

Sat -

My dear Don,

Here I go. I hope the right words come along. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't

Yes, I am sure E. wrote about the Dilworths. I truly hated him when I read it. I'm sure he meant Mrs D. as far as he dared. He was angry with her because she was close to his mother in the days when everyone criticised him for ~~every~~* thing. I always felt that Mrs D. disapproved of E. that summer, and put up with him because of his parents. They were close friends. Mrs H. helped Mrs D. with painting. Of course I remember Mrs Fox very well and all her family. E. told me once about how Mr Fox told him about My father and the high regard in which he was held. His words, " You would have thought he was a high official, at his funeral. All the stores closed and many men marching to the bridge ahead of the casket. "

There really was a path from the road around to the point in those days. I wonder what happened to the terraine. We had to cross the creek ^{at the old mill -} on large flat logs, but I have walked it many, many times, and we didn't get our feet wet.

There were many people in Petoskey who knew some about my life. The children and I had a cottage in Bay View one summer to be near Pudge a little while, but I didn't see ^{many of} the older generation. Then Sidney and I stayed at a Hotel in Bay View one summer when Sid was in the Air Force and the girls married. After Chas Graham died I kept a checking account in the Nat. Bank for many years. When Chas Graham died, Dutch Pailthorp and Chim Curtis were administrators. Pudge and I inherited. Poor Frances P. She seemed old to me when she used to teach me Art. She was Dutch's ^(I don't know about any marriage) older sister. Chas Graham was an old bachelor when mother married him. He had been a friend of my father. His nephew Franklin G. from Detroit, visited for a while and dated Pudge. No marriage. I am sure people would not have wanted to talk about Pudge's husband, R. Card, and I don't either. He died about 15 years ago. I don't remember H. Kilborn, but the name is familiar.

About the store. My grandfather started it for our father when he was out of college. He was an only son, so when he said that the ^{only} thing he wanted was a hardware, grandfather financed it. Can't remember the first partner's name. In my first memory, Mr Mc Cabe was a partner, chosen partly because he was a Catholic. They were all friends. Mrs Mc Cabe died in child birth. Our father died before he was forty. Gossip had it that mother would marry Mr Mc C. I think she would have had he not been Catholic. George Mc Cabe was not the business man that our father was. They changed the name of the store to Mc Cabe's but our family was still chief stock- holder. Chas G. didn't manage the store until it was nearly on the rocks, and G. Mc Cabe ready to retire. When C.G. died, Pudge's husband wanted to try his hand. There lies a sad tale.

I don't remember E's speech as being so dreadful, but I was probably biased. I do remember his hesitating in search of a right word. He later gave the same talk to the Womens Club, and was probably better with practice.

Yes, Dr H. seemed to have more charge of things in general than Mrs H. Perhaps he wanted to give her a vacation from the house when he was there during the summer. After all, six children were a parcel.

opportunity
I'm glad my mother can't hear those stories. She would be shocked. She lived her own full life and would never have stalked E. She would have had plenty of ~~times~~ to see him at her house or Grandmother's. I remember one time *8* talking with E. at the store. He and Bill had come in town for something. He phoned to ask if I could come down to see them. Of course I went. They were looking at fishing tackle. The store always gave a prize for the largest fish. I remember some remark made by someone to the effect that one would think they could buy something when they got their prize. All of this is not sharp memory, only hazy impressions.

I truly would love to walk over the ground with you, showing what is the same and what different. The people I saw when I went to Petoskey. Mrs Guy Hankey, my *Louis & Peggy Hankey* father's cousin; Connie; Mr Homer Sly and his second wife, and my close friend, Helen Sly Litson(lives in Grand Rapids); Chim Curtis; Chuck Bailly; Eleanor Hankey Burford, (lives in St Louis); Mrs Barbour an old sunday school teacher. No, I haven't kept close contact with anyone but Connie and Helen. Once or twice Sidney and I played bridge with Heber and Bill Curtis, Connie's brothers.

This letter is a mess, but you may get something out of it. I am glad to have you pick my memory. Perhaps it is vivid because I was away from it all so long that other later memories haven't been superimposed.

Enough for this time -

*Love
Marge -*



Mr Don St. John

Trinidad

New Hampshire

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