

Sunday
nite

Dear Stu -

I saw your mother tonite, and, as usual, the conversation never got around to you, but was dominated forcefully by your "better half" in Pa. Actually, poor Scott must be in really low spirits - I know a little how he feels. It ought to really get miserable when the weather gets bad.

How are things in New Orleans? I saw Tom & Ross tonite (ate dinner with them) and Ross said he'd gotten a letter from you. Sam and I went down to the ranch & got 19 dove (we stayed overnite) and had some good shooting. We'll have to get some ducks when you get home.

I have to do some reading so I must cut this letter short. I'll try to write again soon - a longer and more legible letter. Write me if you get time.

Your friend,
Bill

P.S. I am at home