

June 12, 1969

Dear Marge:

I'm afraid Hemingway has drifted out of my mind these days; (but not you of course, Marge; you have a very important life of your own with me). What I am trying to say is that Danny is dead. He died in the evening of June 10 at the age of 13 years and four months. And when he died he did not look old or decrepit nor sick. He still had that noble way of looking at me that breaks my heart now as I write. Frankly, I have really been badly tumbled by this event. I have had other losses in my day - the Kennedy loss was big, and there have been other personal losses but never before has someone living with me every day died. It is really something inescapable and I feel childish and immature and rotten. I know he lived a normally long life and of course he couldn't stand up anymore, and there was the sphincteral trouble and everybody said it was for the best and that I was being selfish and that Danny was probably suffering, etc. etc. It may have been for the best, all right, but it wasn't the best for me because I have damn few friends and now I have one less in this sorry old world. Oh well, nothing can last forever, even misery, that is at least some consolation.... Meanwhile, thank you for your most recent letters and I will answer them in detail soonest. This is just a note, a keeping in touch note. All the best and love,

From: Don and Gail 21, 10th - Franconia, New Hampshire - Arrival 3-2318

MEMO REVEASE

News **R**elease

From: Don and Ruth St. John • Franconia, New Hampshire • VALley 3-5318