

Dear Don, [handwritten at the top right of the page in blue ink: "Mon. Feb. 20 1967"]

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 sh y 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. H e 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 mom ents alone, I could wish that we could really talk and catch up on what the years had [crossed out: "really"] done to us both. But that wasn't to be. In a later letter he covered a little of that.

He [crossed out: "b"] seemed reluctant to leave. I had the feeling that we might be seeing him again. We never did.

O.K.?

[Signed by hand near bottom left of page: "Marge"]

[Image of envelope included: It is addressed to "Mr Don St John" in "Franconia", "New Hampshire" from "Mrs S. Main" at "Box 5434" in "Daytona Beach, Fla," The envelope bears one ink stamp and one postage stamp. The ink stamp closer reads "DAYTONA BEACH, FLA." and "FEB 20 PM 1967" The postage stamp depicts an airplane above the U.S. Capitol building on a red background and it reads "8¢" and "U.S. Air Mail" across the bottom of the stamp.]