

Ernst Wiechert

Hof Gagert/May 8th, 1947

Dear Mr. Thornton,

I have to thank you so very much. Your care-package has arrived, filled with the most wonderful things, and my heart is moved, more than I can say.

And you could not have known that it arrived just in time. On the 1. of May, at 4 in the morning, I sat on the balcony above my garden, and began to write the first lines of my book. The continuation of my self-biography. Only the cuckoo and I had left their nest, and so it is every morning now. And with nearly each book my stomach-ulcer begins to rise too (from coffee and cigarettes and the pains of spirit and soul), and you have sent me the most wonderful things to keep it down.

Sometimes I remember the words of James Branch Cabell: 'Lord, what a deal of ruined life it takes to make a little art!'

For January/1917

Ernest Hemingway

But the branches of the blooming apple-trees hang over the ballustrade, and it is wonderful to see the day coming over the mountains. And it is wonderful to be a poet, don't you mean so? In spite of all pains and doubts and despair which will come with every book.

*Ernest Hemingway*  
*Yours*

*Ernest Hemingway*

U.S.A.



Mr. Willis Thornton  
2855 Voentry Road  
Shaker Heights 20/Ohio/U.S.A.



OPENED BY

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Hof Gagert  
über Wolfratshausen / Obb.

(13b)

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Deutschland