

8/30/32
Tuesday Night

Dearest Dad,

Although it's rather late and I'm home from the office, I'll write in long-hand tonight because I want you to know that I'm thinking of you tonight when I know you must be suffering. However, I am confident that you're standing up under it like the great old soldier you are.

Guess you're coming "out from under" now and feel pretty deep from the ether. Was glad to get Mother's wire tonight & to know that she is with you. I wish I could be there, too, if it would help any.

I was worried when I got your letter today as I had no idea you intended having an operation so soon. So I wired Mother

(2)

Not knowing that you + she were already at Nashville & I felt all afternoon that you were having it done and I was pulling hard for it to come out all right.

I'm not quite satisfied yet as to the success of the operation for I know enough medicine to fear peritonitis after an operation for appendicitis & I suppose by the time you get this that the danger of that will have passed.

But if there's the slightest turn for the worse, I want you to wire me so I can come at once & my job is safe and I can afford the trip if there should be the slightest necessity for it. Of course, I'm hoping that things take their natural course and that in a week you will be able to go home. But don't rush things and take no

(3)

Chances of getting away too quickly.

Somehow, I feel assured that you'll come through all right, old pal. If living right hasn't always the reward of the Midas touch, it should prove a standby when sickness comes. I almost know that you're bound to be guided through safely — because you deserve it.

Well, I'll knock off for tonight and write a real letter tomorrow. God bless you, Dad, and help you to get well speedily. Always,

Your devoted Son,
William