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San Quentin, California

July 21, 1919.

My dear Frank:

Your welcome letter of the 8th instant came to hand in due time. No, I did not think that you were dead, neither did I think that you had forgotten me. You see there are certain friendships formed that are of such a nature that they do not need daily expressions of fidelity to tell one that they are of the right sort and that if it is ever necessary the friend in question will be on the job.

I am fortunate in having formed a great number of such connections and I count you as one of them. So even tho I do not hear from you for months at a time I take it for granted that you are still the same loyal fellow and that your heart is in the right place even tho you, like myself are sometimes tardy with your correspondence.

Do you ever go down to Boston? The reason I ask is that I have a little matter that I want looked up down there and I do not seem to have very good luck writing about it. If you do not get away for Chicago (and I note that things are still very unsettled there in the building line) and you can arrange to take a run down to Boston for me you can let me know by return mail and I will have one of our visitors drop you a line or two as to the details. Presume you noted in Magazine that our old friend Dell Brown was killed in a fall over in Ohio some time ago. Hope all goes well with you. Excuse brevity. It is about turning in time for me. We are fine and dandy. Kindest regards.

Fraternally and sincerely your friend,