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Sageville County Jail
January 25, 1955

Dear Bob:

Forwarded herewith is a resumé of my latest caper: The locale is near a little town on the east bank of the Hudson, the time -- last Friday, and the temperature at 00 F. According to the State Trooper, I was curled up sleeping on the shoulder of the road (infantile regression). The next day I was taken before a justice of peace and sentenced to 30 days. All of which is "old hat" and scarcely noteworthy. However, who knows but that I may yet establish some sort of record for stamina or determine the boundary of judicial patience.

Incidentally, I didn't even catch a cold from my al fresco siesta. It appears that I am going to survive for some thing. Do you remember the fellow you met down in New Haven who wrote that series "Skid Row" U.S.A.? If he could wangle his way into about forty different precinct stations and county jails, he would gather some rather readable material, if only from the dissimilar manner in which different communities deal with an endemic problem. However this may savor of brazen guffaw; I'm really sick of it. In another twenty-five days another derelict will be set adrift to repeat the process in a new milieu. If the money is appropriated for the Coast Guard to permanently remove wrecks which endanger navigation, I, for one, can see nothing incongruous if the state should appropriate the money to salvage wrecks which are still seaworth. In your ministrations to the younger generation (their education), you could bring out this fact. A letter from you would be a pleasant surcease from days which are monotonously dull.

Sincerely,
Frank