

Sunday - March 31, 1969

Dear Don,

I've been thinking about what you said about me not going back to Petoskey so people would know about me. That is a wrong impression, and you didn't happen to talk with the people who would know.

When Sidney and I were first married we both stayed for a month. That summer, with Mother and Charles - while our house in Ishpeming was being done over. Mother had sold our house on Grove St. - and bought grand mother's - and remembered that. Sidney played golf and I saw many old friends. We went out to dinner and in parties. Ura H. came in to see me and met Sidney.

I always come down to see Mother every summer as long as we lived in Ishpeming - and would bring a baby or two - Grandmother spent part of her summers with her sister - Mrs. Watson, in Grand Rapids - or rather at the lake near by. When Grandmother was in her last illness - Mother took care of her - ^{with me} so she could die in the old home stead. Chas Graham, by then, was in real estate in Birmingham, Mich. and bought a house there. He and Mother lived there but Mother came back to the Petoskey house summers. After Grandmother

died - Mother sold the house and left Petoskey
for several years. ^(Some months she was with me) When things got bad
at the hardware - Mother persuaded Charles
G. to see what he could do about it. They
moved back to Petoskey and bought the
house on Mitchell St. I visited them there
several times. Mother died there - and
Chas. G. still lived there as his death. @ 1935
I had gone for several short visits after mother
died.

Pudge and her family lived in Detroit
but moved back into that house where Bob E.
wanted to run the hardware. When it folded
they went back to Detroit. After that there
was nothing in Petoskey to draw me. People
died and moved away. It was always
considered bad taste in Petoskey for one's name
to be in the paper - so only close associates
knew my coming or going. Very few
were conscious of Ernest Hemingway or his
stories. - I had dated other people for
several years during vacations - and I'm
sure very few would have remembered that
E. was my first boy friend had he not
written the stories. I had no occasion to see
any of the people you mention except Chim
& Fritz Curtis at the bank. I doubt if
any of the ones I know well would have talked
with anyone asking questions.

Charles Graham didn't need our family for security
He was a frugal man, considered well off
until stroke losses in 1929. He was getting
back on his feet making land deals etc -
when he died. Ernest didn't like him because
he didn't like Ernest. I'm sure Chas felt
suspicious of Ernest's motives in hanging around.
I know now that E. was lonely and hungry
and grand mother made him feel comfortable
and welcome. He liked me, yes, but not
the way you and everyone thought after the
story. Did I ever mention that E. wanted
me to wear things that looked like those
Ura wore. I remember no time he suggested
I buy some shoes like hers. Ura told me
how she and Ernest could talk and discuss
things. I was a continuation of Ura.
Had he not written the "erased slate" letter
that sent me underground and afraid to
communicate - romance just might have
developed. But it didn't and he met Hadley.
I was not hurt broken. My heart was still
too flexible and I had too many other interesting
things to do and think about. I was hurt
but I had been hurt more by a broken doll.
I never forgot him or many of the things he
said. He was over my head - so I continued
to grow and follow in his footsteps in an
idealistic way. I probably knew more about
his idealistic thoughts than anyone - his hurts
and frustrations.

I feel quite discouraged at times about the possibility of making you understand. So much harm has been done by people who know nothing about it - trying to make memories fit fiction.

I probably tell more about grandmother Bump than my mother - because I was with her so much more. Mother had her own life and I - she had time to concentrate on me. Mother and grandmother Bump were very close because her own mother, ^{grandmother} died before ~~she~~ ^{mother} married. Grandmother Ahle was Lucy Stoud - niece of the Alamy Stoud you wrote about. When Horton's Bay was thriving and Mother and uncle Ernest were children - they lived for a time at Horton's Bay.

The Delweths knew them as children and told me many a tale of their doings - especially about mother who had a horse and rode over the country side like a young Indian. Any interesting personality I may have comes from her. Grandmother Bump was the quiet religious type - gentle and always sweet -

Mother had a temper - lots of energy - a great urge to do things for people - a perfect house keeper - things were never dull around mother. Her personality swamped Pudge and me and made us feel inadequate. She had great perception and a lot of what we now call E.S.P.

It was a tragedy that my father died so young (typhoid - from a hunting trip) He and mother were a good team and it was a good marriage. She pulled out of everything after he died. She had been so dependent on his strength and leadership. She became

strong and independent - as I have.

She was always in awe of Grand father Bump -
as we all were. I sometimes feel that
I picked a "Grand father Bump" to marry -
because he was the red and staff.

Don't know why I tell you these things
except that your questions lead into
them.

I remember Judge Philthorp well.
He was a friend of Grand father and
came to see him. Sometimes he would
bring Dutch when D. was a little boy.
There was tragedy in that family, too.

Enough

Love

Mary -

Continuation

Dear Don -

Since you want flash memories I will
put them down when they flash -

Just remember about the time I
dashed down to see Ernest + Bill when
they came to select their prize. It was
the fall before E came to stay in
Bellevue. I was back in school but
the Charles' hadn't gone back to St Louis.
E was staying with them. E
wrote me - saying how good I looked.
I remember the phrase "Alas mistress
the Bird". He often called Bill -
the Bird. I was pleased for I had
a reverent admiration for Bill - He
had a quiet nobility, quite unforgettable.
I wanted him to like me, but I was afraid
to talk to him.

Flash - after Ernest gave his talk
to the women's club - everyone crowded
around giving him much adulation -
old and young. I wasn't there.
Mrs Sly - one of my best friends mother -
told me later. "You should have been
there to protect your property."
answering - "He isn't my property." I remember

Flash -

walking home after a Sunday evening
of, first, church service and then a social
time at the Rev. Alberts - walking
the long way - up the hill - (Mills St.)
across and then down grade - snow
sparkling - crunching underfoot -
holding hands. Can't remember
conversation - perhaps there wasn't any.

Flash -

Dancing with E after graduation -
me in a white net dress - sent for
from Best & Co. in N. Y. He said
something nice - I said something
sarcastic - He said "Don't be like
that." "I'm feeling miserable and unhappy -"
so I said all the wrong things.

one said low by one sort of bug.
The whole family has had it.
Had expected to leave for Cuernavaca
next week - but will now wait
until May -

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