

Friday

My dear Don,

Please don't send pictures until I am safely home again. Don't know when that will be, for I plan to go via Cuernavaca. Will probably leave here in April, and probably be home sometime in May. But all is uncertain.

Georgie is teaching Hemingway in the one English class she has among Art classes. She "digs" Hemingway, probably because she herself is a poetic, sensitive, creative sort of person. If anyone in our family does anything creatively worthy of note, it will be Georgie. She is a pixie type, slender and looks nearer twenty than forty. She says if she ever gets the book together that she wants to do, including some of the priceless things done by some of her teenagers, she will send it to ~~you~~ for comment. She teaches in Salinas, where many of the pupils are low mentality, under-privileged, close to ugly realities. Some are Mexican migrants. But among those known as ^(lowest mentality) L. groups, there is unexpected feeling. Last year she had them do poetry, with amazing results.

I haven't heard from Pudge since Jan. but that is a pattern. She is sharp enough when playing a game or talking, but she is mentally lazy, and it hurts her physically to write with her right hand. Also, she has medicine for high $\frac{1}{10}$ blood pressure that slows her up.

People who are unhappy or hurt usually do ugly things to hurt people. Ernest was vulnerable and easily hurt. He seemed to do things to make people want to hurt him. Children usually take parental criticism in stride. He built it up and up into entire rejection. I feel sad for him when I think about it.

Unlike Boeb, I don't want to bring the past along with me. I want to be with the "Now" people and leave the others, including Marge Bump, back there where they were living.

I know how you feel about Danny. You still need him, and he probably senses ~~it~~ it.

Among other things

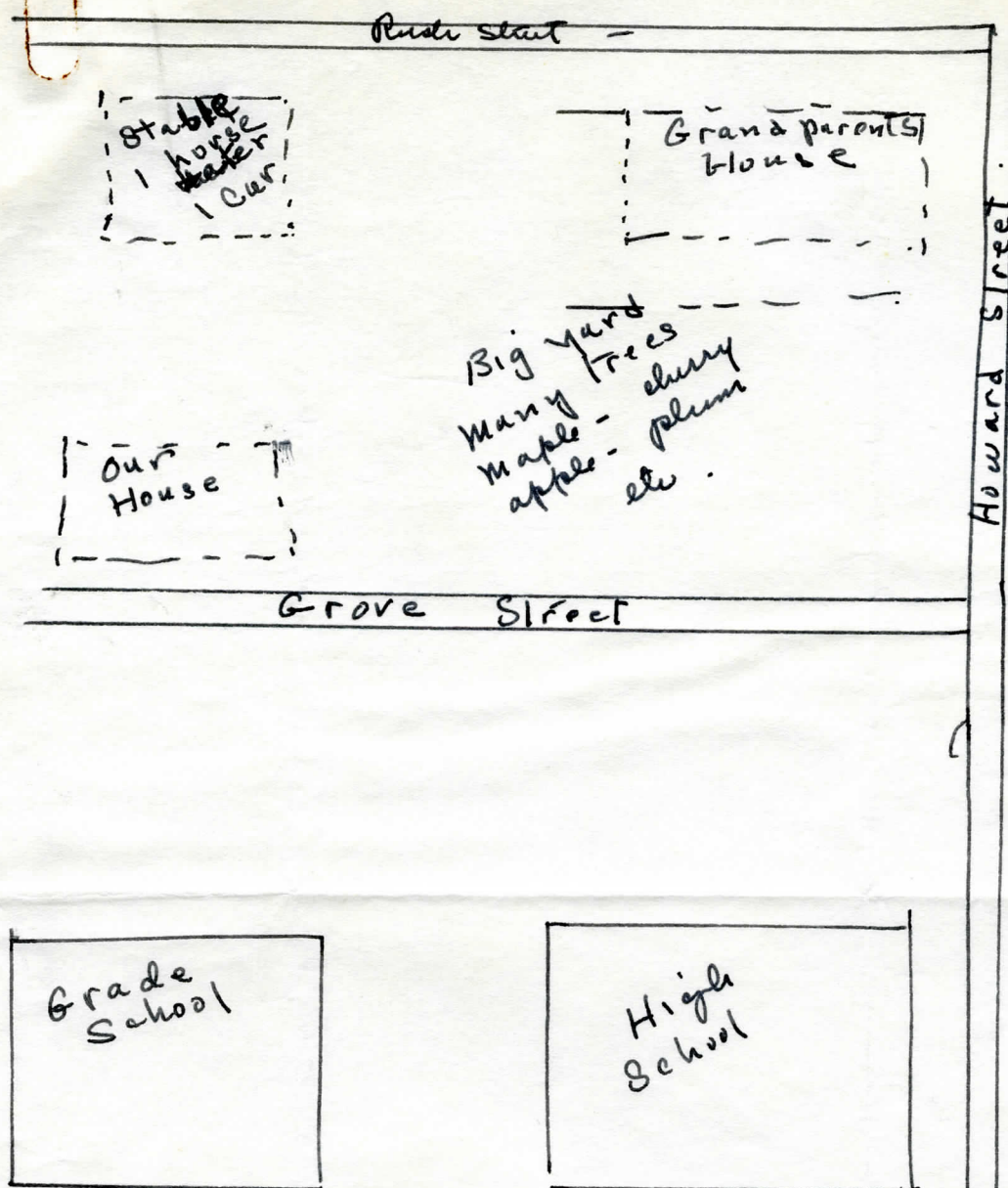
As for Baker, I feel it was so unkind of him to say that Pauline let her hair grow to compete with Martha G. But woe to people who get in the clutches of writers or lawyers.

I, too, wish I might see you and Ruth sometime before too long. Perhaps you will get to Fla this year. Summers have quite a lot to offer around Daytona. I don't really expect to go to Michigan. I actually don't want to.

Love,

Marge —

This may explain locations



I had two homes. When g-~~rand~~parents were home in summer I moved myself there to be with grandmother - (a big influence in my life) when they went south - I ~~was~~ stayed for grandfather retired before I was born. This went on all my life, Pudge usually stayed at our house. Ernest was there - Grandmother didn't go south. Grandfather had just died and mother just remarried. Pudge and I both slept at Grandmother's, but were back in both houses. We all had more fun at Grandmother's. She let us set the pace, with reservations.