

Jan. 7, 1969

Dear Marge:

My God, how on earth can I thank you or even begin to comment on your last two communications, received the same day, the account of what happened during the various years, and the other fascinating letter of clarification and of information about that other Hemingway student. You are so full of so many wonderful things that I am almost intimidated with gratitude and appreciation. I mean I treasure these letters, and of course the one of a few days before, the conversation, was an absolute gem, and this in turn coming on the heels of the autograph. About this last, I will not let you down. I wonder, should I write Pudge thanking her - I mean is that indicated or what. Meanwhile, I am about four days away from sending the book back, so I hope there are no embarrassments in this connection. I wonder if Pudge will expect that fine hat picture of you to be in the book, or did you just now put it in, as seems to be the case. It is a fine picture and of course I like it because it shows Hem's locket, and this same locket is shown hanging from his chest in one of the previous, very small pictures. This was the same locket wasn't it? He really must have been oh so serious to have given you that and isn't it a pity that this too is gone. I forget whether you've told me what the inscription was. I hope Sid doesn't think I'm some kind of a snap shot swiper - I may feel like one at times, but by Gad I will not descend to such level. If you really mean I could send copies of some I would be all too willing, but really I will gladly and never intended otherwise than to send all these things back to you. I hope Pudge takes good care of the autograph book. That 1919 Hem inscription makes it worth over \$100 at least, and a lot more if the right buyer could be found. There are skads of Hem letters and signatures around but very few from those early years and in any case the earlier the more valuable. My own only Hem autographs, I think I told you, are two one line inscriptions signed by him in two Italian translations of his 49 stories and To Have and Have not. The latter was inscribed to a three-year-old girl, the daughter of his chambermaid at the Gritti Palace in Venice and he said, "This is a tough book not to be read until you are 20." Incidentally, the writer Gordon, in that book is a travesty of Dos Passos who of course returned the favor a few years later, having got the dope from Kate Smith, and I was glad to have your statement that Bill was the nicer of the two. Kate apparently got down real hard on Hem at the end because of his treatment of Pauline, but I do think the old girl talked a bit much, and I can't help feeling she was a little jealous of Hem even if he was a lot younger. Do you remember Y.K. I wonder, I saw his inscription to Pudge; I gather he was a seldom seen figure at the bay. In one letter to me he corrected me because I called it Lake Charlevoix. It is Bane Lake, he said, and I gather it was in the old days. I wonder if it was Pine Lake in your memory. You are naughty to tease me about your own autograph book and you are so right to imagine me drooling. Gad. Honestly, Marge, Red, Lucia Barge, Mump, you have so wonderful recreated those blessed scenes for me; I hadn't realized how much it really was not the end of something, I mean your seeing so much of him later, and the letters and then the 1939 visit. Your conjecture about the Pudge letter was a little surprising but then young girls owe fealty to noone but romance I guess. Love.