

Friday, march 3rd.

Dear Don,

I found it. In the Sunday News Journal, Dec 17th, 1939, [carrot top with "Page 11" written in black ink] Society Page, heading for Chatterbox Ernest Hemingway Stops Here to Visit Dr and Mrs Sidney Main.

The man author, Ernest Hemingway, stopped here in Daytona Beach, Friday night en route to his home in Key West to visit Dr and Mrs Sidney G. Main. Hemingway and Mrs Main were school mates in Northern Michigan some years ago.

So he was at our house Friday, Dec 15th, 1939. I was glad Liz said school mate rather than boy friend. You can get a copy of this, but it would cost about \$7.00. I found many other things to interest me in those papers. So many new things to learn about in this world.

In haste,

["Margie" signed in black ink]

The picture is definitely not Ernest. It may be Sherwood Anderson. Don't know.

At the Dilworth's, everyone who wanted to could sleep on the porch. Cots were there for the purpose. It was all very proper, boys on one side girls on the other, with one or two grown ups among the group. It was great fun, for we could talk back and forth. and if someone got an idea to go swimming, or to raid the kitchen, off we could go. We were the children, and being a child was wonderful. Then suddenly growing up, or being considered growing up, reared its ugly head. One time that last summer, my uncle learned that Ernest was sleeping on the porch with us. He phoned my mother long distance, and she phoned me. If I didn' sleep inside I would have to go[n slashed out] home at once. The powers in command had decided that I was too old for the sleepingporch routine. I was always reaching an age too old for this, too old for that. How I resented growing too old for everything fun, and the freedom that went with being a child. I was the only one ordered in. Ernest was sad for me. It wouldn't have done any good for him to go in. If[b slashed out] I stayed out I could have been seen in bed by the big boys, and suddenly that had become wrong[period slashed out] in the eyes of some people. Ernest figured out a plan where-by I could stay in until midnight and then come out, for it wouldn't then be night. I pretended to go along with the plan, but I knew I would have to stay inside. I didn't want to go home, and that sort of planning made me uneasy. Besides I was sure Uncle Ernest would be out in the morning looking across the street with his binoculars. Somehow this incident marked the end of all the wonderful, carefree, innocent days.

I didn't mean to give you this memory, But you will get a bang out of it, so I am tossing it in.

Mrs. S. Main

Box 5434.

**Daytona Beach, Fla.
32020**

[circular stamp in upper right corner which reads “DAYTONA BEACH MAR 3 PM 1967 FLA.” and a red stamp in the upper right corner with a picture of a plane and the White House that reads “U.S. AIR MAIL” with a black box overlapping that reads “ALWAYS USE ZIP CODE”]

Mr Don St John

Franconia

New Hampshire