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Westville County Jail  
January 6, 1960  
~~Box 647~~  
~~Salem, Massachusetts~~

~~159-290~~  
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Dear Bob:

I wrote you on Dec. 3 & Dec. 28\*, from which, to date, no answer. Needless to say, I suffer the fate of the author of the Dead Sea Scrolls. It seems that in the last letter, I was in the midst of a Christmas Story, which I was compelled to break off for the lack of paper... One may lack the artistry, but certainly not the material, to portray the evils of his time, in a straight-forward manner that would "out Dickens" Dickens. Sic, late newspapers tell of a policemen's sick benefit association who are assessed a thousand dollars for the commissioner's farewell party, <sup>to</sup> which their sick & dependants are inadequately provided for. And again, the policemen & firemen (8 of them) ~~of Royal Oak~~ are charged with pocketing the funds collected to buy Christmas gifts for needy children. I doubt that Dickens could have found eight crooks in a town of that size.

However, irrelevant this data may appear, any kind of an alcoholic analysis would be incomplete if it did not take into consideration the element of self-justification & also it accounts for the fact that the usual town drunk does not shrivel up & die of mortification & inferiority complex.. It would be an uncomfortable situation for a man to get plastered if he were surrounded by saints or paragons of virtue. I don't remember reading anything about this in the literature on the subject, but to me, it seems to account for the inebriate's lack of respect for the sanctions of folk who are no better than he, himself.

I will be released from here on Jan. 24, in the same social & economic situation as upon arrival. In regard to your plane trips, did you know that if you flew over these parts, & started throwing eggs out the window in flight, they would land on a reincarnation of Cotton Mather, everytime? Was there ever a more poignant moment in history than when the

\* This letter was never received.