

Dec. 4th '66

Dear Mr St John,

yes, both missions are true, or rather

overlap. I didn't mention Horton's Bay or

the Dilworths because it seemed to open up
a subject too wide to cover - and not too
important. The ^{James} Dilworths ^{Sr} were friends

who knew my mother when she ~~was~~ was a
child. Much of this land ^(Stroud) once belonged
to my mother's uncle. While in our

times my sister and I, and sometimes
friends, loved to spend parts of our
summers at Horton's Bay with the
Dilworths. They had a small hotel and

also were famous for their dinner parties.
We used to love to wait on table for the
big dinner parties from Chalevoix, but it
was no job arrangement. <sup>Except we had been told to help where
we could.</sup> Our uncle,

Prof. Ahle had a cottage across the street,
so our mother let us stay at the
Hilwaths because he was near to keep an
eye on us. It was a wonderful spot
of freedom.

I first met Ernest there, and also
the other Hemingways. Wallons Lake
(Short cut.) I
was within hiking distance. I
remember the Smiths, Bill and Kate.
There was another brother, I believe, named
Ken. I also remember their aunt, Mrs Charles
with whom they lived. I didn't know Ernest very well at the

Bay or at Wallons, except to admire
him. You remember he was an eye in
Italy for some time. Also, there are four
years difference in ages is greater during
the ^{early} teens than any other time. I am
sure I remember much more about him
than he remembered about me.
Our close friendship didn't begin until
the year he stayed in Peterborough - and
that was only from Sept. - then I remember her.
Then he went to Toronto to work on the newspaper -

as I stretch my memory back, I think of
 someone who might tell you more about Ernest, if
 he is still living. His name is Carl Edgar, of
 St Joseph Missouri. His sister, Mrs Willis Shultz,
 was married in Horton's Bay one summer. They
 were all friends of Mrs Charles. Carl
 was a bachelor of 25 or 6 and was fond of
 Kate Smith. Kate used to call us the
 "Rabbits", which we considered insulting. But
 we all adored Carl - also in the diary I
 kept that year, I referred to him as "dearfully
 old". Carl also admired Marceline Hemmingsway.
 He is in some of the Kodak pictures I had of
 a picnic at the Hemmingsway cottage.
 I visited in St Joseph on Christmas when I
 was in college in St. Louis.
 I also remember that one of the guests at
 the wedding wrote us up in the paper -
 when she went home. It made us feel
 very important. By us I mean my
 sister and I and two friends (the Rabbits)
 It was quite a flattering picture of the
 modern then age of that day.
 I had Christmas cards with notes from Carl, for
 a few years after I married - but gradually
 lost contact.

I believe it was thru the Edgar family
that Ernest got a job with the Kansas City Star -
but my memory is hazy on that. I think
Nate Smith married John Mrs. Passes - and died
some years ago. I don't know what
happened to Bill, but he and Ernest were
close friends in those days. I think I heard
later that something broke up that friendship.
Somewhere later Ernest seemed to want to
hurt the people he hated. I have worked
out my own theory about that as a
psychol. guess basis. but it is only my own
theory.

My personal theory based on conversations
and letters. you might check it with his
psy psychiatrist.

III

When Ernest was young he felt rejected
by his mother. This seemed partly true, but
was not a personal thing. Mrs Hemingway gave
up a possible career in opera to marry
Dr Hemingway. She was overwhelmed by
six children and tried to make a personal
life for herself otherwise possible. She would
escape to a cottage of her own to train
a musical protégé. When she wasn't
as interested in Ernest's stories as he
wanted her to be - he decided he hated her.
This couldn't have been true, for he never
wanted anyone to say anything against her.
It could have been this feeling about his
mother that made him want to reject
mine. When he rejected my mother I
felt I wanted to reject him. But our
basis of friendship was strong in
understanding - and survival.

When Ernest married he began a
gradual change - not from the marriage,
but from his way of life. He began
to drink more and more - and under alcohol
he not only could write better, but he
could become the sort of person he wanted
to be - larger and able to handle anyone's
black M. I think his first shocking
stories were written because he wanted

to shock his parents who were strict
Presbyterians. I believe the story about
the Jim Delworths was because they agreed
with his parents against him. He was
fond of them and he could hurt everyone thus.

When his parents considered his just
deserve a disgrace for the whole family -
he wanted to shock them more and more.

Gradually more and more, he took on the
image he was creating, and finally
couldn't leave it.

It is my feeling that he may
have taken his life because, after he
was not allowed to drink - his fine
sensitive and gentle nature became more
dominant and he couldn't endure the
memories of the man created by himself.

I believe he may have continued to
remember me because I saw him as
he was^{as} a young man - not the
author. But he might not have
become the great author had he
not gone on to live the life he chose.

I would be interested in the other version of the apt's story. There is always some truth in everything, and I wasn't quite certain where the real truth lay - other than as Ernest explained it. There was probably an element of misunderstanding in some place. Stories were circulated that Ernest and I were engaged, but it was nothing but the gossip of a small town. My mother would have been the last to want to start it.

Another slight correction. His main intent out far more liquor - not liver. They arrived ^{unexpected} after the dinner hour and the cook had gone home. When I found they hadn't eaten, I searched the refrigerator and found only liver and the makings of a salad. There were no food stores near, and no one wanted to go out. I didn't know how to cook liver - so Ernest's driver helped me 😊. They met our two daughters and small son. My daughter here, remembers it well - even to what I was wearing - tho she was about eleven. The Jennings were friends of my grand parents. Their son married my father's cousin.

The parents of Dutch Pailthrop were also
friends of my grand parents.

I haven't thought of these things for
many years, but I have a vivid memory.

I find your letters very interesting.
All of these things were so long ago, and
for such a short period of time. It
must be dread full to be famous. I don't even
like having known someone famous.

I haven't read, Hemingway way in Michigan.

I will be returning to Florida Dec. 17th.
I would be glad to talk with you if you are in
Daytona Beach. I will be at the Princess Isadora
Hotel for a few months. It is a retirement hotel
on Seabreeze Blvd.

Sincerely,

Margie B. Meier.

P. S. I am not beautiful and never
have been.

M. M.

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Daytona Beach
Florida