

March 23,

Bill,

I wish you could be down here now. The weather here is tremendous. I guess I sound like a New York Jew with that adjective but you have to be down here to believe it. The sun is coming through the window and the air is cool and you kind of get the feeling that you want to say to hell with school and just hit the road for some place unknown. I just can't work in this kind of weather.

I should feel low because Scott is in Ft. Worth right now. He won third place in the regional art show contest. He entered the Turkey. The painting now goes to Chicago to the national show. I am listening to the neat little radio that he got as a prize. I did have a chance to go to Ft. Worth, but I couldn't miss a Spanish test. My roommate is in Florida seeing the auto races at Seebiring. I lost out on my chance to go to see them also because of my Spanish test, but at least I think that I aced it.

I want to see your new gun. It sounds like you got a deal even if it is, like you said, a gun with an English stock ~~and~~ ~~xxx~~. I will call Scott to ask him to bring back the folders on stock woods for you to look at. → as to whether

I haven't made up my mind if I am going home for Easter vacation or not. I think I will, but I am still not sure. If you are going to be at home, then I think I will probably show up there too. I am a little tired of Tulane right now anyway and probably in a month I will be good and sick of it.

At the beginning of this semester I decided to take swimming - a choice that now I am dubious about. I always thought that I could at least swim half way decent but now I consider myself lucky that I ever survived any swimming at all. Coach works our butts off and we have it about twice as easy as the swimming team. Its hell, brother. I have also started to take up ~~swimming~~ diving. I never could dive and now I realize that I probably never will be able to. But no one will show me how. I look so ridiculous in my feeble attempts that I am beginning to feel self-conscious, I am going to keep on practising until I ~~can~~ can at least do a good swan dive.

I am also taking up sailing. Lake Ponchartrain is made for lazy sailing. there is always plenty to eat and lots of beer. (ugh! That recalls last weekend) I am white as a sheet, mainly because we haven't had much sun until recently. But I hope to remedy that situation by sailing. (Coach wouldn't accept my suggestion that we organize sun bathing classes.)

By the way, I am working on a model of a T'ang horse.

Stan. (Too many errors!)

P.S. Tape will be sent, but you won't be able to make it out.

your typing is nauseating. I, too, took swimming (lifesaving) and finally I am thru, and I even passed it. Scott is really getting going now. The weather up here is pretty good, too - about 65 or so. I have a new roommate who moved in as soon as he got out of jail. He got wild drunk and picked a fight with someone too tough for him, so he ended things up with a broken beer bottle. As a result, he spent the week in a max-security cell on charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to do great bodily harm, in addition to such trivialities as cursing a policeman, biting a policeman, disturbing the peace, and inciting a riot. There are others, but I guess you get the picture. He will probably get on probation as he pleaded no contest.

I am considering stocking my shotgun with Yama wood, which is real meat, but also quite expensive. When do you get out for Spring vacation - I'm out April 13-23 (not long, but at least I can get home for a while)

There isn't much news from up here, except I am sure sick of this hole. My grades are pretty good. Right now I am in R.O.T.C. class, which eats it. That is why I am writing you like this, on the back of your letter. My old man's new oil well turned out to be a duster which means that thousands of my inheritance are gone. My old lady is remodeling my room. I'll probably be shitty if she has it done the way she likes stuff - you know how cool she is for decorating. Owlhead's mother is the architect on it, so at least she'll keep it from being too crappy.

I can't wait to go water skiing and get a suntan. I too am just white as Eskimo shit and if I am not brown I feel horrible. I got a letter from Truelson who said Leonard the slob had run Ken out of the house. He also said that he was not cross-eyed as you had said.

I am really counting the seconds (there are 1,506,312 left) until I get out. It sure seems more like 1,506,297 hrs. Well, I guess this is enough T.S. for now, since I am about out of space. Say hello to Rembrandt for me, and I'll see you when I get home.

me + another guy just decided to order a couple of Boa Constrictors (3 ft long) to keep in the dorm. We bought a trunk + drilled holes in it. Can't wait 'til the snakes get here!!

T.S. Hurry up and send that fucking tape, or else it'll be useless!