

# LEDBURY LODGE on ELLIOTT KEY



Chas. Perrocher

For RESERVATIONS, Phone 3-4932  
or Address  
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My dearest ones.

Friday am.

John is going across with Charlie this afternoon to bring back a guest to-morrow (Chapman - Kit's friend, the curator of birds) - he will call you tonight and so bring me fresh and I pray good news from him — without that the rest are no good. I can worry more at long range than at close range — and there is no cure. I must cure myself of it — for one cannot face life squarely unless he has conquered his fear of what it may do to him. I find it my greatest lesson — and the most difficult — to get a panic which stops all reason. John can go to the other extreme and put entirely out of his mind what he cannot help. He says it has been a long and bitter lesson which he has had to learn. He has more acceptance — more faith — more courage — and these are things I must learn. I think of them a great deal here, where there is nothing else for me to rely on — but I am not yet successful.

However you know enough of my weakness —

what I must do is build up to be a tower of strength  
to my children - that is what I want to be yet so sadly  
fail. But enough of this.

The Lodge is primitive yet not the scorpion infested  
Johnny of the Dobera mada cottage - we have running  
water in our room and a small but private one - two  
large beds in a single room that faces the sea -  
all very rough and simple but just as I would  
have it. There is no beach - no sand - for we are  
on a coral formation with long reefs off shore -  
the Bay side (only about 500 yds) is mangrove  
with white sand bottom and shallow sweet  
water for bathing - but not exactly a beach.  
The food is good - well-cooked and planned -  
much, much better than most camps - plenty  
of fresh fish of course and crawfish or turtles -  
delicious paypaya from the Pancoasts - also the  
best tomatoes I ever tasted - Pines by the basketful  
grapefruit - avacadoes - what more could  
one ask? We have grits - potatoes or black-eyed  
peas as a starch - so you see it is exactly to  
my liking. Daniel will have a small house to  
himself and I think he will love it. They are  
painting the sail-boat today so it will  
soon be in shape - one has to be careful  
at first not to get too much sun for sunburn  
is very easy - I almost have it today!

(3) If you had your own little gang I think even my Park Ave. Bot would like it - because it is beautiful and not too, too primitive for his fastidiousness. Compared to the Everglades or even our Canadian camping trips it is almost down-right luxury. An Island gives one a special kind of freedom and peace and the sea and sky are blue as the Mediterranean - the air sweet and warm - all so clean and life giving. John is already like a different person. I was quite anxious about him really - but he looks up serenely after a few days rest - I wouldn't exactly call it rest either for he fishes just as hard as he works - but he is not under pressure you just couldn't be here.

I am the only lady on the Keyes - there is Charlie and three other boys - all very nice - who do everything. We all sit down at one long table and it is good to see the food disappear and to tell sea-yarns and make plans. I had forgotten how good it really was - our civilization is not so much fun as it is supposed to be - no wonder people need the movies to lose themselves and escape - but here one needs nothing.

(4) I think Win + Billy would love it — and I think George William would love it — the food is very good for one thing and the place gets you for another — also the company is stimulating. But of all people — Kit — how she would love it! Bob I think would love it — Mary I'm not sure — I've never seen him under these kind of conditions — but I wish you were all here with us!

Joe Marnie I wish her Doctor had waited to have the flu until after he had finished with her. I had hoped it would all be over by this time. Give her my love though and tell her I'll be sending her a strong thought.

I hope you are getting a bit of peace. But darling I'm sorry that I cannot make you life all peaceful — but I shall do my best to get well and healthy once more with a bit of reserve for us both. John keeps saying there is no place like the West Branch for real peace — and health — how he loves it! and I agree but it is not an island surrounded by blue seas — there are too many problems and telephones — however it will be sweet to return to — 1040 also — many blessings we have darlings — and now to have Bob + Mary near makes it more blessed — much love to each of you — do send Bob's address! W