

Saturday

spring 1967

Dear Rosa and Murray:

Thanks much for your meaty communications. Yes, I will come by on the tenth enroute to Seattle. Only way I could find the studio without a map would be to have a personal guide. I think Earle will be with me. We can drop him off at Jims on Mercer Island.

Usually Wednesday is Jim's day off. But we had a note yesterday saying he's full time photo editor now and will probably have Sundays and Mondays off. Also that Hollie (10) was struck in the mouth with a baseball bat, had eight stitches in her lip, and lost a permanent front tooth. Poor baby. Those things will always happen to Hollie. She's fearless and will try anything. Lael's more sensibly cautious.

So it's Stanford for Lane? Good. The "muted bugle" said Michigan State. Sorry. But congratulations remain the same. All this and valedictorian, too! Do they still make speeches? When's commencement?

I was valedictorian once. In a class of Five.

I didn't know you came to the luncheon with Nancy, Rosa. Isn't she a love? She and Ann are two I cherish. Also Pat Burkhart, the redhead you met at the governor's party. She was my neighbor during those terrible (because of Earle's mental depression) years on Corbit Road. She's gay, impulsive, talented, tolerant, and perceptive.

I dread today. Historical Society. Dreamed I got up and didn't have a word to say.

I passed your message along to Dorothy, Rosa. There's another indispensable girl. She wasn't at the antique show, so you must have seen someone else. Could it have been Pat? She buys and sells and restores antiques. Her house is furnished with them, and charmingly.

Much thanks for your advice about engagements. Earle wouldn't let me forget it even if I were inclined to do so, which I'm not. It seems soroptimists is selective cream of Business and Professional Women, made up of "supervisors" in their field. Someone told me. I told them I would come in if they would pay for my night's lodging and ferry fare. But I think that's my last engagement. I asked Ramona what they were and she said she thought they were "female optimists." Are there any?

Love,

Hazel

*We will have
to come in on
10 ferry, but
will do errands
in Tacoma first.*

