

Please write to me soon
if you are able, but don't
worry yourself too much for me.

Script
Lank Home
Sept 29, 1907

Dear Mother:

Why don't you write to me
mother? Do you realize that
you have been gone a whole
month & have only written
one letter to me? I am getting
homesick now for you. There
are so many things that I would
like to talk to you about but
I just can't say what I mean
on paper. I am especially sad
& homesick just at present because
of the death of Henry Jones. You
remember him don't you? He
went out camping at Birmingham

near the Heason's cottage and slept
 in a cave with four other boys
 Friday night. In the morning
 about nine o'clock they were
 digging the cave deeper ^{when} the top,
 a great mass of stuff like concrete
 & rock, broke in & his back & neck
 were crushed ~~instantly~~. He died
 instantly. Lawrence Coudrey was also
 digging in the cave with him but
 was farther in & the rock broke in
 front of him so that he was hurt at
 all. Howard Curtis was just starting
 to go into the cave but jumped back
 suddenly as it fell. He was knocked
 down but his head went into a hole
 so that he had enough air to breathe
 until he was pulled out. His head was

cut out not very seriously. Henry's
 funeral was this afternoon & I was
 one of the pall-bearers. I just could
 not help letting out a few tears
 because it made me think of the
 only other funeral that I have
 been to, papa's.

I have just been to Christian
 Endeavor Church & have not got
 the Blues as much as I did have.
 When a person is sad it does a
 great deal toward comforting
 him to hear about the works of
 Christ. A man, missionary from
 Africa, spoke to us at church
 this evening about the colored converts
 there. When they once become converts
 they really mean it & expect to be saved.
 This missionary believes in Jesus

4.

Christ in exactly the same way
that I do. He thinks that the Lord
guides our every move & we
should be dependent on his decisions
& not on ours nor those of our
friends. I am learning to believe
that every thing that happens
to me, either good or bad, the
Lord has planned for me & that
they are for my good in the end.

I wish you would tell me some
good topics for the young
men's Brotherhood to discuss.
I cannot think of any but the
ones we have already exhausted.
Of course they could never be
entirely exhausted but it would
be better if we could have some

new ones. I suppose you know that since John Bickford has gone away I am president of the Young Men's Brotherhood. Last Saturday night we had the first meeting of the Knights of King Arthur & I was made King. I don't believe I can do that also because I am supposed to clerk in the store Saturday afternoons & evenings. ~~Oh~~

Oct. 10th

You can see for yourself that the first part of this letter was written long ago. I have been debating with myself as to whether I shall throw it away & start over, but

I have concluded that I would
send it all because I probably
will not write again for a
long time. I am just fearfully
busy. I am getting along all
right in school, I think, but
there is not much photography
to do. It will be hard for me
to pay my half of the board, unless
things hew up a little. I just
simply have to have a sweater
& a long, light-weight overcoat.
If you will pay for all of my board
when I have not enough money I
will pay it back to you next summer
with 5% interest on the amount.
Please don't think that I am
extravagant or unreasonable, but

please also remember that this is
my senior year & that I want to
have a good time, for a change.
I am having just piles of fun
here at Lank. I guess you were
right when you told me that
all my suffering would be before.
I believe I have more fun than if
I were home altho I do miss
you awfully. There are two girls
here with whom I have a great
deal of fun. They are just about
my age but are in the Academy.
I am just learning how to act when
I am with girls. I always used to be
so awfully bashful but this year
I am not a bit scared of them,
altho I do feel sort of bashful &

without words to say when I am
anywhere near the sweet girls or
Margaret Bennett & that bunch.
I feel as though they were too good
for me.

Do you know, I believe you
have ~~not~~ trained me wholly in
vain. I really have the reputation
of a good boy now. (Please don't
think I am conceited, because I
must tell my own mother
everything.)

Well, I really must study & goodbye
mother dear

Your most
loving son

P.S. I was awfully glad to get a letter from
you the other day & will follow your
advice. Please give me some more ^{letters} write soon