

TUE. 12:00 NOON

Dear Mother,

How are things going at home? O.K. I hope. We are during our fourth day here at the Paramount. We are having a fine time, too even tho we are a little bit tired and would ~~not~~ like to be home for a few days at least.

We got a Billboard this morning and it had a bunch of good in it. We're on all the charts that count. We haven't seen a Cashbox yet but if it's like it usually is, it will be better than Billboard.

I got a letter from Daddy a day or two ago as well as several letters from you. It sure helps to get some mail, even if it's a week or two old. What counts is something out of the ordinary everyday life up here. There is a lot of excitement and all but the letters are appreciated more than anything. If one of us gets a letter and the others don't he feels kinda like the king or chief or something like that. I don't write very much I guess because I'm so lazy, ~~by~~ but I intend to every nite and by the time I've showered I'm so sleepy I put it off. So today

I just brought the Stationary to the dressing room to write in between shows: We've done our first show today and have 3 more to go. We got an encore the first show. Sure made us feel good. too. Alan Freed is a pretty good boy but he's got so many people bossing him he can't do too much by us. Morris is his manager you know and Morris doesn't like us much, probably anyhow the first 3 days when the crowd would try to encore us we wouldn't get to do another song. Something happened tho, I guess because they're letting us do another one now. We do "That'll" first and "Oh Boy" for the encore.

I think Norman is going to be coming back home in a few days and he can tell you all about this "gig". (That's a playing job.)

There's not much else to write about so I guess I'll close for now.

Love Buddy