

June 22, 1968
Saturday

My dear Don,

I came on home last week, physically and emotionally exhausted. Joy died June first and I flew to Asheville for the funeral which was huge, full choir, two ministers and a long 40 mile procession to Waynesville for burial. I suppose such funerals are sometimes necessary, but there is something pagan to me about them. I had intended staying on in the mountains, but suddenly I felt that I ~~had~~ needed to come home.

Each day I feel more like myself, and the apartment is comfortably cool. My sister writes, urging me to come to see her where she lives in Birmingham, and I may do it later. Georgie is settled at Cannon Beach, Oregon, where she can do some painting. Walter Scott is now president of FWilbert Co. Susan graduated 8th in a class of 52, above 90 average in a difficult school. She will go to Duke *She is also beautiful and popular.* in the fall. Steve has been there a year. Things seem to be going well in that family of strange situations. Sid Jr loves his job with Cabot, and continues to prosper. So for the moment I can relax. I am trying to calm my restless spirit, and hope I will be content to stay put.

On the subject of Ernest H. I can only say that reading about him makes me wonder if all biographies give so many off beat facts. I am pictured as a love affair that left him disillusioned. His mother and father are equally distorted. How I wish I had the powers to paint the true picture as it still stays so vivid in my memory. I can't even get it across to you.

Hope you had a good trip home. I am glad you are in the U.S.A. even if it is a mixed up place to be. It was comforting to hear a historian tell, yesterday, that we are not really so far worse than past periods of equal violence and corruption. We just know more about it because of T.V. He said he was not greatly disturbed as he looks at the over all picture, so his is a view that I will try to remember.

Love to you and Ruth,

Marge -