

Saturday — June '69
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My dear Don,

I know exactly how you are feeling.

My one and only dog was a black Scottish.
She had to have an operation for kidney
stones. When the operation was over
and seemed a success I took one of the
children to an afternoon movie. In the
middle of it I said to the child (can't
remember which one) "Susie is dead".

I have to go. I planned the hospital
and they were burying Susie
right there. She just told me
later that I should never have
another dog. You made her into
a child. That is what you have
done.

It does no good for
people to say - "Don't mourn." We
know that ourselves - but can't
stop. There is only one way -
live it out. I won't try

to say any thing comforting -
I still can't look at a black
settler - so I can't even say
you will get over it. I don't
believe you will. But you
will turn it into something good,
it is only to be more understanding
of the next over-sensitive
guy. Our sensitivity is a
sort of curse.

Why don't you and Ruth
come to Florida. yes - it is
hot - but with air conditioning
and ocean breezes it is nice.
Yesterday I played 9 holes of
golf - had lunch at the club -
swam in the pool - went to
see a 91 year old man in a
nursing home - and then out to
dinner. Today I am doing

Pinto Lady duty in the hospital
gift shop. So you see my
life isn't exactly inactive.
I played yesterday with Ruth Winkler
and Agnes Purcell - names not
unknown to you.

I would love to have you come
down. I could probably get
you a place in our building.
They always try to find a spot
for guests. Everything on
the beach is crowded and
expensive in the summer -
but where I am is comfortable
and cool. (On the river)

Thank you for writing me -
It is well to share bad things
as well as good.
Love as always -

Marge -



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