

If I were to write a psychological story about Ernest as I see him, and based on the things he wanted to tell me - I would picture him as a study in rejection. He rejected and was rejected. I couldn't know which came first. As a child Marcelline was favored by first choice in every decision. If she didn't have a date, he had to take her to the dances. When it came time for college - only one could go the first year - so Marcelline was sent. This led to his going to war at an age when such experiences packed a wallop. When he came home he wanted to write. His parents wanted him to go into some business. He was boxed in and had to escape. He enjoyed Petersburg, but conditions were wrong - ~~and~~ he didn't truly get the picture. I was too young in maturity, and tied to a pattern. When he married it was another escape and a rejection of the past. His whole life became a series of rejecting what was - for something new. In turn he seemed to be driven into doing what ever would make the people he cared about reject him. I never truly rejected him, and time proved that he didn't reject me - but he made it seem so. Underneath we remained friends - just as his family remained family. But he lived in a form of exile - self imposed, to wander in a wilderness of strange emotions.

Maye —

Dear Don -

Thanks for seeing the pictures - and -
someplace - some how I saw the hospital pictures -
and of course those with Jack P.

I hated what Muggerridge wrote. I shall
put my head back in the sand. It is
sad that Ernest felt he had to create
himself to be someone like a character
in his own fiction. Perhaps that is
what he was trying to say in that
letter to Olive. I shall remember
him as he was and cross out the rest.
Always (this was the most used phrase
in Ernest's letters.) word.
Marge -



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