Tuesday

Dearest Hudson-

Here it is 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, 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 noise 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 firing 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 this. We just got an island, a few seconds ago. She's a cute little island. 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
Write me back. I hope you're doing well.

I saw a man outside, thinking, I wonder where I can go.

How are you doing, sir?

Yours truly,

[Signatures]