

Tuesday

Feb. 21

Dear Don,

What shall it be this morning? You would probably like to have me do better about the first time I saw Ernest. Here goes;

The first time I ever saw Ernest Hemingway, I was thirteen or fourteen years old. I probably remember it because it was a first for me on two counts. I had never before caught a fish, and I had never before spoken to a strange boy. I was visiting at my uncle's cottage. He was a professor of Mechanical Engineering at Washington University in St Louis, and so could spend his summers at Hortons Bay. He used to fish for trout in the early morning and bring home beauties for breakfast. One day I decided to try my luck and went alone to the old dam. I had a bamboo pole and a can of worms. I didn't know it wasn't sporting to use worms. Much to my surprise I got one, not very large, but it was lively and a big thrill to me. Not having any place to put it I had to carry it home in my hands, and at once. As I walked along the shore path I saw a boy coming toward me whom I thought must be from a nearby farm. When I got close enough, I said in glee, "Look what I caught." He stopped and admired the fish to my full satisfaction, and went on his way. It was later that I learned his name and that he had come over from Walloon to see the Dilworths. It might have been the following summer that he went to Italy. I have no other clear memory of him, but I must have seen him, for I chose him as the soldier to write to, when we were instructed to write to someone during the war.

666

Have borrowed some books to brush up on my Spanish. My small knowledge of language is hopelessly mixed. I studied four years of Latin, four of French and three of Spanish. Once in college the professor called me in and said all my verb endings were in Italian. Spanish seemed so easy that I came near flunking it.

Ernest used to toss out phrases in Italian. In fact his special name for me was in Italian, but that is one I am not telling. It is the closest he ever came to any sort of endearment. As I am sure you know, many of the things I tell you are only that you can better understand situations yourself.

Time to walk to the P.O. Haven't had time to start my search in the News Journal, but will soon.

Marj,
(I believe this
was the way friends
used to spell it.

[The above image is a representation of the envelope in the letter file]

Mrs S. Main
box 5434
Daytona Beach, Fla

Mr Don St John
Franconia

Black, circular stamp that contains the text "DAYTONA BEACH FLA." around the inside of the circle and "Feb 21 1967" in the middle. The text "PM" is in the middle of "Feb 21" and "1967."

Red postage stamp with an airplane along the top and the text "8¢" in the lower left. Most of the stamp is cut off, making its other features invisible.

ALWAYS USE