

Sat. April 13th '68

My dear Don,

If you want material for a novel; you should follow me. I am just home from this eventful tramp in Rancho Santa Fe - near San Diego. My friend L.S. Horner - the one I told you about, with home in Belmore Forest - N.C. and Delacy - Fla., was visiting her brother - and phoned me to come. It is probably the most picturesque I've ever visited. The house - considered small one, cost \$150,000 to build twelve years ago - and another \$50,000 in land scraping. Among the furnishings are many priceless authentic museum pieces - many from the family home in Conn. If I were looking for a rich husband - the set up is perfect. Henry's wife died a year ago. But I felt I couldn't get away fast enough. Henry is not unlike the E. H. as I picture him in his later years - but without the beard, big - constant drinking - moody - self centered - very-very unhappy. Among events - we landed in a ditch, on the way to a dinner party, with one wheel spinning in mid-air. Had to get help to avoid upsetting. One hour late. The next evening, at a cocktail party - we experienced a 4 minute earthquake - thrilling to think back on - breathless to experience. I doubt if anyone in Rancho Santa Fe has less than a million and I found it depressing. L.S. come back with me to Monterey for a few days.

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She feels as I do about her brother's home.
a bunch of empty down seems to hover. Even
the ageing Philippine house boy fits the mood.

Other house guests was a couple from Ohio -
relatively younger - but deft descriptions.

Bob H. began his day - continued it -
and ended it - with quantities of beer garnished
with straight whiskey - sometimes in a tumbler -
sometimes from the bottle. He is supposed to be
a brilliant trial lawyer. I would hate to be
opposed him, for his mind is ruthless. He
never stopped talking and he never finished a sentence.
He left a string of people hating him wherever
he went. No place for little Margie.

Was so glad to have your letter when I got
home. Roger is ever so pleased with the stamps.
You are dear and thoughtful to send them. It
also sends my strict inquirer because I know you.
Thank you! Thank you!

We have about crossed off the Mexico
summer bit. Perhaps next year. George
will be in Oregon with some sort of artist set up.
I will divide my time between Fla. and N. Carolina.

No use making plans - they always change.
I will be here until June 13th - when we
rent the house to students of the Language
Institute - and the Dickersons take off for
Oregon.

Hope my restless spirit will soon
quiet down - but friends tell me it is
part of the pattern of adjustment.
Love,
Margie

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Marge -



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