

March 7, 1967
Tuesday

Dear Don,

You have asked me why I thought Ernest was attracted to me, and I have given it quite a bit of thought. We were able to talk as easily as you and I can communicate. Neither of us could realize how rare a gift this was. We truly enjoyed each other's company. There was nothing wrong with my intelligence, even if I was slow in the physical development.

I have known you only briefly, and I may never see you again, but the feeling of understanding would never leave. So it was that that feeling never left me about Ernest. He may have been puzzled about it, too, and so had to write about me in other terms to justify his interest to himself.

It had nothing to do with love and marriage, though it might have developed into that. I have my doubts about this! But it would have been good had we understood enough about emotions to have remained friends without complications. I am inclined to think the fault lay with me. Being hurt, I told the lie that sent him away. The wires were hopelessly crossed.

1939.

We hadn't started Christmas decorating. It was cold, for I wore a sweater and skirt.

I don't believe it would be possible to get a copy of the whole paper, but I can order a copy of the article in glossy print. Is that what you want?

Margie —
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