

May 19, 1922
FRIDAY.....

Dearest Mother,

Just another note to say that the Atlantic coast is still here and that matters are status quo concerning my position here. I hope I have been giving satisfaction here, though I have nothing upon which to base the hope.

Have finished the episcopal convention, attending church at that place night before last for my first time under the up-and-down electric stop-system of worship. As a biblical hero, I think my life-work is charted along the lines of the scribes and the pharisees, particularly the former.

Burnt a nigger at stake a few miles from here yesterday. This, in accordance with the Georgia custom, I suppose. Here's to Georgia. Savannah is a very nice town of about 83,000, full of parks, squares, cotton, one-way streets, and cubans. A queer old place and very confusing to a newcomer.

Categorically I have lost no weight, am very ~~xxx~~ well, and darned if I think of the other question.

I must confess that you have me on the Xantippish episode, also on the reference, to "O, O, Xantippe", I imagine. Please explainify.

Well, it is almost time to start work so must stop. Just wanted to let you know that I am all right and am doing as well as could be expected. Love to all, yes, even including yourself.

Your devoted Son,
W. W.