

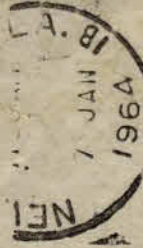


FONTAINEBLEAU

MOTOR HOTEL

4040 TULANE AVE.

NEW ORLEANS



Don Henderson
Robert Dixon

8308 Gulf Freeway, Apt 16,
Houston 17, Texas

Sunday Nite
5 Jan 64

Hello Roomies —

Greetings from the ass hole
of creation! I used to think
Fort Hood was bad, but that
50's didn't have a chance
compared with this Coonass
Paradise. Barfffff.

Tonite is my last night
at the Fontainebleau and I sort
of hate to leave. Tomorrow I
cease living and begin to
merely exist out of a 50
bedroom in a private home.
For this I have to pay
\$50 a month. "Aint that the
shite?"

I don't want to bore you,
but I must give you a
run-down of what I've been
through for the past 3 days.

Before I begin this epilogue,
though, I believe I recall
James saying after we looked
at the Barcelona that "As
far as living high on the
hog was concerned, we had
not reached his ass." Brother,
just come down here and
look for a place to live. Our
apartment at St Patrick would
rent for at least a minimum
of \$350 per month, if not more.
However, you'd never find one
like it here. At the present
rent at St Patrick, all 309

apartments would be rented
before noon the first day.
Disposals are almost rare, and
dishwashers are a complete
phenomenon^(sp?). Now to get on with
my tale —

I began my search on
Thursday afternoon and was
disgusted before dusk. Your
might know the first place I
stopped was the highest SOB
in the whole town. It was
plus utilities and unfurnished.
I almost shit right there.
I thanked them kindly and
went on my way. The next
place I meandered into was

180 per month furnished for 2 bedrooms. This plus utilities also, Every thing in town is plus utilities. This particular apartment was smaller in area ~~that~~ than the 1 bedroom at St. Pat's. Talk about a rag, this was.

Then I looked into some of the lower priced ones which did not offer swimming pools or paved parking, or any of these little luxuries ~~for~~ ^{to} which we have become so accustomed. These places absolutely defy description. The "~~rag~~" degree of ~~Dr~~ "Rag" which we used in Houston could never touch these little jewels.

On Friday, one of the boys
from the office was detailed
to aid in my search. We
looked from 8 till 6 and I
was shocked, humiliated and
bumbfounded by the time the
day was over. The first
place we looked at was
really very nice - it had
paneling on some walls and
was quite attractive. The
rent - \$170 for one bedroom
and \$240 for 2. Plus utilities
again. We thanked the man
and went on. The next one -
also very nice and only \$155
for 1 BR furn. Thank you and
away we go. And so on for
another couple of hours till we
were upon this charming
fat old lady deal in stretch

pants and knit sweater. She must have been 65 at least, had long, pendulum type bosoms and a senile bag by her side. She wore a smile identical to that seen in most rattlesnakes when they're coiled and ready to strike. She emphatically informed us she allowed no single people because she had a reputation to maintain and would not permit drinking or women in the apt. Well, maybe we looked like alcoholics or whoremongers, at any rate, we just walked out without a word. This continued throughout the day.

After lunch in the French
Friban / lovely

expense account!) I became
ill Friday nite and started
barfing and ended up with
the drizzling shits. Promptly
at 9 A.M. on Saturday I set
out on my merry way - in
the rain - with a sponge
and a cork, just in case
of emergency. I was still not
a well person. We went
across a huge toll bridge (30¢)
into the low rent district. This
was really living over here.
We saw a huge sign
heralding luxury living at
the "Fluer de Leis." I was
somewhat startled to see
neatly sprayed at the
bottom of the sign that age-
old comment - "F--- you!"

Amid peals of laughter and
a close call when I almost
ran off into a damn canal,
we arrived at this choice
spot. Only \$145 here and the
damn thing had 2 airconditioners
which also heated the place.
After visiting several more
nearby places we again crossed
the mighty Mississippi (another
damn 30¢) and began to really
get into the low rent district.
Stopping at an old "shotgun"
house (this is the common type
house here - one room ~~behind~~
the other all the way back -
because of the narrow lots) we
saw a note on the door to
go to a side door. Alas,
another note at this door

saying "gone to the store."
Laughter again and just as
we were leaving the door
began to rattle, the curtain
inched back and after an
obvious inspection, we gained
entrance. \$85 for this little
jewel, shining like a button
in a goat's ass. Despite the
\$700 bedroom suite and new
\$69 mattress, I just couldn't
fight it. After hearing
all about grandchildren in
Safayette and their problems
over who would use the
Car, we took our leave.
After all this, lunch was
in order, but still being
+ sick to get I had

only iced tea. Not much to
fortify one against the "tradition"
of New Orleans.

After a few phone calls,
we thought we had found
another jewel. This turned out
to be a jewel all right, but
it was ~~still~~ still in the mine,
so to speak. It was a basement
apartment of 2 rooms and bath.
Damp, moldy, musty and \$75.
~~Not~~ Forget it and away
again. More searching - nothing.

Today I finally took a
furnished room with private
bath 2 blocks from a bus
line for \$50. Here I feel
I have met my come-uppance.

or I should say come-downance.
At least it will ~~say~~ save
me a little and maybe make
do till I can find some
roommates. It is going to be
very ~~hard~~ lonely there. The
people are old and speak
extremely broken English.

So here - ^{though} not in a nutshell -
but here are the sad tales
of a once-proud Texan who
was thrown into the midst
of this Coon-ass paradise to
either do or die. One of them
even asked me what Country
I was from and ~~correctly~~
made the flat-out statement,
"why, you're not from New
Orleans." So this a goddamned

crime? I'd like to be
"from" this son of a bitch -
about 400 miles worth and
back in Houston, Texas.
"Come to Matchless, Romantic
old New Orleans - full of
old world charm and
Grace." - Shit!

Write and let me know
what's going on back in
civilization. Tomorrow I think
I shall ask for a transfer
back to Houston. So long
for now. Tell all Hello.

New Address

4933 LAFAYE

Best,

Glenn