

Sat. May 3/1980

Dear Don -

Strange that I wrote the birds eye sketch before you asked for it. It came into my mind - so I wrote it - as I usually do write what comes urgently into my mind. One of these days nothing more will come. I learned the hard way how bad it is when nothing comes. Ernest must have felt that way when his writing stopped. Of course mine is not the constructive ^{creative} thing. One when I was in school a teacher told me I should try to write. The idea did not seem attractive. I like the one to me basis - whether writing or social life.

Right now I feel there is nothing more I can say about Ernest. Should I try it would be a dead thing. One thing that comes to my mind is that you may not realize the water level varied a lot from year

to year ^{at the Bay} as I remember it - the
path to the point was perfectly dry.
I believe I have heard that in recent
years much of it has been under
water. We would cross ^{the creek} on some

wide logs as the mill sight. It
was there I caught my first speckled
trout - the one that introduced
me to Ernest, when I was thirteen.

I would never have dared speak
to a boy had it not been for my
excitement over the fish.

I assumed he was a farmer boy, for
that ~~was~~ the way he was dressed. My
mind sees it with the clearness of
yesterday.

Your sketch of the Bay seems correct.

map | I believe the West house is where my
mother lived as a child - before ^{high} school
age. Her parents moved to Petaskey
because of the school. Grandfather
Able was associated with his uncle Tom
in the lumber business. Had

things progressed in normal fashion
my mother and uncle Ernest would
have owned much of Horton Bay.

I remember the discussions when
Uncle Lon (^{Alonso} Stroud) asked them if
they would promise to take care of

aunt Dilela should he die. Neither
of them felt able to make that
promise, so the Dilworths died.

My sister and I started spending
some time at the Bay when Uncle
Ernest decided to summer there. Uncle
Lon left him any building lot
he should select - So uncle E
literally built the cottage with
some local help. Mother made
some arrangement of payment to Mrs
Dilworth and our promise to be
useful. We weren't very useful
except when there were dinner parties.
I don't remember any pressure being
put on us - We divided our time

between Dilworth and ~~other~~^{Apple} cottages,
things were usually more interesting
at the Dilworths.

Carl Edgar's
sister ^{Helen} was married at the Bay one
summer - so the whole Edgar family
spent time there. Carl was in
love with Kate Smith - and she was
in love with someone else. We, as
teenagers, found these things of
great interest.

I believe the older people
found us amusing. By then two
of our friends - Helen Sly and Connie
Curtis had joined us for periods
of two or three weeks at a time.

All of us remember it as a beautiful
time of freedom. The things we
thought up to do were original
and sometimes not without danger.

I believe there were fewer of these
care free summers. We were under
the watchful eye of uncle Ernest and
Mrs Dilworth - but we didn't give
them any trouble. We were
too happy.

Ernest was not a part of those
earlier years -

So here I have gone on and on - where
I thought to write but a few words.
Sometimes I can't stop. But
this time I have nothing about
Ernest.

Yes - all is well with me -
Next week Christopher Scott is
coming by for a few days. Each
in turn seems to want to welcome
me back. I took over as mother
for two years after Bobbie died - so
they seem more like my children
than grand children. Chris is
6'3". How can one so tall sleep in
an ordinary bed.

Yes - There are several here over 100 -
and quite a few in late 90s.
I want no part of any plan to prolong
the lives of the elderly.

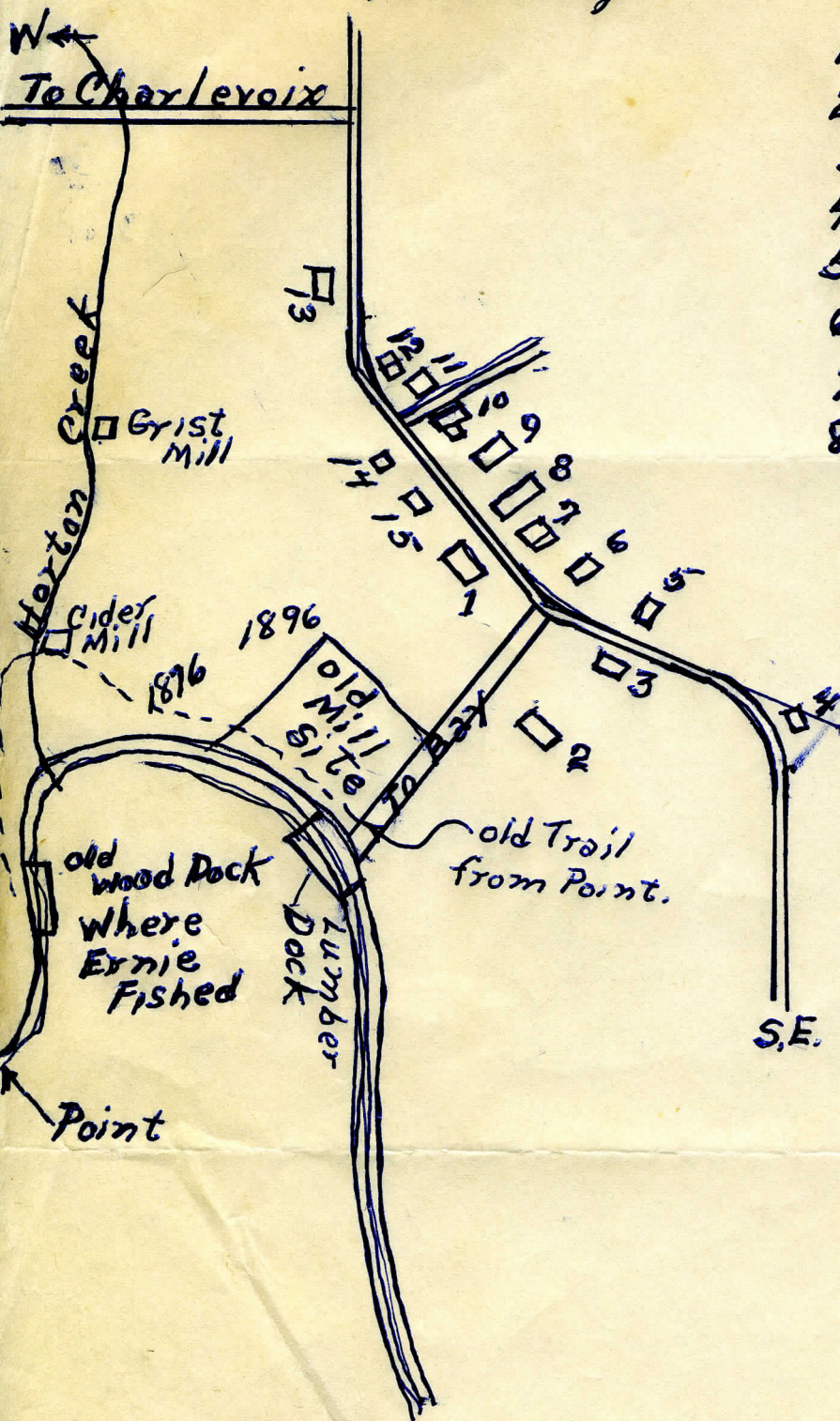
Jane

Marge.

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Horton's Bay

To Petoskey



- 1- Strouds House
- 2- Dilworths "
- 3- Blacksmith Shop
- 4- School
- 5- Town Hall - Formerly a Store
- 6- Wests House
- 7- Foxes " now Red Fox Inn.
- 8- Store Bldg. - Present store
& Probably was then
- 9- Methodist Church.
- 10- Shaws House - Formerly a
store Bldg.
- 11- My Dads House - where I
was born.
- 12- My Grand Fathers House
- 13- Van Hoesens - where I grew
up
- 14- Parsonage
- 15- Carlestines House

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