

Friday, Dec. 15

Dear Sylvia,

I am in trouble-- the dishes are undone, the baby is crying, Luciano is not talking to me--- but I read on! What can I say about your book that hasn't been said already. I am proud and pleased that you sent me a copy and inscribed it for me. To tell you the truth, I had stopped reading Kennedy articles because they had become so boring. They all seemed to tell me about angle that bullets entering one's head make and how much brain can end up all over the place, not to mention velocity of bullets in a certain number of seconds. The one thing that struck me first is that your book is INTERESTING as well as informative. Bouquets for you...Adriana is proud of her auntie.

We are all fine here, but I have to admit that every time the holiday season rolls around I get blue instead of excited. I'd so much rather be with my family and friends than here... Luciano tries hard, but he can't replace everyone for me.

The baby is a doll and I'm no different from every other mother in the world. I think she is so smart and definitely beautiful. I'm sure she is like my side of the family, too. I hope my mediocrity on this subject doesn't disappoint you too much. I will send you a photo soon. I'm having trouble locating flash bulbs for my camera.

Sue wrote last week and I think things are going well for her. I think that Lenny is a person with integrity and will not hurt her. Sometimes I think that there are worse things that can happen than not getting married (Often I think that getting married is one of them). I think that's normal. Anyway I'm sure that they will set a date one of these days.

Adriana is wearing the sleeper that you sent her everyday. When it gets dirty I wash it right away so that I can put it back on. She stays so warm and it is so convenient for me. When she grows up she will have a book to read, written by someone very special.

Please have wonderful holidays and a wonderful New Year, too. I must get back to my reading. I have finished the first chapter. Thank you a million times, Sylvia.

P.S. My English isn't what it used to be! Best love,
Clem.

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