

Friday March 28th. '68.

My dear Don,

The life I live here in California is not conducive to writing, either in time or inspiration. The beautiful weather calls me to the garden, where there are a few straggling flowers and much grass and weeds. Most of our neighbors have lawns of pebbles, but we are more informal with more or less straggly grass. But the effect is good. In the back we are all a lovely forest which needs no care. Pine needles keep down the underbrush.

My two week trip to Fla. went all too quickly. I accomplished many things, including getting the apt ready to sub-let, some necessary business and this and that of luncheons, bridge, cocktails on a small scale. I can see the merit that bases a quiet year following a death. It throws you off balance, leaves you restless and unsure. I am ever so glad to be out here where I have no memories or contacts. In time I will be glad to go back and pick up the threads.

I enjoy your letters so very much. I can almost see the things you describe. Sorry H. Loeb left the bad taste, but am sure it fits the picture. How many things have happened in this one year. My horoscope has hit the mark exactly when it said I am and have been under changing planetary influences, many disturbing. What is your month? I am not a fanatic on the subject, but I find it interesting and diverting.

This is a short letter, but it has been too long since I wrote one, so I will send it on. Don't know why but I will be glad when you and Ruth and Danny are safely back in the homeland. Am sure the year has given you height, width and depth. Now you will have to use it.

Love,

Marge -

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