

The
Georgia Hotel

Traveler's "First Choice" for Downtown Comfort



Dear Scott,

Thursday

Am turmoil and cigarettes tonight. Tomorrow Jack & I are going to Converse ^{Wage} in South Carolina to see his girl friend & I'm dating this girl. I've lost all my debonair dating behavior too I'm afraid, so I'm more than apprehensive. I want to go, but hell I mean should I kiss her hard or soft you know. As you've presumed (and not presumptuously) things have fallen into the ol' abyss with Miss Jenkins. But that's not why I'm writing — I'm certain your olfactory/auditory/visual functions are sicked with the chameleonic course of our "WEE-BEGONE" romance.

I'm writing to suggest we meet in New Orleans March 12 or 13. I have recess from then until Mar 16. I crave those lonely docks, freighter horns, and river houses. N.O. has more insanity & vicissitude per square foot than anywhere and I'd like to get my feet drunk in it again. Stuart is still there I guess. I'll also possibly check with Miss Jenkins to see if she'd like to go since we're all friends & would like to be together. Or is that why you haven't written? If you like, we'll rendezvous in Millodgeville in late April again (after NO). Let me know soon: "That which we call patience in common man is but pale cold comaradice in the noble breast".
Impatiently, mildly excitedly, & fraught-up,
Jim