

Tuesday
November 10, 1964

Dear Stuart,

I've been sitting here for 30 minutes trying to write you a decent letter and can't organize my thoughts. I've been in a hell of a frame of mind during the past couple of months. I don't know what's come over me.

Please read this letter carefully so you'll understand exactly how I feel. Hard as it may seem to believe, I regard you as one of three people in my life who, in the true sense of the word, I can call a friend. Three people in 22 years - my dad.

Let me introduce the current me. I have 73 days left in the Navy and in Florida. I have been trying for four months to meet the admission requirements for North Texas State College. Finally, after a dozen letters, a test (which I did extremely well on - 91 percentile overall), and much sweat, I think I will be accepted. I can't be sure yet. The only real, expressed, concrete desire I've ever had. I'm a pretty cut and dried doesn't it. It's not. There's one other little item that is like a bee in

my skull. It's about 5'4" tall, has blond hair, and is driving me crazy. Guess what it is. You guessed it - a God damn woman. I used to be quiet, conservative, rational, had the ability to look at a thing or a situation objectively - no more. This bitch (Pat Culekin of Marianna, Florida, wave on the admiral's staff, works upstairs in this building, good looking, human as hell, personable, utterly trustworthy, I think a virgin etc.) is driving me absolutely nuts.

As you know, I've had a little experience with women. I've been ~~being~~ horny for some, infatuated with others but never in love with one, I don't believe. I think I'm in love with this one. I've been dating her for almost two months and have known her for almost eight months. She has some sort of a magnetic effect on me that I just can't explain.

Last Thursday I told her I never wanted to see her again. I even took a little drive around the country ~~to~~ in an effort to ~~shake~~ shake her from

my mind. (Mobile, Alabama - Hattiesburg, Miss. - New Orleans). I was going to call you while I was in N.O. but decided against it. I wasn't in too companionable a mood.

I'm hoping to arrive in Ft. Worth in 73 days - ALONE.

Larry, I had to get the above on paper so you can see what kind of a nut I actually am. Maybe pretty soon I'll tell this girl I love her, screw her, and that'll be that.

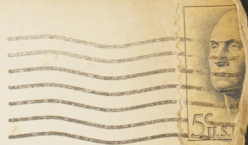
Yes, I do have to hunt still. I think I do any how. Maybe it's the memory of times gone by. There's still something about the word duck that makes me smell gun power and makes me shiver from imagined cold and makes me feel warm inside all at once. You know the feeling. Non-salable & ^sirreplaceable. But, Stuart, I think for the next few strained years money and time must be more important to me than the thrill of it all. I am master of my destiny and I have got to be just exactly that. Mother and Daddy and the protective shelter of that red brick house on Haughton Street are part of the past.

I hope our friendship will endure. It means a lot.

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P.S. Nothing more to say at present.

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