I had to drive 145 miles to Nashville to get a plane then change in Pittsburgh for a puddle-jumper ~~from~~ to Canton, O. The return trip was even worse, but I won't bore you with the details except to mention that I sat eight hours in steaming heat in the Nashville airport waiting for a pickup back to Savannah.

Now, I take only a casual interest in football, looking at the Sunday games if I have nothing else to do such as attending holy roller services at the Church of the Ebenezer. The rest of the time I feed some dogs of nondescript backgrounds and marvel at the way I am reliving Tobacco Road, which I thought was an exaggeration, but really isn't. I've ~~gotten~~ got one friend here, a retired mail carrier who originated in Baldwin, Long Island, where his family ran a German restaurant. He still has a menu to prove it and it features full course dinners for a buck and a half or thereabouts. You're lucky if you can get a hamburger for that today. Which reminds me not to go to Hawaii. My wife's brother has a son who is in the Army in Hawaii. His rent for a very small house is \$700 a month.

I may be in California this spring to visit Jean and ~~Colleen~~ Coles and if I last that long, I'll try to pay you a call just ~~like~~ like the good old days when the Phila. Eagles stayed at Ricky's Studio Inn. If it's still there it's probably owned by a conglomerate with rooms starting at \$75 a night. Or is that too low?

Did you go to your sister's wedding in New York? I didn't, although I was invited. Reasons were two-fold (1) I didn't have the money and (2) for me, the Big Apple is full of worms. I hate the damned place. It's the world's biggest ant-hill. With that, I'll leave you. Tell your boy to get out of the newspaper business. The Phila. Bulletin's slogan used to be "nearly everybody reads the Bulletin." So everybody started not reading it and it ~~went~~ went out of business.

Love,

*Hugh*