

July 4, 1967

Dear Marge:

Got back yesterday from a week at Positano, combining (phonily) business and pleasure, to find your card and letter of June 21-23 awaiting re your change of locale. They were good to have. You can always reach me by addressing it simply Franconia, N.H. and if you are low in funds that is the emergency way since all first class mail is forwarded to me once a week in a packet. Your letter, being accredited with 20 cents of stamps, caused it to be forwarded on its own and I got it before the post card announcing your trip. It seems to me you had planned something in Messico but I guess that is hot now and anyhow from the sound of it you are in the best place in the world for Marjorie Bump at this moment. There is certainly nothing better than getting the treatment once in a while. All of us need it but do you know I think there are humans who never receive same. Of course you earned your babying. Sometimes people need it anyway. Once, when I was a publicity director I had to jot down on my calendar: Praise Trudy on Thursday at least once a month regardless if it was relevant since she needed praise like other people need food. And I miss my uncle now for approximately the same reasons. Uncle Alvah brought me up and is now dead of cancer. He was a teacher and after the war I began to outearn him and soon had tripled his salary which, if you knew my uncle, his culture, charm, learning, leadership, etc. etc. is a good example of the topsy-turviness of the world. But he seemed proud of me, even while kidding me. He would appear at my side at the table, holding an ashtray at the ready (he didn't smoke); "Does the young gentleman require an ashtray," he would say. Well, anyway, a visit like this, would set me up against the slings and arrows of outrageous New York for about a month and it would make me feel pretty pristine in the bargain. So I know what you mean about the mountains, and I know how you must feel about some of those senior citizens, and I know how you must feel about some of the sordidness that has been revealed to you lately, and so I know that N.C. is just right, and I am glad you are there. Ruth, incidentally, has been after me at least a month to invite you over here for a visit; she feels she knows you know. "There's a letter from Marge," she will say. Of course I have felt it was a little ridiculous to invite you here when it was so unlikely you could come but whether you come or not and anything is possible, the invitation is there and it is solid, although I must admit our guest room is probably a maid's room - it is that small; but then you are that small too. So far we have had a young college president and a retired public relations director use it so you would not have to feel demeaned.

Positano was grand; we stayed in a pensione there at 7,000 lira a day for both of us, food included and it was, honest, as fine a situation as any deluxe hotel I have been in. Trouble is Positano is all up and down and I'm afraid neither Danny nor Ruth could handle it; we had gone there to check a lovely villa offered for winter at \$80 per month, all furnished and paintings included, including an original Noguchi (at age 19). But we will have to say no, I'm afraid. Danny is okay now, looking like a little lion, a mauve lion, since his clipping. Rome she is Hot. All best. Love.

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