

Nov. 10 - 1913 Friday.

My dear Mom,

I must hasten with a note to tell you that of course all is well between Georgi and me. I will always feel she is my best friend.

But conditions do change and I am beginning to find myself. When the time is right I will go again to visit you - as was always in your corner and likes to hear about you.

I am interested in what you say about my story. Of course it would be impossible for anyone today to believe that the reality was as superficial. It wouldn't have made a very good story had he told it as it was. As perhaps it would. I don't now believe it was a revenge against me - but certainly against my mother -

and that was from mis understanding

I doubt that I will have
another urge to go to Pelletburg.

The only meaningful place seemed
to be the cemetery. So many
of my school friends are now
there, as well as my family -
and one day I will be there too.

Interesting that you should mention
the McLure family. They are
cross threaded with the Able
as well as the Bump family.

Strange how lines cross.

This illness is strange. I
am not really ill - and
still not well. Only times
can mark the periods out of
my tissues - or whenever they
are. One day up - one day
down - but I keep going.

Sorry Ruth had a misery.

No - I didn't know your age - but

I am never very age conscious -

It is all so relevant. Right
now I feel very old - but I hope
it won't last. If it does -

I will hope to adjust.

Thank you for your good
letter and the nice things you
say. I feel a classmate too.

Love,

Marge.



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