Thursday

July 15, 1943

Dear William:

It has been a long time since I have had a minute to sit down & fulfill my sincere desire to write you a note, not that there is anything to relate of great interest – we just pursue the even tenor of our way – which isn't always too even.

We spend much time in the country – working – I never did that sort of work in my life before & it is utterly exhausting to me. The enclosed clipping from the "American" typifies our

gardening endeavor – Our boy who helped us last year is doing a man's job this year so we are on our own. It takes 4 hours to cover the lawn with the power mower – not to mention trimming under the pines – but it is healthful.

I painted the yard furniture, the porch furniture, & the awnings

– not to forget the screen doors. If anyone says paint to me! – We

thought we would do it while there was paint available.

Your father has lost over 20 lb. work & worry I guess will do it sooner than anything else. He just can't follow the pace he sets for himself & the bare shelves in the store are enough to

give anyone a headache.

Dr. Turner has bought the old Fleek home to use as a residence.

He lives in the Harry Twisher place but his wife likes the Fleek house so

---. How does one acquire that much influence over a mere man? It is

something I always wanted to achieve but never did – now it is too late

to hope. You see – pessimism has me in its grip.

There has been a lull in activity which might make news for you.

As far as the family is concerned they are all well & happy – and to date

no casualties. Uncle Carey recuperated splendidly

from what everyone thought would prove a fatal illness. Lillian wrote

me recently that she & Aunt Vonnie are holding up very well & that her

hip is slowly growing stronger. Someone who had seen them told me

they suspicioned that Lillian had a slight stroke when she had that fall.

We regret that it will be such a long time before you & Philinda come our way but we are anticipating it keenly. It just doesn't seem that almost 4 years have passed since you were last here.

We do enjoy your letters & I shall try to have more news when I write again. With much love to both of you from all of us.

Sarah



Rain, Rain! - Weeds, Weeds!

Don't you recognize dear Laurence in the throes of DE[S]PERATION

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