

Sunday. Mar. 9-80

My dear Don,

Sometimes thoughts push into my mind that I feel I must write, even tho it makes letters too close together. I feel an urgency that feels as tho there might not be too much time.

My thought today is that fate truly knows what it is doing. Ernest needed someone like Hadley to enable him to write. I needed someone like Sidney to take care of me and keep me true.

I used to feel myself an ugly red head. I remember that once Ernest said - "Don't be so humble about yourself - many men are going to want you." There were three who tried to take me away from Sidney, but he was strong enough to hold me true. Also I was very frail in my thirties and could probably not have survived an Ernest Hemingway sort of life. I don't

believe Ernest thought of me in terms
of marriage, any more than I did. It
was a true brother sister friendship.

His attitude was one of protection. . . He
knew I hadn't been around boys and
he told me of those to beware of. The
friendship got side tracked with the
clean slate letter. Perhaps he felt
I was getting too serious about him.
That wasn't true for I wanted to go
to college. The friendship ^{continued} ^{about the story}
after he asked me to forgive him -
but as you know I saw him only
the one time in all those years.

Having you interested enough to
draw out my memories has been an
important experience. I think I needed
it.

Since I came back to life, as it seems,
I have a comfortable sort of fourth
dimensional feeling. I hope it never
goes away.

Love

Marge .



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