

Monday 167
Jan. 30

Dear Don,

I am enjoying the pictures. I like having them. Ruth is lovely and I am sorry I didn't meet her. Thank you.

I am glad you like what I write. Sometimes I can, sometimes I can't. I like the way you write, too.

I find answering your questions rather fun. No, I didn't find them the long words you used. (Had to look them up.) I believe now that I have answered them too hurriedly, and will add supplements on some.

I find writing much easier than talking. I can give better pictures. In talking I jump around too much and expect the one who listens to jump as fast. If you find me rather direct, you must remember I have ~~been~~ had the advantage of being educated by close contact with children and grandchildren, each of whom seem to think I am their age. They don't beat about the bush and don't expect me to. I am almost shock proof.

Was at a sophisticated dinner party in California. (See-)
One of the young men (quite drunk) decided I was for him. In facetious conversation I told him I had been married only once and had only been to bed with my husband. He walked away mumbling, "How could it be!" So who shocks whom?

By for now,

Marge.

(over)

I have one friend with whom I can discuss your letters. She was a college classmate of Ursula's - and was brought up in the same sort of environment as I. She made the observation, with which I agree, that you are missing the tempo of the background of 1919 and 20. I have asked her to write her description and

I am glad you like what I write. Sometimes I can, some- she says she will try. I like the way you write, too. I feel you see Ernest too sophisticated.

I find answering your questions rather fun. No. I you have talked to too many people who didn't know him in person, but are influenced by what they have heard about him. So many suspects more better pictures. In fact, I'm not too much and expect to jump as I find me rather direct. You must remember I have had the advantage of being connected by close contact with children and grandchildren each of whom seemed to be their age. I don't best about the push and don't expect me to. Had I almost shock proof.

These first stories were at a sophisticated dinner party in California. One of the young (quite drunk) decided I was him. In a conversation I told him I had been married only once and had been to bed with my husband. He asked me how I could be. "How could I be?" he asked. I still say he was the most

thoroughly fine young man I could want to meet.

M.

Life in the small town of the
Middle West in the early 1900's was
circumspect and extremely
simple. In the Middle West, in the
life of middle class people there was
little music and what there was, was
after church music. Only the few
went on to college; high school
for the average person was the end
of formal education. Transportation
was difficult (as we know it today)
Children walked to school, to
social events; horses were used
for trips to the country, trains for
any trip away from one's town.

To me, the above had a great
influence on the lives of people.
At this period I felt that children
were not a part of parents' lives -
there was no being pals with

(2)

Miss Sara W. Holt
431 North Halifax Ave., Apt. 5
Daytona Beach, Florida 32018

one's parents. Decisions of conduct and actions were taken by the parent, and most children obeyed without discussion - protests, no doubt, but not discussion.

Boy-girl relationships were natural and not complex - based on co-educational high schools, yearly school dances and an occasional movie. There were no dancing schools. Few boys could borrow the family car. I recall groups of girls going for walks on Sunday, seeing groups of boys, which was exciting enough for the day.

It should be remembered that the parents of this era were

(3)

~~Mr. Sam W. H. H.~~
431 North Halifax Ave., Apt. 5
Daytona Beach, Florida

Slightly removed from pioneers
and were of Puritan beliefs. These
mores led them to ambition for
their children & then came WWI
which changed their children for
ever more. Young men went to
war and to Europe who never
would have travelled so far
nor seen so much, had it not
been for American involvement in
W.W.I.

Helen B. Barker

A You say the important part of your friendship with Hem lasted about 3 months. If you had to say which 3 those were in 1919 which would they be? (Hem left for Toronto very early in Jan. of 1920.)

From when we came to Paris & stayed until he left.

B Since, from your own point of view, your relationship with Hem had no romantic content or any bearing on the future, what do you think it meant to Hem? Do you think it could have been only palship for him? He was, after all, a virile 20 years of age. Was he such a paragon or did he perhaps have other outlets do you think? Or were you, because of your youthfulness and immaturity, a kind of spiritual kid brother, a kind of uncritical, admiring young person with the attractiveness of femininity but none of its demands?

I don't know the answer to this. - Anne Louise Curtis

and I think Hem was about some questionable looking girl he had been with. "Hemography." Also we had to go with him as we were his good to go to good little girl. as Anne Louise Curtis. I have no idea about Hem's life. but never heard anything derogatory. your last sentence is almost right. Had sister in letter.

C THE END OF SOMETHING and THREE DAY BLOW were published in 1925. Do you really think Hem could have felt spiteful that long after the fact, or that spite would have been artistically valid for someone as poetically disciplined as Hemingway - or that the story would have come off if spite had been the basic motive? Did Hem admit later, in 1939, that the stories were motivated by spite? There was talk, I remember, of "forgiveness." What was the forgiveness for - for using the name Marjorie and for other identifiable references - or was Hemingway regretting an element of admitted meanness in the stories?

I never read these stories. No. we never discussed this story. He just said he was sorry for it, and everything understood in that sense. He was sorry to me that he had forgiven. This was a discussion of the story. I am sorry I don't have the letters to refresh my memory about his quarrel. I know what he meant. The story was probably written long before 1925.

D How did Hem know how to get in touch with you in 1939? From a recent letter from you? What was the triggering event that brought you two together for the first time (communications-wise, that is) after you last saw him in 1920? I forget - did he hear of your marriage?

Event known I lived in Montreal. Anne Louise Curtis was in New York she tried to phone me. I was visiting in St. Louis. - Anne Louise Curtis. I was changed a little in time. No special event. I had heard of her. He just came out of the blue.

E I forget if you ever decided how you possibly had hurt Hem. ("I must have hurt him," I hear you saying.)

*No. But I could have been
misinterpreted. Everything flatteringly he ever
said I brushed aside because I didn't know how
to accept it gracefully.*

* Supplement

F Did he discuss his forthcoming trip to Toronto with you? (I remember the last you saw of him that winter he was walking down the street in the snow whistling and everything was okay.) (Looking back on it now from your present knowledge of men and women is there any possibility he felt, if you'll pardon the expression, unrequited?)

*Yes he did. That was not the time I saw him last.
This scene I described was in the late summer of
1932. No more. When he went to Toronto it
was with a good-bye kiss and all the
usual promises of letters and keeping in touch.
I said good-bye at home and didn't go to the train with
other friends. I never wanted to be as of a crowd.
I saw him and I saw him cross the yard on the road.
Parents with other kids.*

G Do you think Hem stayed on in Petoskey that winter partly because he hoped to hook on with the Connables in Toronto or was that a fluke?

*No. His conversation with Connable was done
the following way who was most sure you expect to go
to work. I believe it may have been then a
third person named Mr. White. Connable didn't live
in Petoskey.*

H Did Sidney Main read THE END OF SOMETHING and THREE DAY BLOW when it came out in 1925 and discuss it with you?

*Neither. Sidney or I read Three Day Blow. I
read The End of Something. He took it lightly
and as fiction. He knew me. Sidney liked my little
and we seldom discussed anything.*

I Can you remember a subject or a scene relating to the brief moment in 1939 when Hem and you were alone and he looked at you with the same eyes that you remembered and dropped his little play acting?

*Only that he asked me if I would understand if he
spoke to me in Spanish. I said no.*

J. Have you been able (in this period of forced recall) ~~to~~ to remember anymore about your very first meeting with Hem? I mean does a scene come back, the kind of day it was, anything Hem might have said, whether you joked about it afterward? Did you not fish a single time with Hem, maybe off the dock, and did you ever talk fishing, aside from that first time? Did he ever fish with girls that you know of? With a sister possibly.

Can't remember any thing more. Only a faint memory of him admiring my very dead fish. No. I never fished with. Except alone. Yes. one other. talked about. fresh and fishing. No. he never fished with any girls that I know of.

K. Do you remember any of the TALL stories that Hem told you in those early days? One story he told a George O'Neal in Petoskey that winter was that one of the snapshots he took at the front was blurred because he was hit by a bullet just as he tripped the shutter. Another was that his father had sent him to Petoskey for the winter to help his malaria. He also told Dutch Pailthorp a story about someone like himself who was caught in a triangle with a member of the fierce Arditi and his wife - and also about his friendship with a Red Cross nurse.

Can't remember special stories, except about a mix up of uniforms. Very amusing - had all a bit of memory. I saw a picture he took of a girl in uniform, and knew she was American. he liked very much.

L Did Hem ever speak slyly of his drinking or talk knowingly of wine? Did he ever see you when there was any suggestion of recent drinking?

No - to all of these.

M Do you remember when Mrs. Wesley Dilworth's baby was born? I mean the year.

Think it was 1918 or '19. There is a picture or it could have been 1919

Answer in back of page 1

N What was the year you went back to Horton Bay and stayed at Dr. Ohle's house? That was the only time you went back I take it. (In other words you and Hem went back once each)

I was at the Bay every year until 1920 for some part of the summer. I came and went - sometimes at the Charles - sometimes at the Dilworths.

O Can you remember how you first heard about the IN OUR TIME story collection? Was it from Dorothy Connable? It's a question of where you were in 1925, the fall. (What was it Dorothy said?)

Mother told me about it. Dorothy Connable came here by chance on a train and told her. I was in Indianapolis. I sent her the book from Chicago. She said it was so good. I never met Dorothy.

P What did your grandmother, who liked Hem, think of the stories?

Grandmother did like them. She saw my first stories. I believe at least she never mentioned them to me.

Q Did you see your family often after your marriage? I mean your mother. Would she come and stay with you? Were she and her mother close?

Yes. Mother was often with me while the children were babies. Grandmother was my father's mother but they were not close. Mother took care of Grandmother during her last illness.

R When did Grandfather Bump die?

I believe in 1918 - perhaps '17.

S Do you think Hem ever wrote a letter to Grandmother Bump? It would almost seem certain that he would at some time - and are your family heirlooms preserved somewhere?

Yes. I think he told me he had a letter from her about the time of my marriage. All family heirlooms were here. That was in 1918. and there was my mother's 1918. I never saw them.

T Was Mrs. Hemingway, Hem's mother, the disorganized tyrant that most people thought her?

I never saw that side of her. One of my older friends here (now dead) lived near them in Lake Park. She referred to her as "old".

U Do you personally think that Hem's writing belongs to the world's great literature? What is your own personal favorite among his works?

I have read very few of Ernest's writings. They offended and disturbed me. I have preferred to read authors I know he liked. My favorite is the Sumner of N. It seems to have a spiritual depth. I like...

V How is Pudge today? Did you take care of one of her children? Did Pudge like Hemingway? (I gather that Pudge was your only sibling.)

Pudge had a severe stroke before she was 50. She has made a remarkable recovery but I cannot visit quite the same. She was in Portland state hospital for about two years and am sure it was because of that that she recovered so well and fast for her. To Timothy yes. I am sure she liked Ernest. Ernest seems to have been useless.

W Although your mother was not really hostile to Hemingway is it possible that he thought she was and if so why? I gather she would not have reminded Hem of his own mother. Did she have any known attitude toward Hem's writing or did she, like his own family, think of him as a loafer? Might she have been alienated by his drinking or what she heard about it? Was she not like other mothers of Petoskey in being slightly concerned over the intactness of their daughters around an older man, a veteran?

* (in Petoskey)

Mother was not hostile to Ernest but I believe told him that I was trying to get as much of Ernest's writings as I could. She didn't know anything about Ernest's writings. Ernest didn't think him a loafer. His business in Petoskey was consistent. Ernest did not drink. He was a young man. I have no idea of mother being concerned. The last and other incident was for dinner.

Do you remember any more details of the incident in which you brought lunch to Hem and Bill? What was that fake lunch? Real lunch? Did you often get lunch for Hem and Bill? Was this a kind of job, like waiting on table, or just a personal favor for the boys?

Y

Z

A

 β

C² What was the year and month of your marriage?

April - 1923 -

when I went to see
Mrs. Charles.

D² Did you ever see Bill Smith in St. Louis when you went to Washington University? Was that kindergarten teaching you were studying?

Once in St. Louis in passing and once when
Carl Edgar was visiting the Charles Is and Bill
took me to a place giving us to a kindergarten.
school. I had sisterhood going on to a kindergarten
school. but married instead. Took regular college course
at W.I.

E² Checking fact: You went to Florida in the summer of 1922 after finishing your second year at college - and got married about six months later?

went to Fla. in Dec. 1922.
married April 24 1923.

Wrote answers to this in letter.

F² Fact check: ^{Blowing} Roaring Rock, N.C.?

G² Is Sidney, Jr. a chemical engineer? and what is his responsibility?

Some sort of an executive consultant. Miller
Robert Co. He has a large territory and makes a
good salary under many young firms. Will look it
up on Ray.

H² Fact check: The three schools your three children went to? Didn't two of them get graduate degrees?

girls: Patricia - Duke University
Robert - Duke University
John - Duke University
Patricia - Duke University
Robert - Duke University
John - Duke University
Patricia - Duke University
Robert - Duke University
John - Duke University

I² Has Dr. Main been incapacitated for long? Were you able to keep both houses and the servants during the crash?

yes - one kept both houses quite a while. I
remember dates. Dr. Main retired about 4 years ago. I
went back to work and was doing house work of living at the time.

J² Fact check: Both Dr. Main and Hemingway had brain trouble about same time? (Hem took his life in July of 1961)

Dr. Main had hardening of the arteries -
Has been in nursing home about 2 1/2 years.
No memory.

2
K Did Hem seem truly religious when you went to church services with him in Petoskey or was it rather a kind of social function for him? Did he speak of the bible or seem to know it? Did he seem to be reverent in church? In those days did he betray any interest in the Catholic church or Catholic ritual? Did going to church with you originate with him or was it that all or most young people went to Sunday night services in those days? Did he seem to believe in a personal God or had war made him cynical about the eye-on-the-sparrow aspect of the Christian church?

He was as religious as any of us. going to church was something to do in and the social hour pleasant. He was reverent and always gentle manner. He was trained well at home. He did speak about the Catholic priest in Italy and how good he had been to him. Said it wouldn't be hard to go Catholic. I said I felt the same way but felt we should stay what they are here. I never knew his beliefs.

2
T What was it, honestly, do you think (of course one is not always sure about these things) that drew Hemingway to you - as opposed to other attractive young women available in Petoskey? Looks, wide-eyedness, admiration, unspoiledness?

We had some past memories together. I knew his family. Oh a child is so many ways. I believe I was quite grown up in understanding. He was comparable with me and I with him. I think he found me interesting and fun. I believe this was going out of spiritual feeling. I had capacity to love attraction. I began. I had capacity to love.

M² Have any of the other stories that Hem read to you in 1919 come back to you? This is important since all this material was lost by Hadley in 1922 in Paris. I mean beyond the memory that he wrote you into a prize-fight story? Do you remember anything more about that one or whether it compared with Hem's main prize-fighting story, FIFTY GRAND in his collected short stories?

M - I am sorry. They didn't stick in me deeply enough for memory.

N² What books can you remember that Hem suggested you read?

Taking the ... I already liked ... quite illustrated.

O² Was Grandmother Bump invited to Hem's wedding?

Yes. She didn't go. She felt as if I did about it.

P² Do you realize now, long after, that Hem wanted acclaim not critical analysis when he showed off his stories? (D. Connable told me in Petoskey it still embarrasses her to remember the suggestions she made to Hem when he asked her how she liked something he'd written. She recalled he seemed stunned by her suggestions, but did not say anything. And yet, years later, in a letter, she detected a veiled reference to her temerity.)

I am sure Ernest knew my critical and your. would be worth nothing. He only wanted me to like them. I always said I did. He I wasn't always sure.

Q² What does your memory do with the quality of Hem's voice, especially when he was reading you his stories? About whether he seemed solemn or very deliberate or self deprecatory or if his voice was slow or whether he tried for dramatic effects or emphasis or waited for laughs or peeked to see how you were taking it or if he seemed happy with his own writing or was basically dissatisfied?

I think he read in a usual talking voice and he was probably unsure of himself and what he wrote.

R² Scene: The last snowy day in Petoskey when Hem went off whistling (If not included in earlier related comment.)?

This all wrong and I believe I learned it.

S² You did take that picture of Hem in the Sam Brown belt? Others? Possibly that uniformed one of Hem pointing his pistol?

I didn't take any large pictures - only three by a Brownie box camera. Don't remember one pointing a pistol. If it was small, I did.

Do you think Hem may have combined actual experiences in his stories about you, Marjorie? I mean possibly spliced in a relationship with another girl or girls? Or simply made the rest up?

I am sure the name and place are all that is real. Perhaps the rest (npant) was what he wanted me to be. Or perhaps he just wanted to be angry.

In the 1920 Petoskey high school yearbook, I noticed the ad was: McCabe-Boehm Co. of 416 Mitchell Street, formerly of 316 Mitchell Street. Was this still your mother's store, with Mr. Graham connected with it, or was this a McCabe offshoot? When did Mr. Graham manage the store? ("We have changed our name. We have changed our place - but we still sell the very best in sporting goods and real good hardware.")

In the store, my mother and grand mother retained majority stock. The name was changed. I believe it was Mr. Lake's shop. When Graham went to the store about 1934 when it seemed about to fold. Mr. Lake got out. I think it was a corporation but never thought about doing anything.

Do you remember anything more about Rev. Alburt? His first name?

I only remember that he was no longer living. Could try to stimulate memory if important.

Am I right in recalling that Hem attended your graduation? (This would have been in June of 1920 after his Toronto experience and your rift wouldn't it?) Was this before or after you went to the movies after seeing Ursula off in the train? (Gad, what does he take me for a taperecorder?)

yes. I think I answered this. This was our open rift. graduation was before the incident.

The time you and Hem and Carl and Kate were together, would that have been in the late summer of 1919 do you suppose, or in 1920?

I think that was late 1919. As was not together. I was back in Petoskey.

Note trouble: Was it Edward Van Every about whom you told Ernest (???) "he liked" you very much, at which point Hem reflected the young man might be interested in your inheritance? This would have been before Grandfather Bump died I guess.

Yes. That was about chance person who told father he admired me. Harry Van Every was friend after Ernest married. After grandfather died. We

Did you know that Hem played tennis with Irene Goldstein in the summer of 1920 and did you have any feelings about this?

yes. No. I didn't consider Ernest my property or his. I realized I couldn't compete with older girls. Irene was considered a fine girl. I was not to inherit as long as I wanted life.



Catherine - Wesley
and Maxine



Supplements

Read
with

E. Ernest in his masterful way of understatement, may have thought he told me he loved me. My romantical self dreamed that when someone told you they loved you that it would be a declaration of undying devotion, probably on bended knee. I didn't expect anyone to love me. I had been told to never write about emotions in a letter. My letters must have been pedantic lists of uninteresting events. He may have just thought to himself, "To hell with her." I wouldn't blame him if that was the way it was, along with some outside help.

Read
with

B(2)

Sidney was as amused as anyone with Mrs D. saying B. looked like a Hemingway. After all he knew better than anyone all the facts about her conception and birth, and about me as a person. One doesn't get pregnant across oceans and pregnancies can't last five years. ^{E.} H/ø may have looked at Bobbie longer, for she was much my ~~size~~ ^{build} and her general expression was like me. From the time she was born she was admired by the male species, and ^{later} eyes always followed her whenever she walked into a room. There was a spiritual quality about her that set men to dreaming. I have heard it described. Her husband has said that it wasn't so much what they ~~thought~~ ^{felt} about Bobbie, but what she was able to make them feel about themselves. Added to that she was beautiful.

Read
with

Y(2)

This incident unimportant. One of the young salesmen at the hardware told mother that I was the sort of person he would like to meet when he was ready to marry, only he would want me older. M. told me and I was flattered enough to tell Ernest. I seem to have told him everything. E. wanted to take me down a peg, so he said he was probably thinking about the money I would have. Ernest seemed to want to build me up himself, but if anyone else did it, he could quickly deflate me. No chance for me to become over confident.

Harry Van Every was the boy next door. I liked him, but Ernest had spoiled me for enjoying people my own age.

Don, In my mind I can hear the questions you don't ask, much more loudly than the ones you do. You know my reluctance to share important memories and you are determined to get at them. I am sure you tell me the ugly things to show me that the truth is better. I am not upset with you about it, only that my memory holds things about someone that became important in small details. I have told you the truth, but realize I have left out a few things that tie the whole together.

I can hear you ask, When did Ernest first kiss you?

Believe it or not, not until a few days before he went to Toronto. We were in Grandmother's living room one afternoon, talking about Toronto and his leaving. He wanted to kiss me before he left. It was a nice kiss, gentle and unpassionate. I liked it.

I also kissed him good by when he left.

Next. What about the last time you saw him?

It was the evening after we saw Ursula off and had to jump for it to get off the train that wasn't to stop before Grand Rapids. We went to the movies and then sat on the porch talking. I am sure we could have gotten back together then in understanding, but I told a big fat lie. I said I liked someone else. (The word love was not tossed around lightly in those days.) I was remembering the clean slate and wasn't taking any chances on having anything else that could be wiped off so lightly again. It was that night I heard him whistle as he walked down the street. I felt very mean about the lie, but had no doubt in my mind that a time would come when I could set it straight. I didn't see him again. The stories he wrote were probably a just punishment. Shakespear told best the far reaching results of a small lie.

Next, about the last letter I had from E. after 1939.?

It was by far the best, most sincere and unguarded of all his letters. It cleared the air between us. We could not recapture the past and we did not want to change the future. It was then I burned all letters. I didn't want to hear from him again. Casual friendship would not have been possible, and our lives were planets apart.

So there you have it, an idealistic quite beautiful little love story that didn't quite happen.

* (L²)

I believe I loved Ernest to the extent of my capacity. I believe he felt I did. I believe if he hadn't written that note which put me on the defensive - many things would have been different. A certain kind of love has always lived in my heart for him - but who can define love or know how to sort it - or name it. I am not sure I ever to figure it out.