

Oct. 16, 1969

Dear Marge:

Breese. This morning - 24 degrees, our coldest to date, and much mental and physical scurrying to get warm and to get the H. out of here. The electric furnace I ordered in early September has not arrived, yet, naturally, and our only heat source are those small electric things. You see we bequeathed our hot air furnace to our rental apartment. So we have that problem, I having to call up the Public Service and harangue them, etc. etc. I feel like a frontiersman trying to protect his family..... Meanwhile, our plans for the future continue to vapor up and down not condensing into something absolutely definite. We've had so much trouble finding a motor home that now we have almost abandoned the idea of a sweep of our own nation. These campers, etc., the good ones are quite costly, but what is more important none of them suit us exactly. They are either too much like living in a station wagon or having to cope with a huge house on the road. There seems to be no inbetween. The Dodge Motor home is very fine, generating plan, air conditioner, plenty of room, etc. but my God you would think twice about going to the store for a loaf of bread and driving this vehicle is a big lumbering thing much like handling a Greyhound bus I believe. These jobs run from \$7,000 for a 1964 model in excellent shape to new ones that seem to average ~~from~~ \$14,000 to \$18,000. On the other hand there are the slick traveling homes which look grand (not like buses) but which have toy-like facilities. The best looking one we saw the Dodge X-plorer, cost \$8,000, pushed the fact that it could fit into a garage, and yet one would have had to squirm and contort oneself into a certain lateral sitting position in order to avail oneself of the facilities. Their idea of an oven was one of those kind you buy in a box and set on a stove. So in this we have the eternal dilemma of life, the perfect balance of advantages and disadvantages. On top of this, of course, regulations are increasing everywhere (and rightly so) so that one can't just park in a driveway, even one's own. What appealed to Ruth most about the Dodge motor home was this collective group's annual hejira to somewhere - this next year to Mexico. Well, to end all this talk, we finally got discouraged about everything and have concluded we could go to Europe and stay for awhile for the same or less money, the only difference being that we would not have the mobile home to sell at the end of things. Now, THIS, has become Ruth's project and she is trying to reactivate our passports before their expiration in Dec. All of this presents us as pretty indecisive people, I'm afraid, Marge, and if this is the picture it is a correct one. Without Danny, at least we could visit friends in England, which would be a treat. You know, Marge, I love this land of ours, the grass and the mountains and the birds, but I am not so certain about the people anymore - which marks me I'm sure as either senile or loony, but that's the way it is. As old Hem said early in a Moveable Feast. It was the people who always spoiled things (with remarkable exceptions of course.) Now this Moratorious just witnessed, which somehow presents youth as on God's side and the rest of us as devils is depressing.