

Oceanside

L-20

January 11, 1950

Dear Bob:

This is a strange & unweildy pen. Am sending just a brief note at this time. Must tell somebody how glad I am.

Was released about a week ago thru the intercession of a local clergyman. I had attended thirty consecutive Sunday church services & A. A. meetings which follow those services. The minister was one of those hard-headed & logical types who do not dispense the evangelism & emotional fervorino.- The best possible person to impress me.

I am living in a small town on the seashore. There are three other fellows here taking care of pedigreed collies, love birds, canaries, cats, etc., also a summer camp which operates from June thru the summer, for children from eight to twelve years of age...I have a room of my own in this fine old mansion (Georgian) a radio & piano in my room. We have a colored lady cook & wonderful food. It seems nice to have a box of cigars. I wonder if this decency is going to bore me... Every morning I ride into the city with the boss in Packard (whoops!), get to work about ten o'clock, which consists of restoring to a habitable state an immense run down sandstone manse which will be used to house pensioners.

When I see you again I will be an expert wall washer, white-washer, painter & paperhanger & what else have you. I came back here at 6 P. M. via the Packard (home! James!). No understanding has been reached in regard to wages. The second day the boss handed me five bucks for cigarettes!! Decency is quite a novelty, & I know that you will be glad to know I am on the right side of the tracks for a change. Write.

Frank