

My dear Dan

Sat. May 73

Your good letter just popped thru
the letter slot of my door - and inspires
me to answer as one.

I gather that you haven't seen a
copy of the enclosed, from an Orlando
paper. I won't make comment -
except to say that I am not drawn
to want to read what she has to
say. Ernest is very real to me
up to the time one both left
Belstony - heading in different directions
again that he is someone I don't
know.

My dear Mary, is the spot where
our friends live. George will go
if she can get on the plane she wants.
She is now seventh on the waiting list.

I have decided against any trips.
I am still having horrible shakiness
the effects of London. The and feel
no ambition. But this too will
pass.

I am glad you enjoy the book
business. It is a natural for you and
Ruth. Yes your catalogue is attractive.
you send one to me as the Farmers -
someone there asked to borrow it and
didn't return it before I left, and I
forgot who had borrowed it.

I still feel you will do some important
writing - especially when your stop
listening to other writers and listen
to the voice in your own head.

I am glad you were interested in
Ernest long enough to find me, for I
will always feel that psychologically
you freed me from something -
as well as giving me the pleasure of
finding a compatible soul. Perhaps
you could write an interesting
treatise on the far reaching harm
Ernest's stories had on the people he
wrote about in a twisted way.

I remember you as a Virgin.
we people in Virgin are supposed to
have a good year with interesting
sudden changes. As for I see no
possible of course. You such in my
life.

No I haven't read the Michigan
stories you mention. I don't read
Hemingway - remember? I
prefer to read St John.

Love to you and Ruth. I
haven't seen you for too many years -
and that's only once, but I know
you better than many of my
friends -
Marge.