

4/18/67

Louise dearest:- Thank you for your dear letter. Your trip sounds wonderful. What fun to have a daughter who lives in such glorious places. Would you take me along on your next visit? I long to see Tikal and so forth. David Boyer was supposed to write you about his engagement. He is terribly dumb about people's addresses and asked me to send him envelopes all typed out for those he wanted to inform directly. I did as he asked. Then Phil and I sent notes to our more recent or casual friends and to more distant relatives. To our horror it turned out that David never used the envelopes; the #2 people told the #1's about the engagement KHM and the #1's were understandably cross. My Auntie Nanny White, for instance, wrote me a rather crasp letter after getting David's news via a cousin in Minneapolis. Dave called up last night and I was about to tell him what I thought of this performance, then took pity when he got through the list of his current miseries: cat run over, difficulties in figuring out next year's teaching schedule, worries over Viet Nam and the last and worst: his novel got lost in the mail on its way to the publisher. Kathy (the bride-to-be) has carbons of the original but David made no copies of the many changes he worked into the thing. He's put a tracer on the package and we pray it turns up.

From my diary I see that our Princeton Club lunch was on February 3rd (my, that seems a long time ago!). About 2 weeks later we saw the Horwitzes and Nat told us it was up to the groom's parents to make the overtures, which was news to both Phil and me. We telephoned the Cushings in Cleveland and after about the third call Phil and I found ourselves on a plane heading out there for the weekend. All that week I had worried about clothes and Phil had worried about the possibility of the Cushings' being teetotalers. The IN airline solved my clothes problem by losing my valise, which I never saw until about 2 hours before we headed home again. My husband's fears were quite unfounded. Indeed he and Mr. Cushing -- excuse me: it's supposed to be Fred and Susan as per their request -- made generous inroads on a bottle of whiskey. For once I felt gratitude for Phil's wartime hitch in the CBI Theatre, for Fred had been there too, and this discovery brought an immediate warmth to the two men and they happily swapped war stories while leaning against the kitchen sink. Susan dropped a dish of lima beans all over the stove, just to add to the general foolishness. The evening ended with me at the piano playing hymns from a tattered book, while Kathy accompanied on the flute and the men harmonized in the kitchen while helping with the dishes. We got a great many details talked over and settled, including the date, June 24th, and the place, the Cushings' summer place in the wilds of the Michigan Peninsular (near a place called Bellaire, about 200 miles north of Grand Rapids). I may have told you in February that the Cushings wanted the kids to wait a year because of Kathy's youth. But sometime between our agreeing to visit them in Cleveland and our actual arrival there they changed their minds. Maybe they realized that Kathy and David were quite determined and had every intention of eloping if forced to wait so long. The parents, by the way, are lovely people. They felt just as nervous about meeting us as we did! Susan is a minister's daughter and has lived all over the U.S. Her mother was a violinist. Susan feels the same way as I do about clothes: a necessary nuisance to be coped with somehow; ditto about housekeeping, and I feel now I could have her here to visit without having to apologize for the well-known Boyer mess. When I think of Linda's room-mate, Cynthia Ryan, who last year married a Greek whose parents could speak in no common language with the Ryans; also of marriages where parents are divorced and re-married, with all the ensuing complications, I consider we are getting off easy on this one. It even turns out that the Cushings are Episcopallians, a small detail, to be sure, but just another topic where no one has to explain to anyone else.

Phil took quite a few pictures of Kathy during the Cleveland weekend. I won't send you one, however, because she is totally unphotogenic. She is a far cry from your spectacular Wendy. I would predict that her really good looks will come later, around 50 the way it happens with some women (Granny Boyer, for instance). She has dark Indian-straight hair, dark eyes that sparkle and a creamy skin with unexpected colour (pink cheeks don't seem to go with black hair; my

father had this combination; his father's black-black hair and his mother's complexion). To get back to Kathy, David claims she is one of the most creative persons he has ever known. None of us likes that word "creative", but it is sometimes very useful; I remember your using it about Nat (in reverse). Kathy can play any musical instrument she lays a hand on, makes all her own clothes, can sculpt or draw or paint according to mood. She and Jenny, who resembles her in this respect, get along as if they'd been sisters forever. They're forever sending each other their latest idea in jewelry design or candle-making. Did you ever see David's house in Lumberville? After 3 years of bachelor care it's a terrible mess. Dave has tried to remodel it by himself, even pulling down walls and finding he'd made a mistake. Kathy can hardly wait to get to work on the place, get it into order and apply some of her own ideas for making it nicer. She is completing her freshman year at the Univ. of Michigan and will probably try to transfer next year to the Univ. of Pa. or else Temple. David is in favor of her attending art school. I seem to remember that Temple has, or used to have, a very good art department. Is this true? There's no reason why you should know; I'm just tossing questions into the air.

The Cushings don't want more than 100 people at the wedding. I don't know if this is their idea or the children's. Somebody long ago told me that either the kids elope or else you throw a bash of 700 people but it's almost impossible to do anything in between. I now see the point very clearly and am afraid there will be some hurt feelings. You and the Horwitzes and the Francis Boyers will be invited. If you get somewhat alarmed at the distance involved and the big question mark at the other end, we will be the first to understand! Phil hasn't yet figured out how to get ourselves to Traverse City (from Syracuse, as we'll dump dogs and belongings at the River beforehand). Also the bride's mother is not the most efficient lady in the world and has not yet been able to find motel rooms in the neighborhood. We'll probably have to bring our pup tents and make the trip by mule train.

Dear me, how I run on. Sorry, this always happens when I sit down to write you, no matter how brief and concise I mean to be. Thanks for asking about Jenny. She was quite sick for a week or so, with 103° and general misery. The doctor, however, says that if you get a bad case of mono you're apt to recover faster because you get to a doctor ~~XXX~~ sooner. Apparently some people get such a light case they go around for weeks wondering why they feel odd. That must have happened to Bertha. Jen will be going back to school in a few days. This morning I took her shopping and she got very tired. I may hang onto her until she ~~XXXXXX~~ feels less shaky, in spite of what the doctor said about "a few days".

I felt very sad when I read about Mr. Keep. Jen's reaction was different: "at last it's over for that poor man". I gather he was just fading away for a very long time.

I remember now your telling me about Dr. Kimbrough being in Tucson and wish I'd remembered when we were out there. A first cousin of my father lives out there with his wife, William Fellowes Morgan. They have a house in the Catalina foothills. They were darling to us. We had several other addresses but when Jenny began acting so limp and peevish, I got suspicious and decided we'd better not circulate too much. We spent most of the time at the Sonora Zoo, while Phil took pictures of road-runners and other birds; the rest of the time we were in the pool. I adore the West, although I do wonder if the drought and the arid landscape might not get me after a steady diet. Also the summers must be hell. Do the Kimbroughs stay all year?

How sweet of you to think of writing Kathy. Her semester at Michigan will be finishing soon, and the home address will be better: Miss Katherine Cushing, 124 Lakeview Lane, Chagrin Falls, Ohio, 44022.

Much love to you