

Aug 8 - '73

Dear Don,

Just a quick note to tell you your letter finally reached me today, after it had trailed after me to Michigan and back. The mails today are unbelievable. I will never again trust them with a forwarding address.

I love the story of your life. Some day I will tell you mine, in my own words - which may differ somewhat from bits you have gathered here and there.

Please don't think I expect answers to each of the letters I may write when I think of something to say.

Now I am thinking you might enjoy a spot of sneaking from Connie. She said she and Pudgy used to spy on Ernest and me to see if they could catch us sneaking (the word for it in their lingo) they never did - which proves I considered me too young for it - or I prefer to think he was protective. Connie says she

remembers how E & I would go out in
a boat after supper - and how our
voices would carry back over the water.
We would talk and talk - but never
about things to irritate their stretching
ears. They would be hiding behind
the red ware house on the dock.
Little did we know.

There were great times and I'm
glad to have had that friendship
where smooching didn't get in the way.

Love

Marge -

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