

Monday. 1967.

Dear Don,

You will think I am showering you with letters, But I seem to have a feeling of urgency to keep going while I seem to be under an inspirational urge to get this behind me. The ~~clear~~ clearness of my memory, and the words that come to my mind do have the feeling of inspiration, and may not last.

In a way I am a product of Ernest's example and influence, that came at an impressionable age. I believe you are interested in the truth. I also assume you will leave me as Marjorie Bump, and keep me as lost as I was before you found me.

Hasta mas tiempo,

Marge

John. 16, 67

I am still searching for the right words to sum up the things I remember about Ernest before 1920. It will be hard for you to understand my extreme youthful naivety, combined with hero worship and adoration. It will be hard to picture Ernest in the protective brotherly roll, combined with the fact that he could talk to me easily, without pretense. If he did feel anything more for me, it must have been frustrating to have such an unsusceptive and unresponsive subject. I had so much more growing up to do before I could remotely reach the maturity of mind and spirit that Ernest had, even then. The war had put him beyond his years, and innately he had an understanding of people and things. While I saw people as shadowy beings, background for my own little world, he saw them as ~~indiv~~ individuals and placed them in categories according to his own values. He was especially interested in the man on the street in rough clothes and with rugged features. He taught me to look at faces and not clothes or position in society. I remember once when he introduced me to such a person, he said later that he was glad that I hadn't been snooty. He tended to want to find flaws in the people with too nice clothes, and too nice houses. He was still too polite to do it openly, but he wanted to deflate balloons that were seemingly blown up to capacity.

That may have been the answer to his reason for wanting to write the story about me, so far from true facts. I went on to college and had wishes to reach wider horizons. He couldn't know that my real reason behind that was my feeling of inferiority in comparison with him and Bill and the others

from the big cities. I suppose I did change as I became more aware of my inferiority and limitations of experience. I couldn't be the relaxed easy companion I had been before, when I was entirely satisfied with myself and my world. It was the beginning of growing pains, tho I didn't know it. It was truly THE END OF SOMETHING, but not in the way pictured by Ernest.

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