

June - 17th - '74

My dear Don,

you probably wonder why I haven't written.

If you know anything at all about nerves you will realize that when someone has been close to a nervous breakdown - it is almost impossible to write.

What happened to me was pure Hell.

I realized my mind wasn't working right - so I thought I was getting like Sidney. The inside stress was so great that I felt to live would be more than I could endure. Fortunately the things I wanted to do frightened me enough so that I had a friend of Gargie's drive me to the beautiful Psychiatric clinic in Carmel. I was there four days - It was an experience I would like to describe to you some day. The psychiatrist scolded me and told me to grow up - and that I had nothing wrong with my mind.

except stress and anxiety. Physically
I checked out well.

But I will never recover from the
effects of that experience and the guilt
for the strain I caused Sid and
Gertie. ^(Sid went out to help pick up the pieces)
Unfortunately Gertie showed
~~to~~ a friend of mine in Daytona Beach
and your etc. and the word has spread
like a wild fire. I will never live
it down.

To make a long story short - I
am back in the retirement home.
in Winter Park, Fla. There are many things
about it that I hate - but at least
I feel safe -

I still don't feel entirely myself
old self and may never get back
my old energies - but then again
I do have days of hope. I like
to think about Job and how everything
came back to him after all was lost.

If Enns felt at all as I did -
I can understand why he had to
end that feeling.

Thank you for showing me.
I am not glad that George told
you - but who knows what destiny
it is that shapes the course of events.

Now and then I get a feeling that
there are things I must write
about. If I ever do I will

send them to you to scan.

But this is the first time I have
felt like writing anyone since the
calamity. The nerve ends are
gradually quieting down - but many
times are still bad. The Psychiatrists
did not think I needed more help -
probably because I told him I didn't
have money to pay a lot. But
he said it was up to me how I
could make myself out of the
strain. California is definitely not

for me - It is too regged -
too cold - too permissive in
its way of life.

I am not too glad to be
living in this day and age - but
since I am, I will try to make
something of it. Since it seems
I have stayed a child - I find
the present day would a frightening
place.

Love to you and Ruth -

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