

Jan 26, 67

Marjorie Bump was a timid child. She was painfully shy and without confidence. As a small child she would put her head in her grandmother's lap when strangers came in. When she ~~would~~ went calling with grandmother she would sit outside on the steps. Nothing could induce her to go in a strange house. She was small for her age. The first day at school was pure torture, tho everyone tried to be kind and give her the choice of a red or a blue chair. Her mother had to stay beside her the first half day.

M. grew up with the feeling that she was ugly because she had red hair and freckles. She had some close friends, but never felt comfortable in the group activities, dancing school, recitals or parties. After her father died when she was about ten, she felt even less secure, tho her mother and grandparents continued to give her every advantage. She did not have an unhappy life, for she loved all sorts of activity. She lived on wheels of bicycle or roller skates, and whenever possible on a horse. She loved to swim and skii and snow-shoe. She read some but preferred activity. But the shyness kept her a person apart. It was a barrier but also a protection.

Ernest Hemingway was the first boy to take her to parties, dances, ball games etc. It was wonderful to have the best looking boy, the oldest and especially one from the big city, find her company acceptable. As he was the brother of a good friend, Ursula, it was like having a brother herself, and she could gradually ask the answer to puzzling questions. He started her first real interest in reading. He started her with Tarkington and Kipling. He also read his own first stories aloud.

There was no need to consider whether or not one should

be "soft"(the word used then) to get invited to dances. It was a subject often discussed by the girls, and to be labeled " soft" was considered very bad by M's friends. Ernest seemed to realize that M. had not grown up to those things. He didn't take her to the mixed parties where she might have felt uncomfortable and insecure. It is hard for this generation to realize that in those days a kiss was a very serious thing to be considered a long time.

The relationship between Ernest and M was truly a very good brother-sister relationship. It was a too idealistic situation to last. But the deeper sense of understanding companionship did not die. Not having been in love with Ernest, Marjorie was not hurt when he married, as some people seemed to think she ~~sh~~ould be. She did not see Ernest after 1920, when she went to college, until many years later.

Years and experience gave M. more confidence in herself, but she never forgot the person who first ~~gave~~ made her feel as tho she might not be as ugly or as stupid as her own opinion of herself. The stories Ernest wrote were a blow, but not a deep one. They didn't seem to touch her. With the changes brought in Ernest with the years, she didn't want anyone to know she had ever known Ernest Hemingway. The author was not the person who lived in her memory.

*this may answer
more questions
than questions could get.*

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