

Dear Stuart,

Ha, ha, I bet you thought I wasn't going to write.
And if you mean like write stories, you are ~~wright right~~ ^(wrong right)
As you can see, I'm not even used to typing yet. But, I'm going to start. So far, the few relations with the parents have been sort of strained. They want one thing and I want another. Normally they'd be understanding about it, but they still consider me an adolescent, and incapable of knowing what I want. So Between fighting with them, trying to find a job so I can support myself, and spending every possible minute with my little woman (by far the most pleasant passtime), I haven't been able to do much. Of course the trip to North Carolina took up about two weeks. You'd of loved it. ^{horrible English} I went up to Chattanooga, then to Ashville, And then to the small town of Lumberton to see Rusty get married. Then over to the Atlantic coast, down South Carolina, Georgia, into Florida, and finally across the Gulf coast to home.

But last week, I had to go to Mandeville to see the parents and try to settle something about what I was going to do for the summer. So I spent about two hours in front on the typewriter completely intimidated. I finally realized, just like (and English major can't use "like") as we said, writing isn't going to be sitting down and writing a masterpiece in an afternoon. And, in short, I was afraid. So I managed to put about half a page of directionless dialogues down in the space of three hours. Then Daddy came and asked me to go play golf with him, and since I was beginning to feel beaten, I ~~xxkxd~~ gladly accepted. And since then, I've been to chicken-shit to try again. But since I've been away from them (parents) for a few days, I'm ready to try again. The desire is still there, but it's easily frightened. It ~~xxxx~~ was amazing how fast all of my ideas took flight when I finally set down to put them on paper. Then too, Mother and Daddy sort of inhibit me; they always seem to be watching and criticizing the things I'm doing.

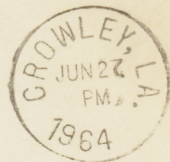
You ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't believe what's going on right now. Anne is cooking supper for me. Mother and Daddy are still in Mandeville and Anne comes over and cooks for me every night. And she's damn good. It's an IDYLIC life. I haven't found a f job yet, so Anne and I just spend every day together, and come over to the house ~~at~~ night and cook and listen to records and maybe have a drink now and then. It could be that I'm just too happy to write.

Oh, and sitting on the table beside me are two manuscripts, one entitled "The Man From Mandeville" and the other entitled "~~xxxxxxx~~ I, When the Lilacs Bloom, Remember." Yes, in typical David form, I got the manuscripts from Herm, and ~~a~~ completely forgot to give them to Janet. When you write, let me know if you'd like me to send them to her, or if you want me to send them straight to you. In either case, I'd like to make copies of them to keep. Will that requize copywrite forms of not? I promise not to submit them to a publisher in my name. I just want to be able to look them over every once in a while. In short, I like them. o.k.?

I've just been informed by me cook(alias Anne) that dinner is in the immediate offing. So, I will prepare to close dis here episile. But, as I do, I want to say that if you ~~xxxx~~ aren't working, of dding something regularly, we should arrange to get toghther soom. I'd like for you to come visit me at my country manor (which it is right now) and would promise you a fine time. I know that that sentence if horrible parallel construction, but it contains truthful words. So, until I hear from you, adious, pronounced aa-dee-ous.

David

David Moore
425 West 15th St.
Crowley, La.



Mr. Stuart Gentling
5020 Bryce Street
Ft. Worth 7, Texas