

Jan 15, 67

This memory stretching that you are causing me to do is giving me mental flash backs. They are entirely unrelated, but I will try for some of them.

Scene; At the Bay in the cottage. Everyone supposedly in bed for the night. The girls were talking. Suddenly Helen, ~~Red~~ Pudge and I decided that it would be fun to get up and dress and drive to Charlevoix in Helen's car. (In those days there was no minimum age for drivers. There was little danger on the highway. Cars were not built for speed.) We had no reason to go, except that it would not be considered a sensible thing to do by grown ups. Ernest heard us getting up and called out from his room to learn what was up. He tried to talk us out of it. When he couldn't, he got up, too, and dressed to go with us. He was quite cross about it, but thought we needed protection. We drove to Charlevoix, got ice cream and came home, feeling quite wicked because it was nearly midnight.

Scene; My mother, grandmother and her niece, Mrs Hankey in grandmother's livingroom discussing whether or not I was too old to wear socks. I was fourteen. They decided that my legs had too much shape, and so the socks had to go.

Scene; Grandmother's livingroom near Christmas 1919/ Ernest sitting on the floor in front of the open fire, I at the table writing. Ernest said, " Red, I wish I could know that I ~~could~~ could sit in front of a fire with you every Christmas of my life. I was embarrassed by any sentiment, and so turned it lightly aside.

Scene; Taking a walk after school in the crunchy snow.

I was upset with something a friend had said, and was feeling bitter about friends. He said; "You have to forgive friends or you aren't a friend."

Scene; Walking down the street one evening. He corrected me about something. I said I was sorry. He said, "Stop being so ~~W~~ humble, Red. Lots of people are going to love you and you are going to have to learn not to be ~~be~~ humble. When men love you, never be humble." I remembered.

Scene; Some Sunday evening. We always went to the Sunday evening service at the Presbyterian Church, and then to a gathering of young people at Rev. Alburt's house. Ernest said, "The only way church has any meaning is to go with someone you care about."

Scene; Walking down the road with Dr Hemingway. He talked all the way about what a wonderful little boy Ernest had been.

Scene; Listening to Ernest tell in bitterness about how his mother wasn't interested in his writing. When I put in a word of agreement with him, he said. "Please don't you say it, Red. I can say things about my family, but I don't want anyone to agree with me."

Ernest was a good influence in my life, and educational. I am glad our paths crossed while he was still under the influence of his family background. He was always kind, gentle, thoughtful, interesting, original, and very good looking. He never stepped out of line, and was almost as square as I was.

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