

Feb - 15 '69

My dear Ben -

I have read the two parts about C.H. in the Atlantic. Parts of them I enjoyed - but mostly not. At least I feel I know now why I don't like to read about Ernest. It is too much like spying thru a key hole on a friend. That is why I dislike telling, even you, about my memories. I am being looked at thru a key hole - and only because Ernest happened to become famous. But at least those things behind my key hole were not ugly.

He was a warm - interesting, understanding friend. We were friends because we were at ease with each other. He was the only one with whom I was at ease ~~with~~ during those growing up years.

It comes to my mind that I wonder if I ever did tell you that none of the letters between us were ever - in any sense - love letters. They were about the outside things concerning us - It is almost impossible, in this day and age, to describe the quality of that friendship. It would be impossible in this day and age for that sort of friendship to exist. That is one price of sophistication.

Love
Marge



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