

Anderson Island  
Saturday 31

1972

Dear Murray:

I have had a note from Nancy Schutte of Auburn, a wonderful gal and a serious and able writer, asking me ( I guess she felt timid about approaching you) if I would ask you if you would consent to talk to the Tacoma Writers' Club in January of February. I believe she said the dates are January 21 or February 18. She is president of the group this year and appears to have some worthwhile ideas. She admires your work very much and thinks perhaps you might consent to talk on some such subject as "Making Non-fiction Come Alive." Which you do, certainly.

Meeting time is 8 o'clock, at the Allied Arts Building on Pacific. But she says you wouldn't need to show up until nine.

Whether or not you feel you can do this, Nancy is a person you and Rosa would like to know. She lives on Lake Killarney near Auburn, is married to a Pacific Northern jet pilot, who makes violins in his spare time. They have four children, one of whom, a girl around Lane's age, studies with Seferian. Eric was formerly a bush pilot and I think all of their children were born in the Alaska bush. Nancy, herself, is a delightful person. Meeting her, and Ann Johnston of Kent, were the two worthwhile rewards to come out of my teaching night school at Auburn.

Ann is the adoptive mother of a negro girl and permanent custody mother of a three year old Muckleshoot and a two year old Colville, as well as surgical nurse at Auburn hospital. She is also a "natural" writer. I would have been sorry to have missed knowing either of them.

I liked both your articles in Post; you do wonderful things with real people. I will confess I have not yet seen your Worlds Fair book. But I will, soon. When we get off the Island, I may get a couple of things done.

I finished my "Island Year" and then ran into a woman who was born here and still lives here after 76 years. (Of course I knew her all the time, but didn't know this.) So I am combining a kind of Island history with a picture of present-day Island living. One novel is out, and has been all summer. The other just didn't seem to place. I guess I wasn't surprised. I still have no notion how to write a novel. The nearest I ever came was this novelette published in England. Once this thing is off hand, I am going back to short stories. They're the only field in which I am at all sure of myself.

Love to Rosa and Lane, too,

*Hazel*

Anderson Island  
Saturday 31

Dear Murray:

I have had a note from Nancy Goode of Auburn, a wonderful  
gal and a serious and able writer, asking me (I guess she  
felt kind about approaching you) if I would ask you if  
you would consent to talk to the recent Writers Club in  
January of February. I believe she said the dates are  
January 31 or February 18. She is president of the group  
this year and appears to have some worthwhile ideas. She  
admires your work very much and thinks perhaps you might  
consent to talk on some such subject as "Making non-fiction  
Come Alive". What do you think?

Meeting time is 8 o'clock at the Allied Arts Building on  
Pacific. But she says you wouldn't need to show up until  
nine.

Whether or not you feel you can do this, Nancy is a person  
you and Rosa would like to know. She lives on Lake Willits  
near Auburn, is married to a teacher, and has four children,  
makes violin in his spare time. They have four children,  
one of whom a girl around twelve age, studies with Nelson.  
Eric was formerly a book pilot and I think all of their  
children were born in the Alaska bush. Nancy herself is a  
delightful person. Meeting her, and an honest old lady,  
were the two worthwhile rewards to come out of my teaching  
night school at Auburn.

Ann is the adoptive mother of a negro girl and permanent  
custody mother of a three year old Nuckleshot and a two  
year old Colville, as well as surgical nurse at Auburn hospital.  
She is also a "vintage" writer. I would have been sorry to have  
missed knowing either of them.

I liked both your articles in Post; you do wonderful things  
with real people. I will confess I have not yet seen your  
Florida Trip book. But I will soon. When we get off the island,  
I may get a couple of things done.

I finished my "Island Year" and then ran into a woman who  
was born here and still lives here after 70 years. (Of course  
I knew her all the time, but didn't know this. So I am  
comparing a kind of island history with a picture of present  
day island living. One novel is out, and has been all summer.  
The other just didn't seem to place. I guess I wasn't  
surprised. I still have no notion how to write a novel. The  
nearest I ever came was this novelette published in England.  
Once this thing is off hand, I am going back to short stories.  
They're the only field in which I am at all sure of myself.

*[Handwritten signature]*

Love to Rosa and Lane, too.