

St. Louis

Sunday

Dear Pa & Aline --

As I guess you may have heard from the kids, we had an eventful and rather rigorous trip back to Mo. I'm most contrite for not having filed a full report sooner.

It was very kind of you to let us all camp on you. The kids had a wonderful time, even though they might have seemed a little subdued by the newness and strangeness of it all at times. Most of all, though, it was fun for me to have them all, all to myself for a time.

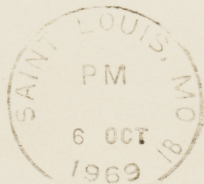
Jane & the kids are still in Jefferson City. I have a rented apt. in town and live a kind of withdrawn, hermetic life. Working for the Post-Dispatch -- or rather more correctly working under the direction of others -- takes a little adjusting, I find.

Cleaning out my desk in Jefferson City -- a slightly wistful experience -- I came across a letter from Pa I never answered. It included a paragraph about Pat's discontents and the phrase -- which struck my eye on the rereading -- that Pat can at least confide in his parents, and perhaps derive some comfort from the fact. I don't happen to believe that being able to confide is ~~xxxxxxx~~ necessarily much help. This is contrary to a popular notion, I know, but it occurs to me that people who ~~xxxx~~ do not reveal their misery either a.) have no misery to reveal or b.) alleviate their misery by their ~~xxxxxxx~~ refusal to acknowledge any. I seem to recall that Pa said something quite a lot to that effect when we were having lunch at the Compound: If one doesn't think, or talk, about one's sore throat, it is less intrusive.

I'm awfully fond of Pat, though, and really enjoyed seeing him. He's a wonderful, warm, compassionate, emotionally unconspicuous person. Give him my best.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

1133 FRANKLIN AVENUE
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63101



Dr. & Mrs. E. F. Porter

Route 4, Box 33

Tesuque, N. M.

87501