

Said Sunday, June 1, 1967

Dear Don,

Do hope you aren't too mad with me for not wanting to dig up too many bones. I should have known I couldn't stand it not to tell you everything I knew. I wanted you to come to your own conclusions and guesses - and leave everything as much as possible as was. If it hadn't been for you I could have lived the rest of my life without another thought about Ernest. There must be a reason.

It is all quite simple - really - Outside manipulation and stories made Ernest feel I had rejected him - so he wrote the letter to me which was a cruel rejection - I fell into the trap and told the lies which was a real rejection. So E. wrote the stories to punish me - and was later sorry for it. She got succeeded in breaking our friendship temporarily - but she didn't get E. I truly know nothing more about that situation. There is nothing in the stories with semblance of how things really were. I sometimes wonder if he ever wrote one resembling the truth. I am now in another change of pace. Lillian,

the girl for whom I was substitute, found
she couldn't return. I was offered the job
permanently - but declined for many
reasons. ^{they had to hire a permanent} so I am now back as a
volunteer - pinch hitter. working free
for nothing. I like it much better this way.

I am proud as punch that I was good
enough to be wanted. My story point
was personal relations - and the committee
board has become automatic and fast.
I will continue to take care whenever I want
to get away from my self. I may ease
back into bridge.

It is hot. hot - hot - I stay in an air conditioning
and the pool. Sidney now in are I hope
up periods. Told someone today that I
am his girl. Believe he thinks I am
a new girl friend ☺. One day he told me
Marilyn is dead.
Love
Marilyn -

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