

June - 6, 1967

Dear Don,

I wonder if it is ever possible to reconstruct a life. You know what comes later and so what you see is colored by that knowledge. When I tell about the broken friendship, I have to block out the fact that later we both found out that neither of us had actually rejected the other. But it was too late to change the course of our lives, and it was probably better that way. We were meant to be friends and not a romance.

Can you possibly picture that miserable graduation night when E. returned. I didn't want to talk to him or dance with him or even see him. When he danced with me I talked as tho to a stranger. I scarcely thanked him for the graduation gift, and the \$5.00 must have meant a lot to him then. Our whole relationship after I received that letter was one of play acting and lies on my part. I wrote or talked about good times with other boys and pretended extra gayety. How ugly someone hurt can be. That is why there is nothing more to tell you. There was nothing real. He may have been as confused as I was.

There may have been more between E. and (blanc) than I knew, or she wouldn't have told Pudge that she had thought he would marry her. She wasn't going to college and was more ready to think of marriage than I. Some of the things in the story fit her mother more than mine. But I was ~~th~~ the one he wanted to punish. I am trusting you not to use this material. I do want you to know that I came to realize that fault was mine as much as Ernest's, and for that reason I could understand and forgive the things he wrote. I never forgave the "erased slate". We were friends and he should have asked me for the truth, or said "What the hell" or something.

There are so many little things that I can't begin to write. I think of them, and then they lead into something else that I know I couldn't picture correctly. I probably don't want to face his life or writings, because I want to leave him there as he was. I don't want to see the pictures of what he became .

Love,

Margie —

Box 5434

Daytona Beach - Fla.



Mr. D. St John
Viale Aurelio Saffi 40
Roma
Italia

