

June 1981

Dear Don,

Thank you for your letter -
which I don't at all understand.
What did I stop which I shouldn't
stop? I began to realize that I
couldn't make you understand
how it was or how we were -
or what a child I was or how
different Ernest was from what
he became.

Ernest Hemingway would
probably not want to be remembered
as a "good guy." But when we
were friends he was a "good guy."
Since three of his sisters were
my friends I accepted him
as my brother, too. Had he
continued as the perfect brother
friend a little longer I would
not have been frightened away.

But I panicked with the few
serious words before he went to Canada.
I didn't answer his letters because I

didn't know what to say.
No wonder he finally wrote
saying the slate was clear.

I wasn't ready to grow up and
I didn't want to grow up.

I didn't want to grow up.
I cared a lot about Ernest -
as a child waships an older
brother. I was probably

beginning to grow up, for I
had shared thoughts with him
off and on for five years. But
I had some living to do - college
and non-serious dating.
Ernest was ready for marriage.

I didn't cross him off my
emotional list until he wrote
the story - so ugly and
so un true. He came back
when he said he was sorry -
but that was years later.

You must see I was
never a real part of Ernest's
life - unless in unreal dreams.

I could never have endured
the things he wrote. His
life would have destroyed
me. I have read only a
few of his writings - and
have no interest in knowing
about his life after 1920.

The memories are whole and
untarnished because there was
nothing ugly to tarnish them.

There are probably thousands of
march pictures that flit in and
out of my mind about a
time of my life that was
full of magic - but I
can't recapture them at will.
Something tangible has to
trigger them.

So forgive me if I can't
do the impossible.

I am doing well in my
life but hap - and I realize
every day that I am nearing 80.
Love Marge

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