

Tue. Feb. 14, 1967

Dear Don,

I think I could take on a few more questions now. I will try to discipline my thoughts and use them only a short time after breakfast.

The way I was feeling I thought I might be headed for the other side myself. But that is what nerves can do when actually you haven't a chance to get out of problems so easily. Georgie tells me I have a subconscious death wish, but actually I have a very good time living. Kind friends have been trying to pull me back into my old social life, but I don't want too much of that. This being a widow, but still not a widow has its complications. One attractive man from N.Y. whom I have known some years can't understand why I won't go to dinner with him. I said I couldn't take the wagging tongues. Am I a square or am I a square. Probably I am just still afraid of men.

Will enclose a clipping that you might like to see.

My friend tells me that I am contradictory in the things I say about my feelings about Ernest in the old days. That is probably true for I have never figured it out myself. I am glad it never involved any decision by me. Life itself took over.

Enough for now.

Marge -

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