

Sunday Night
December 2nd

29 days till birth day.

Dear Ma, -

It's Sunday night again and here I am just sitting in my little room - in silence. I read some today and also painted which kept my mind occupied during the day light hours but now night is set in and my good light is gone. You know, I sure wish I had something to listen to so I wouldn't be so alone but alas, I have nothing! readjusting to this life up here in Yankee land is taking its toll on me. already I count the days until I will be home, and I haven't even been gone a week yet. I also hope that Pete will come to pick me up. I certainly would like to be with him alone for some time. You know, I guess he's the only one in our whole family that I don't really know too well.

Ma, I guess you know this letter will be pretty short because there just ain't been nothin' happening to me since I got back here. I got a letter from Bill Gordon and he sounds like he hasn't changed much in the last week. I hope to hear from you too because I'm always a little low when I return from home. When do you think we can move into Stellas house? Has anything happened since I left? Oh. I know we're going to 'love it there'! Also I am scouting around for some good lookin' steak knives for your Christmas present. We're going to have a wonderful Christmas this year. You know, we just might find out what the real Christmas spirit is!!

This evening over at the Baptist Church there is going to be a concert, for Wändels Messiah. I must get my music in somewhere you know. Honestly Ma, I'm living like a hermit up here. I have lost all my friends because

I tried to quell this God I do adore. I like it in a way, living alone, but at times I don't find myself very good company. By now you should have guessed from all the little hints that I, ^{was} desperately lonely for my record player. I mean it. you have no idea what it's like up here. If you did you wouldn't refrain from sending it. Ma, send it C.O.D. if you can't afford it. But please send it. Please, Please, Please, Please, Please, Please. And if you do then I will kiss you two times a day when I get home. Make even three times. I'm serious. My records just sit on my table and stare dumbly at me and deep within their souls I hear them singing in one grand glorious chorus "Play us."

Ma, that's all that I am going to preach to night. I know that if you love me then you will send it and if you don't love me then — but I don't even have to say that. With that I will bid you a pleasant good evening.

With Love,

Your Music Starved Son
Scott