

9 Nov 13, 1923
MONDAY NIGHT...

Dearest Dad and Mother:-

It would really be best, I expect, if I were to postpone writing this letter for a day or two. As Dad says, I am apt to get "sloppy" if I write now for I am more or less in the mood for that sort of thing. Admitting that I am an incurable sentimentalist, I'm going to write anyhow, while the spirit moves me.

We have always been more or less British in our reticence about expressing affection, although it is probably much better to over-ride the feeling that it's "softy" than to repress too much. But we're not the kind of people who cry in church, or anywhere else scarcely.

I got my box from home this morning as soon as I got up and came down to the office. It made me happier and sadder than anything I have ever had from there. Don't know why I should have felt so solemn, or so home-sick as the case may be. But it got next to me pretty badly and I don't mind saying that the scrap-book and Dad's letter came near breaking down every bit of reserve. Both I'll keep and preserve, and along with the book, Mother's little note of dedication. The other things were lovely; kind remembrances-----real breaths of home. I even appreciated the old newspapers in which the things were wrapped, because I knew at just what time the "Banners" had been thrown up on the porch or gotten at the station by Dad. They had the atmosphere of home.

Looking back through that scrap-book brought me a flood of memories, as it did to you-all. Every parent, I suppose, thinks of his child as a splendid son. It's only natural. But I want to take this opportunity to ask forgiveness for all the wrong things, the little and the big, that I have done. There's a good deal of commission and quite a bit of omission.

I can't thank you-all enough for the happiness the box has given me, the separate articles and the thing as a whole. And I'll try to express that gratitude substantially in doing something worthwhile that may

give you some happiness in return.

In some other letter I'll thank you separately and a good deal more sensibly for the gifts. But tonight, just a general acknowledgment with much love to you all from the depths of my heart.

Affectionately,

William