

Dear Grandpa Porter,

Thank you very much for the money. I need it rather badly since I'm broke and my clothes are wearing, my shoes have holes in them, as do my socks, and there is no heat here or electricity either. Actually, that's not true, at least part of it,

It's a lot different in California than St. Louis. It's a lot prettier for one thing, closer to the country. We can walk up into the Santa Clara mountains, and on a clear day we can see the mountains on the other side of the bay by San Jose. But the apartment is very small and crowded and uncomfortable. The schools are very good, and have higher standards and are a lot more competitive than those in St. Louis, which I don't appreciate especially, since I'm working a lot harder at school, than I did in St. Louis, and my grades are not any

better, which is annoying. Dad really
is enjoying himself here though. He
goes on one excursion or another several
times a week. Today he went on a hike
up in the mountains. Anyway, he gets
pretty pissed off when every-one
isn't as enthusiastic as he is about
these things. Not every-body always
wants to go, and he gets mad because of
that, too. I keep pretty busy, though,
even though he thinks I just loaf around
something. I'm ^{almost} always doing something.

Maybe next summer I'll get to see you. I
met one of Dick Lyman's sons, who used to
go to the school I go to now, and he said he
spent a few months on the Barred Islands,
and stayed for a couple of days with Reynolds.

Love,

E. F.