

March 19th, 1917.

Dear Mother:

I was down at Crafton over week's end. They wrote during the week and asked me to come down. They were intending to have a sort of birthday party for Ira but on account of Tillie's misfortune did not have one. Tillie and Coles were there over Sunday. Tillie seems to be in pretty bad condition. She seems to think all the time that she has been a very bad woman. It seems to be self condemnation with her altogether,-- something odd for a person out of their mind. She imagines she is going to be arrested. She imagines there are two factions in Waynesburg that are conspiring to bring about her arrest,-- Dorsey Phillips being at the head of one faction. On some subjects, she seems as rational as ever.

I have been having a terrible time to get this letter written. I started it early in the evening and there has been such a lot coming in this evening that I am just now getting started again. They have not been clients of mine, but I had to loaf and talk with them just the same.

Business seems much more promising this month than last. I think I am going to beat expenses by margin if I am not miscalculating. I am going to Uniontown this week to examine a title. I expect to be over there about two days.

I had the job of taking testimony in a case here at the office last Saturday that made me ten dollars. That was pretty easy money. It was one Anderson had me appointed on.

I suppose the clearing is not going very rapidly yet. They certainly selected a great winter for that kind of a job.

I saw Mr. Pipes last Saturday and was talking to him. I was told today that he had been very badly out of his mind Sunday. He is terribly feeble.

I think I shall close this letter and go to my room. I have not done much today, but am tired nevertheless. It seems that I have about exhausted the news of this town,-- and especially the news that would be of any interest to you. Even the papers would probably be scarce of something to write if it were not for the war news. I guess you can get that from the papers you take.

Your son,
Guy [signed]