Dear Sis-

Here it only Tuesday and it seems as though it should be about Friday at best. 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, and blue. The circles are almost down to my knees. Sure am in great shape. I did like Mexican Hayride pretty much because there was a lot of dancing in it. Every time I see anyone dance, it just about breaks my heart. I'd always wanted to be a dancer. Maybe someday when I'm really broke 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 firing questions
at you).
It's hard to write a letter without me 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 this... we just went somewhere 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
tars to me but I'm not a rocketeer.

That was all the story, sort of. I think it was.

I can only think of some of the things that happened. I can't really remember all the details. But it was a time to put things into a new perspective.

And for that,

Best,

Joe

P.S. The postmark is October 24th.