

Thursday —
Mar 12/1981

Dear Don,

I am sad that the letters
are to be published, when Ernest
didn't want it — but he could
have destroyed them. I am
glad I destroyed those written to
me. I don't care too much
about history or posterity
as far being famous, that is
for the birds, too. Once when
I was in a hospital in Albany
N. Y. — after a small accident —
a reporter with a photographer
pushed into my room while I
was being bathed. He was
so disappointed when I wasn't
the real Marilyn Mair. I
believe Ernest will publish Mary
if he can.

I am all well again — or
almost. Last week I

went to Winter Park Towers for
three days and it was good
to see my friends there again.
It is still a beautiful place —
but too large — more than 400
people — in comparison with
200 here. I truly enjoy

living here. The wheel
chairs and walkers are separate
in the dining area — and
there are no pressures.

As for being old there are
advantages in that, too.

You don't have to worry
about tomorrow. Each
day brings unexpected goodies.
You are now in the place
where you begin to see old
age as on its way. Far
me it is here and it doesn't

hurt a bit. If I want to
walk, I walk. If I don't -
I don't. I don't like things
because they are good for
me. I upset people when I
get on a ladder, but I tell them
I won't sue if I fall.

George and Cynthia plan to
come in June. After two
days here, we will go to
Way from Beach and a motel
on the beach.

We are having some beautiful
days. It won't be too
long before the pool is filled
again.

I envy you the fresh
vegetables and fruits. Things
grown in Florida don't have the
same flavor - except oranges.

M - I won't read the long
letters. A friend offered
Mary's book as a gift when
I was in Daytona. I said, "No
thank you." Your figure
is out —

All is well —

Love

Margt.

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