

San Quentin, California
October 3, 1929.

My dear friend Jackson:

Well, here goes for a few lines to you from the wild and woolly West; away last June you wrote me that you had just returned from a little vacation and found a letter from me awaiting you. With your answer also came a money order for Five dollars for which I want to thank you at this late date.

Then again I received a letter from you dated as having arrived here August 31 and it came to my hands a few days later. I understood you to say that you had written me but if you wrote other than the two letters mentioned above, which by the way were registered, I have failed to receive them. In the last letter from you there was a money order for Seven dollars for which I also thank you.

Time flies, in fact everything flies; we are indeed living in a fast age. One of the boys received a letter the other day in which one of his friends said that the world on the outside was crazy and that he did not know whether or not he would enjoy it even if he were so fortunate as to get out.

One of my friends wrote me recently that it seemed as tho my time would never get below eight months. After next Sunday, tho instant I will be able to write them and say that now it is not only under eight but under seven. That's going some when compared to ten YEARS. Don't you think? Kindest regards to your bunch and yourself. Write when you can; All our crowd here is fine and dandy, and getting larger every day in numbers.

Sincerely your friend,