

Dear Sylvia: A quick thank-you note (for the lovely time we had with you) followed soon by a longer letter. When we got back Monday, we found Teresa with a fever of 103° from bacterial pneumonia! Life gets very confusing sometimes. I spend most of it these days just walking around in a stupor unable to get seriously agitated or interested in anything.

Mike makes me exercise, which is so sensible - I just his presence gives me confidence. He is growing more & more dear to me. I hope I don't drag him down with my depressions. I felt you & he were not too happy with each other Friday. The Mark Lane problem is always there. It is so difficult, because I love you all so much. It was just two weeks ago, I got up the courage to tell Harold Feldman I was married. His reply was warm, but I felt his surprise. This was one of the reasons I put off the marriage for so long. I had one of those conventional hang-ups in regard to what the critics would think! Then, there was the alimony from Mark (Martin) to consider. Finally, Mike packed up & left me, saying until I made a decision, he was finished. I literally fell apart. To lose Vickie in one terrible day & then him by another was too much. I

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realized how I loved him. He is the dearest, sweetest child, so full of compassion & tenderness. I hope I'll turn out to be good enough for him.

Although NY was a shock to me, I missed it after I got back. Tulsa is really a drizzly town by comparison. Admittedly, it is clean - but that's it. After that, it stinks every test.

Please give Ruth my love. I enjoyed the dinner so much. Most of all, I enjoyed just meeting you two as people, aside from the case & all the tensions it generates. I want dear, dear friends to keep for life - not causes.

Much, much love,

~~NOT FOR COMMENT~~

A,

Please love Mike. He has many good memories of Mark Lane, & yet, wants to love you, too. I felt the tension so much & we agree with much that