



SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

April 25, 1937

Dear Mother,

Since I haven't heard from you for so long, I decided to take matters into my own hands and write you. I hope you haven't been sick for it has been practically three weeks since Dad last wrote.

I seldom see Bob when he has enough time to speak to me, so I haven't heard much from him.

The weather up here has been grand the last couple of days. As a matter of fact it has been too nice to study. At least that is a good excuse because this semester I haven't done too much. I sure hope I can buckle down to work before exams come, because I don't <sup>want</sup> ~~have~~ my marks to slip.

To date I have not received an answer to my letter to the directors of Wilkesham Country Club. Was Dad been out there to play golf or has he heard anything at all? I would like to find out something definite so that I can tell the Blake boys.

We have only four more weeks of school now. It doesn't seem possible that a year is up. I often wonder if the money or the time that I have spent

studying and working up here has been rewarded. If I were sure that I wasn't going to letta myself, I would certainly not come back next year. I expect to go into to see the Dean sometime this week or next about my next year's work. I want to map out a program that will give me special training in a particular field such as accounting; not just a general education which will provide me with good conversational powers and a high sounding degree. After all, a general education puts ~~two~~ two stakes on you before you even get up to bat. By that I mean unless you have specialized and excelled in something particular you are always at the mercy of the little people who are at the top and resent your superiority.

Another thing that sincerely grippes me is the slowness of this educational process. We must always wait for the dullard or the playboy, who thinks of nothing but dates & drinks. If only we, who have intellectual curiosity and a desire for learning, could step out & go as far as we like on our own with guidance by capable <sup>men</sup> ~~men~~, we would be ~~much~~ much more satisfied and much more amply rewarded for the time & effort expended.

Perhaps that sounds a bit pessimistic to you. But on the contrary! I am optimistic as to my abilities. I only wish I could change my character a ~~little~~ <sup>trifle</sup>. My superiority complex has somewhat disappeared but I am still not at ease with gals. This undoubtedly



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is an after effect of not going out more in high school. The real reason, however, is not ~~been~~ knowing much about dancing. I am behind the eight ball before I even start.

another thing that gets me (and I don't know how to change) is this peculiar habit I have of carrying a chip on my shoulder. I know that you & Dad both told me that and I believed it. But up here even more people have told me that, but I still can't change. The whole trouble is, I think, that I want dollar received for every dollar given. Only the other day the landlady made that observation to two of my friends. They went down to inquire about rooms for the three of us next year. (By all three rooming together, we can get the room cheaper. And the fellows are prices!) When she heard that I was one of them, she said:

"I thought you didn't like it here." The fellows didn't have much to say to that. ~~and she~~ ~~saw~~ and then she said: "The trouble with Fisher is that he has always got a chip on his shoulder". you perhaps think I haven't

any fetter feelings, but remarks that hurt even the toughest.  
But to rationalize, I think I have plenty of grounds to feel  
about my room this year, don't you?

But to come back to what I said before. I really  
know I am antagonistic, but frankly I don't know how to  
change. I like people and seem to get along well with  
those I want to. But even to my friends I say things that  
I often wish had been left unsaid. I guess I am a  
problem child -- another product of a capitalist government.  
(I think I am getting to be a communist.)

Well, mother, that is quite a jumble of phrases. But  
the whole truth is that I am growing up and it ~~seems~~<sup>seems</sup> me.  
Problems that even only last year loomed vague on the horizon  
have ~~become~~<sup>become</sup> huge. This year has certainly had its good  
points though. I have become oriented to problems existing for  
people faced with the earning of a living. I have also be-  
come a judge of a character. If there is one thing that has  
become despicable in my eyes, it is smallness. Anyone cap-  
able of doing small things should be trampled on like a  
rat. Another thing that has become more apparent than  
anything to me is the fact that ability is not always the  
criterion of success. And that is what has got me thinking!

I do hope <sup>you</sup> haven't fallen asleep or become worried  
because I am practically run down. Candidly, these few  
thoughts have been in my mind for some time and to  
set them down on paper is to relieve the tension.



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It is getting quite late; so I guess I shall retire. I do wish that you would write me ~~now~~ once in awhile, however. After all, I am your son; and although not quite such a good conversationalist as Bob, I at least enjoy letters as much as he.

By the way, I also think I shall ~~need~~ need about some money. I owe some room rent and would also like to buy some shoes.

Give my regards to everyone + keep your eyes open for jobs.

Your loving son,  
Tom

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