

Dearest mom,

Just think next Tuesday I will be home. It will be a most needed rest for me, Extravagant perhaps, but never the less I sure could use it. Philadelphia is a good city - for Yankees, but I don't think it is my town and it will be a sight for sore eyes. I always get homesick a few days before I leave for home. Ah! it will be wonderful. I think that all I will do is eat and eat and eat. This restaurant food kinda gets dull after a certain time especially when I think of the masterpieces of the culinary arts that have come from your hands! I can practically smell the turkey now. In fact I think that I just heard my stomach agree with me.

Stu wrote me and sent the tickets for the trip. In his letter he also said that he was going to forsake the writing profession. I was shocked a little and then was a little depressed. After all his work he was finally coming up with some good stuff. Mr. Rappolo his English teacher criticized his short stories and kind of burst his bubble. Stu hasn't learned to take criticism yet and another thing: I think that he thinks he should have done a masterpiece by now. He doesn't know that he is just beginning and has a long way to go before he does something really good. I've learned that in my art and it is helping me to be patient and develop naturally. I hope to talk to him about it so he may profit from my experience. Really I have had more than help in the arts to that is. He wants to go into law. If he really wants to then I won't dissuade him but I can't help feeling that law is only second choice with Stu. I have been low about it, but will talk and work it out.

I will probably bring back a little of the stuff I have done up here so that you may see what I am doing. I have a billion things to talk about, things too numerous to write.

I certainly hope Pete can make it home so that we can all have a good time. He wrote me and I wrote him. Now at least he knows his other brother hasn't dropped off the face of the earth!

Right now I imagine your self in my mind's eye but unfortunately the image can't compare with the original and so I must be content to wait until I see you. I live in almost complete solitude in which I can think without being distracted. I've been able for the first time to really ^{put} deeply and I think I might have changed a little for the better. But I'm afraid all I can think about now is you and Suz and Stu and Pete and music and the smells of Turkey (and I'll taste 'em also) and so I will end this letter before I get so involved with longing that I'll be really home sick. This will be the last letter until I see you so take care and miss me as much as I miss you. Keep your chin up and I'll be home

With much much love,
your son

Scott

can you imagine that! I misspelled
my own name!