

April 1, 1922  
MONDAY NIGHT.

Dearest Mother:-

Having read all the proofs in New Hanover county tonight, will complete the night by dropping you a line or so. Was glad to get your letter last night and hear from the roll-call of Athenian reprobates.

For goodness' sake, don't show my stuff to anyone----I'd much prefer that those who are but casually interested in me should know of my progress in per capita wealth and not in the alleged literary exploits which I become embroiled in. "Well, I don't guess it will hurt Shelley"----but I'd rather that they didn't know that I'm writing anything but police and routine and other dull stuff.

Am reading anything and everything that I can get my hands on--having just reached the point where I realize that I'll need all that stuff some day and then maybe I won't have it as I should. However, I don't let the reading interfere with business, while I do consider it a part of my business. I don't know any one subject well, but I can certainly write anything from vaudeville and revival press-agent to book reviews and fires, statistics, and sports. I have range but no precision, as they say in the worstwhile coast guard.

I am shocked at Thom.---I'll bet he gets the royal razz from sister Susie if she hears of his escapades. But for Lord sake, don't get proud of me or permit any of the family to get that way. Wait till I spring something and you'll have just aeons, as the poets stop-watch the universe, to gloat. By all means bide your time until I get somewhere and then chortle and chuckle and chide.

Pore Shelley----but he deserves it, and I'll more than likely give it to him. It will take a good deal of study to get that up anyway and I'll find that beneficial.

They tell me that when vacation time in summer comes that everybody swaps jobs and fills in. ~~██████████~~

I sure will learn a lot then. I have the paragraph,ed, column book notes daily, and other hankerings which I may have a chance to try. At last I will have struck my milieu, shades of Greenwich Village, and will have a shot at everything in the shop.

"Twenty years", you said, ----don't speak of it. The mere mention of that much time gives ~~me~~ me the shivers. I suppose you are busy now on a theory of compensations, to take the place of "retribution" which used to be your philosophy. I believe that we all work our philosophies in major cycles according to age, and minor cycles according to temporary environment.

Please clip the Rawls article and let me see it. I wonder just how he expressed himself on it. I don't see, tho. for the life of me why it should be a secret of state. It couldn't be any more widely known than it is as the present time unless the A.P. played it up. Personally, I hope that he gets it right in the neck for a "stretch". I have one thing against those people and it's unforgivable --- that is snobbishness and purse-pride. And they aren't a family of martyrs --- but just plain-porch-and-social-climbers that got nabbed.

Haven't read the "Birthright" --- I haven't heard of it. But I am trying to locate a good many of the new books, "Far to Seek", Bibesco's book, and others.

FitzGerald has a story in this month's Metropolitan which is laid in an Alabama town --- overdramatized, improbable, but fairly well written.

Will try to write more later in the week.

By the way, am off the beat for a while and am writing Sunday special, booster edition stuff, and features. Don't know whether it's a boost or a bounce.

Love to all, and lots to you.

Your devoted Son,  
William