

December - 1964

My dear Ruth and Don,

It is time to say Merry Christmas
and to give good wishes for 1968.
as is usual in my life - my plans have
changed again. I would be going to California
until Jan. 3rd. I am on what your Council
call a crash health program and every
day the results show more clearly. I go to
the Y M C A three mornings a week - and

I mean the Y. M. They have a ladies
health class - exercise - pool - some ballet
massage - sun lamp. you might call
my problem nervous exhaustion - a little
gallop - and there are no medicines.

You think. But the happy inside feeling
is rising again - and as my friend said -
it isn't time yet to crash hell.

after deep consideration, I've decided to
cook Christmas dinner for dear old
Don Evans - rather than accept invitations
to share my married friends' large
Pepper are so thoughtful - but I like
the giving and more than the accepting.

I hate to cook - but the result isn't
too bad. Don loves to come back to the
memories of this apartment, and only I
can do that. He is such a fine
good - brave - and old man, and I
am sure no one will gossip about him.

Sooner or later the gossip will probably
start on me - but not yet. And I
tell you about the evidence in the
next apartment? I knew his first

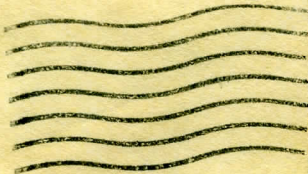
wife who died, and his glamorous second
wife whom he divorced a few months ago.
He has nearly exhausted the maps to get me
into his apartment as he invited into mine.
It has become a sort of game with me.
Of course if I found him attractive I might
rationalize differently. I am strong
on rationalizations.

I know you will have an unforgettable
Christmas in your dear Italia - and
I hope all of 1968 will be full of happy
surprises. You were one of the happy
surprises for me of 1967 - just a
year ago.

My love to your father -

Marge -

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