

Sept. 29, 1967

Dear (ahem) Marge:

I must say I am willing to try the Lucy even though it seems to be hard for me. There seems to be a trend these days to restyle everything from hair to personalities and I think this may be a good thing in a number of cases but I am just old-fashioned enough to tend to resist this tight control of things and in your case at least, I would tend to oppose the restyle of anything. You know out in Colorado when they started the Air Force Academy they decided to create traditions, not wait for them to develop; instaat traditions, so to speak; it seemed like an ingenious if somewhat disturbing idea since it seemed to have life skidding along a kind of slippery road, and when half the school was thrown out for cheating I was distrubed but not as surprised somehow as I might have been. There is a ticket for everything I keep finding out. Moone gets in to see the show for nothing. Of course one can go too far down this line too; you could justify gradualism on this basis, which I would of course throughly oppose; so we get back to that famous old middleground again; trouble is it's hard to find sometin (65)
End of lecture.

Glad you weren't mad at me for bringing up that famous subject. Of course I am charry about this sort of thing too, that is, what exactly causes what. The other day Danny got sick and Ruth immediately knew what the matter was: It's those grapes I fed him, she said. Nonsense, I said, grapes are just sugar and water. No, Ruth said, it might have caused a pancreatic disorder.....Well what I am getting at is that Danny got sick after we had fed him about half a greasy chicken from the table, after crunching a green chestnut, after eating canned rather than the usual fresh chopped steak and after riding all day in the car and -- after eating six small yellow grapes. I asked Ruth to show me her veterinary certification, but this was just impertinent of me, of course. The thing is, how can we ever know which cause is connected with which effect. End of second lecture.

Ruth now can't wait to accept your invivation to Cuernavaca.

I hope you don't rattle around too much in that large apt.

About the Bumpie, isn't it odd that Hem called his firstt boy Bumbie? He was the greatest applier of nicknames, I think, in history.

I knew a very cute Sealingham by the name of Bumpie I might say.

Ruth and I have just come back (am I always saying that?) from a visit to Florence and Sienna. The meat, at least, is better there than in Rome; the vitello has a little character. We really loved Florence, for the second time; the people grand. There was a mark on the wall of our hotel showing where the water had come, about seven feet high in the lobby. In Sienna we were lucky enough to catch part of the Palio and to enjoy the vivid pageantry of the medieval Palio, which consists of a mad horse race over thinly covered cobbles in the huge saucer shaped town square. Brilliant flags, milling, expectant crowds, excitement.

I hope you settle in. Love