

Saturday - Jan 20 - '69

My Dear Don,

Everyone sees things differently, so you must take ~~mine~~ ^{my views} as probably prejudiced in some fields, and over ~~emphasizing~~ ^{emphasizing} in others. I keep expecting you to somehow have been there in certain places, and so I pass over the, to me, obvious.

Uncle Ernest was my mother's younger brother, a ~~Electrical~~ ^{Mechanical} Eng. who taught for many years at Washington University, St Louis. Three children, Peggy, Bill and Ernest, all successes in life. Bill, who wanted to be a newspaper man, has been in advertising most of his life. Don't know the name of his co., but I do know they do the T.V. things for Sears, and Bill has something to do about that account. (This info from niece Carol, who lived a time in Chicago) Uncle E. ended with the title Dr.; Ernest, a Geologist, had the highest average ever made at W.U. up to the time he graduated.

Great Uncle Alonzo Stroud, owned most of the land at Hortons Bay. They had no children. The Dilworths were no relation, but took good care of the Strouds. In return for care, they left their land to the Dilworths, with stipulation that mother and Uncle E. were to select any spot they wished for a summer home. Uncle E. made his selection. Mother never got around to it. Uncle E. built a cottage, yes, just across the road from the Dilworth cottage. It was because of them that Pudge and I started to spend time at the Bay. Their cottage was small, so it was natural that we got rooms at the Dilworths. As we wanted to stay longer and longer, it was something we worked into, to make ourselves useful. This was usually drying dishes, and later waiting on the dinner parties. Mrs D. told me that Marcelene did the same when she was younger, and I know My cousin Peggy did it later. The Ohle children were quite a lot younger. Bill was a small boy and Ernest only a baby. Peggy was probably about ten. In connection with the land and the building of cottage, several things arose to make controversies between the Ohles and the Dilworths. It couldn't have been anything large, but the atmosphere was cool. The Dilworths and Hemingways were friends, or I should say Mrs D. Mr D, a blacksmith, was a fine man, but I remember him as a shadowy, quiet person who never came beyond the kitchen or work shed.

Mrs Charles couldn't have been too anti Hem, since Ernest spent so much time at their house. I believe she must have begun to be upset with him when he lived in Chi - at Smith's apt, and he became interested in Hadly. My memories of E. end there. I think I told you, that one time when I went to call on Mrs Charles, she said out of a clear sky, "Don't feel too bad about Ernest. You are too good for him." I was puzzled by that, for Ernest was not in my mind. Carl Edgar visited the Charles that year. (Here I go jumping again without saying this was in St Louis) Carl and Bill took me to a play. I visited Carl's married sister, Mrs Orillis Shultz, in St Joseph, Mo that Christmas time. I adored Carl, and he would tell me about Kate, how much he cared about her and how badly she treated him. All of these things were about a world in which I was interested, but had no part. This is what is hard for me to convey to you. I was not important in Ernest's life. I may have been a dream, as he was for me. We can sometimes keep dreams when realities go by the wayside. It is a very real thing to me that I don't want to hear about E's life after 1920. I don't like to talk about him or read about him, or read what he wrote. Only a trained person in the realm of the mind could understand that. I never want anyone I know, to know I knew Ernest. Sidney couldn't understand this, or why I didn't answer his last letter. The Ernest I knew was dead. Or was he!

No, I am not interested in what Carlos Baker wrote. Georgie is, and she has also ordered the book Ruth mentioned in her Christmas note. So I will glance at these things out of the corner of my eye, but never directly.

I believe Newell McCune was a brother of Will, who graduated with Uncle Ernest. To bring it closer, one of my father's cousins married the brother of a Carrie Jennings, married to a McCune. The Jennings, also a pioneer family, and friends of the Bumps, were the ones with a home in the country. That would have been John's grandmother, not mine. The Bump home was just the next street up the hill from the high-school, never considered country.

(Her sister was first married to Gen. Arthur Vandenberg -)

You may be the one right about Pudge wanting to write. I didn't read the diary part of the book, and I never heard her mention it. No one knows less about the other than teen age sisters with nearly two years between ages.

This is a garbled letter, but I won't try to do it over. I will toss what I can into the basket and let you sort the grain from the chaff.

early

I don't believe that Uncle Ernest had any particular antipathy for E.H. I know they all went to the wedding. But Uncle E. was a purist and had no patience for anything trivial. I respected and feared him. For him no compromises were tolerable, tho I believe he mellowed as his own children grew up. I am sure that many of the things E.H. wrote would have pained him beyond a physical torture.

I am glad Baker didn't know about the visit to me. I would never have given an interview had he asked. I hope you will play me down, where I belong. I am glad if I can fill in places to make you better understand E., but I am also glad that you can be objective and weigh opinions against opinions. That is why I wrote the actual conversations between Pudge and me, so that my opinions wouldn't get in the way. I didn't tell Pudge that I wrote those conversations.

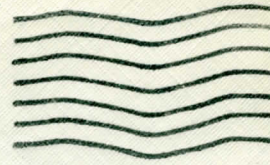
I believe my mind is nearly dry, and I am glad. But who knows when some remark or question will open a new gate.

(Son in law)

Life is good in Monterey. I am feeling sad with news that Walter Scott will probably be soon divorced by his second wife. The marriage didn't have too much going for it, but I could hope that there wouldn't be another break in the children's world this soon. The two older ones are now in Duke U., but it will be hard on the two younger ones. If an S.O.S. comes to me I would probably go, but it couldn't be a good solution. Oh Me!!!

Love
Margaret

P.S. again - sorry I sound critical & detail.
It is my troublesome Virgin nature showing.
I know it can ruin a picture - a story or even a life.
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