

MRS. EUNICE HOLSAERT  
4 DEAN STREET  
COBBLE HILL  
BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Friday, Nov. 9th

Dearest Faith,

Thank you for your good long letter. Shai also showed me the SNNC newsletters and I hope that some of the harrassment has died down. Obviously, you kids are not in the heart of a friendly community! The bit about the hand reaching in your window wrapped in a curtain read like an old-fashioned melodrama -- strong stuff, little one -- but always remember that I can take it if you can -- so stay sweet and honest as you've been and don't spare us details. Our imaginings could be crueller than anything you are experiencing. Of course, we are dishing out diluted versions of your daily life to family and friends. All of whom are deeply concerned including such unexpected people as Uncle Dave, Jim Throneburg, Bob Verrone, Betty G. and of course expected people like the Messiah, Betts, Chat, etc. You have quite a following!

All progresses satisfactorily on the home front. I had a nice dinner party the other night -- the Brandenbergs (aliki & spouse) and the Verrones. I made chicken livers and wild rice -- I hope you don't keel over from hunger upon reading this! -- and everyone had thirds. The two couples loved one another like mad and managed not to notice my absence during twenty hectic minutes when I finished my toilette -- the Verrones arrived forty minutes early to discover me in house slippers, dripping dog food, and a new permanent (very soft and nice). Have you followed me through the intricacies of that sentence? I'd kill one of my writers for less -- much less! Shai joined us about 10 P.M., after school -- and they were entranced with her,

and she with them. I'm glad I had them because I was feeling a little disheartened about having people since Shai gets home so late -- but it worked out fine.

Betty G. is taking two days off; Friday and Monday. She and her parents are driving down to North Carolina to see her finance who has been transferred down there as part of his training as a salesman. He is going to be down there until July and I only pray that his company locates him in the NY area when he is finally trained -- or bye bye Betty, which would kill me.

Incidentally, Aliko and Franz brought us a most entrancing sugar bowl from Switzerland -- it has a very primitive cow and rooster painted on it (and then glazed). ~~THESE~~ It was made by Swiss mountain people as part of a home industries program. Very sweet. You will like it. Franz won Shai's devotion and admiration by walking in with a peace button and announcing that his photographer had seen the button, given him a lecture, and then torn up his account when he refused to take it off. Franz is resolutely awaiting an investigation~~s~~ by the FBI since he is an alien and Aliko is ready to stand with him to the end -- all 4' 11" of her! Dear people.

Today I shall deposit \$75 of the \$125 I owe your account. I received my royalty this week -- \$939.87. An impressive sum, but most of it was gone before the next day. At least the U.S. Gov't. and I are square on last year's taxes, and the N.Y. State Income Tax Bureau and I are also buddy-buddy, at least for 1962. The two books are not paying much more than about \$500 a piece a year now -- but the Weekly Reader bit is what gave this royalty statement a shot in the arm. I'll put the remaining \$50 in your account soon -- but I wanted to leave myself a little margin to buy a coat and two dresses.

MRS. EUNICE HOLSAERT  
4 DEAN STREET  
COBBLE HILL  
BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

-3-

Incidentally, I had high hopes that the Brandenbergs might take Boppy. But no, they would be glad to take Penny but such a big cat -- no. And I must admit that I can hardly imagine Aliki picking him up. Bops and Laddie are not feuding very often now. Friendly, they aint -- but an armed truce seems to hold.

Today I shall round up some edibles for you -- Howard asked me to do so from him. Incidentally, he was very pleased with your card and Clarice drooled about it all through dinner at their house -- she's in one of those belts -- tiresome!

Tonight I am going to take Florence and Joe Alexander, the artists' agents, to dinner at Gage and Toller -- the famous old B'klyn restaurant -- revolutionary times I believe. This is a courtesy long overdue since they are always buying me lunch, dinner etc. Shai is having dinner with Joe Spieler.

That's really all the news. Stay well (are you well?) and safe. Blessings --

Love,  
Madre

20369  
61316  
Hornish