

October 30 '68

Dear Don,

I am glad you like the pictures. I believe mine was taken the winter before Ernest came home. That girl was capable of deep affection but not romance. Ernest came to realize that when he was older, but at the time I'm sure he only felt rejected. I needed someone protective like Sidney. A psychiatrist would say a father image. He was 42. Looking back on it, it seems strange. But at the time it wasn't strange at all. Sidney was quite ~~and~~ an unusual development of character - idealistic and with a deep sense of responsibility and integrity. I didn't realize those things - I only knew I felt uncomfortable with contemporaries and very safe and comfortable with him. I never thought of Ernest as a contemporary. He seemed - and was - way over my head - and someone to worship. I never once thought of marriage.

I am now getting my ducks in a row to be gone until April. I am a little sorry to be leaving, for I am enjoying the way the tempo of my life is picking up with golf and bridge and small parties here and there. But leaving is one of those inevitable things.

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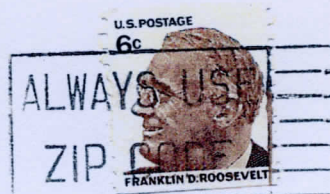
There are things I must pick up
with various people in the family -
and I like Monterey better than the
winter weather and social life in Florida.

How different your life is from last
year. I'm sure you must evaluate
every thing just a little different.
I wonder if you realize what a big
spot you have been in making me
face and evaluate past spots in
mine. I can now toss the hurt
of the things Ernest wrote over my
shoulder - and take the good things
with me. Bless you!
Love to you both -
Marge

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