

Nov. 18, 1936

Wednesday.

Dear Dad and Mother:

Here it is another Armistice Day and, fortunately for us in the financial department, a holiday. Tomorrow is another birthday, and time does slip by.

I appreciated Mother's letter of Sunday, for writing in long-hand is such a trial after becoming accustomed to the typewriter. We are anxious to hear what Dr. Blalock had to say about the smothering spell Dad experienced. It's just a guess, but I imagine that it was due to his sleeping on his ~~back~~ stomach. No doubt it takes some time for the heart and its muscles to adjust itself to the enlarged operating space and, as a purely mechanical matter, it has a tendency to surge into that new opening when one lies face downward. Please let me know soon what Blalock advised. I must write to him, perhaps today, as I had a nice note from him telling me of Dad's departure from the hospital.

It is fortunate, I believe, that the matter of the speaker pro tem is settled and that Dad won't have a possible trip to Montgomery hanging over him. Obviously he should rest for a good while and not resume such active work until he has ~~the~~ the OK of Drs. Blalock and Harrison. If he will do that everything ought to be all right for him.

Now that the contest is over, I hope Bob Henry will find time to write me how it came out financially. That is, a statement showing the number of new subscribers, ~~the~~ and arrearages; the gross to the paper and the contest promoters; cost of prizes, etc. --- and finally the estimated net to the paper. I thought he had an excellent ~~round~~ round-up story on the election and his school reporters seem to be doing better. Advertising also seems to be holding up pretty well.

I have definitely turned down the ~~gum~~ agency job because, although it offered twice what I'm now making, I doubted its permanency. Any job depending upon one advertising account is too risky for me. I feel that as long as I've got to work in New York, which I still detest, it might as well be for The Times.

Must go now and get the car worked on and do a few other things that the holiday affords time for. Keep us posted on Dad's progress. With love to each of you,

Devotedly,

Wm