

29

Sunday, Jan. 1967.

Dear Don,

It comes to my mind that perhaps I should give you an itinerary of my life after Dec. 1919, to show there was no time for a mental breakdown or whatever activities have been dreamed up for me. It is amazing what people can dream up when someone has become "News". The girl they imagine to have had an affair with Ernest, wasn't even exactly sure how boys were constructed. Ernest would no more have wanted to seduce me than he would have wanted to seduce his sister. It looks more and more as tho some of those imaginative people may have written something about me to Ernest while he was in Toronto, and he didn't check with me to see if it was true. We will never know. The coolness was never bridged until years later in letters. The idealistic companionship was gone, as it was bound to go with time. When Ernest wrote that the slate was clean, I accepted it without discussion, or a great deal of thought. I hadn't started introspection. That came later.

After Ernest left I still had my senior year to finish, and I graduated with an over 90 average. I began to date a little Ernest was at the graduation exercises and gave my mother some money to buy me flowers. He danced with me at the little dance following graduation, but I couldn't talk to him easily. I saw him a few times that summer. We parted friends, but there was still a barrier of unsaid things between us. I wanted him to think other people liked me, so I even made up a few things. That is always a mistake that can backfire.

I didn't go to Horton's Bay that summer. I had outgrown it, and waiting on table for the dinner parties no longer interested me. I took music at Bay View. I went swimming and on picnics etc.

In Sept I went to Washington Univ. in StLouis. I lived with my uncle and his family, for my family felt I was too immature to be on my own. I probably was.

Summer 1921 Spent two weeks at a camp for college girls on Washington Island, Wis. then took more music at Bay View. Didn't go to Ernest's wedding because he invited everyone in the family except my mother. I couldn't understand it and neither did she. Should have asked him, but I didn't. Didn't see him at all that summer, or ever again until about '38 or '39.

Back to college 1921-22. *Lived in dormitory.*

Summer 1922. Washington Island again for four weeks. Ursula visited me at grandmother's house. I didn't go to the Bay or Walloon. Decided I wanted to go to Fla with G-mother that winter and make up the work in summer school, specializing in kindergarten work.

In Sept. went to Detroit with mother, sister and step-father to stay until G.-mother was ready for Fla. in Dec. Went to some ball games and dances in Ann Arbor(U.ofM.p)

and one boy came to Detroit quite often to take me to dinner ~~an~~ and a show, on Sundays. I was certainly not mourning about ~~Er~~ Ernest, but he came into my mind occasionally when something reminded me of him.

Went to Fla. in Dec. Had a wonderful time. Lots of boys. Lots of dances. Sidney started taking me around to protect me from someone he felt wouldn't be right for me. People have always wanted to protect me. Suddenly I was in love for the first time in my life. Sidney thought he was too old for me, but I didn't. The years have proven that I was right.

We were married in April, 1923, before leaving Fla. so that we could go home together by boat.

Summer 1923 in Ishpeming, Mich. after a few weeks with family in Petoskey. Saw Ursula but don't remember any conversation about Ernest.

Winter 1923-4 In Fla., Ormond Beach. Lots of social life, over my head but educational.

Summer 1924 Again Ishpeming- learning golf, learning bridge, going to luncheons.

Winter 1924-5 Built our house in O.B. each.

Barbara born in April, almost on second anniversary (marriage

Summer-~~A~~ Ishpeming. Lots of parties. They used to bring the baby out to the club to nurse between bridge hands.

Georgie was born in Ishpeming in the summer of '26. Our family seemed too complicated for the long trips to Michigan. We went by train and took up a lot of space. Usually my mother and a nurse were along to help me. Sidney was the helpless kind and he babied me. So Sidney bought a house in Biltmore Forest N.C. I was seldom in Michigan after that. Sid was born in the spring of 1929, in Fla.

The Hemingway family was in my life such a short ~~time~~ period of time. Once while I was in college I had a long wait between trains in Chicago. Dr. Hemingway met me and drove me to their home in Oak Park. I went to church with them, and he drove me back to the station. Ernest wasn't home but I spoke to him briefly on the phone. He said he didn't like the letter I had written him from college. I said I didn't like the one he wrote either. I wished him success and he wished me success. That was that. Once I saw Mrs Hemingway when I called on Mrs D Dilworth after I was married. As usual she remarked about my red hair. I kept in touch with Ursula off and on all thru the years. Once when I was in Petoskey, Marce sent word that she wanted to see me. Don't remember why I didn't. Think she and Ura were always ashamed of the way Ernest wrote about me, but we never discussed it.

I have had a very interesting life with lots of interesting people in it. There are several phases that you might find interesting as a journalist.

Have been reading autobiographies of two people, far apart in time and place, but both with similar concepts that seem compatible with me. They are W.B. Yeats and Nikos Kazantzakis. Yeats says you must have a conception of life as t

t ragedy to become a unified personality. k. says that you must take a cross, not run from it or fall, in order to gain true vision, or peace , salvation, or what you may call it. They both accepted the miraculous and the supernatural as a part of the living world. My experience bears out these points of vision. It seems almost supernatural to me that the message got to me that Ernest thought about me before he died. It is quite strange that I have been led into a walled off portion of my mind by you. There is a healing quality about it and it doesn't hurt me at all, even the lies, or I should say misconceptions. It seems more humorous to me than dreadful. It proves that I have come a long way from the M. Bump who would have been crushed by the slightest word of gossip.

| Keep thinking of phrases in spanish. Strange!

Marge.

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