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Letter from Christine Smith to Pauline Smith; August 15, 1938

Edith Christine Faust

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HOTEL

HAMBY

DYERSBURG

TENNESSEE



*Mrs. S. H. Smith
Pittsboro, Miss.*

WALTER M. HAMBY
PROPRIETOR

Hotel Hamby

DYERSBURG
TENNESSEE

Sunday Afternoon

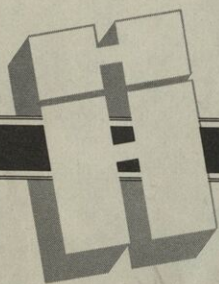
Dear Mother,

Today has been a long day, but I've enjoyed the rest. Kat and Jimmy went out in the country with some people to eat Chicken. They insisted that I go too; however after seeing so many people I felt that it would really do me good to stay by myself for a change. I don't think I've said a dozen words to anybody - and they were to the waitress at meals. Until a few minutes ago, I haven't been lonesome. I came downstairs and couldn't get out because it was raining. It just occurred to me as I sat here in the lobby that I'd give most anything I have should some one I knew walk in the door.

I'm so very glad to leave Dyersburg. Of all the places I've been so far, none seems to have left the bad taste in my mouth that this place has. It

seems strange to me that so much
is written about the white trash of
Mississippi. You should take a look at
the people here on Saturday afternoon,
in fact with the exception of today, I
have looked upon more things and
peir-de-mels than I've ever seen before.
Yesterday afternoon I came in feeling
positively sick - half the women coming
down the street had little ratty-looking
kids with sores all over them. When
I looked up to give one woman a
piece of chewing-gum, I noticed that
she was walking along the street
nursing her baby - quite a surprise
to see such exposure. I thought
to myself that she was in danger
of getting sunburned. Half of the crowd
tried to engage me in conversation
about their personal affairs. So
far I haven't seen a pretty girl
or a nice-looking boy.

Well, I did say with the exception
of today - I went to church and



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saw some very nice looking people. The service was all unusually good and it really made me feel better to go.

Just a few miles from here is the Mississippi river. Just across the river is Missouri. While Jimmy and I were marking the other morning we drove up to a point where we could look at the river. There was the island that Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer played Pirate on. Of course I don't know this, but since it was so close to Missouri where the story took place, I thought it would be a good thing to believe. It is only a little way to the Arkansas line on one side, and I think I

wrote you that we went over to Fulton,
Kentucky last Saturday night. So
you see I am right in the middle
of several states.

Marta, I believe I've met the
girl that you are to room with.
I think I told you all about stopping
in Jackson one night with Max Hardin
on the way from Rose Hill. You'll
recall that I ended up in a house
with two deaf people that I'd
never seen before. Well, this
girl was the daughter and a friend
of Max's. Of course she may not be
the same girl, but I remember
that she taught at McComb and her
age tallied with the description
you gave.

Wayne called me this afternoon.
Since I've been gone he's called
me every Sunday but one. He
says that he is coming to Savannah

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next weekend. I'm about decided
that I'll marry him next spring.
He is a sweet boy and experienced
in every way to any other eligible
man. ^{9 months} He has changed jobs at a
slight decrease in salary, because
he thinks the job he had didn't
have much future. From now on
he'll do some sort of engineering
work in Holly Springs.

I would surely like to see all
of you. When I think of how long
it's been since I left and how
long it will be before I come
home again, it rather frightens
me.

I'm looking forward to getting
back in Nashville where I can

settle down for two weeks at Mrs. Morris. She's such a sweet woman and seemed to like me a lot. Going from hotel to hotel gets tiresome.

Bernie, how you learned to drive yet? I hope you'll keep on so that at least one of us will know how. When are you going back to school? I'll write you there. As long as all of you are there together, it seems a useless thing for me to write each of you separately.

Love Aunt Belle happy birthday.

Love,

Chris