

January 13th, 1967.
Box 5434, Daytona Beach
Fla.

Dear Don,

Thank you for the picture. I never saw this before and it is not like the uniform in other pictures. Was he ever transferred to an American unit after this country went into the war? I have a little feeling of memory, but only a glimmering.

No, I don't share K's memory. The first time I saw Ernest after the war, was at the Bay. He was staying at the Charles. I don't believe Ernest would have come to Petoskey wearing a uniform. As far as I know, Ernest did not make any Petoskey friends until the winter he stayed to write. The train incident could have taken place when he came back in the spring of 1920, and it could have been another girl. I always liked K. He was one of the boys I used to wish would ask me for a date, but he never did except once when I already had another date. The remembered conversation doesn't sound like me.

The kodak book came. I have taken out all pictures I feel you will like to see, and put them in a scrap book so that you can remove those you want. There are too many for me to have prints made, and only a few you will find worth printing. The best ones taken in 1919 are gone. I may have let Ernest take them when he looked at them in Fla. He seemed interested in them. You know far more about pictures than I. Ours was a very amateur operation. You will see by the pictures of Ernest starting out for war that he was very young. I believe he was under 18.

I am trying very hard to remember the truth about things

for you. It would probably take psychoanalysis to get at the real truth. I think I can safely say that I am sure Ernest and I never forgot each other, and never got over whatever was the category of our relationship. I have always wanted to run from anything that involves emotion, whether it is music or art or poetry. In my mind Ernest belonged with those things, and I knew he was way over my head. I could not have defined it then, but it was a protective shell.

As I look at the pictures, those old days seem like yesterday. It is hard to believe that some of the memories are 50 years old. Wish you were here to go over them with me.

You asked about the Bumps. There are many of them in New York state where grandfather was born. He pioneered west after the war(Civil) . Grandmother always called their house " The Old Homestead."

Ernest

Did I tell you that while ~~he~~ was in the war, he was the one I wrote to as my picked "Soldier Boy". After we were in the war, each girl in school was supposed to write someone and knit them a sweater. I knit a sweater which was probably a monstrosity. I think I was a sophomore. We wrote occasional letters, greatly treasured by me. Mine must have been pretty awful.

There is no doubt about it, that I do have enough memories to fill several books.

Until next time,

Marge —

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Daytona Beach, Fla.



Mr Don StJohn
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