Saturday night

Dear Mr. Bengston,

At last "the gal from Sunny Cal" is making her debut in the epistle world with the first in the series of messages from Jerome. After such a prelude - in fact, two in a row, etc. - you may think you are going to receive something of value, but I'm warning you now that it would be wiser to expect nothing.

I've often wondered what you have been doing. Did you take the trip to Nevada with Mr. Merrill? I should certainly like to hear of your "roughing" adventures there. If what I hear is true, some of the Fresno Assembly Center administrative staff must have had some blow-out. I only got a general idea of the party so I'll have to see Mr. Finental for the particulars.

Call me a big baby or what have you - but a train going northward by our Center still gives me that longing feeling to go back to Fresno. Talking of trains and so forth takes me back to the 4-day trip which began on a Friday, which will be awfully hard to forget. We were left with such an empty, helpless feeling as we saw you become a vanishing figure that before we knew it a deluge of tears overcame. I can't remember sobbing like that for a long time. It took us until Fowler to regain our composure.