

Marge, March 27, 1969

Stray facts for your interest or comment:

Did you know that a "biographical history of northern Michigan containing biographies of prominent citizens" refers to Mr. Stroud as "Alonzo J. Stroud"? Says he ~~manuscript~~ brought sawmill to Horton Bay in 1876, that he put in another mill in 1896 and took in Mr. Dilworth as partner but that at the end of one year he bought out Dilworth's interest. He operated the mills until about 1901 when scarcity of timber made him turn to other interests.... So you see the mill would have been a ruin all right when you and Hem, born about the time of the Mill's ~~decease~~, looked at it from the point..... In this connection I wonder if you agreed with Marcelline in her biography that Hem used the Dilworths as crude figures of parody in *Up in Michigan*? This is one of the very few stories written about a period in which Hem could have played no personal part. The story took place, presumably in the last decade of the 19th century. Certainly the male figure resembled old Mr. Dilworth, mustache, physical stature, occupation, but I can find no similarity between Aunty Beth and Liz of the story. Of course one doesn't look for the similarity, but after all Marcelline did make the comment. I suppose the women had the name Elizabeth in common, as the men both were known as Jim. Allowing for the weaving of the author one is really puzzled why Hem should have fastened this rather sordid story on two such beloved old people, unless he used them as substitutes for his own parents or perhaps the whole Victorian bit. Van Hoesen, Ken, one of your admirers, told me there were vague stories about the older people and I suppose this may have been a bit of ironic amusement for Hemingway to portray these figures of ~~respectability~~ in a ludicrous light. Of course these early stories were published in France, and I remember Hem being quoted as saying, about *THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S WIFE*, in which he used the Indian Boulton's name, without change, that he didn't expect these people to be subscribers to the *Trans-Atlantic Review*....

To show you how these legends grow, I met a former owner of the Horton Bay store, Mr. Verne Gram and he told me Dilworth was the model for the man of the story but Liz Coates of the story was patterned after Liz Fox who had run the Red Fox Inn. Volley Fox had run the Horton Bay store at the time of Hem's marriage. Gram directed me to a Mrs. Ben Belknap down the street. She was the sister of Liz Fox and thought her sister had been the model. Didn't disturb her a bit. Like Asheville after T. Wolfe, places change their views after the fact, it seems. She told me a lot about Mrs. Hem, how she painted back of the store, and it was she who directed me first to the Charles farm. ~~manuscript~~ The house was gone of course but it was fun to stand up there on the heights and look over at the water above the trees. Later I met Van Hoesen, the owner of the property and he gave me a guided tour. He has some of the boards from the original Charles house in his cottage down the bay now, and he has some more boards piled up for his son's later use.....

You know, Marge, when I first retraced the route Hem would have taken from the point back to town, I kept thinking of your admonition to him in the story, make your way back around the bay, or

words to that effect, and I had to laugh to myself many times, or groan, rather, because getting back around the cove was no simple matter and I personally fell in the swampiness several times and got cut off by unexpected terrain features. Of course I realized later this was really fiction, but at the time, wet through and through and pretty tired, I said to myself what a wonderful punishment you had visited upon that young man to make him go home that way....

Amazing how many people in Petoskey, those who were there in the old days, had lost all track of you, Marge; for many of them your life ended at the time of Hem's story and it is too bad they did not know about the rest of your life; of course I met these people before I met you. I guess the only one who really seemed to know about you was Pailthorp and he had to think it over a few days before he could remember what the facts were that he knew. It was he, in case I haven't told you before, who put me on to where you lived in Florida, what your married name was and the fact that Dr. Main as a dentist. He thought Dr. Main had died. He also knew about the family tragedy; he seemed quite feeling about it. I can't remember where he picked all this up; but the fact is he was absolutely the only one who knew, and I was glad he hadn't put that Montgomery girl onto you exactly. Of course I must give myself some little credit for perinacity in plowing after you among those golf-playing girls around Daytona, plus the fact that I was able to find an old city directory in which you were still listed -- at the chamber of commerce. Actually I would have found you anyway through another Mrs. Main whom I found on the beach and contacted on the chance she had received some of your mail by accident. She had by thunder and was very nice and it was she who put me on to the Dunkels. So you see it is a regular whodunit -- all of which, as our friend would say, must bore you; what I was really starting out to say was merely how you had vanished in Petoskey for someone whose people had been entrepreneurs there so long. That good looking Curtis banker, the older one, remembered you well of course and it was in this context that he recalled the story and criticized Hem for it. It was this Curtis who told me what a terrible speaker Hem was as a returned soldier. Hem gave the worst talk he had ever heard, Curtis said; Hem was absolutely embarrassingly inept, and the only thing that was good about it to Curtis was the bloody blanket or the pants with gun shot in them. Curtis was only about 14 at the time but was in charge of the assembly so he must have been a very precocious young man. He was very nice to me. I also met his younger brother. I had gone into the bank on the off chance that in 1948, during the one time that Hem went back to Petoskey, after or before he stopped in at the Arcadia for some coffee (where Dutch found him) he had stopped in at the bank for old lang zine(sp), but he hadn't. Another funny thing: Dutch said he thought Hem would not have looked him up and that meeting him was just an accident. He had stopped in Petoskey on his way to Idaho and had visited the house at Walloon and "given" it to his driver and then stopped in Petoskey and told a hardware store about some repairs that needed to be done. The next morning, after staying at the Perry, Dutch found him at the Arcadia.

I suppose I go into all of this partly in the hope that some of this talk will unlock some memories of yours. I'm told one's experiences, every single one of them, is recorded somewhere and it is only a matter of bringing them out. This is untrue of me, certainly. At least I think so. But you my dear are absolutely remarkable in your evocative talents when you are so disposed or when the right key is turned.

Note: I said Ramsey, Dr. Ramsey, Marge, but I really knew it was Ramsdell. It's simply that I hadn't looked it up. Don't want you to think I get absolutely everything wrong.

odd thought of mine: In post war years Hem needed to be with young girls, like yourself, girls much younger than himself, girls that reminded him of his happy high school days, perhaps; but, paradoxically, the girl he married was eight years older than he. The impact of mama in all this of course is so charged with possibility that it defies assault, really.

In THREE DAY BLOW, Hem achieved some kind of effect, tension or meaning by changing the ages of those involved. The talk of Bill and Hem in the story often makes them appear about 15 or 16, that is boyish, and yet Hem at the Marge period in his life, was 20 and Bill was 23. If these characters had been and acted older I do believe the effect would have been lost somehow.

Burch, that was Frances Pailthorp's maiden name. She had given me a very unusably dark picture of G.E. dressed in an Indian costume and there was some talk that G.E. had Indian blood in her, but Dutch scoffed at this. She was beautiful I was told but had legs by Steinway, which didn't matter so much in those days, I guess. Everyone there thought G.E. had married into the Otis elevator family but I found out later it was an entirely different Otis family, thought a right one. Frances, who was herself a problem drinker, told me G.E. drank herself to death but who knows about these things. (This stuff sounds gossipy, granted, but I must insist my motivation takes such curse off.)

I have a quote here from Frances Pailthorp that I don't understand: that Georgiana married Mr. Graham's son by another marriage. If so where did the Card come from? One of your old letters might explain this. Oh yes, I seem to remember, second marriage; but I don't remember about Graham's son.....Did you know that Judge Pailthorp lived to be 100 years and six months old.

(But I suppose you are kept in touch with info by Connie Curtis.)

I wonder if you remember Harriet Kilborn, book store owner. She is the one Hem researchers are always referred to and we finally became friends after a frosty beginning, but actually she knows really nothing that is accurate or new. She and sunny and connable keep in touch.

The town of Petoskey was rather shocked by Hadley because she was seen in a restaurant with Hem smoking a cigarette.

Glenn Bain was the one who told me that he had been a soda jerker in Martin's Ice Cream parlor.

I wonder what you think of this memory of one Leo O'neal, whose father ran the old Parker house and who spoke to me one day in Petoskey a couple of years ago. According to my notes ---

Leo knew Hem's father, Dr. Hem and remember him coming into town during the summer and shopping either at Fochman's or Chattaway's, both now out of business. The name Fochman is perpetuated in Petoskey today in the name of a motor company run by a relative.

"I hear a lot about the difficulties between Hem and his mother," Leo said, "and I don't know if it's related or not, but it was Dr. Hemingway who did all the shopping, not Mrs. Hemingway."

Leo had not read the Petoskey story, TORRENTS OF SPRING or Hem's short story, The End of Something, but he was helpful about certain physical situations relating to Marge Bump, as heard previously from Bain. We walked to an insurance office at the corner of Lake and Park avenue which was formerly occupied by Martin's Ice cream store and he showed me how Hem had been able to watch out for Mrs. Graham. Standing there at what had been Martin's, Leo pointed out to me the location of Bump and McCabe's about two blocks away across the park. It was a point on Mitchell Street now occupied by Gridley's Drug store and one small part of McClellan's Variety store. You could see the location of the hardware store very easily through the trees and lilac bushes of the park and it was easy to imagine Mrs. Graham (always remembered as Mrs. Bump) striding out of her hardware store, taking a baleful glance toward Martin's and then hot-footing it across the small park. (Marge of course I don't believe this now) Regardless of what route she had chosen, whether on one side of the Grand Rapids and Indiana RR or the other, the good soldier Hem ingway could have seen her coming through the window in plenty of time to effect his escape. Bain had told me old man Rice, who was the father of Mrs. Martin, and who worked in the store, ~~was~~ resented Hemingway's sitting around the store with Marjorie and telling stories and not buying anything.

Leo and I walked along Park avenue by the pleasant park, a little chilly now in the late October winds, and stood in front of the former Bump and McCabe location. "It's all change now except for the Penney store," Leo said. "Fochman's is gone (ten stores under one roof) and Chattaway's (where you got the slightly better groceries) and Bump and McCabe's." After Mr. Bump died, Leo remembered, the store was known as McCabe's and was run by Mr. Graham.

"Was he fat," I asked.

"Yes he was fat; he was a good looking man, but fat, I guess you'd say. He'd been a salesman and wanted to get out of that. He wanted security. I remember he had a kind of satisfied look."

"My God Hemingway used that very phrase in the famous story."

"Oh, well I don't know about the story. I never read it."

Well, Marge, (this is me again in the present) this is enough for today. Next time I will send you a clipping showing a lot of pictures from the early days from an advance story about Carlos Baker's book. Some of the pix are of your vintage and one is the one you loaned me, that of Hem and his friend Jack Pentecost, allegedly on the trip up north that resulted in Bighearted Two Hearted River. They were shown sideby side with their

Marge, March 27, 1969

Stray facts for your interest or comment:

Did you know that a "biographical history of northern Michigan containing biographies of prominent citizens" refers to Mr. Stroud as "Alonzo J. Stroud". Says he ~~manchmanmanman~~ brought sawmill to Horton Bay in 1876, that he put in another mill in 1896 and took in Mr. Dilworth as partner but that at the end of one year he bought out Dilworth's interest. He operated the mills until about 1901 when scarcity of timber made him turn to other interests.... So you see the mill would have been a ruin all right when you and Hem, born about the time of the Mill's ~~decease~~, looked at it from the point..... In this connection I wonder if you agreed with Marcelline in her biography that Hem used the Dilworths as crude figures of parody in Up in Michigan? This is one of the very few stories written about a period in which Hem could have played no personal part. The story took place, presumably in the last decade of the 19th century. Certainly the male figure resembled old Mr. Dilworth, mustache, physical stature, occupation, but I can find no similarity between Aunty Beth and Liz of the story. Of course one doesn't look for the similarity, but after all Marcelline did make the comment. I suppose the women had the name Elizabeth in common, as the men both were known as Jim. Allowing for the weaving of the author one is really puzzled why Hem should have fastened this rather sordid story on two such beloved old people, unless he used them as substitutes for his own parents or perhaps the whole Victorian bit. Van Hoesen, Ken, one of your admirers, told me there were vague stories about the older people and I suppose this may have been a bit of ironic amusement for Hemingway to portray these figures of ~~respectability~~ in a ludicrous light. Of course these early stories were published in France, and I remember Hem being quoted as saying, about THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S WIFE, in which he used the Indian Boulton's name, without change, that he didn't expect these people to be subscribers to the Trans-Atlantic Review....

To show you how these legends grow, I met a former owner of the Horton Bay store, Mr. Verne Gram and he told me Dilworth was the model for the man of the story but Liz Coates of the story was patterned after Liz Fox who had run the Red Fox Inn. Volley Fox had run the Horton Bay store at the time of Hem's marriage. Gram directed me to a Mrs. Ben Belknap down the street. She was the sister of Liz Fox and thought her sister had been the model. Didn't disturb her a bit. Like Asheville after T. Wolfe, places change their views after the fact, it seems. She told me a lot about Mrs. Hem, how she painted back of the store, and it was she who directed me first to the Charles farm. ~~manman~~ The house was gone of course but it was fun to stand up there on the heights and look over at the water above the trees. Later I met Van Hoesen, the owner of the property and he gave me a guided tour. He has some of the boards from the original Charles house in his cottage down the bay now, and he has some more boards piled up for his son's later use.....

You know, Marge, when I first retraced the route Hem would have taken from the point back to town, I kept thinking of your admonition to him in the story, make your way back around the bay, or

words to that effect, and I had to laugh to myself many times, or groan, rather, because getting back around the cove was no simple matter and I personally fell in the swampiness several times and got cut off by unexpected terrain features. Of course I realized later this was really fiction, but at the time, wet through and through and pretty tired, I said to myself what a wonderful punishment you had visited upon that young man to make him go home that way....

Amazing how many people in Petoskey, those who were there in the old days, had lost all track of you, Marge; for many of them your life ended at the time of Hem's story and it is too bad they did not know about the rest of your life; of course I met these people before I met you. I guess the only one who really seemed to know about you was Pailthorp and he had to think it over a few days before he could remember what the facts were that he knew. It was he, in case I haven't told you before, who put me on to where you lived in Florida, what your married name was and the fact that Dr. Main as a dentist. He thought Dr. Main had died. He also knew about the family tragedy; he seemed quite feeling about it. I can't remember where he picked all this up; but the fact is he was absolutely the only one who knew, and I was glad he hadn't put that Montgomery girl onto you exactly. Of course I must give myself some little credit for perinacity in plowing after you among those golf-playing girls around Daytona, plus the fact that I was able to find an old city directory in which you were still listed -- at the chamber of commerce. Actually I would have found you anyway through another Mrs. Main whom I found on the beach and contacted on the chance she had received some of your mail by accident. She had by thunder and was very nice and it was she who put me on to the Dunks. So you see it is a regular whodunit -- all of which, as our friend would say, must bore you; what I was really starting out to say was merely how you had vanished in Petoskey for someone whose people had been entrepreneurs there so long. That good looking Curtis banker, the older one, remembered you well of course and it was in this context that he recalled the story and criticized Hem for it. It was this Curtis who told me what a terrible speaker Hem was as a returned soldier. Hem gave the worst talk he had ever heard, Curtis said; Hem was absolutely embarrassingly inept, and the only thing that was good about it to Curtis was the bloody blanket or the pants with gun shot in them. Curtis was only about 14 at the time but was in charge of the assembly so he must have been a very precocious young man. He was very nice to me. I also met his younger brother. I had gone into the bank on the off chance that in 1948, during the one time that Hem went back to Petoskey, after or before he stopped in at the Arcadia for some coffee (where Dutch found him) he had stopped in at the bank for old lang zine(sp), but he hadn't. Another funny thing: Dutch said he thought Hem would not have looked him up and that meeting him was just an accident. He had stopped in Petoskey on his way to Idaho and had visited the house at Walloon and "given" it to his driver and then stopped in Petoskey and told a hardware store about some repairs that needed to be done. The next morning, after staying at the Perry, Dutch found him at the Arcadia.

I suppose I go into all of this partly in the hope that some of this talk will unlock some memories of yours. I'm told one's experiences, every single one of them, is recorded somewhere and it is only a matter of bringing them out. This is untrue of me, certainly. At least I think so. But you my dear are absolutely remarkable in your evocative talents when you are so disposed or when the right key is turned.

Note: I said Ramsey, Dr. Ramsey, Marge, but I really knew it was Ramsdell. It's simply that I hadn't looked it up. Don't want you to think I get absolutely everything wrong.

odd thought of mine: In post war years Hem needed to be with young girls, like yourself, girls much younger than himself, girls that reminded him of his happy high school days, perhaps; but, paradoxically, the girl he married was eight years older than he. The impact of mama in all this of course is so charged with possibility that it defies assault, really.

In THREE DAY BLOW, Hem achieved some kind of effect, tension or meaning by changing the ages of those involved. The talk of Bill and Hem in the story often makes them appear about 15 or 16, that is boyish, and yet Hem at the Marge period in his life, was 20 and Bill was 23. If these characters had been and acted older I do believe the effect would have been lost somehow.

Burch, that was Frances Pailthorp's maiden name. She had given me a very unusably dark picture of G.E. dressed in an Indian costume and there was some talk that G.E. had Indian blood in her, but Dutch scoffed at this. She was beautiful I was told but had legs by Steinway, which didn't matter so much in those days, I guess. Everyone there thought G.E. had married into the Otis elevator family but I found out later it was an entirely different Otis family, thought a right one. Frances, who was herself a problem drinker, told me G.E. drank herself to death but who knows about these things. (This stuff sounds gossipy, granted, but I must insist my motivation takes such curse off.)

I have a quote here from Frances Pailthorp that I don't understand: that Georgiana married Mr. Graham's son by another marriage. If so where did the Card come from? One of your old letters might explain this. Oh yes, I seem to remember, second marriage; but I don't remember about Graham's son.....Did you know that Judge Pailthorp lived to be 100 years and six months old.

(But I suppose you are kept in touch with info by Connie Curtis.)

I wonder if you remember Harriet Kilborn, book store owner. She is the one Hem researchers are always referred to and we finally became friends after a frosty beginning, but actually she knows really nothing that is accurate or new. She and sunny and connable keep in touch.

The town of Petoskey was rather shocked by Hadley because she was seen in a restaurant with Hem smoking a cigarette.

Glenn Bain was the one who told me that he had been a soda jerk in Martin's Ice Cream parlor.

I wonder what you think of this memory of one Leo O'neal, whose father ran the old Parker house and who spoke to me one day in Petoskey a couple of years ago. According to my notes ---

Leo knew Hem's father, Dr. Hem and remember him coming into town during the summer and shopping either at Fochman's or Chattaway's, both now out of business. The name Fochman is perpetuated in Petoskey today in the name of a motor company run by a relative.

"I hear a lot about the difficulties between Hem and his mother," Leo said, "and I don't know if it's related or not, but it was Dr. Hemingway who did all the shopping, not Mrs. Hemingway."

Leo had not read the Petoskey story, TORRENTS OF SPRING or Hem's short story, The End of Something, but he was helpful about certain physical situations relating to Marge Bump, as heard previously from Bain. We walked to an insurance office at the corner of Lake and Park avenue which was formerly occupied by Martin's Ice cream store and he showed me how Hem had been able to watch out for Mrs. Graham. Standing there at what had been Martin's, Leo pointed out to me the location of Bump and McCabe's about two blocks away across the park. It was a point on Mitchell Street now occupied by Gridley's Drug store and one small part of McClellan's Variety store. You could see the location of the hardware store very easily through the trees and lilac bushes of the park and it was easy to imagine Mrs. Graham (always remembered as Mrs. Bump) striding out of her hardware store, taking a baleful glance toward Martin's and then hot-footing it across the small park. (Marge of course I don't believe this now) Regardless of what route she had chosen, whether on one side of the Grand Rapids and Indiana RR or the other, the good soldier Hemingway could have seen her coming through the window in plenty of time to effect his escape. Bain had told me old man Rice, who was the father of Mrs. Martin, and who worked in the store, ~~resented~~ resented Hemingway's sitting around the store with Marjorie and telling stories and not buying anything.

Leo and I walked along Park avenue by the pleasant park, a little chilly now in the late October winds, and stood in front of the former Bump and McCabe location. "It's all change now except for the Penney store," Leo said. "Fochman's is gone (ten stores under one roof) and Chattaway's (where you got the slightly better groceries) and Bump and McCabe's." After Mr. Bump died, Leo remembered, the store was known as McCabe's and was run by Mr. Graham.

"Was he fat," I asked.

"Yes he was fat; he was a good looking man, but fat, I guess you'd say. He'd been a salesman and wanted to get out of that. He wanted security. I remember he had a kind of satisfied look."

"My God Hemingway used that very phrase in the famous story."

"Oh, well I don't know about the story. I never read it."

Well, Marge, (this is me again in the present) this is enough for today. Next time I will send you a clipping showing a lot of pictures from the early days from an advance story about Carlos Baker's book. Some of the pix are of your vintage and one is the one you loaned me, that of Hem and his friend Jack Pentecost, allegedly on the trip up north that resulted in Bighearted Two Hearted River. They were shown side by side with their