

Friday 18 apr. 1980

My dear Don -

So sorry about the flu. Every year I get a flu shot. Every year I get flu. Yes, I've had it this year.

The memory of our perfect eight days lingers on. Any more would have been too much. Any less too little. As I told Georgie, my feeling about time and space is changing - and I can accept what comes. I must be getting like the people who are "blind to the course of the world". No - not blind - but resigned to the fact that things are the way they are, because they are supposed to be that way.

One of my closest friends here - died Monday. Another is in the hospital and probably won't make it. I can't wish it otherwise. When someone dies here we say, "How sad"

Everyone says, "How fortunate for them" - When there are 385 people in one place with the average age 91 - They become like fallen leaves. a bright one remains here and there, but the brown ones dominate the picture. This fact no longer makes me sad. I truly believe I have reached a new plateau. My capacity for depression

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has been exhausted.

your time table is probably correct but
not your facts. I think Ernest came to
Pelasey in October. I know he left after
Christmas. I believe the Connables were
friends of the Heming ways. (Mrs Connable was a
friend of my grandmother)

The Connables were upset when Ernest
went as he did about one and my family.

I wish I could make you see that
summer of 1919 as it was. Bill and
Ernest were a two some with other friends
coming and going. Ernest seldom stayed
at the Delworths. I had my friends.
Ursula came over once in a while and I
sometimes went to Wallon. Ernest and I
were never a two some. Ernest never
waited for me. All of us were together
for swimming. Sometimes we swam
before breakfast - then in mid morning -
then in mid afternoon and occasionally
at night - "up the moonlight path".
Sometimes we would go out in a row
boat. Once or twice I went with
Ernest - but more often with Carl Edgar.
He was nicer to us than the others and
we called him "Big". He was 28
and we thought of him as terribly old,
I liked Ernest - but never in a romantic

may. He was more ^{near} our age - but still too old - as we thought then.

There were then any long ~~stays~~ ^{evenings} at the point. Helen, I and I made sand wishes one time for Ernest and Bill who were fishing. We rowed over with them - and waited while they ate them.

This was the one time remembered by Catherine Dilworth. She came in the kitchen while we were making the sand wishes. ^(My own memory of the occasion is that Bill was annoyed that he stayed a little while)

Another correction - Ernest talked with E. Balmer at Horton Bay when Balmer was staying at the strand house on the corner. Catherine took people to room there. They ate at the main Dilworth diningroom. I remember the general conversations after the interview. The interview was favorable and probably the reason Dr Hemingway decided to let Ernest stay in Petrozky to try to write. Unfortunately there were only repetition steps. I remember them well.

I never did understand exactly why Ernest came to Petrozky. We became good friends after he came - not before.

I felt ~~important~~ to have an older boy
like my company. — but I still didn't
think in terms of romance. Had
Ernest not named me in the story I
would have remained in people's memory
as I was — a shy little red head.

Untrue things bother me. Had
the stories been true I would never have
written to you to try to make you see
the truth. . . . Perhaps I will never
succeed in this. You want to see
a romance. It was a might have
been — but it didn't happen.

No — I didn't see the television story.
I probably wouldn't have turned it on had
I known about it. I have read very few
of Ernest's stories. They bother me
with an uncomfortable feeling. I
try to avoid uncomfortable feelings.

All is well. I am fortunate
to live here where so many things
are comfortable — and I don't
need to think about the uncomfortable
parts.

Love,
Marge —



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