Monday — May 22 1967

My dear Don,

So good to have your letter and so interesting. One whole letter with no Ernest in it ☺. But don't worry. My life gets so full & so many interesting things that he fades far away. Wish I knew more psychiatry. The things Ernest wants about me didn't touch me - probably because my life was so full when they came to my notice. But this one never fully understood letter - left the scar. Perhaps I retain the guilt complex for the ups & repetition I handled out. I may never want to look at pictures or read about his life after 1920 — but any & is before then is O.K.

So glad Danny made it. I was afraid you were going to tell me he didn't.

Guess what - I am now on the pay roll. An emergency arose and they asked me to fill in. My future is now assured - I am worth $100.00 a month. They will do something about my room and board - but since I have the most expensive rooms in engineers their computers. I told them I didn't like to talk about money and they could fix it any way they chose. I can see why the employees are from the drugs & society. I work from 9:00 to 12:00 every day but Thursday. I am having a ball. So many funny things happened Saturday night that me (a friend & I) laughed until tears rolled down our cheeks. It filled the life quota I would

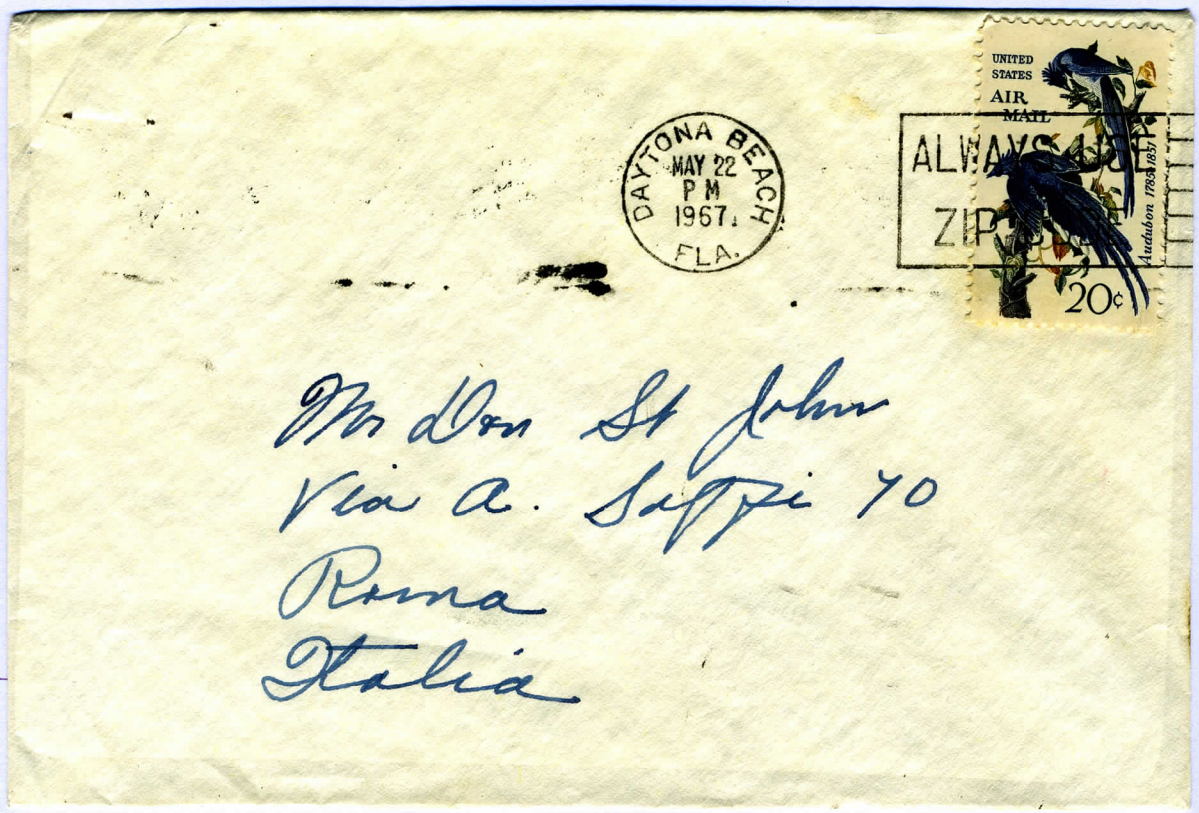
pass it along in full. An engineer was given $50.00 to bail out one of the maids arrested for drunken driving. He left the maid in jail and took off for parts unknown. One guest was freezing in his air conditioned room - I couldn't find an Engineer and so fixed it myself with a pair of scissors and a nail file. A guest came in from Bermuda with last luggage. I had told her over the phone from the airport that I would find her Pepsi. When she arrived we both knew my size 8 wouldn't fit over her size 40 bosom. The elevator boy was drinking and had red white and blue eyes. (usually a nice guy) She took one look at him and couldn't stay - (then 11:00 P.M.)

I am finding myself growing to be a real curiosity to both guests and employees. They all tell me their troubles. I get more and more involved - so the poor characters at the Nursing Home don't go so far under the surface.

Oh me! Oh my! What next.

Wonder if I will ever see what you are seeing. Your descriptions are better than any magazine. You hit the imagination rather than the purely visual. Thanks -

Love Margie.


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Mr Don St John
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