

Athens, Tennessee  
April 8, 1940

Dear Mama-

I may not go to Chattanooga after all. I think they have decided to take a quartet instead of the chorus, and I suppose I won't be included. I know I can sing <sup>no better, of course</sup> as well as Fred, but Fred works his head off for Dr. Wallf, so I couldn't expect anything else. I doubt very much if they go on the air - Fred said he thought they wouldn't. They might even decide to take the entire group later on - you never can tell what this outfit is going to do.

I suppose you got my card from Norris. I want to tell you what Rev. Cavaleri did for us. He had a big dinner waiting for us at a hotel in Jellico after church services. They arranged the tables in a row, just like a formal dinner, pretty decorations and all. Of all the churches we have visited, his was the only one to feed us, and did they feed us! Up until that, we had always been allowed 35 or 40¢ to eat at a cafeteria. The only thing I regretted was that we had to listen to "Prexy's" line instead of hearing Rev. Cavaleri. I suppose Mr. Rabb is to be given credit, however, for working in the interest of the College. He always appeals for money for the Forward Movement Campaign and asks if "any of you wouldn't feel justified in giving for the purpose of ~~having~~ the training of such "fine" young people as you have just heard singing.

My cold got a lot better last week and now it is making me feel tough again since the trip Sunday, but I don't think it will last long this time. I can't figure it out—colds didn't use to bother me at all.

Now, won't you quit "stalling" and tell me who the Mr. Stalling is you mentioned in one of your letters. I never can think to ask any of the chorus members about him.

I thought about you as soon as I woke up Easter morning and wondered if it was snowing there. I am glad the snow didn't cause you any more trouble than it did.

Yes, I read about the little boy who drank the whiskey and died. The paper stated that "J. R.'s" grandparents kept the whiskey to make campher. I had to laugh when I read that in spite of the tragic end.

Did any of you read about our intramural tournament in Sunday's Sentinel? The caption ~~so~~ read "Wesleyan Frats Cop Cage Meet"—the "s" on Frats should have been on Cop as there are only two fraternities here, and certainly only one could win. We eliminated the other fraternity in our first game.

I noticed Haggard Byrd's obituary in today's paper. He was only 29 so I took him to be the one that graduated with Jewell.

Now here I have left the worst part of this letter to the last—that part which creeps into every one of my letters some way. It could, at the least, jump hastily across the page at

the beginning and be gone. I need some more money. Every time I ride 100 or so miles in a car (Christmas trips) I have to have my suit cleaned and pressed - 50¢, and other incidentals of the trip plus my expenses here such as paper, razor blades, a shave once in a while, etc. take my money by the handful. Could you let me have about \$2? Thank heavens we only have seven more weeks to go, including this one. If I survive the mid-term exams this week the way I feel I'll shout and sing.

Hope everybody is still OK.

Love,

Bill

P.S. - I found the extra sock and washed it.