

My dear David Ruth,

July 12, 1967

How absolutely tops to be invited.

Have been fearful Ruth might consider me
a mixed up person to avoid. I am
a mixed up person - surrounded by
mixed up situations. I came up here
with no plan ahead. It has been
wonderful.

wish there were some way to transmit
mental pictures and impressions without
words. You would enjoy the friend I have been
with for ten days. How to describe briefly. Very
southern. Origin - Arkansas cotton plantation.
Musical education - wonderful voice - leading
soprano in this section for many years -
close friends since about 1938 - Her only
daughter born about 1937 was here last week
end. She is with Voice of America - in
publications as well as broadcasting. Writes
originally in both French and English - Her fr.
college year in Paris also Singe - She is
fascinating - lovely looking - wears extreme
clothes - while getting her Masters at Virginia
in Foreign Affairs - a Fulbright scholar from
India fell in love with her. When she would
marry him - he shot her three times and then
killed himself - thinking he could take her
with him that way. She remained
miraculously - plastic surgery erased all
face scars. No wonder she is afraid to

Mary. Her thesis on the political
affairs of France in relation to Algeria
is on file in the Library of Congress and
is used quite a bit in reference.

She has now been cleared for Foreign
service and expects her assignment out to
come there before too long. At first,
ironically, she was assigned to India -
but turned it down.

I had told Joy ^(Ernest) long ago that I knew
Ernest and family - but never went into it.
While Joy (daughter) was here I told both of
them about you and the recent return of
Ernest. Read them your forwarded letter -

Remark by Joy (daughter) "What beautiful
writing." She also knows quite a bit
about Psychology - etc. She says my
aversion to reading Ernest or about him
is a hidden guilt complex - and I better
get over it. Will try.

Plan to go down the mountain Wed.
Don't want to go - but feel so well my
conscience won't let me stay longer.
Sidney may think Mary is dead. But
I have to go and be whoever he wants
me to be.

X X X X

Nearly a week later.
I am still here - heading to go back to life

surrounded by people waiting to die. Joy
has been so good for me. She has me
almost persuaded that the last thing Sidney
would want for me, is to sit around waiting
for him to die. I know this is true for he
always let me go and come as I wished - I
would often take off on inspiration, while he
stayed steadily put. He always did exactly as he wished!

I am in a darling cottage-like house -
on top of a hill - a clearing surrounded by
woods. We came up a long driveway - so
there is no highway or other houses in sight.
We hear cars in the distance - but none in
sight. There is a very black spaniel named
Healer and a large white cat named Christopher.

There have been many cocktail gatherings -
two picnics - one picnic square dance -
some cake outs - one beautiful day at
a lovely lake - high on Mt Pisgah. It
is property maintained by Champion Fiber
Co. - and we were guests of a former
president. Part of the lodge is practically
pre-historic by American standards. It
is camping de luxe with servants -
well out of sight - but who pop out when
needed.

I feel renewed both physically and
emotionally. Sidney could live a long
time and I know I must plan to have
these interludes away to survive. I will

drive to Mexico in September with friend
Irene Bunnell - who is now in Daytona Beach -
for settlement of her husband's estate.
She wants to live in Mexico the rest of
her life. I will go back to D. B.
for Oct - Nov. & Dec. and then hope to
be with Georgi in Monterey for January.

My time will be up at the Isadora in
January - I hope I won't sign up again -
for life in a Retirement Hotel is
definitely not for me. But why
do I think or plan ahead. No plan
has ever worked out for me - only
the unexpected and inspired moves.

How I would love to visit you. The
small room sounds wonderful. I would
settle for a mat on the floor of attic or
cellar. I am almost impulsive enough
to do it - but you will probably be home
again before a right time can open.
I appreciate and thank you both deeply.
I believe I feel I
for wanting me. I know you both because you would like
and understand so many of the people
around me. At the last cocktail gathering -
one guest was a retired professor of English.

from Cornell. (Has degree), and his brother
a Psychologist. They have homes
side by side on a small lake here in
the mountains. Delightful wines.

My next next plan takes me
home Monday. I will take the rigas
bus - which I have found the best
way to travel down the mountains.

This letter is a messy one but I
better send it or.

Thanks and love to your folks.

Margie -

Box 5434
Dayton Beach
Fla - U.S.A.



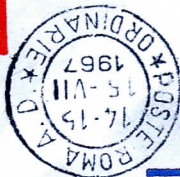
CORREO AEREO

Mr + Mrs D. St. John
Via Aurelio Saffi 70
Roma
Italia

**PAR 3P
AVION**



APPLICARE
IL NUMERO
DI CODICE



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