

May 5, 1967

Dear Margie:

The sadness you spoke of is upon us. Danny is still with us, but things are not good. Yesterday morning we discovered a swelling near his right ear and immediately took Danny to a Scottish vet recommended by the American embassy. I had counted on trauma, since Danny had bounced around the day before, because of his unstable underpinnings, but the vet said he had a tumor and that some related edema or swelling was taking place in his jowels. The vet didn't make any dour predictions but neither did he say anything of a reassuring nature. Apparently it didn't matter if the tumor were benign or not (and he thought it benign) because the problem would come from preemption of body space by the tumor, and the site was most difficult to operate on. However, it might move slowly, etc., etc. but Danny's rear haunches were very bad and his front legs were bowed and unstable from having had to do more than their share of getting Danny around. He said Danny had been doing a lot of bluffing and was not as capable as we sometimes thought. Having practically no viable skeletal support, he got around by steeling his muscular frame, making muscle do for bone that is, and that was why he was so very tired and stiff when we wonderful people took him for a nice long walk through the Scarre Park. The vet, Dr. Bowler, tried to aspirate some fluid from the tumor, but could manage only to hurt Danny terribly. There was no fluid, apparently. We left then and from that moment on, Danny's edema (not the tumor) began to increase, from walnut, to tennis ball to grapefruit and the saggy skin under his neck began to lose its slack. Danny's spirits, too, now seemed to go, and we were in a very unhappy state. The vet was out, of course; I guess we called 20 times. I was afraid the swelling might strangle Danny somehow. This morning we took Danny back to Bowler and for an hour or so Danny was bright again. Now Bowler has given us some diuretic (spelling) pills for Danny which may help reduce the swelling, although it poses a bit of a fifth floor problem. The site of the trouble is so critical we all agreed Bowler would not operate except in crisis. He is patently not hopeful but spares actually telling us so. It is all very sad. We have always been able to help Danny in the past but we can't do much now. All I'm hoping for is one of those remissions. Of course this has a remarkable depressing effect upon everything, so much so that even our Roman idyll cannot snap us out of it. But of course these things must be endured, as you more than anyone know only too well, and it is sloppy to be overwhelmed by the presumably natural rhythms of life.

Loved your letters. Sure glad your inspirations have more gumption than mine and get themselves on paper.... I do so much approve and enjoy your switchboard bit, and I also like the parallel with Horton's Bay. You know, girl, one of these days somebody is going to pay you and you are going to fall over in a dead faint. But the two stints are so much alike, your not having to and not getting paid but wanting to become involved, etc. etc. I also like your picture of the boy with the sharp shirt. Wonder what they'll be wearing in the states next.

Something odd: I wrote to a Mrs. Fitzpatrick in St. Louis whose name appeared on the back of your pix of Hem in the African hat, and just today received a reply - from her husband, who is, apparently, the Puttizer prize winning cartoonist (formerly) of the Globe Dispatch. His wife has died. He said Martha Gelhorn's mother, Edna had invited them to a party where he met E.H. E.H. was enroute from the west where he had shot an Elk and had the headquarters with him. He was taking it to Key West with his male secretary. Fitzpatrick did him two favors, got him a block of dry ice and phoned Washington to expedite passport clearance for Hem's famous photographer friend, Robert Capa. Only time they met. Hem wired his thanks from Florida and that, he thinks, accounts for presence of wife's name on photo. Imagine, this was almost 30 years ago. Fitz said the elk, a piece of which Hem gave him and marinated as directed, tasted, as he