

Wednesday -

My dear Don,

The book. B Ma 1968, finally arrived.

I had the book store order it. It isn't easy to find. I am glad E. had the urge to pursue the matter. We both find your article delightful.

"He is so much more interesting to read than Carlos Baker." says George. "Just like his letters."

All sorts of memories came popping my back - the house - the living room - the breezeway where we ate - between house and annex - the two separate small buildings - extra bedrooms added as more sleeping space was needed - Mrs H's studios across the lake - really a small cottage ^{where} ~~where~~ she could escape for music and probably later - for painting.

It was from that side that a narrow sandy road led back to the main road between Hartens Bay and Bayre City. That was the road walked by Ernest and any of us wanting to go to Wallone. There was a white flag to put up - and someone from the main cottage would come by boat - (canoe or row boat) to pick up whom ever was arriving. There weren't the

many
I care in those days to take people about.
Teenagers walked where they wanted to go.
Ernest had no way to get to Petersburg easily.
You assume wrongly that he came often.
I got a cringe when I read what you
said about Bill helping to plot the break of
of Margie Bump. That Margie's needing to
be brushed off would have been as ludicrous
as being seduced. Perhaps that is what made
Ernest write some of the things he did. He
would like to imagine people he knew into
places impossible for them in real life -
the Dilworths - me - Fred - and many
others. I'm sure he would never have
done it except under alcohol and during times
of feeling unhappy and repented.

If your book is as enchanting
reading as the article - it will be a
summer. I will be glad to have helped
if I have made you see Ernest more as
the fine person he was and ~~more~~ ^{can} ~~dim~~ ^{live}
a bit the person he tried to create.

Love,

Marge -

I have been telling George about my memories of
indians - and she says I should pass them on to
you -

When I was a little girl - indians were
much a part of the scene. I remember
them in groups on street corners - especially
on Saturdays. They were a pathetic sight -
tired old men and women - dull looking -
heavy eyed - dressed in shabby old
clothes. With them would be children whose
eyes dropped pass - and were sometimes
sightless. I remember the words -
"Bad disease." a hush hush term.

Sometimes they would come a silly grin -
and we would dash to the other side of the street.

When my father was a small boy - its
big threat ~~had~~ ever been - "We will
send you to live with John Denehey."
He was an indian reputed to be
very dirty - and a fit companion for
a boy who didn't want to wash his hands.
Indian villages were a place to take
out of town visitors. I must see -

but never wanted to go again. I have
always wanted to run and hide my head
from things to disturb me in an ugly
way. George says it is because I am
a Virgo.