

Tuesday

1955

Dear Murray:

I have no doubt but that you have long since erased my name from your list and I do not blame you in the least. I seem to have a penchant for returning to town from a trip\*, to learn that you have held an autograph party.

And then I still didn't# get down town to buy a copy of "The Last Wilderness" until a few days ago, and McCormick Branch had a long waiting list, and I didn't want to write you until I had read at least half. Which I have. Not that it took me that long to know how much I liked it. I fell into it on the first page of the foreword and went on from there.

I think it's not only good (awfully good in fact) but downright hilarious. I'm not through yet and I have already had twice three dollars and ninety-five cents worth of laughs. When I have finished I'm going to bring it out for your autograph. May I? This for my money is the most solid job of thoroughly good writing and interesting story telling you have done yet (Though I loved every minute of THE DAM.) and I think you have jelled into a definite and very original and individual style. Color and poetry as well as humor. Congratulations on a truly rich job!

Please give my love to Rosa and Lane.

Affectionately,

Hazel H.

PS. I'm still working every day, trying to find out what makes a novel, though I'm not sure I'm ever going to quite find out. I took time out to write two short stories for New Yorker, and sold one of them to Family Circle. The other is still drifting around. Might wind up in True Confessions, who knows?

I'm finding it very hard to swallow my limitations.

H

\*Earle's. I was excess baggage. Alabama.

