

December 16th, 1997

Dear Brian Lamb:

Enjoyed your interview with Susan Butler, almost as much as the scintillating one you did with ~~Jesse~~ Jeff (?), the brilliant young author of "Mutual Enemies." Never have I listened to a young personality with such an articulate mode of expression and complete grasp of a particular subject...or any other subject upon which he might choose to expound.

Whether you consider it hearsay or heresy, the enclosed is submitted for the consideration of your guest and you.

I doubt that Kinrey is still around, pushing a little white billiard ball around. If he is, he would probably be pushing a superannuated age of about one hundred and twenty which, you undoubtedly, recognize as the Jewish curse. When young Jewish couples get married under the choopah and the bridegroom crushes a wine glass under his heel, everyone yells, "May you live to a hundred and twenty!" What a drag. I'm eighty-one now, and the furthest thing from my mind is to want to spend a score of years or more in a nursing home.

In re-reading my story today, I was finally able to recall the real name of Kinrey's protege, which was Masako Katsura, not the twisted one I was able to come up with after forty years of not having to name her.

Since this is that time of year, I'd like to wish you both a Merry Christmas and a Chappy Chanukah. I have always wondered why Irving Berlin, Russian-born Jew that he was, opted to write White Christmas instead of White Chanukah. To remedy this glaring oversight of his, I recently sat down at my venerable portable typewriter and did it for him. Hope you like it.

White Chanukah

I'm dreaming of a white Chanukah
Just like the Chanukahs of old,
When old bubbies dickered
And candles flickered
In Russia's fabled icy cold;
I'm dreaming of a white Chanukah
And Judah Maccabee's great fight,
May your latkes turn out alright....
And may all your matzo balls be light!

As a bit of lagniappe, I came up with the following:

Moshe, the Kosher Reindeer

Moshe, the kosher reindeer
Had a very winding nose,
If you could ever see it
You would almost swear it grows;
All of his fellow reindeer
Taunted Mosh with spicy prose,
But cool old kosher Moshe
Called them jealous noodnik schmos;
Then one night neath moon so bright
And Santa rode his sleigh,
He took one look at Moshe's hook
And shouted out, "Oy, vey!",
Now those delighted reindeer,
Turned to Moish and said with glee,
"Moshe, you kosher reindeer,
You've made nasal history!"

Quantity Hall, Co. 93536

O-BK



Willie Hoppe, billiards' most glamorous figure, decided he'd take a few shots on the new stream-lined table that will be used for the first time in the world's three-cushion billiards tournament starting tonight at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago. Kinrey Matsuyama, who

would almost fit in Willie's pocket, happened along and spied on him as he made his favorite shot. The new table, with its chromium legs, is pictured here for the first time. (International News photo by Chicago American.)



THE MOST TYPICAL SOUVENIR of a visit to Tokyo must necessarily be a photograph of the royal moat surrounding the castle of the emperor. If a bit of local color can be included, that makes the shot all the more typical. ***BELOW: Kinrey Matsuyama's influence got this little starlet to pose with me. Such discipline in the selfsame stance (See Page 13). Not as much as a hair, facial gesture or arm position altered!



KINREY MATSUYAMA, shown with movie starlet at Japan's famed Toho Studios, no longer sporting the slim, svelte figure in 1948 that made the Mighty Mite a world's billiards champ in 1932.

