

MEASE HOSPITAL

J. A. MEASE, JR., M. D.

TELEPHONE 6-2041

DUNEDIN, FLORIDA

Dearest: Forgive pencil. I am sitting beside mother while she sleeps - to-day has been a bad day for her. They gave her something to make her quiet - it is a world of pain and long days and even longer nights - but the Doctor tells me she really is in good shape every way and that she will get well. I saw the ~~Dr~~ Mayo and you can see the break is healing beautifully. I love Dr. Mease - he is a little older and more experienced Mayo - a dear person. In fact the whole set-up here is the nicest you could find anywhere for her. I tell myself all the good things ever and over because it is agony for me to see her so.

Later -

Dearest - These past two days have slipped by without a letter to you. Yesterday I went to St. Petersburg and had a difficult day. I found Bushie and Eleanor very happy in their new freedom - you never saw anyone so grateful as they are - Bushie had made some songs and we had a wonderful talk. Things are not worked out yet but I have faith. St. Petersburg is having a plague of grasshoppers - hunger grasshoppers. You never saw such a horde of strange and impossible people who have taken possession of the little town. It is nauseating - I can't tell you because you would be nauseated with the sound of it. I was sick. How my father would hate it all! Mother's apartment is convenient to the center of things but that is all you can say for it. It is crowded in - and no sunshine, no privacy - no quiet - no bird songs - or flowers - or soft breezes - it is surrounded by people, radios and smells of cooking - people people people - I just suffered - my

one thought was how to get her out of it. Bushie's job is with
the right one. and I want to find her and several others I know to
find out how to help her. I wrote several letters for her and
saw people and called everything I could think of. I don't
know the answer yet but I'm back by train late last night
and felt utterly spent. I want her to come to the Hospital and
I was glad to get into my bed.

This morning I woke with the very clear conviction
that Dunedin is the place for mother to live. After that I felt
better for this is a clean town and a place to live. So I went
immediately to Dr. Dumas and told him everything and out of it has
come my tongue's mother. I want to Dorothy Bobrow - the one Real Estate
woman (a girl quite like Gina was) she has lived here all her
life and knows everyone and every place. At present there is not
one place either to rent or for sale in or near Dunedin. Almost
everyone owns their own and what rentals there are have been taken
by the women of the houses who are near. But mother can't possibly
get out of here before March or April and by then I know she
can find something for us.

I was almost afraid to tell mother how I
felt about it for fear she wouldn't like it - but instead the tears
sprung to her eyes and she said "Oh, yes - I would love
to live here - near Dr. Dumas - and near my hospital home
as long as I live - I want to live here more than any place -
This is home."

Now the next step is to see if I can get
Bushie a job here in Dunedin until mother gets out of the
Hospital - for there is no need to keep the apartment there
if we can find work for Bushie here - now I have
more problems to solve. It seems there never is a let-up is
there?

Forgive me John - this whole letter about my problems - but I will
send it quickly any way - it is from me - and I feel better for writing it to you -
it is all right.

How heaven by the West Branch seems always - it's keep it - always -