

Wed. March 15, 1967

Dear Don,

About language, I am not so smart about it as I might seem. Rule one, never memorize words, only sentences. Work conversation ~~at~~ around to the sentences you know and toss them out. In Spanish, I subscribed to the Unity periodical Daily Word in their Spanish Palabra Diaria. This gave me a little every day, and soon I could read fairly easily. I didn't try for literal translations, but for thoughts.

You haven't said that you read the answers to questions. How dreadful if they got lost.

I can always get lost again, go to Mexico or get married just to change my name. However all of those things will need a little time, so work slowly.

I feel sad about your father. Having my father die before he was 40 made everything in all our lives rather tragic. He was an only son. If I hadn't had Grandmother to nurse me thru flu, I wouldn't have made it. Every illness hits me with all six feet. That was such a dreadful illness. I still remember the discomfort.

No, I haven't read Papa Hemingway. I never read anything about Hemingway. I probably won't even read your book. Helen B. says my feeling of rejection borders on the fanatic. Perhaps you can explain it. I can't.

I can picture your fun with the skiers. We once took in some swimmers. But your house is always fun. What is your departure date?

I still have mornings pretty free, for they don't want me at the Nursing Home until one. What a constitution Sidney has. I wheel him out on the Patio in the sun and he seems to enjoy it. Dr's orders are to get him up. He will be O.K. now until another embolism, or something. ~~So~~ Sidney, like J.F.K., had lots of ego and selfishness, but in both, ~~the~~ those things weren't faults but assets.

Thanks for the clipping. I enjoyed it. You are too erudite for me, and give me too much credit for the same.

Did I tell you that at a dinner party in California, one of the guests who lives in Rome and San Francisco, said I had a quality that reminded him of Rose Kennedy? He literally stared a hole thru me, and said he believed people meet for a reason. Perhaps my E.S.P. was showing, and feeling of kinship to the Rome scene. He was Italian. But there was that Kennedy thing again.

You probably know that Ernest never smoked. I did during my thirties when I fancied myself quite the femme fatal. I shudder to think of myself and how miserable I made Sidney/. At first it seemed fun to get him upset, but then it backfired and I was finished with that sort of playacting.

Here is a sentence to memorize.

Mi faccia il favore di ripetere questa frase. Non la comprendo quando parla così in fretta.

Margie —

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