Sag Harbor Illuit it's March 18 Dear fach: your letter was forwarded. 9 am sorry about Luda. In many ways this leverts more than a human acath, I thuis because there is an objectmenes about another learn our last a day is purely subjective. The mounted one so many dogs that you would think I would get used to their gain q but Towner bave. The just as lead many line. When, very young, my first dog was heled ly a fire engine and the world came to an end, my failus said - Get anollus dog quich, Cend Ilway the lum a hearless writch not to have hurry that there were no other dogs. tank be was right. There are part no levo are althe. Engel doent lake Charleys place but he lakes a place left vacant and her das very necle. you do well to look for another dog and eum belles perhaps of a different breed. There's nothing wrong in helling - only in the reason for it. The most decided animal lowers racely pass up a steak. What you must not do - or rally try not to do is to me inform the subject weeth your own feelings which are compained of your self plus your experience. Subject may leave equal rendences but it cannot be les same brilly a primitive surpaiting is walled. Tou been dearing up the wicharge muly liame. on the paint and have neglicial any lining also Claime is in heads attending but mother unaugh gall bladder operation. I stay out here as

much as possible. Imercasingly our lite ten city It makes me unleappy - and I don't have a capy of lanery Row and here: I'm ned suce I have one in lown . They get Lahen, I don't have many of my own books beeft and that's all right. Thurn down they But mith all the leaf raking Ine neglected the pite of mail some of much has to be ausmened. Cend I guess Id better get to it

Sag Harbor I think its March 18

Dear Jack: Your letter was forwarded. I am sorry about Linda. In many ways this hurts more than a human death, I think because there is an objectiveness about another human but a dog is purely subjective. I've mourned over so many dogs that you would think I would get used to their going but I never have. It's just as bad every time. When, very young, my first dog was killed by a fire engine and the world came to an end, my father said get another dog quick. And I thought him a heartless wretch not to have known that there were no other dogs. But he was right. There are, and no two are alike. Angel doesn't "take Charley's place but he takes a place left vacant. And he does very well. You do well to look for another dog and even better perhaps of a different breed.

There's nothing wrong in killing only in the reason for it. The most dedicated animal lovers rarely pass up a steak. What you must not do or rather try not to do is to inform the subject with your own feelings which are compounded of yourself plus your experience. Subject may have equal sensitiveness but it cannot be the same. Only a primitive empathy is valid.

I've been cleaning up the wreckage winter leaves on the point and have neglected everything else. Elaine is in Texas attending her mother through a gall bladder operation. I stay out here as much as possible. Increasingly dislike the city. It makes me unhappy and I don't have a copy of "Cannery Row" out here. I'm not sure I have one in town. They get taken. I don't have many of my own books left and that's all right. I know how they came out.

But with all the leaf raking I've neglected the pile of mail, some of which has to be answered and I guess I'd better get to it.

Yours, John

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