

[handwritten black in] Sunday, [handwritten in blue ink] March 5 1967

Dear Don,

The thought comes to me that by now you are probably feeling sorry for Ernest with that little old immature, sexless Marge Bump. I feel a little sorry for him myself, but I thank God I had that protection. Had I been [been printed over mistake] three years more mature, the story could well have been different. Any true analysis of that Marge would have to take into consideration the fact that I didn't mature physically until I was sixteen years old. Thus I had three years more childhood than the average. I wasn't retarded, only slow. I even carried each of my babies for ten months, and the Dr. now says I am younger than my years. It was a comfort to me when I found these words of Thoreau, and I keep them near me.

Quote [circle with line slash through in ink] why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprise. If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall we turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be ship wrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true etherial heaven, far, above, as if the former were not.

I am reading too much. It never takes me in moderation. After I broke my hip I wasn't able to read for three years. My mind stayed in a state of shock. I started again in California. Georgie has lots of books, beautiful records and my old Steinway. I wallowed back into emotional orgies with all three. Am now just finishing THE POWER WITHIN by Alexander Cannon. It is all too far out for me, but I got just enough from automatic writing to understand it a little. I love the ch chapter on reincarnation. I never say anymore that this I believe or this I don't believe. I change too often, and after all what difference does it make what we believe. Whatever is true is true no matter what we believe.

Simpatica, it seems, is nothing more than Etheric vibrations picked up by a kind of wireless set formed by Ether in a certain c[crossed out "on" in same ink] condition of sensitivity to its own forms and vibrations. Very clear. Oh yes:

Ruth probably thinks I am a kook. Tell her I am not really the way I write. At [written t in At with black ink] least it doesn't show.

For the record I don't do anything really well, but there are many things that I enjoy doing. In golf I broke 100 only a few times, though I could stay fairly close. I had to learn to play good bridge because of Sidney and his brothers and Sid Jr., but I much prefer to play with people who don't take it seriously. I love to play poker, but I don't like to win. When I have lots of chips, I come in every pot until they are gone. This was a small cross for Sidney to bear. I love the piano, but don't play well. I can manage some Chopan preludes, but no Etudes. My favorite

isRavel. I find people who drink a little more interesting than those who don't, but I can't drink much without getting sick. I also have allergies, a sure sign of being neuratic.

Basta,

[in handwritten black ink] Margie -

Mrs S. Main

Box 5434
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Mr Don. St John
Franconia
New Hampshire.

[stamp in the top right of the envelope reads "DAYTONA BEACH [indent] FEB10 PM 1967
FLA."]

[stamp in the inner top right corner of envelope reads "8 [cents sign] U.S AIR MAIL"]

[black ink "ALWAYS USE ZIP CODE" on top of U.S AIR MAIL stamp]