

Dear Don,

April 25, 1967

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Someday you will get around to asking why I told Ernest that I hadn't studied Spanish when I had. I knew I would be so poor with it in comparison with him - just as I said I didn't fish. The fishing I did with the children would seem so tame by comparison.

I am sure my thrill with a trout - a drum or even a shark (sand) was as great as his with a sail fish or tarpon, but I didn't want to talk about it. I am coming more and more to the conclusion that I must have loved Ernest. I walled him off from my emotions, but I couldn't forget him. My

rejection of his writing and his life after 1920 is too strong not to be based on something strong. The influence of his companionship during impressionable years has been good, for I followed all the good things he then believed in and loved. The ugly things he wrote about me made scarcely a dent, for they didn't touch the truth. (Or it could be they hurt me too much to face.)

You have been like a psychiatrist (far less expensive) I may even be able to read Hemingways, but not yet. Aside from anything you write about Ernest, you must have been sent for a purpose - to bring me out from under a cloud I didn't even know existed.

Grazie,

Lucia

April - '67

FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP
MOISTEN FLAP WELL AND APPLY PRESSURE TO SEAL

Mrs S. Main

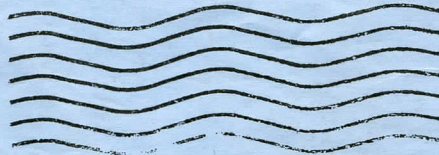
Box 5434

Daytona Beach, Fla. U.S.A.

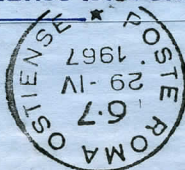


Mr Don St John
Via le Aurelio Saffi 70
Roma
Italia

AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION



NO ENCLOSURES PERMITTED



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