

From Dalton Trumbo

7551

To Mrs Dalton Trumbo
(Name)

July 19, 1950

(Date)

Lazy T Ranch, Frazier Park, Calif.
(Address)

Sweetheart: It's end of the day, and I am feeling tired; not in a bad way, but deliciously so, in the way that makes time pass swiftly. I've bathed, shaved, read your letter and the newspapers, and now, twilight outside, am sitting in bed, cross-legged and wearing only shorts, writing you. The evening is warm and humid, after a heavy rain last night. I received a letter from Bob Kenny saying that sometime between July 15 and July 31 they are appealing to Judge Price for a cut in my sentence to bring it down to Coddie and Herbert's (Herbert must have been furious to get so slight a term!) Then in August, when Adrian goes before Judge Cavanaugh they will appeal for a cut in Jackie's sentence. Have you heard anything of these matters?

I think the idea of the book you and Jean have projected is an excellent one, and there's no reason why the two of you couldn't do it successfully. Shoot and shoot and shoot. That, I should think, is the secret of illustrating such a job. And by shooting 10 times what you need or can possibly use, you may run across shots — will, in fact — which will influence Jean's text, and even expand it, or suggest new subjects for it. Go to it, baby, and earn a little dough while the old man is building his time.

Add prison jargon: "I appeared before Judge Wills and pulled ten years." "It's a lot easier to build your time when you're busy." "I got her almost built to 6 or more days." The day before you leave, then,

fit you with civilian clothes. It's the day you "dress out". "You're getting short" means your sentence is almost finished. You are then a "short-timer."

"Only two ways to get out of here - either pull your time or die and leave it." Anyone in authority, whether the guard, the department head, the chaplain, the warden or the whole parole board, is "the man," and always, and under all circumstances, so referred to. Thus: "I went up to see the man today" (whereas, he went up in truth to see a seven-man parole board). To be placed in solitary or punitive confinement is to go to "the hole."

By the way, the next time you see Bob Roberts, or care to write him, I wish you'd ask him what kind of pictures he wants to make with Julie after "He Ran All the Way" — specifically: western — comedy — crime — low melodrama — etc. etc. By letting me know as soon as possible the general type he's after, I might be able to do some thinking here and save him a lot of time.

I heard that Eddie & Herbert went to Taxarbara, and Col to Hanbury, but I've heard nothing about the others. Here you? The news of the campaign and the film is all to the good. Tell Melissa that I now have four pairs of glasses, and that when I put them all on at once I can see far-, faraway — so far, in fact that I am looking right at her and seeing everything she does right now, even while you are reading this letter. So, hello to all the Martins, the Butlers, the Townsheds, and especially to your sweet self. Much love — Walter Trumbull # 7851