

[Date added in black and blue ink states, "Thurs. March 9, 1967"]

Dear Don,

There are probably many situations that I expect you to know about intuitively, that are not that clearly defined. One of them is the waiting on table bit. I waited on table, but you couldn't call me exactly a waitress. I had to beg Mrs Dilworth quite a while before she would let me try it. At first we were trusted with the chauffeurs. The first time we got a quarter tip there was a great rejoicing, and we dashed for the country store for soda pop. From then on we were hooked ~~wit~~ with the desire to wait on table. When we were trusted with the real dinner party guests, and just might get a dollar, we had it made.

When we first started to spend a few weeks at the Bay, we were guests of our uncle. We had such wonderful times that mother arranged for us to stay at the Dilworth's. She had known them when she was a child. We called them Auntie Beth and Uncle Jim. When we wanted to stay longer and longer it was arranged that we should help wherever we could. Our chief duty was to dry dishes, set and clear the tables after for dinner parties. The Dilworths were famous for their wonderful dinner parties. People came from Charlevoix in Packards, Rolls Royces, PierceArrows and sometimes by yacht. They were mostly Jewish people. They appreciated the wonderful food, and were willing to pay for it. After the dinner parties, all of us, sometimes even the guests, would gather in the kitchen. When dishes were done we would all have pie and home made ice cream piled high. We would sit around and talk over the people in the dinner parties. Observing them was educational for us, the children. We had never seen women smoke or drink.

Our position was undefined. We lived in the guest cottage, and ate with the guests, but we were not exactly guests. We were on call if we were needed. We were more like family, I suppose, though we felt more independent than family. The Dilworths were so good to us and patient. We must have often tried their patience. I have truly been able to remember and appreciate them since I have had children and grandchildren. Some very funny and interesting things happened in my waiting on table experience. Some day I will write them for you. They wouldn't be important to your work on Hemingway, but you would appreciate the humor.

I have finally had to break down and get a car. I've rented a Dodge Dart, 1967. There are many advantages to renting over owning, especially in these days of high maintenance. I now have to make many trips to see Sidney.

I also have a book on Italian. I like it better than Spanish. I am memorizing sentences like crazy, but haven't found one yet that could apply in writing you. I can say

Che vuol fare questa mattina?

I am going to be more mixed up than ever, ~~but~~ (pero no le hace)
I do it for mental exercise, and I love to learn.

a sus ordenes

[Added by hand in black ink. "Margie."]