

Sat. on the Common

Dear Shilly Joe,

Well here it is with the turkey just beyond the bush, and not even a gobbler out of you. I guess you're coming, though, because the arctic storm has today knocked the hell out of a beautiful Indian summer. The South has a way of preparing for your arrival with its most malicious weather. I hate winter! There's only one way to get through it - with a bottle in your hand and a concubine lightly on your knees.

I am now recuperating from back-to-back feasts on Thurs & Fri, and some sundry nightmares. The only decent thing that's happened to me was a Thur night dinner of wine & spaghetti with Nge and Lambert. Also Thur afternoon before going into chemistry lab, I decided to regress and at the same time inject a little spirit into chemistry. So I connected this cherry bomb to a cigarette and planted it by the chem lab bldg. Jesus I got in there late and started praying it wouldn't go off, "Just don't let it go off, God, and I'll believe in you," but that's not how it works, or either I put doobly a demand on The Grand Ol' Man, and BOO-WOOOMS, it went off!

No fatalities.

Oh, I had my interview with the Emory Med Board. There were three doctors, all small as hell, and three of us punks. We had to discuss foreign aid, and I had to lead off. All I know about foreign aid is that Haile Selassie bought 7 Eadillaes, but I could shoot some shit. They've already eliminated 600 of 900 applicants. I'm not really too optimistic though. I go to Augusta (Med Sch of Ga) for an interview Mon after T Jimmy. I've also applied to Tulane.

Well, I hope I'll hear from you soon.

Jim