

Thursday, Dec. 7, 1967

Dear Don,

How to cover a lot of ground in a few words. Your letter arrived on the last mail before I left Fla. ☺ - for what I expected to be three months. I went to Greensboro to look after my ^{new} return from the hospital. I was with her in her apartment in a dormitory of 300 girls. She is a senior counselor there. All went well for her days - (no time to write) Then a strange virus took over with me. I decided to fly home to get well.

This was yesterday - Dec. 6th. I will stay in and around the bed until the bug will open its head and let me go. I am good to have this apartment to come home to. I will hope to fly from here to Monterey Dec. 16th. G. has accepted invitations for me on the 19th and 20th and says please be there. I would love to get to your Sacramento.

How I would love to get to your Sacramento. Has the snag may now be G. will buy the house she lives in - before interest rate goes up - and I will have to find \$10,000 selling up hill. (My grandfather's expression) It costs money to die - and it takes time to get things in my name etc. etc. Will have to wait for decisions until I can know when I can get out of here to "Uncle Sam". I can remember Ernest talking about a girl in Oats Park. I also remember her that he said he could never make a date ahead for parties or dances because he had to wait to see

if Marcelline had a date. She - like me - was
slow getting started with the boys, as he usually
had to take her. As you probably know - they were
in the same class. I know this was a factor in
making Ernest resent Marcelline. It probably made
her resent him, too. I wonder if this was why he
enjoyed our High School drawings. He missed them as
his own "eye round".

I am still glad I don't have the letters - the
the bundle would be interesting reading with its
extension over the years. How thrilled I used to be
when a letter came from Gladys. (I was then a Sophomore
and boy an unknown element). The post man used
to tease me. (He knew a lot about the whole family's
mail and from where it came.) It was the following
year that he and I began our many letters.

She included calligraphy and I was impressed with
the beauty of her letter formations. She was
mature for her age and I immature for mine -
so we met on even more ground. She was older,
Ernest was close to her and so probably identified
with me - as her. She told me the
something hard to describe. It lasted three the
years even though there was little living contact.

I liked the others in the family, but didn't feel
their personalities - except perhaps for Dr. Ham.
whom I adored from a distance. How good he
was to take time out to meet me in this - between
trains - drive me to their home and then back
to the station. This was one Sunday when I was
on my way home for vacation from college.

(fresh man year). It was then I talked with E on
the phone when he called home for something. He was
engaged to Gladys - had written me about her - and
my little understanding heart had written back a letter - probably
ugly. We were very much as crossed up wires.
I felt an easy about it - but the many other interests in my
life were uppermost. I had mentally crossed off E -
this he continued to haunt me. Love -
M -

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