

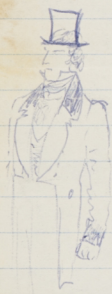
Dear Mommy, Stuart, Suzy and everyone,

You'll never guess what happened to me today. Well, let me start from the beginning. This morning I woke up and was greeted by a gloomy, rainy city. I immediately went to a drug store and bought an umbrella for \$2.98, and then I proceeded to the Gloomy halls of Broad and Cherry st, the Academy.

I saw that the registration room was rather crowded and so I thought that I would go upstairs and view the museum. When I got to the head of the stairs and was viewing a singularly atrocious piece of work when I heard footsteps moving across the vestibule. And I'll be damned if it wasn't John Chamblay, and that artist from Fort Worth, Ronald Thompson. I turned and called his name, and Mr. Thompson came toward me, but Mr. Chamblay at first didn't know who I was. But it came to him. He said that I had grown and changed so much that he didn't know who I was at first. It seems to me that He hasn't changed too much. He is still as nice as he ever was, but I think a little more serious. We walked through the ~~Exhibition~~ exhibition rooms discussing Wark among others. We mainly just shot the bull, - you know. Chamblay was going to help Mr. Thompson find lodgings for his family, and so after a few minute conversation they left. Chamblay said that he would be in Philadelphia in about a month and that he'd look me up. That will be nice.

^{Day before yesterday}
Yesterday I pounded the sidewalk all over town, seeing points of interest and was so tired when I got in that I slept for 10 hours.
(over)

I went to the Phila. Museum of art which is monstrous. I happened to mingle with a crowd of real live Germans while traveling through the Pennsylvania Dutch rooms. Their guide could not speak German - a woman who mumbled French like a Helen Keller with a Spanish accent. So naturally I stepped in and did a little translation work for them. Stuart, you'll be interested to know that they had costumes, real ones from 1777, a Gentlemen's suit, and let me tell you that the gaucheness you see in the movies is not ~~quite~~ exaggerated. There was a man's black suit worn in the year of our Lord 1818 with cravat, collars and ruffled shirt. He, the manikin, had a tall top hat and a cape - all tailored with immaculate skill. As for their art galleries they have (this will be boring but bear with me) 1 Rembrandt, many Rubens, Piassas, Roult, 2 Van Goghs one of which is the famous sun flowers, Degas, Lautrecs, Van Eykes, Monets, Renoirs, Cezannes, Homers, Guardis, Titian, Daumiers, Modiglianis, Antonella da Messina, Verborichs, Jan van Steen, Ingres, and Countless others. As for Independence Hall and Carpenter's Hall etc. They are remodeling it and so you can't tell what it used to look like (only inside). In the room where the ^{peace of} representative of the U.S.A. first sat we were given a wonderful talk. We were allowed to sit in their chairs where the representative really sat! it looked like this:



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I found the Concert Hall the first day I was
here. They're going to have Charles Munch and
the Boston Symphony doing Beethoven's ninth
symphony. And at Easter time there going to
present Beethoven's oratorio "The Mount of Olives".
They're going to have Isaac Stern & David Oistrach
and also, and Rudolf Serkin and many
others.

Well people, that's all I got to say.
Mommy, I'll send you a price list of my drawings
so you can price them. I'll straighten up my
sketches of the Pigeons and the skin of the bird. ^{in my trunk} I forgot
them. ~~I'll~~ I'll write again soon, until then I remain
with much Love,

Scott