

Sat. - Feb. 18, 1967

Dear Don,

I am glad you see this about H. Barker. She is a real friend and I can tell her everything, including the fact you thought I had an illegitimate child. It was only last year that we learned by chance that we had Ursula in common. One thing I love her for is that she says I have 'savoir faire'. When you start with your head in Grandmother's lap it is wonderful to have someone think you have savoir faire. I have several close friends who are not "yes" people. One of the best is my daughter Georgie. We are both alike in wanting to face the truth at any cost. She doesn't spare me or I her. We have long, too expensive, phone conversations, but we both need them. I have found that after children are married they become people. It is almost the same with Sid, Jr., but I am sure he leaves things out of what he tells me about himself. He still thinks his mother too innocent to hear too much. But he does tell me he rather spend time with me than anyone he knows, and that is a lot. Once he took me to a Playboy Club in Baltimore. I loved it.

I have had only two or three men friends who could be "People". Men are so handicapped by an ego that has to prove first that they are male. Ernest was very much a People. He knew so well my opinion of those who were "soft", that he didn't risk having me melt away. I was People to him too. All the trouble came with the first kiss. I wasn't ready for the transition.

You ask about my memory of rain and Ernest. Do you know, I can't ~~remember~~ remember a single rainy day in all my youth? There must have been many of them, but they must have been disregarded. What does that prove? I do remember blizzards with blowing gusts of snow. I remember watching the shadows on the wall as the street light swung back and forth after I was in bed. Shadows of branches would seem to be trying to catch one another. I would imagine they were ghosts that someday might get me. Ernest and I both loved to walk in the snow and often did when I got out of school. We covered a lot of talking ground on those walks. We took the cold winter in stride. I remember talks of 40 below, but cold was just cold to us and not worth conversation. I remember ice storms with electric wires and tree branches snapping. It was a beautiful fairy land to look at and meant it wasn't safe to walk to school. As for Ernest's moods, I was unconscious of them if there were any. I would have accepted sadness or joy as I did the weather, not worth special attention. I didn't think much about the present. It was only far away dreams that interested me.

It is a proof of my contradictory nature, that even with the large place Ernest holds in my heart, I feel that after I tell you all I can about him, I never want to think about him again, ever. He still has the power to hurt my soul.

Yes, I am contradictory, inconsistent and unpredictable, even to myself. But I won't tell lies if I can help it. One of the most comforting bits I ever read is that imperfection is the soul of personality.

I am so glad that in you I have found another PEOPLE.

Marge

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