

Jan. 31, 1967

Dear Marjorie:

Just a quick note to thank you for "the sked of your life" .
It answers many, many questions, some of them already contained in
the material I have sent you. I liked every bit of it. One odd
thing, on the same day your letter came I was reading Hem's
"Remembering Shooting-Flying," a piece he wrote for Esquire mag
in February of 1935, and in it occurred the following paragraph:

"When you have been lucky in your life you find that just about
the time the best of the books run out (and I would rather read
again for the first time

Anna Karenina
Far Away and Long Ago
Buddenbrooks
Wuthering Heights
Madame Bovary
War and Peace
A Sportsman's Sketches
The Brothers Karamazov
Hail and Farewell
Huckleberry Finn
Winesburg, Ohio
La Reine
Margot
La Maison Tellier
Le Rouge et le Noir
La Chartreuse de Parme,
Dubliners

Yeats's Autobiographies and a few others) than
have an assured income of a million dollars a year) you have a lot of
damned fine things you can remember." (Hem then mentions one
good book published recently, La Condition Humaine (Man's fate) by
Andre Malraux) ---- I just thought it odd that both you and Hem
should mention the Yeats work (at least to me) on the same day.

As to Hem's last thoughts, the reason this can
be absolutely believed even though the letter has been lost is because
there was mention in it of Hem's visit in Florida and as far as I
know there were only a handful of people in the world who knew about
that.

Meanwhile, I hope that material of mine does not
daunt you in anyway. Makes me a little more nervous, actually. Oh - in that
same Esquire story, Hem says the first cove/y of partridges he ever
saw "were ruffed grouse but we called them partridges up there, was
with my father and an Indian Named Simon Green and we came on them
dusting and feeding in the sun beside the grist mill in Horton's Creek.

(over)

in Michigan. They looked as big a turkeys to me and I was so excited with the whirr of the wings that I missed both shots I had, while my father, shooting an old lever action Winchester pump, killed five out of the covey and I can remember the Indian picking them up and laughing. He was an old fat Indian, a great admirer of my father, and when I look back at that shooting I a great admirer of my father too. He was a beautiful shot, one of the fastest I have ever seen; but he was too nervous to be a great money shot.”

I wonder if that is the mill of your pictures. I guess not. That was the cider mill I take it. I remember now Ken Van Hoesen telling me there were three mills, the big lumber mill on the bay the the right of the sandy road, set back a ways from the water in what is now a poison ivy tangle, the cider mill with the wheel up the creek a short ways, and further up the grist mill. At least that is how I remember it. In the Montgomery book the lady has confused the cider mill, I think, with the lumber mill.

About those books Hem recommends. There are several I never heard of, if it is any comfort to you. Margot is in this group. And there are quite a few I never read or couldn't finish. But the *Dubliners* by Joyce I will swear by and you can throw away his *Finnegan's Wake* and *Ulysses*, though they were useful as experiments, I suppose. *A Sportsman's Sketches* was written by Turgenev who also wrote *FATHERS AND SONS*, a title which Hem borrowed for a short story about himself and his father. Aside from *Dubliners*, which is a collection of stories as you probably know, I guess the two Tolstoy books are my favorites. I also liked Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, although not with unstinted passion, more intellectual approval of the way he caught the mood of his "grotesques." I spotted this story of Hem's, *Remembering Shooting-Flying* in *Esquire's First Sports Reader*, 1945, although I had already seen it in the original *Esquire*. I now have all but four of these old mags in which Hem appeared in the 30's. There was a story on horse racing by Anderson in this same anthology. (He already died then.) In *Remembering Shooting-Flying*, Hem has a word for people like me who do not enjoy the idea of killing animals, even though we accept it as part of the human scene. His last sentence is [REDACTED] (speaking of the birds) "I think that they are made to shoot and some of us were made to shoot them and if that is not so, well, never say we did not tell you that we liked it."

Once again, thank, you, thank you, thank you for the fill in on the early years. In fairness to me, to my seemingly insatiable desire for facts about you, it must be remembered that while there are many, many relatives and friends who can tell the biographers about Hemingway's earlier life, there are only a very

few people who were both characters in Hem's fiction as well as his life. Who and Bill Smith - and who else? Sunny was supposed to be Helen, Krebs' sister, in Hem's Soldier's Home, but that was not true or two, nothing really. Others who figured in the stories were his father, ~~various~~ various Indians, are dead or unavailable. See, you are in a special class, aside from being in your own. Enough