

May 3, 1971

Dearest Nell,

You would love to see me dance??? Nell, I couldn't dance my way out of starvation if I were starving. It is just a big thing that Mandy and I have the secret that I am a "marvelous" dancer and no one else knows, and we guard it deliciously. In fact that big secret has cost me almost a week's work, and Nell, you won't tell this, will you? My dancing consists of a clumsy kick about a foot above the floor. Last week, every time Piedy's back was turned I would do this kick and Mandy would go into paroxysms of putting her finger to her lips to guard the secret and laughing and hunching up her shoulders. And we got going so well that once when Piedy's back was turned I really kicked high and cracked and crunched all my ligaments and muscles and nerves from the left hip right down to the left foot. It really messed up the leg something awful and has required sedation just to handle the pain, which really does not do the job, since I have to be up and down all night long and have been too doped up to work during the day. As painful and nasty a thing as I ever had. Everybody is speculating about what could have happened. Father George insists it is a lack of Vitamin E, and is pouring that to me, Dr. Kyger feared it might be a clot, my parents think it is all that high altitude flying that has finally messed up the nerves in that bad leg. Well, today it is almost comfortable for the first time, but I have not yet found anyway of telling people that it got messed up from doing a high kick in my dance routine. So, Nell, it must remain a deep secret between you and Mandy and me. I still cannot life the foot, and when I have to go be "doctored" again up at Marycrest, they have made arrangements for me to receive the degree in a wheel chair, because there are steps to ~~xxx~~ climb.

Oh, me... well, now you know, I am going to end up with the reputation as a dancer yet. I think I told you that my record man explains to all the customers that I limp so badly because I used to be a great ~~xx~~ flamenco dancer and tried once to do my routine on a cement floor.

Well, enough foolishness. Best love to you from all of us here,

John