

June 23, 1967

Dear Don,

This little mountain inn is my secret spot of refuge.

They have known me for many years, so I get the queen treatment with babying. ☺ Coming up here was one of my more successful impulsive moves. The food is perfect - straight from garden and orchard. It isn't fashionable or gay - I sleep and eat and play bridge at night with little old Southern gentry. I have lived in N.C. so much that it doesn't show that I am one of those "Cold blooded Northerners". I think I probably love this place because it

reminds me of the Dilworths. It is spotlessly clean - with emphasis on food with all vitamins alive and kicking. They even have big chicken dinners every Sunday for outsiders who crowd the place. No, I have no urge to wait on table.

When I feel enough renewed, I will get in touch with friends over Asheville way - but for now I want to be lost. I wish I need never see the Isena - and I must decide before Jan. where I do want to live. As you can see - my restless soul is showing.

I am so glad you and Ruth are having this year.

Live it up to the full.

Love To you both -

Margie -

Have come off without your address. Now what do I do?

M.

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