

Tuesday, March 14, 1967

Dear Don,

Just a few odd notes.

I can't remember that Ernest ever called me Marjorie or Marge. It was always Red, Lucia (Italian pronunciation) or occasionally Barge. I don't know whether he ever used these names in writing. Hope not.

Don't believe E. had any romantic reason for coming to see me in Florida. Think he was curious to see how I turned out. After all, in his own words, I was a product of his teaching.

When you asked about Box 204, it reminded me that Ernest wrote once asking me if we lived in a Post Office Box. In those days there was no mail delivery in Ormond Beach. That is how we got used to P.O. boxes and have always used one.

Sidney saw all the letters Ernest wrote except the last ~~two~~. Those were strictly personal, out of the past and with no future.

What a different picture everything is from the one you started out with. Do you wonder I didn't want to begin. I am not certain even yet that I have made you understand. I wasn't even in step with my own generation, much less one you can understand.

Being 65 carries many more privileges than an extra exemption.

I can speak freely to strangers and love whom I wish. So I hope you won't mind as I join you to those I love. I feel like saying, go to Italy with my love and blessing, and may the Vatican give you peace and inspiration. It sounds rather corny, but so are lots of things.

Andate con Dio. Sono triste.

Margie —



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