

10/24/63

Dear Stu:

Here am I in B-Law class. It is boring. Tomorrow I have my first two tests - one in Marketing and the other in Philosophy. Needless to say, I am worried. I was pleased to get your letter, altho I was disappointed that it wasn't typed. Not that your typing is particularly pleasing, but it is hard for me to read most handwriting - including my own.

There has not been a whole lot going on here, but then there usually isn't. I have been plugging along here in school during the week and going home on the weekends. Why I go home I don't know, but I do anyway - from force of habit I guess.

The Texas-OV game was a riot. Hundreds were jailed and at least as many sent to hospitals. Thousands of drunks swarmed the streets. It got so bad that they put football helmets on the cops to protect them from flying bottles. Needless to say, several cops were tackled by overzealous football fans mistaking Commerce St for the Cotton Bowl. The game itself was only fair. Joe Don didn't do any good, and if Joe Don does bad so does OV (or at least that's the way it used to be). There has been a lot of ill will around here when they kicked him off.

After the game Loffland, Portwood, me, and another guy went to see the Hot Nuts at a SAE party. Loffland and Portwood loaded up their "botas" with scotch and I grabbed a fifth of Vodka. This we felt would equip us for the nite. We didn't crave to pay \$6.50 to get in so we snuck down thru the woods in back along a cliff and finally got around back. They had a guard, however, so we couldn't get in. We went back around front and spied a half open window. In went Loffland; then me. We landed right on

someone's table, and the table was occupied. We started to walk away when we heard a huge crash - Portwood and our friend had made a rather undignified headfirst entrance. They, and we, had made it inside, but they then closed and locked the window. I don't remember much else about the night because I did drink almost the whole fifth. I then drank almost all of Portwood's scotch or bourbon - I don't remember what it was. Anyway I ended up smashed. At least I didn't get sick!

They say there were people falling all over everywhere, barfing and crawling around. It must have been epic. I wish I'd have seen it.

I saw a neat flick the other night "Lord of the Flies" - it is quite interesting - have you read the book? It's about these little kids from England who are being flown to safety (WWII) when their plane crashes on a tropic island. It shows how their fears and animal lusts win out over reason, and they turn into savages and even kill each other - these are just little kids - it is a very interesting story.

The weather here is finally cooling off some. I guess summer is over. Are you coming home for Thanksgiving? Write again when you have some news. Please excuse the writing - I'm tired from taking notes.

Don't let things bother you

BD

P.S. Enclosed is another letter - it is probably better but I sent both of them anyway since there's no point wasting either one. Soe-of-a-Bitch!!

kinda like when
we were young, when
you got to thinking
about it!!

that's for
brains!!

10, 27, 63

Dear Stuart:

Well, I was glad to see you finally wrote me!! Things have been rather dull around here lately except for Texas - Old weekend and this weekend. My schoolwork has been boring - last Friday I had my first test of the semester, and there has really been a lot of bad bullshit enveloping me constantly since school started - but there's no need to go into that.

Friday nite Portwood and I went to the hi-school football game and took Mary Lowdon and a couple of her little friends - that was pretty nice of us, I'd say. Later, we made it up to "King's"), but were thirty minutes late for the nightly raid. Thursday nite KRCs had a party up there, and it was raided twice. Poor old Honey is sure pissed off. They've taken away his dancing license and nothing what else will happen. Needless to say, things go on as always up there, except that they've weedid out a lot of the hi-school kids - it's pretty good now. Well, to get on with my story, we found Taeth and Luke up there, and when things shut down we were just getting fired up, so we made it down to Main Street to see the most epic of bullshit, and indeed we did!! Firstly, there was a choice group of scum roaming the vicinity of the C=LLAR which kept us entertained for a while. Then we went down to Sailor Bob's Tattoo Parlor, and saw the tattoo on the end of Sailor Bob's dick. That was good bullshit for a few minutes, then we saw a drunk, slutty, old bitch staggering around, so we followed her. Then the good BS started. She said the most

filthy things I have ever heard any woman say - right on the Main Street sidewalk! Some guy kept telling her he had a big root, and she retorted that she had a bigger pussy and for a few minutes it looked as if she aimed to prove it. Anyway they cussed back and forth for a half hour or so until the fuzz arrived, so we moved to greener pastures.

Some guy drove by giving us the evil eye and I made some obscene gestures at him. He stopped and said he wanted to see us one at a time, and I thought he must have been a tuff-ass or something, but no - he was a queer and he wanted to blow us all. We fooled him around!! Finally us sexy boys had him so hot he was going to pay us \$2.00 apiece for us to let him have the somewhat dubious honor of sucking our roots. But, being rather uninclined, we demanded more. He didn't have any more money, so he offered to get us some choice ass if we would cooperate. After much haggling he went to call the girls, but they weren't home, so we left our friend. We then ran into a couple of KE's who had just been in some hotel getting a half-and-half for eight scoots. We told them to go find the queer and tool him around - they did. We were tired and went home.

Write me back, and, if you send a good letter, I'll tell you about Trott and my trip with him to Denton & Dallas, the blow-out on the turnpike, the six can pile up and how Trott and I had a wild time boozing it all day long.

Adios, Willcom