

Tuesday

Dearest Susan -

Here it only Tuesday and it seems as though it should be about Friday at least. What a week again.

Last night I went to see Mexican Hayride. It was pretty good but not as good as all the papers say. You should see me now - my eyes are very patriotic - red, white, & blue. The ~~end~~ circles are almost down to my knees. Sue am in great shape. I did like Mexican Hayride pretty much because there was a lot of ~~it~~ in it.

Everytime I see anyone dance it just about breaks my heart. I'd always wanted to be a dancer. Maybe someday when I'm really hard up -

what happened on your instrument check up?
 Did you stay awake long enough to pass? Did
 you get any sleep on the train coming up?
 Did Tom get the tickets? (Time in Saturday
 for the next thrilling chapter. I feel like
 a radio program the way I'm bringing questions
 at you).

It's hard to write a letter without one from
 you to answer (hint, hint). But really, it
 is because until I hear from you I keep
 asking you the same questions + you've probably
 already answered them - oh, well if you have
 just ignore them -

We just got one ~~model~~ a
 few seconds ago. She's a cute little blonde.
 Now I'll never bring you down here - lord,
 you should see all the women! (on
 second thought, no, you shouldn't).

Do you think you'll have to fly this

tuosda nq blet I ...
parigo eua aieu arip fo pango studea ett
? I libit, pusbir

11th - want eual zo of euit di, puvot, leeu
at teparat tunc - worrauat nape etine ab put
- nos nq neta etine

real fo star
sitar

Other Six
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