

Tuesday

Dear Mom and Suz and Mandy,

This is a much overdo letter but I hope it may prove a moment's diversion.

Stu as you probably know had a great time up here and I have to it admit I showed him just about everything of interest in a hundred mile radius of here.

It was one of those damnable quirks of fate and poor timing that Jerry Ambrose would have to show up at the same time. He proved on several occasions what a selfish ass he is (die always known it and like him in spite of it. Jerry's one of those people you like to see just once in a while; it's all you can stand.) He's a whiner (sp?) and he threatened to ruin our trip until Stuart said that he'd throttle him if he made one more peep. The rest of the trip went well. We left at 5:00 in the morning and saw Gettysburg, Antietam, Harpers ferry and the Shenandoah Valley all in one day and came back that night - a considerable feat for any one.

Wednesday was a day of mixed emotions. Jerry pulled out for New York City, wearing his blue jeans and cowboy hat, boots - the works and that parting was not sweet sorrow. But Stuart left too and I felt a little empty that we couldn't have talked more. I said goodbye and was miserable for twenty minutes or more and then I realized how good it was to just sit back and do nothing again, and I liked it.

While Stu was here we ate dinner with Pete and his new girl friend named Jasimine (flavor)

She's a wonderful girl. Peter played an unaccustomed part of the fool which leads me to believe that he is serious about ~~her~~ her. And that's all the gossip about love lives I have to offer for today.

Are you still serious about N.D.? What are the latest developments?

I was shocked to hear of Andy Phillips death. In his case I think it was a matter of the chickens coming home to roost. His wild life caught up with him and it was tragic. I wish that others could learn from that experience. You play with fire and you're liable to get burnt. I would like to write his parents and Dutch, could you send me the address please?

***** The stars indicate that a message of utmost importance is to follow!

NOW THIS MUST BE done!!!!!!

I must finish paying my income tax. Before I left I got all my books in perfect order and put them in that black leather case of mine. The accounts begin on page 100 of that brown book with journal written on the outside leather cover. I left it all in my room by Stuart's bed.

Please Please take it over and find out what I owe so I can have it completed for this year. You know what will happen if I don't, and I will greatly be in your debt as well as the governments. All you have to do is take it over then I've done the rest. Perhaps Suzie can do it or Mom can but someone must.

I've heard nothing from dad and have received nothing. It's going to be a tight squeeze to finish this year. If you can send me that last check dad sent to me in Sepas. It sure would let me breathe easier. If you can't then sell one of my paintings (next page)

I'm not desperate by any means, yet I'm trying to see things on a long range ~~business~~ basis.

Suzie, I want to thank you for a good letter. I was sorry to hear about the U. of W. Carolina. Also it might be wise to get some medical training before going to the Mayo Clinic or wherever it is you want to go.

By the way, if you happen to be out in the patio again and Spring comes by, catch a little and send some up to me. I'll keep it in my coat pocket and bring it out on cold days.

Well I'm going to sign off now and return to ~~the~~ the comforts of my limbo existence.

Much Love,
Sue