

March 11, 1949

Dear Krzysztof Dabrowki,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am Claude Pelletier. My son sent over your resume. As you are aware, I was keen on him coming home to oversee the old man's care, but I understand that he is beholden to New York City, for now. That said, he recommended you with the highest of praise. He spoke highly of you and your brother.

As to avoid any misunderstanding, I want to be clear that this job is likely short-term. Zadok Allen, the man you will be taking care of, is old. Over the years, he's claimed to be born anywhere between 1831 and 1835, depending on the number of drinks he's had that evening. While I'm not inclined to believe the man is 118 years old, I can with confidence confirm he's quite elderly. As such, your tenure may be brief. With that said, the pay is \$65 per week, cash. I will pay you first thing Monday mornings.

While you get situated, I can talk with Meadow Hoff at the Olmstead Inn. She'll give you a decent weekly rate, at least until you find more permanent housing. Avoid the Gateway Motel down on the east side of town across from Madawaska Island. Old Phil Cyr only likes two things more than telling long-winded stories, cats and drinking. He'll give you a cheap enough rate, but it will cost you in your time just avoiding his ramblings. That poor lad down from Bangor working for the Census Bureau will attest to that. You'll find him at the Red Lounge most evenings, Charles is his name, complaining about his cat allergy.

Prove yourself honest and hardworking, there will be work for you here in our little town. Vernon Cyr, the manager of Fraser Papers, is a hunting buddy of mine. I can put in a good word for you. My son says you're a Nazi killer. I fought Germans the first time the whole world went to war. Zadok says he was also a soldier once, only God knows which war. Either way, consider your first round at the Red Lounge on me.

Regards,

Claude Pelletier

