

March 6, 1922

SUNDAY.

Dearest Mother:-

Have gotten time tonight to write another letter to you. Sunday is our dull day and I have managed to sneak off a little while from the rush and send you a few words.

I don't know what made Tolly and Jesse get those wild ideas. When we used to sit around and bull up there last winter, they'd start this country store argument on religion. Finally they'd branch off into the wide field of literature, discussing pro and con things about which they knew but very little. I quoted a little Spon River to them, and I guess that's where they got the idea that I was one of these new-fangled sceptics. I never told them anything like they have repeated, and I think it rather ill-timed for them to worry Dad with a lot of petty foolishness like that. If I were, I would not need a hypocritical lodge-attending church deacon to lead me back to the path from which I had strayed. I don't want to brag, but I believe that I am about as good a christian as Tolly and Jesse, as the latter has never been known to tell the truth, and the former is not very accurate. Don't let that worry you a minute. Seriously, I believe that I will find the light sometime soon as I have no difficulty in seeing that a life without some kind of worship is at best not four-square and of ill-balance.

I hope that Dad is holding up well under the strain that he has been under for the past two months. I want you to write and tell me how he is getting along and don't beat around the bush. But I know that you won't evade because you're anything but that kind. I am worried about him, but hope that he will be able to come through this winter all right. Make him stay in out of the rain and wet this spring---it is deadly, then. I am feeling fine and am getting along just as well as could be expected. I enclosed a clipping of a library story in my letter to Dad today. Hope you like it. When I complete my first book of clippings of my stuff, will send it home for you to look over. I keep them in a little paper bound book and will have one full shortly.

TAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE CARE OF DAD AND MAKE HIM GET INTERESTED IN READING SOMETHING OR DOING SOMETHING SO THAT HE WON'T WORRY. MY LOVE AND SYMPATHIES ARE ALWAYS WITH YOU AND DAD AND THE KID. I must stop now as Ike has come in with some small stories for us to work on. Love to all, and will write to you again soon.

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Your devoted son  
William

P.S. By the way, Ike and I are to move tomorrow from where we have been staying to a Mrs. King's home. It is almost like the Crockett's in Nashville and the lady is very nice. Only one other man roomer, as the lady's daughter married recently. The place was well recommended and I know we'll like it fine. Still send mail to office, as I can get it out of the box at any time there.

W