

Hope Hollow

Wednesday, Jan 31, 1946

Dear Bob:

There is no other house for miles as far as one can see. A nice bleak landscape, bare trees and rugged hills. A splendid sense of isolation far from the crowd's maddening strife. A black horse with his back covered with fine snow standing stolidly in the pasture and reminding one of Walt Whitman's "No Imperturbe".

Unable as yet to assume my social duties in regard to conversations and persiflage, it is very apparent to me that I am living with very fine people. Nice cuisine.

It appears that I recuperate quickly and that I must consider plans to find my way back (the way back to the same old things or into metamorphosis). It is a strange commentary on human affairs that I can feel myself so full of hope after absorbing more than my fair share of the slings and arrows.

The treatment so far is physiological and is doing much good. One can not help from realizing the insecurity of my present condition. All this present circumstance would be quite enjoyable could I envision a future economic independence and rehabilitation. To be fair I don't suppose I will achieve in a matter of days the security that other men spend a lifetime fighting for.

Mr. McCarthy called about an hour or so ago and he feels that I should drop in on him Friday. I suppose my immediate needs are employment, a place to live. I believe my limited wardrobe of working clothes was irretrievably lost when I checked out of the ~~Hotel~~ Hotel.

I suppose with all my good intentions it is going to be tough to get again my solvent situation of a week ago.

Hope to see you soon,

Moorey
Stoney.