

The Point House
St. Just-In-Roseland
Truro, Cornwall, England
April 16, 1970

Dear Marge:

So long it has been and I really miss the writing that I have not done to you (done to you?) Well anyway, it was good to get your last and I thank you for it. I am feeling a bit lonely today far off here in beautiful, craggy, breathless, somewhat gloomy Cornwall. No sun for days, and I suppose the Apollo crisis, which has been unresolved as I write, has done nothing to pick up my spirits. I think sometimes that one should not stay away from home too long. I don't know what it is, but beauty ceases to dazzle after a while, in fact I am reminded of the Rosetti quote (to the effect) that: beauty seen without the beloved is like a sword through the heart. The beloved in this case, I suppose, being one's country, which one hates very often but yearns for nevertheless.

We have been in Cornwall about two weeks, and will be here until May 13. Then we take a train for London, stay a couple of nights at the English-Speaking Union, and fly back to Boston on May 15. There we will have a station wagon waiting for us to take us (and our 15 mm or so b.s.) back to Franconia some two and a half hours northward. ^{in this latest move of ours,} We left some of our stuff in London, sent some more back home via Cooks but nevertheless will have plenty to cart around with us. We took the train here from London and stayed in a fine hotel in Truro for one week and then in a very posh place overlooking Falmouth Harbor for another week. Meanwhile we had hired a mini car, learned to drive on the wrong side of the road and ranged around the Cornwall country-side taking in all of Daphne Du Maurier's beautiful landscape back-dropping. We find the widow of Howard Spring lives in Falmouth and is glad to have casual strangers drop into her garden for a visit. ^{it} Anyhow, in these first weeks we found this place where we are now staying and ~~mountains~~ really is ~~mountainous~~ quite dreamy.

The address is rather complex but can be explained. There are two St. Justs in the county of Cornwall so one must specify the one in Roseland (a peninsula) rather than the one near St. Ives. Truro is the big nearby town into which named mail-sack on the train from London bound for Cornwall is put mail of surrounding villages. This land is just full of saint names. I gather the place was invaded by Celtic missionaries from Ireland. Within two miles of us are St. Mawes, St. Anthony, St. Just and St. John, ~~mountainous~~ and to further complicate matters there is a tourist attraction church allegedly built in 1300 named St. Just-In-Roseland, so just whether we or the rector or what will get our mail I'm sure I don't know.

This is a big change from London. Not a sound to be heard at night, after the gulls have ceased calling and the thrush too has gone to bed. It takes a bit of getting used to, and neither one of us is absolutely sure we like it quite this quiet and secluded and private. Oh well no one can ever satisfy us. By the way, they have a bird over here who is black and called a blackbird which is in fact an American Robin for my money. Same size, same interest in worms, same nervous watchfulness, same running, same lovely evening song. The bird these English call a Robin is a sweet little fellow about the size of a warbler with a russet breast.

Frankly, Marge, I will be glad to get home. This is not a patriotic thing. Just a matter of that old bellyman of mine. Very mysterious. Ruth joins sending love.

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