

April 9, 1980

Dear Marge:

By now Georgie will have come and gone and I take it, from a postcard from Georgie, that things went well and all of you had a grand time. As for me I have had a ten-day bout with a combination of a bad cold and the flu. That's what accounts for my laggardness in reply to your really great letters.

And now I have just received your latest letter dated Saturday, April 5 in which you were good enough to give me a rundown on the visit. While you say the experience was too many sided to describe I think I got the good feeling very well from your letter - the spiritualist prophesying to Georgie & Cynthia & all the excitement. I hope you don't feel lonely after they leave, which of course you will, but this in turn will be compensated for by the relaxation.

You know I found the chicken reference in our old correspondence most of which does not include my carbons since they are such a nuisance. But at times I used them to try and maintain continuity, particularly when we were talking about old E. Going back over some of that Italian stuff did make me pine a bit for that kind of sophisticated life, atop a Roman penthouse, as opposed to being stuck in the boondocks of New Hampshire. But I'm not blind, really; I am well aware that the human spirit is never satisfied. A good example ~~mmm~~ is when I feel bad for some reason or other. I seem to be terribly preoccupied with what's bothering me and I feel sorry for myself and envious of people in the street who obviously do not have a care in the world; then a good streak takes hold of me and I am totally oblivious of the fact that I am feeling good. It's all such a paradox. The curse of feeling good, happy, etc. is that, except for little tiny moments of ~~mm~~ detached awareness, you don't seem to appreciate it until later. Therefore those happy people I pass in the streets, I tell myself, don't even know they're happy, so why should I worry about it. If all this sounds a little morbid I'm afraid that is one of the prices one pays for introspection. The price you pay for not having introspection, as I have said, is that you are blind to the course of the world; so I guess this is God's little trick of keeping everything even.

It has been a lot warmer here, temperature-wise, but it has been very wet and windy. So I have kept the wood fire going. It helps in the evening, I must say, even though I begrudge using wood so late in the season; but it seems to be holding out and now I must worry about next year's supply. There is little other evidence of spring, except that the cowbirds are back, and yesterday there was a Cardinal in my apple tree. However this is probably the one who stays in Mrs. Koch's yard over the winter.

Did you by any chance see Hemingway's short story, "Soldiers Home" on public television about a week ago? It was a new production based on Hem's account of his first return from the war to Petoskey. It is a great story, but the film was unsatisfactory to me; it chose to depict Hemingway's hero (Hemingway) as a Johnny one-note sourball dissatisfied with the world after the excitement of a European war. Partly true of course but much overdone.

After seeing the picture (introduced by Henry Fonda) I tried to think of Hemingway's life then in terms of Walloon Lake and Petoskey and Marge Bump. Researching a bit I managed to assemble the following schedule:

Jan 21, 1919 - H returns from New York to Oak Park.

March 14 H gives talk to Oak Park High School assembly.

March Agnes, by means of a letter, tied the can on Hemingway. She was still in Italy & enamored of a Tenente.

April-May Bill visited E. in Oak Park.

Early June Horton Bay with Smith at Charles Farm.

Early July E. strong again, with Bill to Vanderbilt region s. Horton. Met Edwin Balmer at Walloon.

Late summer Upper Peninsula- Seney, getting basis for Big Two-Hearted River material.

Later Would sit at Dilworth's Pinehurst Cottage waiting for Marge to get off from work. Marge, red hair, freckles, sunny. Marge & E. would take sandwiches and go out to the point for long evenings by a driftwood campfire.

(This is Baker's idea, but he goes on to say H.

"characteristically romanticized their friendship in a pair of related stories." Thus, I guess, agreeing with you Marge.

Marge then went back to h.s. in Petoskey & E. stayed at Horton Bay until Oct. when he went back to Oak Park. But then came back to Dilworths.

Nov:

E. in Petoskey. Saw Marge after H.S. and walked her home.

Thanksgiving.

Met the Connables, which opened up Toronto.

Jan 1920

Oak Park.

Jan. 6

Chicago. Had date with Irene.

Jan. 8

Went to Toronto

Marge, I loved your previous letters and will respond to them in my next letter. I am kind of catching up after my illness. Hope you are well, and

much love,

Jan 21 - 1919 - N.Y. from State
Mar 14 - Oak Park High School talk.
Mar. Agnes tried can to him (letter)

April/May - Lates Kallings Longwell on
Des Plaines R.
Bill visited Em in Oak Park
(1st time since 1917).

Early June - Horton Bay - with Smith at the
Charles farm.

Early July - strong again - w. Bill to Vanderbilt
20 n. S.E. of Horton Bay.
met Edwin Palmer - wellborn

Late Summer - Upper Peninsula - Searcy.
(Big & hearted River)

Late Summer - would sit at Dilworth's
Pinehurst Cottage waiting for Marge
Bump to get off from work.

~~Marge Bump, Green Creek, Ill. was 17.~~
Marge Bump, Green Creek, Ill. was 17.
Red hair, freckles, Searcy, enemy of E. -
"Long enemy" beside disrupted fire!
Marge went back to H.S. Petasch
E. play Horton Bay. till Oct.

1919
Oct. —

Back to Oak Park
then Back to Delworths.

Nov —

Peterburg —

Saw Maize after H.S. &
walked her home. (Cunningham)
met ~~Cunningham~~ ~~from London~~ etc.

Thanksgiving —

Jan - 1920

— Oak Park —

Jan 6 →

driv. from Broadgate —

Jan. 8 —

+ route - Cumulative