

March 5th, 1917.

Dear Mother:

I was in Donora over Sunday for the first time this week. I had thought of going home last Saturday, but was waiting on a man to come in who did not get here until it was too late to go home. I also went up to Charleroi in the afternoon for Anderson. Ira's tried to get me to promise to come back down there for Sunday. They had invited Norval Dougherty's family out and seemed anxious that I should be there when they came. But, I felt that I should stay in this town one week's end at least. If for no other reason, it is the best time to get acquainted. I guess I selected a very good time to stay as the snow is pretty deep here this morning. It would have been a snowy trip over the hill this morning.

I was very glad to hear of my father's good fortune. It has been very few times that he has got any of the money back that he has paid out as bail, I guess. How much did Munnell owe him?

I was out at Andersons for dinner yesterday. I have been out there quite often since I came to this town,-- two or three times each week. They have treated me mighty nice since I came here.

Received a money order from Dugent last Saturday for the amount he owed me with good strong interest. He wrote me a very nice letter also, wishing me success in my profession. It seems strange that a fellow with



as much ability as he has will just go on spending every cent he makes,-- with absolutely no thought of the future. He never seems to think that a time might come when he could not be making the salary he does now.

Walter was just in. He is my most regular client. I was up there for a little while last evening. Elsie and Paul were both about half sick with colds.

I did not hear from Mary last week. I suppose that she was too busy with her social engagements to write letters. Or, perhaps she thought that one letter from Prosperity a week was sufficient. Had a letter from Miss Reynolds.

I have written this letter to you on the type-writer because I thought I needed the practice on it. It might be some time before I am able to hire a stenographer. I guess, though, that I am able to write faster on this machine now than by hand. It does not look like as long a letter as one written in long hand, though.

I guess there is nothing new or startling around this town at present. Anderson is at Washington today, and I think it is too cold for many clients.

Your son,

*Guy*