

6309 Pershing Ave
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26-12-66

Dear Pa and Aline -

Thanks for Summer Island. Jane and I read it last night and it made us both very homesick. I realized rather curiously for the 1st time that the Island is the only place ~~in the~~ with which I've been in continual touch all my life and is therefore more like home than any other place. Portland comes 2nd.

E. Paul Borrie and Jack loved the belts and A & A are carrying the eggs all over the house with them today. (long pause while I try to remember the right name for those nests of wooden dolls. I thought I might find it in a Scientific American article about infinite regression but it turned out not to be there.) I've always thought the boys (and I) needed decent belts. In San Francisco last summer I found some conventional nickel-plated buckles which I tried to get an inept luggage repair shop proprietor in St. Louis to fit with belts. After a good deal of talk during which he insisted I'd be better off going to a haberdashery and getting some of the ratty strips which pass for belts nowadays I finally persuaded him. But the leather he chose was so poor, and of such a ghastly color, that the boys were never very interested. Where did these belts come from?

Jane and I had a pleasant visit two weeks ago with Mike and Nancy in Washington. I went because of a conference on air pollution. Jane went for a vacation from her role as unpaid domestic for two large households. I was two occupied to be very good company but Jane visited museums and stores with Nancy and got to see several old college acquaintances. Jimmy is living at home and has a job with a market research firm. He still exhibits an unhealthy tendency to self-deprecation but otherwise seems in much better spirits than he has been in recent years. His morale appears better, generally, than either Michael's or Margaret's.

I'm afraid I never wrote to thank Pa for the *Astronades* book. It is lovely, like all the rest, we like the double trucks though Pa probably does not. I hope there will be more of them in future books.

I hope Pa forgives the interruption in his Post-Dispatch subscription. I wasn't notified that it had expired until after the fact. If he doesn't still want it, he should let me know. I won't be offended I know what a burden an excess influx of periodicals can be.

I hope also everyone will stop in St. Louis in the course of trips east and west. Maybe I can persuade Pa sometime to consider some pictures in the Ozarks. They are mellowier than the *Astronades* or the White Mountains but lovely, especially the limestone gorges.

There is a large contingent of Porter fans in St. Louis many of whom are members of the Sierra Club. They would love to serve as guides or beavers on any photographic expedition.

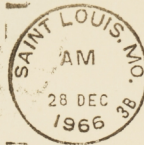
It looks as though I will probably be moving to Jefferson City next spring — much as we hate to abandon Frog Hall. The commuting (130 miles) is getting us all down. The only real drawbacks are the schools and Jack and Anne's eyes which require frequent trips to ophthalmologists and clinics for corrective exercises. Anne wears spectacles which give her an absurd, professorial aspect. Jack has a patch over his good eye which has elicited a certain amount of pity among about one-eyed Jacks.

The little boy next door, I'm happy to report, is though far from recovered and still not a pretty sight, is home from the hospital and will be able to return to school this year. E.F. seems also to have recovered though he's still a little shy of his chemistry set. We got him a nice 2nd hand B & L microscope and he's become very interested in it. Somebody send us Jonathan ~~and~~ Stephen and Kathy's latest address, please.

Love to all.

B.

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115

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