

23 June 64

Dear Mrs. Dentling,

Scott and I are now out at an old age-riddled and creaking house. There are, quail in the deep, secret woods. I think Scott is at last going to accomplish something here in Milledgeville. Our trip to Alabama was futile — hardly more than a little peripatetic madness. It was so intolerably hot that we lost interest in even trying to stay alive. We just sat on the porch like three shrunken beads, and somebody would occasionally say "Lord, it's hot," and the other two would agree. So we left yesterday.

Well, I guess that's enough of our miseries. What I'm supposed to say is that I enjoyed my "lovely stay" at your home, your hospitality was unimpeachable, etc. All of those are true, but what I will say (and mean) is that I've never had a better vacation. The novelty of Boy Scout camp can't even approach it. All your friends are wonderfully unique creatures. And the food — even with my pronounced Georgian heritage, I can't help but feel cosmopolitan after those dinners. Oh, and I'll never forget that certain June 17 in Texas. It may be as Mom says that I "overstayed my welcome," but it was like slipping for a second into heaven and once you're there, you just rather hate to leave.

I'm not sure how long Scott will be here, but we'll keep him as long as possible, sending him home full of potliquor (?) and cornbread.

Again, I loved every minute of my visit, and you are one of my favorite friends.

Your son in absentia,
and love,

Jim

P.S. We killed and skinned a water moccasin in Alabama, all of us thinking how much you would have enjoyed being there.

Wm



cc