

Thursday, June 15th, 1972.

My dear Don,

This letter won't reach you for some time, but if I don't write now I might get bogged down and not write it.

I find your letter most interesting, and the various deductions confusing. Marcelline was not the sister close to Ernest. She was the enemy. In those early days it was Ursula. She and I were friends and I was probably a transition from sister to someone not a sister. I have always felt that our friendship was more of a brother sister relationship, so as it grew it probably took on an incestuous connotation. In turn I was next the transition to Hadly. Ernest probably felt these psychological changes and so wrote them into stories. But Ursula was the one he paired off with against the others, and with whom he talked. These talks were continued with me. Madeline he was close to later, but in those days she was the kid sister. Connie was never in the picture. She, too, was younger, younger than Pudge. It is strange for someone like me with real memories, to see how people mix things.

I find the drawings interesting. Thank you for sending them. I could be the one you picked.

I am still on the hang up of blotting out that part of my life, so I am not even telling Georgie, or discussing this new material with her. Yes, I am a stoop.

So glad you are a kindred soul.

Happy landings.

love,

Marge.

2030 Via Taormina
Monterey, Calif. 93940



Mr Don. St John
Franconia
New Hampshire 03580