

corbis



**A Part of Them:
Mary Hemingway's
Story**



Synopsis

Mary, Ernest and old family friend/ chauffeur, George Brown, set out on a five day, 1,786 mile automobile trip during the last week of the Ernest's life before his suicide, returning from Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN to their home in Ketchum, ID in late June, 1961. "A Part of Them: Mary Hemingway's Story" is a docudrama with companion nonfiction photo essay book based upon Mary's account in her autobiography *How It Was*. A professional cast, film crew and still photographer will retrace and dramatize the Hemingway party's trip in the same daily segments on the same calendar dates.



Mayo Clinic

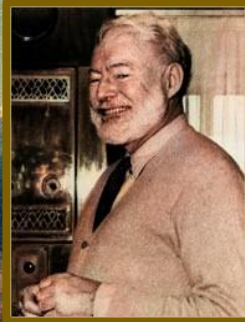


St. Mary's Hospital



Kahler Hotel

Ernest's attending psychiatrist, Dr. Howard Rome, phoned Mary to report Ernest was improving and suggested a visit. She obliged.



A few days into the visit, Dr. Rome had a surprise for her.

"I was dumbfounded to see Ernest there, dressed in street clothes, grinning like a Cheshire cat. "Ernest is ready to go home," said Dr. Rome. With Ernest there in the small office, I could make no protest or rebuttal. "

How It Was

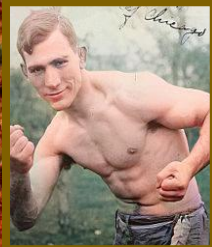
Mary Welsh Hemingway

"I knew that Ernest was not cured...he had charmed and deceived Dr. Rome to the conclusion that he was sane. There might still be some therapy which could cure my husband.

Ernest slept at the hospital for a night or two. From the hotel I called our old friend in New York, George Brown, to ask if he would fly out and drive us home from Rochester. He would. I rented a two-door, hardtop Buick."

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



George Brown was also Ernest's boxing coach.

1956 two door hardtop Buick as in the Hertz Fleet



The Trip

"...early on June 26 we pulled away from St. Mary's and headed west on U.S. Route 63. I made detailed notes on the journey, recording each day's mileage, the receding landscapes, temperatures."

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



In the flat fields of southwest Minnesota the corn spread out about a foot high for miles...we had wild roses and kinnikinnick...among the grasses of the roadside and the perfume of new-mown hay sweeping into the car.”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway

The second day crossed the state of South Dakota and the northeast corner of Wyoming.



Dignity of Earth and Sky



The massive gorge of the Missouri River unexpectedly cleaves the terrain of eastern South Dakota. Sculptures hint at Native American heritage.



In western South Dakota, the geology of the west begins to emerge. To the south, the Badlands National Monument peaks above the horizon. On the western border, lie the Black Hills, where granite crags jutting skyward punctuate the old growth forest

The third day brought them through Wyoming into Montana.

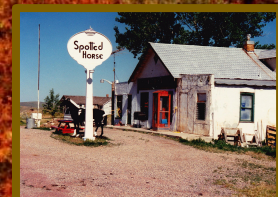


The geology returns to red sandstone in Wyoming until the Montana border where the peaks of Wyoming’s Big Horn Range show above the horizon.

“...we went through the town of Spotted Horse, WY with its painted, cut-out sign, its single gas station and post office. Ernest said, “Spotted Horse. Kind of limited”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway





“...further up the road we paused at the hillside of Custer’s Last Stand with its white triangular teepee. Having covered 409 miles, we stopped at 4 p.m. at the Island Resort Motel in Livingston, Montana where the faint song of the Yellowstone River climbed through our open window.”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway

The fourth day carried them through Montana and into Idaho.



“...we saw an antelope family...grazing beside the Canyon Ferry Reservoir and George, the city man, asked, “Where can they go for shelter when it rains? We turned south onto our familiar, twisty U.S. 93 in Idaho...”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



“...and stopped at 5:45, late for us, at the Herndon New Courts at Salmon City (sic), Idaho and the next afternoon, after picnicking beside the Salmon River, pulled up at our house in Ketchum, George having driven beautifully and amiably the 1,786 miles from Rochester.”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



“...that evening Ernest entertained George Brown and me at dinner at the Christiania Restaurant...”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



“The next morning the sounds of a couple drawers banging shut awakened me and, dazed, I went downstairs, saw a crumpled heap of bathrobe and blood...”

How It Was

Mary Welsh Hemingway



Ernest and Mary side by side at the Ketchum Cemetery