

Feb. 15, 1964
20891 Kelvin Place
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Uncle Jack,

Sorry I haven't written sooner, But I wanted to write when it would do the best for you spirit wise. Florence and the baby are fine and everything seems to be going along fairly well. Flo's dance studio is growing very well and I am working as a production assistant on the "Perry Mason Show" for CBS. Rondine is two and a half now and growing like a weed. We've enclosed a picture of her so look good in the envelope, she's very small.

I spent quite a bit of time with Earl when he was out here in Los Angeles. He was really putting in long hours and hard work. I don't know if he remembered to tell you, but your barber friends out here want to be remembered to you.

With all that has been going on and written and said in the last few months, a lot of memories have been brought back. There sure has been a lot of water under the bridge since Independence Boulevard.

I can tell by Mom's letters that she hasn't gotten over Dad's passing away yet. I have been trying to get her to move out here, but she won't give in. With the kind of winters back there you would think she was an eskimo. One of these days she'll give in.

Hollywood is still here and I am in the middle of the rat race. Once you're in the film industry you stick with it and try to come across the one deal for a picture or television series that will put you on your way. Florence says if I had a nickel for every hour I've spent promoting a deal we could retire. I probably don't need to tell you that L.A. is growing by leaps and bounds and soon the city limits will be the outskirts of San Francisco.

1367