

Dear Cora Jane: Mon 2012

It isn't important, but it bugs me. I don't remember the exact date when you and I used to see each other at the main branch of public library on State St. There was a beautiful woman with intriguing brown eyes when I would speak to her, she wouldn't speak, but would stare at me. She's probably retired by now, since younger women are ~~spoke~~ people for the library now. I would like to have had a date with her but didn't ask because she always acted like she was afraid of me. Even if I learn her name, I don't plan to take action. I'm merely satisfying my curiosity.

Tell Big Bob I said hello.

Kenneth Tackett