

921 North Sixth Street
Springfield, Ill.
April 25, 1939

Dear mother,

Have been planning to write for some time, but seems I just don't get around to it. It has been some time I know since I last wrote so some of this may not be new to you.

My probation is over now, although I still have a private debt of forty dollars which I borrowed to pay court costs with to repay.

The cab business is fair. I am working nights and like the work real well. It begins

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to look like, even to me, that all my dreams and ambitions have gone. Well at any rate I am better off now than I was two years ago.

The kids are doing well. Especially David. He is the one who is going to take the cake in this family. And you should hear Sadie play the piano!

Bill is slowly snapping out of it. Lots of nights I let him ride in front with me for a while. I think him and me I will wind up somewhere together,

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maybe with a fleet of cabs or trucks.

How is everything in NY? Miss Newman said things were going well there. I hope so. With brains and talent in this family, we may wind up somewhere besides the behind the eight ball yet.

Say hello to Mary and buy some stamps.

Your son, Carl.