

Mm. Feb 20 1967

Dear Don,

This morning I will try to tell you more about Ernest's visit. Georgie says the things I write are masterpieces of understatement (meant as criticism), but I always think a few words sometimes can tell more than many. I will now elaborate.

One evening about seven, the phone rang. A man's voice said, " This is Ernest Hemingway. Where do you live? I said "I don't believe it. I just don't believe it."

I finally believed it and told him how to reach the house. He was just across the river. I didn't have time to change, but I must have dashed for the lip stick. Georgie and I both remember that I had on a brown and tan wool skirt and a brown sweater. She says I didn't look very glamorous. I am sure my excitement made up for it.

I was past the shy little girl stage and was able to welcome him with ease. I welcomed them both with hand shakes in a formal manner, and so did Sidney, but there was no mistake about the welcome. I called the children to meet him.

After that is one big blur. I had thought they would stay only a short time. When I realized that I better do something about food , it threw me a little. The maid had gone home and the kitchen wasn't my domaine. I did know how to fix a good salad, and Ernest's driver helped me with the rest. It was a lousy meal, but no one seemed to care. Sidney found out what Ernest liked best to drink and went to a near by store for it. We usually had plenty of things to drink in the house, but Sidney wanted to get exactly what Ernest liked best. I have no memory as to what it was. Sidney was ever so pleased to talk with Ernest. Though he was often jealous of men where I was concerned, he seemed to have no such feeling about Ernest. He felt no threat about anything in my past. He talked with Ernest more than I did.

Ernest didn't look at all as he had when I last saw him, but thru the outer pose I could feel he was still there. In a few brief moments alone, I could wish that we could really talk and catch up on what the years had really done to us both. But that wasn't to be. In a later letter he covered a little of that.

He seemed reluctant to leave. I had the feeling that we might be seeing him again. We never did.

O.K.?

Marge

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