

Apr 22, 1930  
(1920?)

Thursday-

Dearest Dad:-

I got your letter just a few minutes ago and will answer at once. You are right; I didn't know how much I was spending. But you know that everything is higher now. If you were to ask Uncle Ros, I think he'll tell you that Ryan's account is like mine. Our save checks, however, I put "cash" because they were for necessities which I must pay in cash and not checks. Washing is 2.50 per week and I did not

pay that thru Mrs. Crockett  
very many times, but in "cash".  
I spend some, a good deal,  
on food. I realize that I  
have been spending too  
much and I'm glad you  
told me. I'll stop every  
possible leak and cut  
down in several ways. It  
shocked me a great deal, Dad,  
when you said you feared  
the "white plague". Please, Dad,  
Please, don't delay! Be about  
yourself at once. I thought  
of that when Mr. Frost  
was taken so suddenly.  
Please, don't neglect yourself.

If I were left like Jack, I'm  
afraid I'd give up and just  
never try to be anything.  
Why not make a quick  
trip to Denver now. It  
wouldn't take over ten days  
and it's a good investment.  
Do it now, Dad, before you  
just leave to. If you don't  
mind, send me all my checks  
and I'll see about them  
and get some idea of them.  
It's not so long till school  
is out and I'll be glad  
to come home and try to  
learn either newspaper or  
real-estate business. My days

of childish idleness are over,  
and I've got to see the serious  
side of life in business and  
other affairs. With you to  
teach me, I ought to gain  
an intimate knowledge of  
business this summer. With-  
out dropping into sloppy senti-  
mentality, I must say that  
you have always been "The  
Dear old Pal o' Mine" and it  
is the hope of my life that our  
companionship shall endure  
for years to come without  
grievous interruptions. With  
a closer love than ever,  
(write soon) Your devoted son,  
William.