

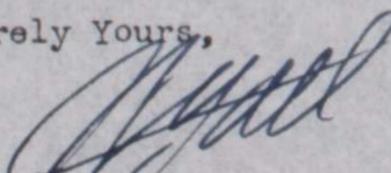
was never able to get very far with her. She was a deaf mute! I have a distinct recollection of many humorous situations that developed while I was with them. Their pressman was an old colored man named Henry Spivey and I well remember one day when I was laying around in the back of the shop visiting with Henry ~~and~~ when Mr. Simons called back "Clayte, what are you doing?" "Helping Henry," I quickly replied; and then came the lightning, as W. C. shouted back "Henry, what are you doing?" and just as quickly Henry replied "Nawthin."

It was in this office ^{that} ~~where~~ I got my first baptism in politics. Mr. Brady was the politician of the firm and many a time I heard him and some of the powers that be plotting their strategy on the next election. Mr. Brady was a most prolific editorial writer and could turn out the copy by the ream. He was about the fastest man I ever saw at a typewriter--he would close his fists and then with outstretched fore finger of each hand he would make that typewriter literally fly. He was the world's best two-finger operator who ever slipped a piece of paper in a typewriter!

From the old World shop to the modern and up-to-date plant of the present day Journal World is a long step ~~in~~ and this progress is largely through the efforts and work of Colly Simons. What he has today he got by the hard route and the Journal World will stand as a monument to him long after he has departed this mortal world.

Would you please extend to him my best wishes and sincere hope that he will soon be able to be back at the old stand?

Sincerely Yours,



CLAYTON WYATT.