

Tues A M

May 26, 1981

Dear Don and Ruth.

Having gone to sleep at 6:30 - I
am now awake at 1:00 AM. The nurse
brought me a comforting cup of coffee.
I have written Sid a card and will
see how far I can get with a letter.

Hard to understand how a broken hip
can break all coordination
including the brain, but the nurse
tells me it is usual. When talking
with you I reached for Ruth's name
and it was gone. Your call
was a high spot for me -

I am making wonderful progress.
Am back in the Regency Health
Center - getting wonderful care -
including Physio Therapy. I
won't be able to put weight on the
broken side for four months -
but I hop around on a walker -
They take me in a wheel chair to
the spa where we sometimes
eat lunch - Soon I can spend

a couple hours a day in my room.
I am sorry about this accident, but
it does not distress me. There is
an inside feeling as tho it had to
happen for a reason. Strange
memories of Ernest came and go -
of the way he was when he came
home from Italy. One leg was
stiff - He could scarcely dance.
He couldn't learn to drive a car
and ^{said he} was envious of me because
I could drive my step father's
Model T. Ford. In those days
no one needed a drivers license.
I started at 13 or 14 -
but not too often. My
friend Helen Sly had a car of her
own, ^(a Rio) so that was how we
often got to Horton's Bay.
To be continued.

Had to stop because I was tired

arm. It is now nearly time
for Tuesday breakfast.

Thank you again for the
phone call. As I said - it
was a high point. Between
surprise - and a temperature -
and a dry mouth - I was
perhaps not too coherent.

They used a spinal anesthetic.
My first. It was effective -
but one nurse told me I didn't
do too well in the recovery room.

But here I am getting strong
again, so I must have more
lessons to learn - and more
days to enjoy.

George - Cynthia & Sid
will be here the middle of
June, and Carol (Pudges
daughter) says she is coming
for my birthday - Aug. 24th

Carol is a very pretty blond with
beautiful pink and white skin.

Enough of this. My love
to you and Ruth. I have
always been sorry that I didn't
meet her that year in Fla.
So she is only a shadow.

All is well.

Marge.

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