Dear [Name],

I've just gotten out of bed and am pretty nearly dead. Last night 2 went to the Sour-Squids game and a dance afterward, from which I arrived home at 1:15. Dad was Mom's mom.

Fact was we went to New York as you now know.

I took a voice lesson from Mr. Stanley, who is the originator of the method Mr. Wyatt teaches. He lived in a suite of rooms in an apartment house on Riverside Drive on the 16th floor! He himself was a typical New
Josh, on short and stubby, with wavy, red hair, he looked all his lessons in a short-sleeved shirt with green and orange striped suspenders holding up his mammoth pants. He could walk by itself. But he really knew his stuff.

I found out lots of things I didn't know among them, that you're contracts. I also found that the cord underneath my tongue has to be cut to allow more clarity in the flexibility of my voice. All in all, I had a good lesson and it certainly was a thrilling experience. - After my lesson we tried to get into the music hall to see "Jane Eyre." But the crowd was enormous; the doors were all closed.
So we packed up and came home.

Odie Gregg is home on a 10-day furlough. The fellow says, does she look super! Tommy Coletti was home last week. Rich Gutmell came home yesterday. More fun!

The conference at Temple was a flop. We listened to a brilliant Republican senator from W. Va. that off for an hour and a half on how much he hated the New Deal. He was the most one-sided person I have ever heard.

Doesn't seem much else to tell, so I guess I'll go make some Judge.

Love,

Bernice