

John Howard Griffin

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Dearest Nell,

I wish you could have been here this morning when your package for Amanda arrived. She was so thrilled, but was content to wait until Christmas to open it.

Then, on her own, she went and got Susan's equipment for making necklaces, and ~~when~~ when I went back in to the living room, there she sat, stark naked, in a big chair, with a little table drawn up close, a saucer full of beads, her string and needle, working like a mad hatter. I asked her what she was doing.

"Making a necklace for Nell Dorr," she said, without even pausing to look up. I told her I thought that was a marvelous idea. "Yes, it's going to be gorgeous," she said.

Then Piedy came in to take her to the hairdresser with her, and urged her to put the bead-making away and get dressed.

"Just one more bead," Mandy insisted before allowing herself to be dragged away.

So, Nell, you will get a peculiar looking necklace, but it will be beautiful because it was Mandy's own idea and workmanship.

I am getting better now - rapidly in the last couple of days.

Best love,

John