

Monday - June 23 - 1920

My dear Don,

Your letters always give me a lift.

The Man in that picture had more zest for life than I have - and there were no ^{big} troubles or shadows of trouble ahead.

I am glad you're glad to be home - and I am feeling the same. Yes - it is hot - but

I love the view I have of river and sun sets. Fla isn't too bad if you can learn to adjust to it - be lazy - wear casual clothes -

It hurts me to have canteen parasites fall by the way side. My best play mate puffed

up with over 200 blood pressure - so our golf will be out for the summer. I can't seem to want to make the effort it takes to play with younger people all steamed up about score.

Glad your Herring way collectory progresses. Sorry I wasn't able to add to it. I couldn't even give you a tale of a juicy affair - what was it I wonder -

It was more than a Grand slub, less than a romance - but all distorted

by the way Ernest wrote about it . I
wonder if his mind really saw things as
he wrote them - a mind that gave him
a distorted vision . Perhaps you know to
how distorted vision to be a true artist
like Picasso .

I like hearing about Harold Lee .

I can imagine your conversations -
stimulating as they must be to you both .

The memory I have of Ernest is on such
a small section of the tape of my memory .
He was all the good things and without
fault . I suppose my mind was

not giving me true vision . Harold
Lee would have a mature memory -
less idealistic . So again it boils
down to what sort of a brain shapes
our vision . I must say here -

I like the sort of brain that shapes your
vision - especially the bit about the
father bird . But here again I differ .
I have always had an over developed sense
of responsibility and all it gets you
is "Grazz led" . Love to you both and your good life .
Marge .



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