

L 286

# 46 Church St  
~~# 14 Temple St. Calvinville~~  
~~Newburyport, Mass.~~  
February 24, 1967

Dear Bob: It seems that I have not written to you since the first part of December. In retrospect, it seems that I was complaining of being the "Hermit of Shark's Tooth Shoal, the feeling of loneliness in the holiday season, the winter of discontent, etc., etc.

In consideration of past life-wandering up and down the country, jumping into & out of box cars, physical exposure, being locked in a jail cell, three by six, for twenty-two hours out of twenty-four <sup>(Westville)</sup> ~~(Salem)~~ for periods of thirty days, not being trusted with a match (State Hospitals), of being sick or injured in strange cities where no one cared or was concerned; of more times than I care to remember of subsisting for two or three days on a single can of beans or sardines & then tackling two jobs in steel mills, twice a lumberjack, innumerable times on the railroads & the same as a stationary fireman, etc.--it seems now, in truth, that I am sitting on the cock-eyed world, that no one, any longer, expects anything of me, that I have a security now that I have not previously known, & that writing to you in the vein, mentioned above, was distinctly old-womanish. I remind myself of those superannuated old dogs that sleep in the sun, head on paws, that twitch in their members & that render muted mutterings as they dream away old age.

I was up to see Mr. <sup>Parsons</sup> ~~Coltin~~ today to "borrow" two stamps. He reminded me that you wanted photos. I told him that I had pictures & finger prints taken in at least six states on account of drunkenness. I hope that I may have instilled in him a germ of cynicism in regard to the present day "Crime War."

During your visit to <sup>Civilville</sup> ~~N. Port~~, I believe that I explained to you that when I returned to the <sup>Congress</sup> ~~Dexter~~ Hotel after four months in <sup>Stony Creek</sup> ~~Bridgewater~~, all my clothing had been appropriated except the suit & overcoat which was in the cleaners, & which you redeemed for me. The suit will be appropriate for a shroud when Fair Harvard gets thru sawing me up. Clothing is fairly easy to replace, but not a Navy Discharge, a Testimonial Letter signed by the President, Merchant Marine Medal of W.W. II, the