

April 27 '67

Dear Don,

I wish I wouldn't get inspired to write whenever a letter comes from you - or whenever something unusual comes my way, or whenever I get an unusual thought. But so it is.

1- I do remember something about Ernest being a Tenente. There was a story he told about his orderly stealing some pants for him which turned out to belong to a general or someone high rank. I always suspected the story was made up, but it could have been real. One of the things I would sometimes call him - was Tenente Ernesto.

Isn't it ironic that the Italians refer to a romance. Isn't it sad that I didn't know enough to recognize it as such. (If it was) ^{The romance that never got started and never ended.}

You expect too much of yourself in language. It can't be forced - it can't be hurried. You will wake up some day and there it will be. The boy working on the elevator ^{here} knew no English when he came to the states in Sept from Dominican Republic. I talk with him whenever I can. He often just looks at me - saying nothing - and I realize I have said something idiomatic like "You have on a sharp shirt." At first I took his silence to be unfriendly - but one night he brought pictures of all his family

So I know I am in. He goes to Daytona Beach Jr College, and will be here two years. He never says he doesn't understand unless he has to, as one night he didn't understand what I meant when I told him to bring in the flag. Finally it dawned - "Oh - the bandera". and I also learned a new word.

I am working three shifts a week on the desk, of course free for nothing. I wouldn't take anything for the experience. The employees now feel I belong to them, and I get all sorts of extra services. They also tell me their troubles. The guests can't quite figure me out - but on the whole they are patient and friendly about it. One is always suspect when you don't follow the pattern. I must have done the waiting on table with the same sort of urge. There is an under-layer of things that go on that only employees know. I don't talk about anything - just listen. In a way it, too, is a new language. They never overstep the invisible line - but having them like me is important.

Wouldn't it be fun to get Roma. I can do long distance with a flourish - but overseas would floor me.

One day I will have the typewriter back. It belongs to Helen B. and she needed it for some reports. She is president of all sorts of things that I used to belong to - but found willing to leave in the past - garden club visiting nurses. Church women etc. I still like to hear about their problems -

Love
Margie.

