

Wed. Jan. 25, 1967

Dear Marjorie:

It is always a good day to hear from you. I want, particularly, to thank you for allowing me plenty of time to copy the pictures. I am doing my own photography on this but depend on the stores for processing and believe me they take forever up in this boondocks part of the country. Naturally, I try several times on some of the pix and this slows things up considerably. I've just gotten Bill's pictures back to him after a small zing from his wife and so it is comforting not to be under pressure about yours. However, I will not take advantage of your forbearance and will take good care to get them all back in good shape by next month anyway, if that is alright.

I don't know where I got the name Frank Graham. I see it is Charles. Because I make a mistake in a letter is not really definitive, however, since this usually means I have not taken the trouble to wade through my rather [mistake on letter "r" in "rather"] voluminous notes. About Edgar, you will be interested to know that he looms larger than ever since Bill has just informed me that Carl introduced him [mistake on "im" in "him"] to Hemingway when they were fairly little. (They didn't like each other at first."....[mistake: quotations over second".]. Sorry about the "grandmaw"reference. Don't like that term myself.

Do you happen to remember if the writing on back of the picture that Hemingway gave you of himself (in big African hat) is his? There is a similarity, but the "D" is different and it is probably the writing of his driver I suppose.

Just to give you an idea of what one bumps (oops) into: Here is a graph from Ruth Smith just received from Petoskey: "Marjorie's mother did not dislike 'Stein' until after he told Marg he was not interested in marrying her. Mrs. Bump did everything she could to promote this match." Now I pray you do not allow this sentence to rub off onto me. I mention it, gossip, idle, though it is, to show you some of the pitfalls one runs into in trying to reconstitute history. What happens, I suppose, is that one hears something and incorporates it into the block of one's purported memory, or else the brain is rather indiscriminating and tends to oversimplify something or else forget it entirely. [mistake on period]. You have no idea of the bizarre things I've run into trying to piece together this story. One party very close to Hem, at least biologically, gave me the impression you were so distraught with your experience that you wound up for awhile in a mental hospital. "I don't know what became of Marjorie after that." Wild, wild, wild are the memories. But this is painful even to me and all such matters have been blotted out by the actuality of you. Marjorie, I have been delinquent in not telling you some-thing about myself, accrediting myself so to speak. I am 54, a 1934 grad of University of Iowa in journalism, and for 14 years I was publicity director of The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (formerly). My wife, Ruth, runs an antique shop here in Franconia. I free lance now. Did a book about my German Shepherd dog, Danny, but it went plunk I regret to say. Ruth and I helped start Franconia College a few years ago and it is going strong now, 300 students, mostly men. Ruth a trustee. We have no children, only our four-legged child.....I do have a lot more questions, some of them just efforts to check things. Appreciate your patience. All for now