

May 26th - 67.

Dear Don -

The thought flits thru my mind that you should easily be able to understand the place of Ernest in my life. There is a sort of parallel - He was my very very good friend and knew more about me and my thoughts than anyone alive. You are my very good friend and know more about me than anyone alive.

Should you turn on me I would have might mores about you and never want to read any thing you write. I had no more thought of marrying Ernest than I would have of marrying you. My head was full of the good times ahead - college - dances - dates - sorority - fun - learning.

I wanted him around in some capacity - and I might have reached the place where he could be more - but life didn't fix it up that way. In other words I loved him but wasn't in love with him. I would never forget you - and never will - but

my life wouldn't be shattered
if I never saw you again.

If an inner bond is established - it
doesn't erode or go away. It goes
into a back-part of what you
become - and stays forever. I
have become many of the things Ernst
and I understood together and shared.
I haven't let the unpleasant ones, which
weren't truly real, take over
fully - I don't suppose I will
ever make your understanding. You
see both more and less than
existed.

for
Margie -

