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Letter from Hubert Creekmore to Mittie Elizabeth Creekmore Welty

Hubert Creekmore

Mittie Elizabeth Creekmore Welty

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707 N. Dubuque
Iowa City, Ia.
Nov. 5, 1948

Dear Mittie:

I'm sorry about not answering about the StopTheMusic tune; your card got buried very swiftly under mail in my basket and I've just set down to try to answer things and found it. I suppose the tune's been identified by now - I never hear a radio here, only juke-boxes and pin-ball machines in the bars - but there is a Yale song that goes "Bulldog, bulldog, Dow wow wow, Eli Yale!" You should find it in any book of college songs at the library. But the tune may come from some older song that has another name, just like the Star-Spangled Banner comes from an old drinking song.

Yes, the book does look pretty nice, and I hope somebody is able to like it, but I don't expect many to. The New Yorker's review was pretty mean, picking on an unimportant thing for the wrong reason; I pointed out that the small town in the book was no worse than any other town, even New York - they all had the same qualities at bottom. I hear now that the man who wrote it knows a friend of mine, and told him that if he'd known I was a friend, he'd have written a better review! The Chicago Tribune gave a gushing comment to me as a writer but thought the novel would make lots of male and female enemies because they wouldn't quite understand what it was getting at. Frank has written, hoping that Fred Sullens won't see the New Yorker and start editorializing again. If he does, I'm not going to reply this time.

I know Ruth is in a swivet over Betty's wedding. I'm planning to come down early for it. I miss only one class doing that, and it won't be important, I'm sure. But so far I don't know about travel or mainly where I can get a tuxedo, since it's going to be so formal. Is the champagne ordered?

Eudora writes me that the kiddies are growing up more and becoming more obscurely intelligent.

With love,

Robert