earest Jo ---This item was encapsulated without deacidification.

-Preservation Dept. I know (by now) that you like long letters, and this ne may be longer than anticipated --- I'm just trying out a dear Ild Olivetti typewriter with a special type-face which I bought 2nd and up in Wisconsin, when I was giving birth to Raccoona. She had to have everything different from Tiptree, see---it would have looked even more suspicious than it did if Tip's "friend" had turned up in lue pica serif----no, wait, the small type is "elite," isn't it? inyway, you get the point. So I found this grand old portable---portable by 6 boys and a small elephant, that is --- and started hamnering out ANGEL FIX. But then it got put aside when everything fell apart, and it always was wonketty --- Olivetti shops view it with binterest, and call people from the back room to come see, but when I say Fix It given they tell me its parts have been discontinued along with the Giant Auk---and anyway, it's a "special model" whatever that means. So my guardian angel Mr. Beek (Typewriters) and I take turns kicking it ** ** Every so often he emits a sentence starting, "Frankly, if I were you----" but I don't listen. Since coming out this time it has demonstrated the alarming habit of suddenly repeating a letter 1,088889 times---there, it just did it on the "88"---writing single 8s is tricky. You have to just sewing-machine has done ppppppppppp and returning the carriage like mad with doomfilled clangs, until the Return is now worn out and it just drifts dreamily back to the left, with assistance --- allowing me to collect my thoughts. So if you get any of these manifestations --- say, five thousand Qs, you'll know what happened. *****The result of collecting my thoughts on that last return suggests you may be weary of hearing about my typewriter. You want vivid, hot, human stuff like how my broken instep feels. (Nauseating.) Well, I used to sympathise with you --- here's this poor girl afflicted by a myriad ailments, and everyone thinks she's a bronze goddess, and she really needs somebody she can let down and tell all her miseries to. So I went on responding, Poor Girl, Poor, poor Girl, Yes it must be awful, until it got so awful I thought it was more tactful not to mention it, surely she wants to get her mind OFF these the things ---But now I run into this grand person, Susan Koppelman, who tells me that you two had, or have, long, long talks in which every symptom is discussed minutely, and What does it mean, etc. etc. Well, I can sympathise with that, but Honey I can't join in---because about a decade back I found out what all my symptoms mean---ONCOMING DEATH. (Quite normal in your age-group, Mrs. S.) So I shut up.

