

Dear Dad (and family),

Today is a happy day. I feel optimistic and it's only 9:00 in the morning. I woke up this morning, finished a song and have the whole day left to gloat over it.

Captain Mickey and I talked yesterday (he phoned to say that the Scientology center in San Francisco has decided ~~to~~ not suppressive at all. That's a relief; no more midnight phone calls.)

Mickey will be here Thursday and ~~we~~ probably fly back with him on Thursday night.

Well here's the song I finished today. I got the idea from talking w/ a policeman who was regretting that he has to enforce the law