

April 5th '67

Dear Don,

It doesn't seem right to have you out of the country, and to have no "Don", letters. But I have learned that life is best when you can toss things over your shoulder and not hang on to good things.

Since so many of the things I have told you are from childhood memories, you may enjoy this quote from Kazantzakis.

"I recount ~~so many~~ my childhood years in detail, not because the earliest memories have such a great fascination, but because during this period, as in dreams, a seemingly insignificant event expresses the true unmasked face of the soul more than any psychoanalysis can do later."

I have felt the best way to help you see Ernest, was to let you know me. We felt the same about many things. We both liked to do things that involved an element of danger. I always climbed the highest tree, rode the liveliest horse. I would cross a dangerous tressel, or hop on a logging flat car to ride back from a snow shoe hike. My guardian angel must have had a full time job. I was afraid of people but not of things. I also, like Ernest, enjoyed shocking people. I outgrew that, but Ernest must have kept that trait or he wouldn't have told the untrue things that are retold in Papa H.

Did I ever tell you what a large place victrola records held for us that winter? We had a large new victrola ^(win. up) and many records, both classical and modern. Like teenagers today, sometimes we listened and sometimes we danced. Pudge and her friends were there too. Grandmother's house had a parlor as well as a livingroom. There was a curved hallway with a winding stairway. We had lots of room to dance. Cheek to cheek dancing was just coming in.

Records I remember, A pretty Girl is Like a Melody, Suwanee, Poor Butterfly, Oh Salina, Blowing Bubbles, Whispering, Pink Lady, Ain't We Got Fun, After You've Gone and many more.

Another thing I remember is the horsing around while drying dishes. Grandmother's maid Carrie, was gettin' old. She had worked for Grandmother since our father was a small boy. So we would always dry dishes for her. There was much flipping of towels, splashing water etc. We would also see who could make up the best verse to shock G-ma. She would pretend to be shocked and think we were daring, so she was a good audience. I think Ernest was happy that winter. I know I was.

I wrote quite a long letter in Italian but lost it in my move from the Inn to the main part of the hotel. I now have a very nice room, third floor front. It is worth waiting for. One day I may try again for the letter.

I do hope everything comes up to expectation and that this will be a wonderful experience for you and Ruth. Give her my best regards and wishes.

As Ever, (This was the standard ending to both Ernest's and my letters. Wasn't I a stupe?)

Marge —

Mrs S. Main
Box 5434
Daytona Beach, Fla.



Mail
Air

Mr Don St John
Via Aurelio Saffi 70
Rome, Italy.

